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INDEX.

Familiar Sketches and Essays.

Domestic Harmony,	Page 93
Down the Thames,	653
Encouragements to Unthrift (w. c.),	145
Experiences of New Zealand,	
Judge Bathgate's (w. c.),	161
Exploring in the Far North,	785
Eyesores (w. c.),	17
Festive Demoralisation (w. c.),	481
Gentle Art, The,	385
Influence of Women,	305
Irish Difficulty, The (w. c.),	705
Landowning (w. c.),	497
Local Usages (w. c.),	577
London Fog, A (w. c.),	769
Money-makers,	657
Nervous Depression,	225
One of Aladdin's Children,	817
Overwork and Underwork,	529, 561
Peace and Good-will,	798
Peasant-proprietor Craze (w. c.),	273
Poor Madame Desainte (w. c.),	625
Population! (w. c.),	383
Power of Expression,	685
Prediction, in a Scientific and Commercial Sense,	733
Restoration Movement (w. c.)— 81, 209, 417	
Southern Highlands of Scotland, Among the,	513
Story of Pierson of the 95th,	689
Trampism,	641
Young Jermyn Street,	587
Yule-tide Mysteries,	814

Poetry.

Balance Sheet, the,	832
Before and After,	464
Beggar's Dog, the,	208
Blackbird, To a,	176
Cedar Tree, the,	768
Christmas Carol, a,	800
Craig-y-Barns,	560
Dialogue, a,	32
Elves, the,	224
Eventall,	192
Gloaming,	528
Happy Man, the,	784

Homeward,	Page 112
'I'll Hold by Your Hand, Mother,'	80
In Fruit-time,	608
— Memoriam,	640
Lament for Summer,	624
Leafy Time of June, the,	352
Lines on Portobello (w. c.),	144
Lingering Leaf, a,	704
Looking-glass, At my,	720
Love in All,	592
Lump of Carbon,	688
Maori Serenade,	96
My Lost Love,	432
Old Nursery Story,	480
On the Eve of the Wedding,	544
Only!	736
Playmates,	288
Post's Grave, By a,	304
Rest,	512
Roses,	64
Sea-spoil,	576
Sketch, a,	400
Skylark, the,	384
Society Satires—the Local Mag- nate,	656
Song in a Shower,	272
Sonnet,	672
Spring,	128
Summer Day,	320
— Twilight,	496
'The Children Laughed and Sang,'	816
The Rose and Bird,	240
To My Canary,	256
— the Ladies,	16
Too Soon,	48
Twilight's Hour,	368
Viking's Death, the,	416
Where is Yesterday?	752
— Shall we Roam?	160

Popular Science.

Audiphone, the,	336, 395
Autographic Printing Processes,	727
Electric Vacuum Tube,	255
Food and Fasting,	545
Illusive Visions,	289
Light and Life,	508
Metamorphoses of Insects,	155
Phosphorescence,	638
Photographic Progress in 1879,	310

Photography, Recent Improve- ments in,	Page 128
Prediction, in a Scientific Sense,	733
Science and Arts— 77, 142, 206, 270, 349, 413, 493, 558, 622, 701, 764, 828	
Volcanic Ash,	717
Way in which Lightning De- scends,	672
Weather-service of the United States,	721

Tales and Other Narratives.

Adventures of a Lady amongst the Nagas,	801
A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.—By D. Christie Murray,	

I. Autobiography,	1
II. History,	20
III. History,	36
IV. Autobiography,	51
V. History,	67
VI. History,	84
VII. Autobiography,	99
VIII. History,	115
IX. History,	132
X. Autobiography,	147
XI. History,	163
XII. History continued,	179
XIII. History,	194
XIII. Autobiography,	212
XIV. History,	227
XV. History,	244
XVI. Autobiography,	259
XVII. History,	276
XVIII. History,	292
XIX. Autobiography,	306
XX. History,	324
XXI. History,	339
XXII. Autobiography,	356
XXIII. History,	372
XXIV. Autobiography,	388
XXIV. Autobiography continued,	403
XXV. History,	420
XXVI. Autobiography,	435
XXVII. History,	451
XXVIII. Autobiography,	467
XXIX. History,	482
XXX. Autobiography,	500

	Page		Page		Page
A LIFE'S ATONEMENT—continued.		Reminiscences of an Indian Officer,	509, 583	Miscellaneous Articles of Instruction and Entertainment.	
XXXI. History,	515	Rocky Mountain Adventure,	634	About Money Orders,	680
XXXII. Autobiography,	532	Serenissima, La,	171	Acclimatisation of Salmon at the Antipodes,	712
XXXIII. History,	548	Sophie: an Interlude,	505, 521	Adventures of a Lady amongst the Nagas,	801
XXXIV. Autobiography,	553	Story of a Photograph,	121	African Trading Station,	773
XXXV. Autobiography,	580	Aden Harbour,	286	American Boarding-houses,	536
XXXVI. Autobiography,	595	Story of the Pressgang,	198	Penicil-trade,	44
XXXVII. Autobiography,	610	Strange Wedding, a,	553	Among the Southern Highlands of Scotland,	513
Amongst Sharpers,	776	Studies from Life, 'Abner,'	6	Amongst Sharpers,	776
At the <i>Trois Etoiles</i> ,	397, 411			Amusing Mistakes,	715
Bells of Yarrick,	217, 233, 250			Anecdotes of English Rural Life—	541, 616
Cecil's Mistake,	600, 613			Anglo-Indian Chaplain, Recollections of an,	14, 390
Cheadlewoods' Money, the—	771, 788, 804, 823	THE CRUISE OF THE WASP—		Animals I have Known and Loved,	45, 87, 221, 272
Christopher Corduroy,	759	I. Charley Lucan and I are Appointed to the Command,	626	Another Look at the Lion,	781
		II. We Commence the Voyage,	628	Arcachon as a Health-resort,	139
CONSPIRATOR IN SPIKE OF MYSELF—		III. A Brush with the Savages—Post-office Island,	643	Arcoet and Vallore,	390
I. Involved in Mystery,	361	IV. Discovery of the Wreck—Search for the Proa,	659	Art of Making Excuses,	783
II. Mystery (continued),	378	V. Our Interview with the Admiral,	676	Ascent of the Matterhorn,	24
III. Mystery (continued),	393	VI. Whampoa—Lucan's Discovery in Chang-lin's Bazaar,	677	Assam, Tea-planting in,	471, 620
IV. The Mystery Solved,	408	VII. Whampoa Ferrets out the Pirates,	679	Association of German Govern- ment in England,	63
Cumberland Legend,	109	VIII. The Trial of the Pirates—Conclusion,	691	Astonishing the Natives,	254
'Died on Duty,'	269	<i>Trois Etoiles</i> , At the,	397, 411	Audiphone, the,	336, 395
Duke's House, the,	266			Autographic Printing Processes,	727
Eccentric Bachelor, the,	382			Bells of Yarrick, the,	217, 233, 250
Eviction, the: and What Came of it,	282, 298, 312, 329, 345			Bonaparte and Josephine (w. c.),	321
Expensive Hoax, an,	750			<i>Borussia</i> , the Wreck of the,	485
How I Got Promoted,	430			Brave Women, Some,	606
Incident of War, an,	158			Bread and Biscuits,	239
Indian Story, an,	540			Breathing under Water, Fleuss's Method of,	193
Irish Revenue Police Inspector's Dream, the,	90			Bricks and Brickmakers,	428
Jack Quartermain's Vision—	152, 167, 186	Notices of Books.		Burnham Beeches,	381
John Poltriggan's Christmas Story—	793, 809, 819	Ascent of the Matterhorn, by Edward Whymper,	24	By Chance,	479
Living by the Wits,	317	Bird's (Miss) Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains (w. c.),	129	Canadian Bush, Our First Day in the,	490
Max Gordon,	445, 457, 473	Bishop's (Mr N. H.) Four Months in a Sneak-box (w. c.),	241	Cattle-ranch in Colorado,	55
Mrs Fitzpatrick's Diamond Ring,	525	Brassey's (Mrs) Sunshine and Storm in the East (w. c.),	33	Caves,	230
		Buckland's series of papers on the Lion in <i>Land and Water</i> ,	781	Caviare,	169
MY HOLIDAY IN JAMAICA—		Burnham Beeches, by Mr Francis G. Heath,	381	Cecil's Mistake,	600, 613
I. The Voyage,	708	Convict Life, by a Ticket-of-leave Man,	177	Celluloid,	256
II. Kingston—My Cousin's Home,	709	Co-operative Dairy-farming, by M. Radianu, in the <i>Journal d'Agriculture Pratique</i> ,	649	Census, the Forthcoming,	519
III. An 'At-home' Day in Jamaica—Miss Martin—New-Castle Entertainments,	723	Foot-binding, a Report by Miss Norwood,	191	Centenarianism,	113, 159
IV. A West Indian Storm and its Consequences,	740	In Gipsy Tents, by Mr Francis H. Groome,	737	Ceylon Note-book, Leaf from a,	201
V. A Glorious Panorama,	755	Jeffries' Amateur Poacher,	593	Cheadlewoods' Money, the—	771, 788, 804, 823
VI. Jamaica Past—Jamaica Future,	756	Gamekeeper at Home,	257	Christopher Corduroy,	759
VII. Final Reflections—Home-ward Bound,	758	Hodge and his Masters,	630	Clerical Anecdotes,	510
My Little Sweetheart,	301	Luxurious Bathing, by A. W. Tuer and Sutton Sharpe,	391	Clever Married Women,	284
—Memorandum-book,	682, 695	Lyall's Sportsman's and Tourist's Guide to the Rivers, Lochs, Moors, and Deer Forests of Scotland,	476	Coal in Staffordshire,	400
Mysterious House, the,	729, 745, 760	Memoirs of Madame de Remusat, translated from the French by Mrs Hoey and Mr John Lillie (w. c.),	321	College of Music, the Proposed Royal,	687
—Pianist, a,	190	Oppert's Forbidden Land,	598	Comicalities of Indian English,	609
MY WIFE'S INHERITANCE—		Overwork and Underwork, by Dr Samuel Wilks,	529, 561	Commonplace-books,	216
I. The Inheritance,	11	Payn's (Mr James) High Spirits: being Certain Stories written in them,	650	Conspirator in Spite of Myself—	361, 378, 393, 408
II. How It was Lost,	26	Wilson's (Dr Andrew) Leisure-time Studies,	433	Convict Life,	177
III. How It was Regained,	43			Co-operative Dairy-farming in the Jura Mountains,	649
III. Concluded,	58			Corea, a Visit to the,	598
Old Pot, the,	203			Correspondence Classes,	656
Our First Day in the Canadian Bush,	490			Cruise of the <i>Wasp</i> —	625, 643, 659, 676, 691
Perfect Treasure, a,	441			Cumberland Legend, a,	109
Perilous Adventure in Tierra del Fuego,	39, 60			Curious Epitaphs, Some,	666
Queer Courtship, a,	75			—Petitions,	574
Really Good Case, a,	589			—Story of a Dove,	135
Recollections of an Equestrian Manager—	49, 136, 182, 263, 331, 406, 491, 537, 804, 826			David Garrick,	364
				Destruction of Birds of Prey,	141
				Diamond Fields, the South-African,	551
				'Died on Duty,'	269
				Diving,	119

	Page		Page		Page
Domestic Harmony,	93	Influence of Women,	305	Ocean Relief Depôts,	753
— Nursing,	74	Ingenuity Misapplied,	71	Odd Tests,	654
Down the Thames,	653	In the Temple,	523	— Ways of Putting Things,	31
Dr Bistoury's Night-watchman,	237	Intoxicating Properties of the		Old Folks,	736
Duke's House, the,	266	Hemp-plant,	47	— Kentish Town, an,	123
Eccentric Bachelor, the,	382	Irish Difficulty, the (w. c.),	705	— Part of Naples,	235
— Returns,	95	— Revenue Police Inspector's		— Pot, the,	203
Education by Post,	496	Dream,	90	Olive-oil, to Detect Adulterations	
Effect of Cold on the Natives of		Jack Quartermain's Vision—		in,	608
the Tropics,	48	152, 167, 186		On the Power of Expression,	685
Electric Vacuum Tube, the,	255	John Poltriggan's Christmas		One of Aladdin's Children,	817
Encouragements to Unthrift (w. c.),	145	Story,	793, 809, 819	Our First Day in the Canadian	
English Pay-hospitals,	698, 768	Judge Bathgate's Experiences of		Bush,	490
— Rural Life, Anecdotes		New Zealand (w. c.),	161	Overwork and Underwork,	529, 561
of,	541, 616	Judge Bathgate's Lecturing Ex-		Oyster, the,	29
Eruptions of Volcanic Ash,	717	cursions (w. c.),	369	Passengers' Luggage,	97, 368
Etiquette of the Bar, Professional,	743	Jura Mountains, Co-operative		Pay-hospital, First English,	698
Eviction, the: and What Came		Dairy-farming in,	649	Peace and Good-will,	798
of it,	282, 298, 312, 329, 345	Kentish Stream, a,	366	Peasant-proprietor Craze (w. c.),	273
'Expectant Attention,'	64	— Town, an Old,	123	Pencil-trade, the American,	44
Expensive Hoax, an,	750	Kleptomania,	637	Perfect Treasure, a,	441
Exploring in the Far North,	785	Lady's Trip in the Rocky Moun-		Perfumery Farming,	4
Extended Use of Vegetable Diet,	720	tains, a (w. c.),	129	Perilous Adventure in Tierra del	
Eyesores (w. c.),	17	Landowning (w. c.),	497	Fuego,	39, 60
Fate of the Spanish Armada of		Landship at Nynee Tal,	747	Phosphorescence,	638
1588,	300	Leaf from a Ceylon Note-book,	201	Photographic Progress in 1879,	310
Fest-distortion in China,	191	Leisure-time Studies,	433	Physiology of Walking,	800
Festive Demoralisation (w. c.),	481	Light and Life,	508	Poachers and Poaching,	593
Few Final Hints to intending Tea-		Lighthouse Lights, How to Identi-		Poetic Parallels,	587
planters in Assam,	620	fy,	686	Poor Madame Desainte (w. c.),	625
Few Hints on Domestic Nursing,	74	Lightning, the Way in which it		Population I (w. c.),	353
— More Words about the Audi-		Descends,	672	Postage-stamp and Government	
phone,	395	Lion, Another Look at the,	781	Stock Savings,	693, 767
Few Words about Hobbies,	443	Living by the Wits,	317	Power of Expression, On the,	685
— the Guides,	9	Local Usages (w. c.),	577	Prediction, in a Scientific and	
— Tunnels,	731	London Fireman, Recollections of		Commercial Sense,	733
— Watches,	573	a,	797	Professional Etiquette of the Bar,	743
First English Pay-hospital,	698	London Fog, a (w. c.),	769	— Robbers of the	
Fleuss's Method of Breathing		Look to your Eating,	111	Peshawur Valley,	295
under Water,	193, 352	Lost Articles, Strange Recovery of,	106	Professor Nordenskjöld and the	
Food and Fasting,	545	Lost Cities of Syria, the,	460	North-east Passage,	337
— Reform, a Few Words about,	359	Luck,	503	Proposed Royal College of Music,	687
Forthcoming Census, the,	519	Luggage Management,	97, 368	Puss,	646
Free Library Catalogue, a Model,	816	Luxurious Bathing,	391	Queen's Guard, the,	180
Fresh Discoveries of Coal in Staf-		Madame Desainte (w. c.),	625	Queer Courtship, a,	75
fordshire,	400	Madras,	14	Really Good Case, a,	589
Gamekeeper at Home, the,	257	Making Amends,	334	Recent Improvements in Photo-	
Gentle Art, the,	385	— Excuses, Art of,	783	graphy,	128
Gentleness <i>versus</i> Force,	670	Man-eating Tigers,	316	Recent Progress in Manitoba,	65
German Forest Village,	248	Manitoba, Recent Progress in,	65	Recollections of a London Fire-	
— Governesses in England,		Matterhorn, the Ascent of, the,	24	man,	797
the Association of,	63	Max Gordon,	445, 457, 473	Recollections of an Anglo-Indian	
Gipsy Tents, In,	737	Metamorphoses of Insects,	155	Chaplain—	
Gossip about Travellers,	424	Mischievous Effects of Vulgar		Madras,	14
Government Stock and Postage-		Wall-posters,	799	Arrot and Vallore,	390
stamp Savings,	767	Model Free Library Catalogue,	816	Recollections of an Equestrian	
Greenock Sugar-refinery, a Visit		Money-makers,	657	Manager—	
to a,	567	— Orders, about,	680	49, 136, 182, 263, 331, 406,	
Guides, the, a Few Words about,	9	MONTH, THE: Science and Arts—		491, 537, 604, 826	
High Spirits,	650	77, 142, 206, 270, 349, 413, 493,		Remarkable Remedies,	763
Hints to Stammerers,	635	558, 622, 701, 764, 823		Reminiscences of an Indian	
Hobbies, a Few Words about,	443	More Uses of Paper,	431	Officer,	569, 583
Hodge and his Masters,	630	Mrs Fitzpatrick's Diamond Ring,	525	Restoration Movement (w. c.)—	
Holiday Fatalities,	612	Musio, Proposed Royal College of,	687	81, 209, 417	
— in Jamaica, My—		My Holiday in Jamaica—		Rocking-stones,	446
708, 723, 740, 755		— Little Sweetheart,	708, 723, 740, 755	Rocky Mountain Adventure,	634
House of Commons, New Report-		— Memorandum-book,	682, 695	Mountains, a Lady's Trip	
ing Arrangements in the,	822	Mysterious House, the,	729, 745, 760	in the (w. c.),	129
How I Got Promoted,	430	Pianist, a,	190	Ruff and Reeve, the,	813
How to Identify Lighthouse		My Wife's Inheritance, 11, 26, 43, 58		Rural Cricket,	401
Lights,	686	Nervous Depression,	225	Russian Ice-house, a,	224
Ice-boating in Canada,	668	Nest-building Water-beetle,	367	Salmon at the Antipodes, Accli-	
— making,	439	New Reporting Arrangements in		matisation of,	712
Illusive Visions,	289	the House of Commons,	822	Scientific Hoaxes, Some,	376
Impromptu Ingenuity,	699	New Zealand, Judge Bathgate's		Sea Messengers,	620
Improvements in Photography,		Experiences of (w. c.),	161	— shell Mission,	767
Recent,	128	Nine Days on the Summit of		— sickness,	449
Incident of War,	158	Mount Shasta,	673	Serenissima, La,	171
Indian English, Comicalities of,	609	Non-poisonous Wall-papers,	831	Sham Butter,	319
— Officer, the Reminiscences		North-east Passage, Professor		Some Singular Characters,	343
of an,	569, 583	Nordenskjöld and the,	337	— Brave Women,	606
Indian Story, an,	540	Nyne Tal, the Landship at,	747	— Curious Epitaphs,	666
Industrial Migrations,	791			— Yule-tide Mysteries,	814

	Page		Page		Page
Somnambulism,	454	Summit of Mount Shasta, Nine	673	Uncommon Pleas,	462
Sophie: an Interlude,	505, 521	Days on the,	673	Uses of Paper, More,	431
South-African Diamond Fields,	551	Sunshine and Storm in the East	33	Vegetable Diet, the Extended	720
Southern Highlands of Scotland,		(w. o.),	465	Use of,	323
Among the,	513	Swimming,	460	Verné Citadel,	103
Spanish Armada of 1588, the Fate	300	Syria, the Lost Cities of,	174	Victor Jacquemont, the French	632
of the,	635	Taken at their Word,	126	Naturalist,	567
Stammerers, Hints to,	121	Tales of the Telegraph,	471, 620	Viking's Tomb, a,	593
Story of a Photograph,	286	Tea-planting in Assam,	803	Visit to a Greenock Sugar-	717
Aden Harbour,	426	Thames Conservators and their	653	refinery,	241
Peter, the Tame Sea-gull,	689	Duties,	663	Visit to the Corea,	573
Pierson of the 95th,	198	Thames, Down the,	166	Volcanic Ash, Eruptions of,	367
the Pressgang,	252	Thomas Carlyle,	476	Voyage in a Sneak-box (w. o.),	567
Strange Avocations, Some,	106	Tontines,	641	Watches, a Few Words about,	721
Recovery of Lost Articles,	553	Tourists and Sportsmen in Scot-	280	Water-beetle, a Nest-building,	541
Wedding, a,	365	land,	541	Weather-service of the United	718
Stray Thoughts in a Library,	159	Trampism,	424	States,	485
Strong Jamie, the Centenarian	6	Tramways,	397, 411	Wire Tramways,	557
Stuart,	567	Wire,	731	Woodcock, the,	814
Studies from Life, 'Abner,'		Travellers, Gossip about,		Wreck of the <i>Borussia</i> ,	
Sugar-refinery, a Visit to a		<i>Trois Etolles</i> , At the,		Young Jermyn Street,	
Greenock,		Tunnels, a Few Words about,		Yule-tide Mysteries,	

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A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

By D. CHRISTIE MURRAY.

CHAPTER I.—AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

The day was wintry and the sunlight ghostly when a wintry and a ghost-like apparition came upon me.

THE first thing I remember is a narrow little patch of garden, surrounded by high walls of brick, and ended by a paved brickyard. The day was wintry and the sunlight ghostly when Memory presented me with her first photograph. I am able to recall the time quite clearly, and nothing seems clearer than the complete absence of emotion which followed the statement that I was an orphan. Sally, the one grim but faithful domestic of our fallen house, brought me the news with tears. I received it with a childish stoicism. Playing dismally an hour afterwards in that chill winter sunlight about the bricked yard and the frowsy and ill-kept garden, I was seized and violently caressed by our old servant. There Memory's negative suddenly comes to an edge, and the time that followed has, for a space, no pictures for me. Just that little snatch of light comes in between two blanks. I find by reference to dates that the first blank had lasted just three years. The next lasted a month only. Poor little touch of childish memory!—a sterile halting-place between two deserts of shade and night.

I did not know until afterwards how utterly alone and desolate I was, and how narrow a chance I had of finding a home in the neighbouring union workhouse. I am on all hands assured that my father's dealings with the world had not been honourable. I have been told that he broke my mother's heart; that he squandered his patrimony; that he had been guilty of mean devices to escape his creditors. But I know these things to be untrue, although it is of little use to defend him now.

I sit here in my chambers, with my feet at the bars and my pipe between my teeth, and bid the footlights spring up, and set the orchestra

tuning their instruments. The curtain rises. The first picture appears, and—to what sad and sweet music—the panorama glides along!

I have heard so much from that good and faithful servitor, that the month I have spoken of has lost its blank unreality, and grown to be as real as the rest. Sally Troman took me—the only thing she took—from the house which Death and Debt had made untenable, and carried me to her mother's cottage, a queer little establishment, with a set of green wooden palings round it, and with two little patches of garden in front, each about the size of a hearth-rug. The tiny garden was filled with two odoriferous growths of shrub. What their scientific name might be I cannot say, but they were always spoken of as 'old man' and 'old woman.' The sexes dwelt apart, and were held sternly separate by a small quarried footway, flanked on either side by a double row of oyster-shells. The house itself, partly by reason of its quaint architecture, and partly by reason of the fact that, from earth to chimney-top, it was covered with oyster-shells, had always, to my childish eye, the aspect of an extinct and helpless mollusc. The molluscan tribes seemed richly represented close at hand. Oyster-shells, of gigantic proportions, were piled about the ragged fields, or lay strewn upon the grimy mounds of that desolate region. I recognise them now as furnace-refuse; but as I wandered about the place in those days, though the right royal prince Gargantua had not then been introduced to me, I often pictured a huge figure, standing before some elysian and mountainous oyster-stall, wielding a vinegar bottle and a pepper caster of the size of the parish church-tower, emptying some of those enormous shells of

their esculent inhabitants, and paying for his alfresco feast one Brobdingnagian penny.

Walking up the quarried footway, Mrs Troman's visitor found progress barred by a sort of grated wooden portcullis. This was intended to keep me from straying beyond the household ken; and I was so far like a baron of the middle ages, that the passer-by might guess by the position of the portcullis whether I was at home or abroad. Having passed this barrier, you had three steps to go down. Those steps and the floor beyond them were of red quarries, and clean as scrubbing could make them. The kitchen had a low but ample fire-grate; a fender of bent steel, polished till the flat round plate on its top looked in the firelight like a rising wintry sun; a sturdy unclothed deal table with red legs; a nondescript couch covered with chintz, cold, crackly, shining, and comfortless; a mirror, hint of far-off gentility somewhere, hanging on the wall between the table and the couch; and an old clock, which, being too tall for the apartment, was accommodated with a well to stand in. The mirror was a small affair, bound by miniature columns of fluted gold with florid ornamentation on the pediments, and the glass was seamed and scratched and blotted until it looked like a page from some faded atlas. The tall old clock regarded me as an intruder from the first moment of my arrival, bullying me solemnly, even in Sally's presence, and frightening me with monitory tickings when I sat alone. Its face represented one of the heavenly bodies—the moon, I fancy—a foolish, staring, futile sort of countenance, which always seemed to me like a dead mask with a living face behind it, the living face to which that voice belonged which ticked the seconds so remorselessly.

The country round about was very dreary. The normal colour of the sky was a dull and darkish slate, with an occasional touch of blue in it, by way of a summer wonder. The district in its general outlines was as flat as a scene in Holland; but it had about it here and there mountains of slag and cinder and mine-refuse, and was excavated here and there into clay mines, and was in all directions harried and broken up as if by a small and fretful volcanic agency. An agency not powerful enough for any great upheaval, but with just sufficient strength to fret and worry the surface of the patient earth in this way. Not an extinct volcanic agency by any means; for there was always on the edge of the dull sky a lurid gleam; and always you might hear a shuddering boom which shook the air; and always, move where you might, you were engirt by smoke and flame. The heavy skeleton frames at the heads of coal-pits were thick on the landscape, waiting, as I used to fancy, like huge spiders, for the flies which came up from below, drawn cunningly and swiftly by a gliding line into their ugly grasp, to be dropped again empty.

This was my childish environment. At the age of four or thereabouts—Sally's fund of scholarship being by that time exhausted—I was sent to school. The seminary I attended was presided over by a very dirty old woman, who smoked a short clay pipe. What sort of scholastic regimen I had, it is scarcely worth while to say. Reading and writing, says Dogberry, come by nature; and less by reason of any assistance than by force of nature I learned to read. I spent my infrequent

pence in the purchase of literary stores. Not far from Sally's house was a small shop with a single bleared and dirty window. This window was covered at night-time by a shutter which hung downward, having its hinges on the upper casement, so that during the day it was necessary to prop it up with sticks, and thus convert it into a kind of roof. Under that frail and brief shelter I have often stood in rainy weather to spell through one large-typed page of Jack the Giant-killer, or the legend of Simple Simon. Stories of Bluebeard and Blueskin—whom I regarded as a kind of literary twins—were there also; and the library included further the narratives of the lives of Sixteen-stringed Jack and Three-fingered Jack, another pair of twins. They were all illustrated by outrageous cuts, loosely slopped over with water colours in such wise that the crimson hue of Bluebeard's turban incarnadined the clouds, and his yellow boots overflowed the foreground.

In the way of literature, Sally's house was not altogether unprovided. The *Pilgrim's Progress* and the *Holy War*, a mutilated copy of the *Arabian Nights*, a Family Bible—including the Apocrypha and several incredible steel engravings—and a fat volume containing *Zadig*, the *Devil on Two Sticks*, *Roderick Random*, and *Gil Blas*, made up the library. How these books had been got together, or to whom they had belonged, I never knew; but they were to me such a source of infinite enchantment as I can never cease to be affectionately grateful for. It is not the least among the joys they brought that they made that dismal Black Country lovely in my eyes, filling it—as they did—with all manner of sweet associations, which have lasted until now. For even now, *Gil Blas*, when I rejoin him in his adventures, parts from his uncle at the corner of Yew Tree Lane; and Benjamin, whenever I renew acquaintance with him, is seized, with the golden cup in his sack, in front of Pleasant Row Cottages.

The day was wintry and the sunlight ghost-like when a wintry and a ghost-like apparition came upon me. I was playing alone. I always did play alone; for Sally had a mighty idea of my gentility, and sternly forbade all avoidable contact with aboriginal infancy. I was naturally a little shy, and more than a little given to the building of wonderful castles. I preferred to exercise my architectural art alone; and had wandered away over the grimy pit-mound fronting on Sally's house, along the slimy canal which ran behind that Apennine, over the little Dutch-looking bridge, and into a certain mangy meadow, which then represented to me the very heart of Nature's solitude. At the end of this meadow was a delicious terror—a yawning precipice, which seemed to me of Alpine height and grandeur, although more recent visits assure me that this dreadful chasm is as mere a clay-pit as any in the county. Beyond it the earth burned slowly always, and the place was Bunyan's Valley of the Shadow of Death in dull weather, and on sunshiny days it was Sindbad's Valley of Diamonds. It was surrounded by a rickety wooden fence; and one of my delights was to hang over a broken stump, and—blinding myself from all knowledge of earth and sky—to give myself the fearsome pleasure of falling in fancy over that sheer precipice. This got to be a regular part of my nightly dreams at last, and I

did what I chose with the fancy, asleep or awake. I fell swiftly, and, suspending myself half-way, winged a leisurely spiral way upwards. I went head foremost or feet foremost, like a stone, and came without a shock to the bottom. Without ever having heard of Mr Daniel Home or Mrs Guppy, I was the equal of either, so far as voluntary levitation went. On the particular day I speak of I had got to my favourite stump, and after a lengthier waiting than usual, had just begun my delicious unwholesome journey, when I was startled out of the fancy by a sound which very nearly startled me into the fact. The sound was that of a quick footstep. So near I was to being startled into the fact, that if the man whose approach had broken my dream had not taken me by the petticoats, I should infallibly have fallen over. I was so energetically plucked from danger that I was thrown a yard or two into the meadow; and having had just time to be dreadfully frightened, and seeing that it was a stranger who had both frightened and rescued me, the proper thing for me at the moment appeared to be to cry. The man stood and looked at me, and frightened me still more. He was a young man, and evidently belonged to a very superior class to that I commonly mixed with or commonly saw. He had rings on his fingers, for instance, and wore a gold chain. He was well dressed, or rather his clothes were made of good material and looked new; but they were torn and splashed from head to foot. On his left side he had a streak of dry white mud from shoulder to knee. His face was handsome, but haggard beyond all description, and his lips were drawn back from the teeth in a very remarkable way. I have seen the same look on a dead face since then; but I had never seen it before, and it frightened me horribly. His hair was very wildly disarranged, and there was a dark blur of unshaven beard on cheek and chin. He stood and stared at me after having pitched me into the meadow; and when I had once or twice stolen a look at him, I grew so desperately frightened that I did not even dare to cry.

'What were you doing there?' he asked me.

I made no answer; and he muttered to himself: 'That's an act of Providence, anyway. I startle him into it, and I drag him out of it. Couldn't Providence have done as much for me, I wonder?'

There he laughed, and sat down on the grass at a little distance.

'Who are you?' he asked suddenly. 'What's your name?'

I managed somehow to say: 'Johnny Campbell.'

'Got any friends, Johnny Campbell?' he asked me.

I responded: 'Yes sir,' with inward quaking.

'Then go home,' he said, 'and tell them not to let you wander about in this wild way.'

'Yes sir,' I answered again, still in fear of his lips and his eyes.

He did not move, and I was too frightened to do so.

'What's to-day?' he asked me.

I told him 'Thursday.'

Then he mused for a while, and plucked a few blades of grass, and ate them slowly.

'How old are you?' he demanded, after this pause.

'Nearly seven,' I told him.

'Are you a sharp lad?' he questioned. 'Do you know how far it is from here to London?'

I made shift to tell him there was a milestone not far off which said it was a hundred and sixteen miles; to which he responded: 'Nonsense.'

Then he ate another blade or two of grass, and said to himself, though he looked hard at me the while: 'Let me see. Five days. And a life taken, and a life put in danger, and a life saved.'

He rose then, and after a glance over the broken railings, he looked back at me, and laughed, and said: 'There are better chances than that in the world, even yet, Johnny Campbell.'

With that he went away. What trick Memory plays me, I can guess; but he seemed to me rather to vanish into air than to disappear in any common fashion. I sat and cried, and shivered for a little while, and then went home, to find that day made doubly memorable.

When I reached Sally's house I was still crying. The man whom I had just seen had thrown me into a spot in the mangy meadow where the grass was covered with wet clay. I was not at all hurt; but I had covered my face and my hands with tear-moistened soil, and came as a perfect shock on Sally when I entered the kitchen.

'Oh, you dreadful, tiresome, dirty child!' cried Sally, making a dart at me and recoiling. 'O dear, dear! It's them nasty lads, I know. There; take off your pinner, and don't stand staring at me like a blue dog in a dark entry.' Sally's similes were all of an extravagantly unlikely sort, and this of the blue dog in the dark entry was the one in especial use in all cases of emergency or surprise. 'Come an' be washed. Them dreadful lads! I'd like to make an end o' the lot of 'em, that I would. You've been playin' with that there Johnny Wardle, I know.'

There Sally made a sudden courtesy. 'I beg your pardon, ma'am. I didn't see as anybody was here. What might you be pleased to want, ma'am? Will you take a seat, ma'am?'

I turned round, and seeing that a stranger had entered the house, took refuge behind the clock. The stranger was an elderly lady, dressed in deep mourning. She was very set and stately in bearing, and very set and stately in speech; but her face and voice were inviting. I have since then lost my childish faculty for reading faces; but in all my childish experiences, I was never once deceived in that regard, and certainly in them all had never lighted on a face which attracted me so much. The lady, in spite of Sally's invitation, remained standing.

'Your name,' she asked, 'is Troman?'

'Yes ma'am,' returned Sally. 'At your service, ma'am.'

'You lived for some years, I think, with Mrs John Campbell of Heath House?'

'Yes ma'am,' said Sally. 'Pore dear lady. I went to live with her when her got married, and I lived with her till her died, and see her die.'

'Yes; I have heard of you and of your faithful service'—Sally courtesied—'and of your kindness to her child.' Sally courtesied again. 'Is that the child?'

'I'm regular ashamed to shew him, ma'am,' said Sally, bringing me from behind the clock; 'but I wanted the kitchen to do my ironin' in, and so I let him go out and play himself, an' them nasty

lads about here has been and rolled him again, I suppose.'

By that phrase Sally signified the method by which certain of the young democrats of that region revenged themselves upon me for her proclamation of my unfitness to associate with 'the likes o' them.' It was their occasional practice to seize me when I strayed away from home, and to roll me in any conveniently muddy spot, until I assumed the aspect of an earthen image.

'Will you oblige me,' said the lady, 'by washing him?'

'Certainly, ma'am; I was just agoing to do it,' Sally explained.

'So I saw,' responded the lady, and seated herself.

'Though, goodness gracious knows,' said Sally as she took me in hand, 'as he was sent out this blessed mornin' as neat as ever was new pin, ma'am.'

I was forthwith taken away and washed and brushed, and having been inducted into clean socks and a new pinafore, was brought back to the kitchen. Then the lady asked me to sit upon her knee, and I did so.

'I suppose,' she asked Sally, 'that you knew nothing of this young gentleman's relatives—of his parents' relatives, I mean?'

'No ma'am,' Sally answered. 'I didn't know as he had a soul in the world as ud own him.'

'I,' said the lady, 'am his aunt. My name is Campbell. Mr John Campbell—your old master, the child's father—was my husband's brother. I believe he has no nearer relative than myself, and I propose to take charge of him.'

I looked across at Sally then, and slipping from the lady's lap, ran to my old protectress. She took me up and put her firm red arms about me.

'No ma'am,' said Sally, in a sort of quiet desperation. 'I can't dream o' partin' from the child.'

'But you must see,' said the lady, 'that it cannot be for his advantage to live here.'

'It ud be cruel, ma'am,' said Sally with a gulp, 'to part me and the child.'

'It would be far more cruel to the child to leave him here; and I am his natural guardian.'

'Well ma'am,' said Sally, 'I've been his unnatural guardian now for pretty nigh three year, ma'am. I should like to know, ma'am, why he ain't been sought after? I took him out of his poor dead father's arms, I did, and brought him home along with me and reared him, and didn't get no natral guardians coming to ask a word about him.'

'I was away from England when Mr Campbell died. Your question is a very natural one, and your conduct does you very great credit. You shall be well paid for what you have done.'

I was staring hard at the lady all this time, and I noticed that she blushed deeply a moment after she had said this. I think it was at Sally's start of wounded indignation.

'You'll have to prove these words, as you're his aunt, ma'am,' said Sally very quietly, and folding me tightly in her arms. 'But if you are his aunt, ma'am, I suppose I can't hinder you from taking him. But O ma'am,' cried Sally, gripping me still harder in her earnestness, 'treat him kind. He hasn't been used to no mother-in-lawrin'. There Sally cried very heartily.

The lady answered: 'I hear an excellent account of you, and the Vicar's wife assures me that you are a good domestic. Are you willing to take service? I have no doubt that I can find a place for you in my brother's household.'

'Will the child be there?' asked Sally.

The lady inclined her head and answered: 'Yes.'

'Then O ma'am,' answered Sally, rising with me in her arms, 'then O ma'am, how glad and willin'!

'When can you be ready to go?' her visitor asked.

'I can be ready a'most as soon as you like, ma'am,' said Sally, setting me down and wiping her eyes with her apron. 'When mother comes in, I can tell her as I've got a place, and pack and start a'most at once, ma'am.'

'Then,' said the lady, rising, 'be ready for me at ten o'clock to-morrow. You will want to buy some things for the child. Let them be handsome, but plain and good. You know how a gentleman's child should be dressed, I suppose?'

'O yes ma'am,' Sally answered. 'He's rather shabby now; but I've done my best with him.'

'I am very grateful to you for it,' replied her visitor; 'and when I spoke of paying you for your trouble, I did not wish you to think that I meant only by money. This will serve you for such purchases as you will find it necessary to make. Pack for him, if you please, only such things as will be fit for his use when he reaches home.'

With that the stately lady set a piece of thin and rustling paper on the table; and having kissed me, and said good-day to Sally, she went away. My devoted guardian followed her to the door and made a final obeisance, and then ran back into the kitchen and took me up in one confused armful and sat down with me on the nondescript couch. There she kissed and cried over me. I cried for company, until Sally set me down and exclaimed: 'Bless the child's heart alive! what's he got to cry for? I knowed as heaven ud never leave the little innocent to grow up in a place like this. Didn't I, Johnny?' And therewith she knelt down by me and renewed her tears.

PERFUMERY FARMING.

VISITING the south of France some time ago, we were much struck—especially in the neighbourhood of Cannes and on to Nice—by the number of magnificent flower-farms—we can call them nothing else—which we saw in every direction, and the odour of which was perceivable long before coming near them. In this charming region may be seen in all their profuse luxuriance, acres of violets, of mignonette, and of cassie, farmed in the literal sense of the word, and raised not for their beauty, nor for sale in the ordinary nursery-garden fashion, but for the purposes of the perfumer.

There are four methods of obtaining the perfume of plants and flowers in general use—first, by expression; second, by distillation; third, by maceration; and fourth, by what is termed *enfleurage*. The first of these, *expression*, is the simplest, and is only used where the plant or flower contains an abundant supply of volatile or essential oil—that is, the quality which contains the odour or perfume. The *outer* rind of the lemon, of the orange, and

the citron are treated in this way. The parts are put into a stout cloth bag, laid on a perforated plate under a screw-press, and the oil trickles through to vessels placed beneath. When it is all pressed out, the oil is left to stand for some time, to separate itself from the water that drained through with it. Then it is poured off, carefully strained, and is ready for use—not as a perfume, but in the making up of oils, pomades, and essences.

Distillation, the second method, is chiefly used for lavender, cloves, herbs, seeds, and the commoner flowers which do not lose their odour when brought in contact by heat. The process is a chemical one, by which the spirit of the flower is distilled by heat; only in France, perfumers apply fire directly to the still, while in England we distil by steam.

Macération, the third method, is very much used. It is rather a peculiar process, and the last one would think of as a way of getting perfume out of flowers. A quantity of the finest purified beef-suet is placed with clarified lard in a scrupulously clean porcelain steam-pan. When the fat is thoroughly melted and quite free from impurities, the flowers to be *macèrated* are thrown in, and allowed to remain from twelve to forty-eight hours. The liquid fat is then strained, fresh flowers added, and the process is repeated as often as is considered necessary—the result being pomatum. The pomatum obtained is known as six, twelve, eighteen, or twenty-four, according to the strength of its odour. Perfumed oils are obtained in the same manner, fine olive-oil being used instead of lard and suet.

The last and most important method is *enfleurage*, a way very little practised by English perfumers, as it is dainty, expensive, and troublesome. First of all, square shallow frames with glass bottoms are spread over with a thin layer of clarified fat, then strewed thickly with flowers, and allowed to remain for some time. The frames are piled one upon another, so that the flowers are in fact shut up in a glass box with a layer of fat between. When the fat has absorbed all the odour, the flowers are replaced by others till the pomatum is sufficiently strong. Coarse cotton cloths are saturated with the finest olive-oil, laid on wire-gauze frames, and strewed with flowers. They are then placed under a screw-press, and the perfumed oil wrung from them as by *expression*. The pomatums so obtained give their name to a variety of perfumes according to the flowers used, or the combination of different flowers to imitate others. For example, the orange flower macerated in pomade is known as orange-flower pomatum. This when chopped up very fine and put into rectified spirit makes extract of orange flower which can scarcely be distinguished from the original, and is one of the most valuable bases to the perfumer, passing with slight modifications for sweet pea, magnolia, and perfumes of that kind. The orange-tree gives three different and decided odours; and the majority of sweet-smelling flowers give two according to their mode of preparation. Orange flowers for distillation are largely grown at Nice; those grown about Cannes are chiefly used for pomatums.

Odours are extracted from different parts of plants and flowers—from the root, as in orris and vitivert; the stem, as in cedar, sandal, and rose-wood; the leaves, as thyme, mint, patchouli; the

blossom, as roses, violets, &c.; the seed, as the Tonquin bean, the caraway; the bark, as the cinnamon. But all the more delicate odours are chiefly derived from the corolla or blossom. After the orange—which enters in some shape or form very largely into the composition of countless essences, pomades, oils, and cosmetics—one of the most useful plants to the perfumer is cassie. It is to be found in most of the favourite handkerchief bouquets; but alone it is of too sickly-sweet an odour to be agreeable. It is extensively grown at Cannes, and combines well with orange-flower, rose, tuberose, and vanilla. Bergamot is another faithful ally of the perfumer. It is an essential oil, obtained by expression from the rind of a species of citron, and is to be found in the majority of essences, particularly in the celebrated *Ess Bouquet*. Of itself it is not a particularly pleasant odour; but combined with orris, musk, or other fixing scents, it is very fragrant. It is best kept in a cool dark place, in closely stoppered bottles, which applies to all perfumes except essence or extract of rose; so that when ladies keep their perfume-bottles on the toilet-table in sunlight and gaslight, or, as is sometimes the case, on the mantel-piece over a fire, they should not be surprised if they soon lose their delicate subtle odour; in fact, the purer and better the perfumes are, the more susceptible are they to the influences of light and heat.

It is a curious fact that some of our sweetest flowers are unavailable for the purposes of perfumery. Sweet-brier, for instance, and eglantine can only be imitated. No process has yet been discovered by which their delicate perfume can be extracted and preserved; but spirituous extracts of rose pomade, of flower of orange, neroli oil—also produced from the orange, and verberna—when cunningly combined, very fairly imitate both. Lily of the valley—another useless flower to the perfumer, though of exquisite scent in itself—is marvellously imitated by a compound of vanilla, extract of tuberose, jasmine, and otto of almonds. Almost all lilies are found too powerful even for perfumery purposes, and are therefore little used, even in combination with other odours, for it has been found in many instances that they do not harmonise well with the 'fixing and disguising' scents in general use. It appears from Dr Piesse's little book on perfumes that most of our very sweetest flowers are only successfully imitated, as wall-flower, clove pink, sweet pea. Magnolia is too expensive to be genuine. Myrtle is very rarely genuine. Real sweet pea there is none, and heliotrope and honeysuckle are cleverly made up. Tuberose, vanilla, orange flower, violet, rose, jasmine, and cassie, with orris and vitivert, musk, and ambergris in proper proportions and combinations, are the leading ingredients in most perfumes. Mignonette, sweet as it is in the garden, is almost useless by itself to the perfumer; and tuberose, one of the sweetest, if not the very sweetest flower that blooms, combined with jasmine makes the perfume called *stephanotis*. By *enfleurage* it gives a most delicious extract; but it needs to be fixed immediately by a less volatile scent, or it will immediately evaporate. Fixed by vanilla or some other enduring odour, it is one of the most charming and useful essences in the perfumer's *répertoire*, and enters into the composition of almost all the favourite

handkerchief bouquets. Cassie, otto of almonds, tuberose, and orris, form two-thirds of the violet essence generally sold. The genuine essence of violets is only to be procured at special places and at exorbitant prices.

Of fixing or permanent scents, the principal are musk, vanilla, ambergris, orris, and vitiver. Orris is perhaps more used than any other, and enters largely into the composition of all popular dentifrices. From the odours already known, we may produce by proper combinations the scent of almost every flower that blows, except the jasmine. It is the one perfume that defies spurious imitation. It seems almost needless to say that otto of roses comes chiefly from the East. The rose-fields of Kizanlik in Roumelia and the sweet valleys of Cashmere give us the *attar gul* renowned over the whole world. But there is a very sweet otto of rose made from the beautiful Provence roses that grow to such perfection at Cannes and Grasse. The flower has a rather subtle odour, arising it is said from the bees carrying the pollen of the orange flowers to the rosebeds. The otto is obtained by maceration and *enfleurage*.

The whole south of Europe is what one might call the perfumer's happy farming-ground. Cannes and Nice are especially famous. There, on the mild sea-coast grows the delicate cassie that can scarcely bear a blast; at the foot of the mountains, the violets are sweeter than if grown in the sheltered valleys, where the orange, tuberose, and mignonette attain to such marvellous perfection. But flowers are grown for perfumery purposes in many other places. Nîmes is famous for its rosemary and thyme, Nice for its violets, Sicily for its lemons and bergamot, and England is famous for lavender and peppermint; the latter always commanding a high price in foreign markets, as it forms the general mouth-wash used on the continent. The lavender grown at Mitcham and Hitchin is about eight times the value of that grown in France and Italy; and for ordinary use there is no sweeter perfume than good lavender water.

Just one word on the use of perfumes; and it is *moderation*. Persons, places, and things are all the better and pleasanter for a little sweet essence; but see that it is a little. If some persons are too lavish in the use of their favourite bouquet, and turn what was meant for a refined pleasure into a vulgar nuisance, their extravagance is to be avoided rather than the perfume itself. That perfumery is an important business is attested by the fact that the duty alone on imported perfumes, and the spirit used for their home manufacture, amounts to the annual sum of nearly fifty thousand pounds.

STUDIES FROM LIFE.

'ABNER.'

BEING anxious, some years ago, to gain an insight into the mode of treating lunatic prisoners, I proceeded with two friends to an asylum which I shall name Donjonville Castle, the place having been once a feudal stronghold.

Conducted by an obliging turnkey, I emerged from a small doorway in an immensely thick wall, and found myself looking down from a considerable height upon an open court-yard, in

which several figures were moving listlessly about. Three or four flights of stone steps connected the lobby on which I stood with the court-yard below. As I peered over the iron balustrade before descending, I noticed about half-way down the steps a singular object, which I took at first to be a huddled heap of old clothes. A second glance, however, shewed me that the thing, whatever it was, moved, and at last I made the object out to be a human being in the hideous yellowish-gray garb of the prison. The figure was on its hands and knees, apparently engaged in slowly and laboriously writing or drawing with a piece of slate on the stone steps. Noting my curious scrutiny, the turnkey volunteered information.

'That's one of the lunatics, sir,' he said. 'Abner, we call him. A harmless creature enough, except when his fit is on, and then he's about the worst we've got.'

'Does he often have such fits?'

'Well, about four or five times in the twelve-month, sir. We can always tell when they're comin' on by the change in his look and manner, and then we keep a sharp watch upon him.'

By this time we were descending the staircase, and had come alongside Abner; but he never raised his head or took the slightest notice of our presence until the turnkey touched him and said: 'Well, Abner, how is it with you to-day? Don't you see there's visitors come to pay you their compliments?'

A mild, clean-shaven, vacant face—an absolutely expressionless face, was lifted to us for a moment, and a pair of large gray eyes, without a ray of intelligence or interest in them, rested for a second upon each of us in turn. Then without a word or a sign to shew that he was conscious of anything except the familiar sound of the turnkey's voice, Abner turned mechanically to his occupation again, and became engrossed in his slow, laborious scribbling on the step.

'What is he doing?' I asked the turnkey after we had passed.

'Why sir, that's the way he occupies himself every day, except when his fit is on and we have to lock him up. He writes his name, you see, and a date and some queer flourish of his own, upon every step from the bottom up to the top; and when he has finished, he wipes every step clean and begins afresh. He's been at it ever since he first came here, fifteen years ago.'

'Is he a criminal lunatic?'

'Yes sir; he's in for murder. Killed a little boy with a pitchfork; but the jury brought him in insane. He was a schoolmaster once, and a very clever one too, I've heard.'

I turned and looked back at Abner. There he was on his hands and knees scribbling methodically, perfectly unconscious of everything around him. And so the days and weeks and months had rolled over his head for fifteen years! What a death in life! I thought, and wondered whether any gleam of reason or flash of memory ever for a moment illumined the dark, blank chambers of his brain; or whether the world was always as completely a void to him as it was at that moment.

My reflections were abruptly broken by a yell so startling in its suddenness, so appalling in its savage rage, that for the instant I was paralysed.

with terror. Instinctively I thought of Abner, and cast a hurried and fearful glance behind me at the subject of my reflections. But no! That yell could never have come from him; he was still absorbed in his eternal scrawl. I saw by the scared faces of my companions that they had shared my apprehensions. The turnkey alone was unmoved; with a quiet smile, as of one to whom such awful sounds were as familiar as the cock-crow to ourselves, he set our fears at rest.

'That's from the female lunatics' ward, sir. Black Kate's in her tantrums to-day, and they've had to cage her, I expect. She's an awful one, is Kate—tears the clothes from her body, and rampages about sometimes for a whole week together. She's a fury, if ever there was one.'

We were relieved to find that there was no prospect of our being brought into personal encounter with the utterer of that fiendish yell, and did not envy those upon whom devolved the duty of 'caging' Black Kate in her 'tantrums.' By this time we had reached the court-yard, where some dozen or more male lunatics were mooning about. Some of these were drivelling, gibbering idiots; others, but for a certain restless, wandering expression in the eyes, might have passed muster as sane to one not used to detect the symptoms of lunacy. All of them were apparently quiet and harmless. One big simple-looking fellow, who like Abner had bereft a fellow-creature of life, had a rough model of a ship in his hands, and informed us that he had fought with Nelson at Trafalgar, as boatswain on board the *Victory*, when he was four years of age! The whole batch of them gave me the idea of having been turned loose into this court-yard like animals in a pen. There were no seats for them. No attempt had been made to provide them with employment or amusement. It was a melancholy sight to see them pacing backwards and forwards in as objectless and meaningless a fashion as the wild beasts in a menagerie. But what particularly attracted my attention were the 'cages,' of which there were six, occupying two sides of the square. They were oven-shaped dens in the wall, nine feet by four, with just enough room for an average-sized man to stand upright in the centre of the arched roof, and were fitted in front with iron bars of great thickness and strength.

'Is it in that kind of thing,' I asked, 'that Black Kate is "caged" just now?'

'Yes, sir,' said the turnkey in the most matter-of-fact tone. 'When they're very violent, we sometimes have to keep 'em there for a week or ten days. We feed 'em through the bars.'

'But how do you clean the cages out?' I inquired.

'Lor bless ye, sir, we dursn't clean 'em. It would be as much as our lives were worth to venture within the clutches of one on 'em when they're in them cages. There's Abner now; you wouldn't believe how strong that fellow is when he's got his fit on. He's a little chap, as you see; but he's more than a match for any two of us when he's bad; and it generally takes three of us to get him into the cage.'

I was not surprised that any human being, sane or insane, should resist to the utmost of his power an attempt to shut him up in one of those wild-beast dens and treat him like a savage animal; but it did seem incredible that the mild, vacant-faced,

inoffensive creature we had just passed should be capable of being suddenly transformed into a raging demoniac. I had begun to take an unaccountable interest in Abner, and I felt a strange curiosity to see him in one of these terrible paroxysms of fury. I confided this morbid desire to one of my friends. The turnkey overheard me, and turning sharply round, said with grim emphasis: 'Then you'd never want to see him a second time, sir, unless you're a glutton for horrors. It's an awful sight to see him when he's bad; and to hear his language when he's raving would appal you.'

I was half-ashamed of my idle wish; but I little thought it would ever be gratified, and that I should some day verify by experience the turnkey's forcible description of Abner in his fury.

We had made our round of the prison, and were leaving the place, when we were met by the governor, who knew one of our party, and courteously invited us to lunch. My thoughts were still running upon Abner; and on questioning the governor about him, I learned the full details of his painful and tragic story. They were as follows.

Twenty years previously Abner, who, though of humble parentage, was a young man of great promise, had found himself in a position to attain what had long been the dearest ambition of his life—a university education. He had scraped together a little money himself; and some friends who had faith in his powers had offered to make up between them whatever deficiency there might be. Every one prophesied for him a brilliant career, and he was himself elated with hope and joy. But his hopes were rudely shattered at a blow. His only sister, to whom he was passionately attached, suddenly lost her husband by an accident, and was left penniless with two children. Brother and sister had been left orphans when they were very young, and had been brought up together by an old aunt, their only relative. The aunt had died soon after her niece's marriage, and the young widow had no one in the world to look to for help and support but her brother. Abner made his decision at once. It was clear to him that he must sacrifice his ambitious hopes to provide a home for his sister and her children. The mastership of the National School in the little town of which he was a native fell vacant. Abner applied for the post, and obtained it. The salary was but small; but it enabled him to offer his sister and her children a home, and in that home they lived happily together for more than four years. Abner was devoted to the children, both boys, and loved them as if they had been his own. The elder of the two was especially the object of his affections, and his favourite companion. The child, now eight years of age, had twined itself close round Abner's heart when it was stricken with mortal sickness, and died. Abner's grief was uncontrollable; the loss seemed irreparable. After a while, however, he began to devote himself to the surviving child, and sought to console himself for the dead by the society of the living brother. But he was never quite the same as before the child's death. His sister marked a great change in him. He would give way to fits of depression and melancholy, from which neither her loving care nor the art-

less prattle of the child could rouse him. Things had been going on like this for some months, when one summer holiday at haymaking-time Abner took the boy out with him for a day's ramble. About noon he came back alone, and to his sister's inquiries after the child, answered that he had left it playing with some other children in the hayfield not far off, under the care of a neighbour, who had promised to see after the boy till he was tired of his play and wished to go home. The mother was satisfied with the explanation, but she noticed that her brother was unusually silent and moody at dinner. When the meal was over, he said to his sister: 'Come, let us go and see our children.'

She remembered afterwards that he had put an emphasis on the plural, but at the time she only understood him to mean her boy and his playmates.

They went together to the hayfield, and Abner led her to a shady corner of the meadow, where, comfortably ensconced in a hay-cock, the child lay apparently asleep.

'Don't touch him,' said Abner; 'he is too happy to be awaked.'

There was a strange pallor on the boy's face, which alarmed the mother. She was bending anxiously to see why the usually rosy cheek was so white, when Abner roughly seized her by the arm.

'Leave them alone,' he said in a hoarse whisper. 'Can't you see they are together, and are happy!'

Hardly heeding these strange words in her motherly anxiety about the pale face of her darling, she stooped and gently touched the child's cheek. It was quite cold. She started, then caught the boy frantically in her arms. His little limbs were stiff, and his clothes were drenched with blood. Uttering a piercing shriek of horror she fell fainting with the child in her arms. When the haymakers who were at the far end of the large meadow came up to her, Abner had disappeared, and at first they thought both mother and child were dead. The mother had only swooned; but the child was dead and cold, stabbed through the heart with a pitchfork, which was found hidden in the hay-cock.

All attempts to find Abner failed; but about ten days after the catastrophe, he returned to his own home so changed in appearance, so haggard and thin and ragged, that they hardly recognised him. No one ever knew where he had been during those ten days. He made no effort to escape, and was arrested in his own house. It was evident that his reason was completely gone. He was like a man dazed; and from that time till after the trial, he was not known to speak a word to any living soul. He was found to be insane, and sentenced to be confined in Donjonville Castle as a criminal lunatic for the rest of his life. That was Abner's story, and it had the effect of stamping his figure ineffaceably upon my memory.

Two years later I was in Donjonville again, and with a friend I paid a visit to the Castle. The same turnkey who had been our guide on the previous occasion piloted us over the building again. I asked if Abner were still there. After replying in the affirmative, he added, looking hard at me: 'Aren't you the gentleman, sir, that said the

last time you was here that you'd like to see Abner when his fit was on?'

'I am,' I replied.

'Then,' said he, 'if you're of the same mind still, you may have your wish.'

I felt the same morbid curiosity strong upon me, and accepted the turnkey's proposal.

Arrived at the court-yard in which were the cages, I started back in disgust and horror, for I could hardly believe that it was a human being that I saw before me. His voice had grown so hoarse that it had no sound of humanity in it, but was like the savage roar of a beast, and for the most part his ravings were inarticulate. And this was Abner—the mild-eyed, vacant-faced scribbler upon the steps, who had struck me as being the very embodiment of utterly harmless and inoffensive imbecility. Horrified beyond measure, I turned hastily away from the appalling spectacle of humanity degraded far below the level of the beasts.

When we had left the court-yard, I asked the turnkey how long Abner had been in the cage, this time. 'Three days,' was the reply; 'and will probably be in three days longer before we dare take him out.'

I had seen Abner at his worst, so far as his bestial ferocity was concerned. I was yet to have a proof of his diabolical cunning. As we were passing out of the prison quarter, the turnkey called my attention to a deep dent in the massive door.

'D'ye see that, sir?' he asked.

'Yes,' I replied. 'What is it?'

'That's Abner's doing, this last fit. He slipped away unbeknown to any one, when we thought he was as harmless as a child. He got hold of a spade somehow, that the masons had been mixing mortar with. Then he lay in the shadow of this dark corner, and waited till the governor was comin' through. Then he up with the spade when the governor's back was turned and let drive at his head. Just at that moment the governor stooped to pick up a key he had dropped, and the spade struck into the solid door here, two inches deep and more, just above his head. He turned to grapple with Abner; and he's a strong man too, but it would ha' gone hard with him if he hadn't sung out lustily, and two of us come up in time to rescue him. It was as much as the three of us could do to master Abner and handcuff him. And since then he's been as you've seen him. I never knew his fit come on so sudden or break out so bad.'

'The governor must have had a very narrow escape of his life.'

'I believe you, sir. If he hadn't happened to stoop just at that minute, the spade would have smashed his skull like an egg.'

It was thus I saw Abner for the second time, and it was long before the horrible sight ceased to haunt me. I was yet to see him a third time, but under very different circumstances.

Seven years had elapsed since the visit to Donjonville which I have just described, and again I found myself in that neighbourhood. Among the many changes which had taken place there during the interval was the erection, within a few miles of Donjonville, of a new Lunatic Asylum, conducted on the latest and most approved prin-

ciples of medical science. To this new Asylum all the lunatics from the Castle had been removed; and I was anxious to have an opportunity of contrasting the old and new style of treating the insane. That opportunity was afforded me by an invitation to one of the fortnightly entertainments at the Asylum.

In a spacious well-lighted hall there was gathered as orderly an assemblage as any I have ever seen. The programme consisted of music, recitations, and amateur theatricals—all of which were received with keen delight and appreciation. There was a good sprinkling of guests, but the bulk of the audience consisted of lunatics; and the latter seemed to me to take quite as intelligent an interest in the proceedings as the former. It was a wonderful and gratifying sight, and all the more so when I recalled that bare court-yard with its listless, mooning flock of perambulating imbeciles, and the terrible occupants of its hideous 'cages.' I was curious to know whether any of my old friends, and especially Abner, were among this decorous crowd. In the interval between the two parts of the entertainment, I got speech of the medical superintendent, and asked him whether any of the worst cases from the Castle were present that evening.

'They are all in the room to-night,' he said, 'except one who is in the hospital.'

'Is Abner here?' I inquired.

'Yes; and Black Kate too. Come with me and I'll introduce you to both. I am rather proud of those two.'

I followed in silence; and presently in answer to his call a pleasant-looking man, neatly dressed in black, came up to us. I never was more astonished in my life than when this decent, respectable person was introduced to me as Abner. I could hardly believe my eyes, so extraordinary was the change in him. There was a foolish vacant look indeed about his face still; but he spoke and answered questions sensibly; and when I mentally contrasted him with the Abner I had seen twice before, I felt that he was a rational and intelligent human being in comparison with either the unconscious imbecile or the raging maniac I had beheld previously. My whole stock of astonishment was so completely exhausted upon Abner, that it was merely with a mild surprise that I found the terrible Black Kate on introduction to be a quietly dressed, gray-haired woman, self-contained in her manner and gentle in her speech, who, but for the restless glitter of her bright black eyes—which had an unmistakably wild look in them—might to all appearance have been a nurse.

'Well,' I said to the medical superintendent, when we were left alone together after the entertainment was over, 'you have effected a miraculous transformation in those two at anyrate. I never saw Black Kate before, but I have heard enough of her doings. Abner, when last I saw him, was simply and literally a caged wild beast. I shall never forget his awful appearance as long as I live.'

'Ah!' replied the superintendent, 'the less said about those old days the better. The treatment of lunatics was barbarous and inhuman then; but people knew no better, and we must not be too hard upon them.'

I thought this was a very euphemistic way of

putting the matter; but I contented myself with asking how long Abner had been there. I was told that he had been two years and a half in the Asylum.

'And has he ever had any of his fits?' I asked further.

'Yes. He had two in the course of the first six months. But you may guess we had none of the "caging" business here. He was treated properly; and for two years he has never shewn the slightest symptoms of violence. You see we lay ourselves out to discover what employment or amusement can awake a ray of interest in a lunatic; and as soon as we have found that out, we always keep him amused or employed. The most violent are cured in a short time by that means.'

That was the last I saw or heard of Abner. I often think of him still; not as the imbecile scrawler on the steps, nor as the caged wild beast, but as the most signal instance I know of the triumph of the new system over that which to the credit of humanity has happily passed away.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE GUIDES.

No native corps in India has earned a higher reputation than the Guides, a regiment which was raised in December 1846 by Lieutenant, afterwards Lieutenant-general Sir Harry Lumsden, C.B., K.C.S.I., of Belhelvie. The corps consisted at first of three troops of cavalry and six companies of infantry. The men consisted of all the races about Peshawur, and were for the most part freebooters, who had during the stormy times preceding 1846 infested the neighbourhood, and especially the Peshawur-Attock road, which was so unsafe to the Sikhs that they could only travel it in large bodies. Many also had been Sikh soldiers, and others belonged to the predatory tribes beyond the borders. Not a few murderers were amongst them; and a large proportion sought service in our ranks in order to escape either punishment from the Sikh authorities, or to avoid private vengeance. To prevent these turbulent men from coalescing against their English officers, Lumsden wisely placed most of the different nationalities in troops or companies by themselves. Thus there was one Pathan troop, one Sikh troop, and one mixed troop; while in the infantry there was one company of Pathans, one of Goorkhas, one of Punjabee Mussulmans, one of Sikhs, and one composed of several races.

From the very first the Guides took part in numerous frontier skirmishes; and when, in 1848, Moolraj raised the standard of rebellion, Lumsden marched with the corps and took part in the siege of Mooltan. During the Mutiny, the corps, under Daly, marched from their station on the frontier to Delhi, a distance of seven hundred and fifty miles, in twenty-eight days. This unparalleled feat, moreover, was accomplished during the hottest part of the year. Within three hours of their reaching Delhi, the Guides were engaged with the enemy, and every one of their officers was wounded. As an illustration of the sort of work that continually falls to their lot, and how they perform it, we relate the following story.

In 1852, an expedition was sent out against the Khuttuck Khails, occupying territory between Peshawur and Kohat. Who was in command of the force we do not know, neither does it signify,

but Major, afterwards Sir Herbert Edwardes, accompanied it as political officer. The enemy took up a strong position in a village at the foot of a high hill. Captain Turner of the Guides with a company of his regiment was sent to dislodge them. He did so in gallant style. The Khuttucks resisted stoutly; but the Guides were not to be denied, and soon the enemy were seen streaming out of the rear of the village and up the hill at the back, swiftly followed by Turner and his company. After proceeding a short distance, the Khuttucks reached a cliff, the only ascent to which was by a side-path only broad enough for one man to mount at a time. Speeding up this path, the Khuttucks lay down on the edge and opened fire on their pursuers. Nothing heeding, Turner pushed on till he too reached the foot of the cliff. He then found himself in an awkward predicament. Unwilling to fall back—indeed he would have lost half his men had he tried to do so—and seeing that it was hopeless to dream of attempting to reach the foe by means of the path, he ordered his men to get close under the cliff. In this position they were safe, but powerless, and could only wait for assistance. Dr Robert Lyell was assistant-surgeon in the Guides, a tall handsome man, in the prime of life. As much a soldier as a surgeon in heart, he had been watching the fight with the keenest interest when not engaged in attending to the wounded, and perceiving that his comrade Turner was in a dilemma, he hastened to Edwardes, and thus reported: 'Turner is in a regular fix. He can't get up that cliff, and he can't get away. I have been looking at the ground; and if you send a party up that spur, it will be able to get up to the top of the cliff and take the defenders in flank.'

Edwardes scanned the scene for a moment with his keen glance, then turning to Lyell, replied: 'All right. No one can manage the job better than yourself. Take some men with you, and do it. Come with me and I will get some sepoy for you.'

Going to a Goorkha regiment, he told the commanding to place a detachment at Lyell's disposal. Making a long circuit, Lyell reached the spur above spoken of, and began to climb its steep sides unseen by the foe. Full of ardour and strength, the Englishman strode up the hill, and soon distanced all but a handful of the gallant but short-legged little Goorkhas who panted close at his heels. On reaching the summit, Lyell cautiously peeped over the edge, and found, as he had expected, that he was on the verge of the shelf occupied by the enemy, and somewhat in their rear. He also saw that the attention of the Khuttucks was completely taken up with Turner and his Guides. About twenty-five yards from where Lyell stood, and between him and the enemy was a *sungur*—a sort of rifle-pit built up with loose stones. It was unoccupied, and Lyell determined to seize it. As soon therefore as he had got seven men together, he led them at a run for the *sungur*. The Khuttucks at the sound turned and fired a volley, which being at a short range, killed two of Lyell's men and wounded the remainder, Lyell himself being hit by a splinter of a stone. Lying down in the *sungur*, Lyell waited till some more of his men joined him. By twos and threes they rushed into the *sungur*, till

the total force present numbered twenty-five. Amongst them came Koer Singh. He was the *subadar* (native captain) of the Goorkha company of the Guides, and really had no business to be there. Seeing, however, Lyell starting off on his expedition, he had hastily followed. He was a little thin man, quiet and gentle in his manner, and always smiling. By no means the man who would by a stranger have been pointed out as likely to prove a hero. He was, however, a very lion in fight, and never so happy as when present where swords were flashing and bullets whistling in their deadly flight. The last man to arrive was Dal Singh, a *sowar* (trooper) of the Guides. He was a remarkable man. Owing to his signal gallantry, he was promoted to the rank of *duffadar* (corporal) after every skirmish; but his temper was so uncontrollable, his knack of getting into scrapes so unrivalled, that within six weeks he always found himself a simple *sowar* again. No more than Koer Singh had he any business to be with Lyell; but in his thirst for the excitement of danger he could not refrain from following, and leaving his horse behind him, strode up the hill as quickly as his long cavalry boots would allow him. When he reached the summit, he perceived Lyell and his small party in the *sungur*, and at once ran across to join him. As soon as he arrived, he said: 'Sahib, we mustn't stop here all day. I will jump on to the top of the parapet; they will fire at me; and we shall be able to rush on them before they can reload.'

Before Lyell had time to say a word, Dal Singh sprang on to the parapet, waved his sword, and by way of rousing them to action, hurled abuse at the Khuttucks. Every one of the enemy fired simultaneously at the man, and strange to say, missed him. Then Lyell, followed by Koer Singh and Dal Singh, dashed at the Khuttucks, who had not a single firearm loaded, and consequently fled before the impetuous attack. Lyell hastening to the edge of the cliff, shouts: 'They've bolted, Turner. Make haste and come up.'

Turner was not slow to respond to the invitation; and soon the two detachments were united, and in high spirits following up the Khuttucks. So hot was the pursuit, that the Khuttucks had no time to load, and were chased up the hill and over the further edge. There Turner and Lyell prudently halted. To keep the enemy on the move, however, they fired muskets, hurled stones, and sounded bugles till the Khuttucks were desisted far away quite at the foot of the hill.

Lord Dalhousie was so highly pleased with this affair, that he gave Lyell the very best appointment which could at the moment be bestowed on an assistant-surgeon, namely that of principal assistant to the opium agent at Patna. How little do we know what is for our good! The reward was fatal to Lyell. Five years later he perished at the hands of a Mussulman mob, a victim to his rash bravery. Thus ended, in the flower of his age, the promising career of the gallant, noble-minded, popular Lyell!

As to the other heroes of the fight with the Khuttucks; Koer Singh and Dal Singh were decorated with the Order of British India, and given the rank of *bahadur*. Koer Singh afterwards fell at the head of his company at Delhi. Dal Singh five or six years later got into such a scrape that unwillingly his officers were compelled to turn

him out of the regiment, and he disappeared from view. Turner, before this, had been attacked by a violent fever, which carried him off in the course of a few hours.

The *esprit de corps* of the Guides was shewn not by swagger or dandyism. They never boasted or made much of their exploits. Their pride consisted in taking it as a matter of course that any task however difficult or dangerous would be thoroughly performed. Neither did they indulge in any of the fopperies which are so common in irregular corps.

To illustrate the feeling which pervaded all ranks of this celebrated corps—a feeling which is still characteristic, as recent events can testify—we may mention, that on a certain subaltern's joining the corps, one of the older officers said to a native officer: 'Well, Lootuf Ali, what do you think of the new sahib?' The proud answer was: 'No matter what sort of a sahib joins us, we soon make a Guide of him.'

Of all the many gallant officers who have served in the Guides, none left a better name behind him than young Quintin Battye, who fell a few days after his arrival at Delhi. Almost his last words, as the life-blood was ebbing away, were: 'Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori' (It is sweet and proper to die for one's country). Young Battye was aide-de-camp to one of the Lieutenant-governors (we forget which), and was much petted, for he was a good-looking, most engaging lad. Fired with a love of distinction, he was not contented with a life of ease and comparative idleness; therefore, one day when the Lieutenant-governor asked what he could do for him, he eagerly replied: 'O sir, get me into the Guides; I could wish for nothing better.' Into the Guides therefore he was put. Scarcely had he joined the corps, when Lumsden the commandant received information from one of his spies that a certain freebooter would attack a neighbouring village the following night. Lumsden determined to catch him; and as the task was one requiring great local knowledge and craft, he selected not an officer, native or European, but a simple sowar. (Lumsden never allowed himself to be fettered by routine, but always selected the men best fitted for a duty, without regard to other considerations.) This man, whom we will call Peer Khan, was a small landholder, a man between fifty and sixty, and covered with scars. He would sometimes bare his right arm, and shewing the marks of numerous wounds, boastfully exclaim: 'The blood of seventy Hindus is on this arm.' Under his command, therefore, a detachment was ordered to march at dark on a secret expedition. Battye heard of the latter, and determined to join it. He had so recently joined that he had not yet got Guide uniform, so first binding him over to secrecy, he borrowed from a brother-officer a Guide coat and turban, and set off with the party as a simple volunteer under Peer Khan's orders. The next morning, the detachment returned unsuccessful, the freebooter not having appeared. As soon as he arrived in camp, Quintin Battye went to Lumsden and said to him: 'I have done very wrong sir, and I have come to tell you what I have done. I went out last night with Peer Khan. I could not help it; but I know I was wrong.' Lumsden, veiling his secret admiration for the gallant lad under a stern demeanour, reproved him severely, and

wound up by saying: 'I expect you to promise that you will never do so again.' The required promise was given, and it is needless to say faithfully observed. Our readers need scarcely be reminded that absence without leave, especially in troublous times, is a very serious offence in her majesty's service.

MY WIFE'S INHERITANCE.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.—THE INHERITANCE.

MR CHARLES RUSSEL, once the most noted lawyer of Kinton, was dead. He had passed away in the night, full of years and honour—passed away so calmly and peacefully, that even the nurse could not tell at what precise hour the spirit had left the worn-out body.

I am, or rather was, a village doctor. At the time of which I write, I was about six-and-twenty years of age, and three years previously had bought a practice in the village of Cottam. It was not a large village; but being only about five miles from the important seaport of Kinton, it could boast of a good many somewhat pretentious villageresidences. These were inhabited, some by merchants of Kinton, who travelled to and fro morning and evening; others by men who had ceased to take an active part in business, and had retired to the country to enjoy a well-earned repose. To this latter class belonged the Mr Charles Russel whose death I have just recorded. To a small inherited competence he had added the savings of a successful professional career, and retiring to Cottam, had bought a small mansion on the outskirts of the village, called 'The Willows.' 'Wills,' the country people got to call it, referring—with a vague idea of wit—to the proprietor's previous fame as a conveyancer and maker of wills. Mr Russel had never been married, but had adopted the orphan daughter of his sister. Ellen Saunders at the time of my story was about twenty-one years of age.

It was not until I had been two years at Cottam, that I was introduced to Mr Russel. During this time he had more than once required professional attendance, but had always sent for the family doctor from Kinton. One day, however, a servant came in great haste for me to go to the Willows; 'for,' said she, 'master has fallen and broken his leg.' Of course I went immediately; but fortunately found matters not so bad as represented. Mr Russel had been walking in the garden, as was his wont, when he accidentally stepped sideways upon a stone, and his ankle twisting, he fell heavily forward. The result was a very bad sprain, aggravated by the age and weight of the sufferer. I soon had the boot off, and applied the usual remedies; and before I left he was very much easier. On my next visit he was still better; but I forbade him to use his foot in any way. Day by day I called, and each day found him improving, although he chafed considerably at the confinement, as he missed his usual walks. Gradu-

ally he began to talk of other matters—politics, literature, &c.; I found him to be an unusually well-read man; and as reading had always been one of my chief delights, we got on very well together. Mutual esteem quickly ripened into mutual friendship; and at length I was invited to visit him one evening, an invitation of which I was not slow to take advantage. When I arrived, I found him sitting in an easy-chair, with his foot on the leg-rest; for as yet he was unable to get about. Beside him was a small chess-table, with the men all in their places.

'I was just about,' he observed, 'to have a game of chess with my niece; but she has been called away for a little while. By-the-bye, do you play?'

'A little,' I answered; the fact being that chess used to be a very favourite game of mine; but not having played for years, I was somewhat doubtful of my powers, and therefore answered cautiously: 'A little—not much.'

'Do you mind playing with me? It would be quite a charity, I assure you, for I am heartily weary of sitting here alone.'

'I will try with pleasure,' I replied; and with that we commenced.

I soon found that, good player as I was, he was slightly better; and at the end of the evening, he was two games ahead. This put him in great good-humour, especially as his niece, who had now joined us, had witnessed the old gentleman's victory.

'There is some satisfaction,' he was pleased to say, 'in playing with you, as you are difficult to beat. I sometimes play with Ellen here; but it is almost like playing with the right hand against the left, where all the schemes originate in the same mind. I know all her moves almost before she takes them. She always opens in the same way, and hardly ever originates a fresh attack.'

'Well, uncle dear, you cannot expect me to be as deep as you are. You know you often used to say: "Girls never *can* reason."'

Hitherto I have hardly mentioned Ellen Saunders, although I had often seen her. Perhaps some of my readers would like a full description of her, the colour of her hair and eyes, the shape of her nose and ears. If so, I am afraid I must disappoint them. I really cannot describe her; and yet in my eyes she was one of the most beautiful creatures I had ever seen. I say in *my* eyes. Perhaps in yours, dear reader, she would not have appeared so; it depends on your taste and sex. I, however, had no doubt at all on the matter.

Well, that first evening at chess was followed by a good many more. Two or three times a week I would find my way to the Willows, and always received a hearty welcome from the old gentleman. So things went on for three or four months. During my visits, Ellen was constantly in and out of the room, ready to attend to her uncle; and when leisure permitted, she would bring her

work, and sitting opposite the chess-table, would occasionally watch the game. Sometimes she was accompanied by another young lady, who I afterwards learned was her hired companion. Miss Leclerc—for that was her name—had entered Mr Russel's family as governess when Ellen was about fourteen years of age, she herself being only seventeen. When Ellen's education was completed, the governess was transformed into the companion, and such she still remained at the time of my visits. I, however, did not see much of her, as she did not often come into Mr Russel's sanctum.

I have said that Ellen often watched the game; and I cannot tell how it was, but whenever she did so, I was almost invariably checkmated. I suppose I was nervous, and played badly. At anyrate, lose I did; and yet I would not have had her away for the world; for by this time—I may as well confess it—I was deeply in love with her; and what if I did lose a few paltry games of chess? As long as her sweet eyes watched my proceedings with interest, I was well repaid. I may say parenthetically that I always took my revenge when she was not present; for by this time I had regained my old play, and was Mr Russel's master at it.

Up to this period no word of love had passed between us; and sooth to say, I knew not whether it would be agreeable either to her or her uncle. Nay, I was almost inclined to think that it was wrong for me to entertain such a feeling, under the circumstances in which I had been introduced to the family. Right or wrong, however, I felt it to be a settled fact, and I could no more help it than I could help breathing. This deep feeling, joined to the uncertainty of its propriety and to a vague sense of its hopelessness, quite unsettled me; indeed, so much so that I resolved to stay away from the Willows—at least for a time. I think I should have persevered in my resolve to stay away; but by the end of the week I received so kind a letter—remonstrating at my absence—from Mr Russel, that my determination gave way, or rather, I may say, gave place to another. This was to speak to him, to admit my affection for his niece, and to crave his permission to address her. 'By so doing,' I said to myself, 'one source of uncertainty will at anyrate be removed.'

The same evening found me again at the Willows; and taking advantage of Ellen's absence, I told Mr Russel all—in a nervous disjointed manner, I have no doubt, but still plainly and simply. I did not praise myself, nor did I in a mock-modest style speak of 'unworthiness, &c. &c.'

The old gentleman heard me to the end, speaking never a word, but looking with half-closed eyes straight into my face; a habit acquired no doubt in his professional career.

'I am pleased, Mr Wallis,' he said at length when I had finished, 'to hear this confession, because I have seen for some time "how the land lay," as the sailors have it.'

'You have noticed it!' I exclaimed in surprise.

'Yes,' he repeated. 'We lawyers are trained to observe little signs. Many a time an almost imperceptible look of surprise, or the faintest shadow of dismay on a man's face, has given me the clue

in a difficult case. Can you think then, that signs so plain as you have given could be overlooked by me? No; my friend. I needed not your present confession to tell me that you love my niece; and yet, as I have said, I am pleased to hear it, because it confirms the estimate I had formed of your character. What that estimate is, I need not say, except that I am quite willing that you should try to win her affections. Had it not been so, I should not have written the letter of yesterday, but have found some means of causing you to cease your visits entirely.'

On hearing this my heart was almost too full for utterance; I grasped him by the hand, and thanked him most heartily for his great kindness.

'Mind,' he continued, 'I can say nothing about Ellen. You have my consent to try to win her; but beyond this I cannot go. She must please herself. My advice, however, is, do not hurry matters; continue your visits as heretofore, and you may perhaps find opportunities of observing how her inclinations tend.—But there! Whenever was the advice of a practical old lawyer—and a bachelor to boot—taken by a young fellow in love! So go and do whatever your heart, tempered by gentlemanly feeling, dictates.'

But I must hasten on; this is not a love-story, and I have very much more to tell. I took Mr Russel's advice in one respect—that is, I continued my visits to the Willows, and was happy to perceive that they were agreeable to Ellen. In short, I gradually won her regard, confessed my love, asked her to be mine; and before a year was out we were fully engaged. Had I had my way, we should have been married at once; but just at this time Mr Russel's health began seriously to fail. He never seemed to be quite himself again after the shock of his fall, and now appeared to be failing very fast. But as his health became feebler, his affection for Ellen seemed to increase, and in a minor degree for me also. I can hardly explain the liking he had taken to me, except that having no relation in the world but Ellen—at least not to my knowledge—he centered all his affection upon her; and as I loved her also, he loved me too for loving her. This may not be the correct explanation; but at anyrate it was the only one that occurred to me.

One day—I shall never forget it—a servant brought me a message that Mr Russel wished to see me in his bedroom. When I arrived there I found him still in bed, where I had seen him in the morning, for this was one of the days—occurring pretty frequently now—when he found himself too unwell to get up.

'I am very sorry to see you like this, uncle,' I said—for by this time we had become very familiar, I calling him uncle, and he addressing me as Alfred—'I thought you looked better this morning.'

'Ah, Alfred! these east winds are too much for me; they go through me, as people say, and I find myself best in bed.—Well now, I have sent for you because I have something particular to say to you. I may not be long for this world; I sometimes think I shall never get about again. At anyrate, I thought it advisable to make my will. Of course, in doing so I, as you may well suppose, needed no assistance. Having made scores of wills for other people, it would be strange if I let any one else make mine.

Now, as I have great faith in your integrity and honesty, I am about to adopt the unusual course of shewing it to you. There it is; read it carefully through.' Not a little surprised, I took the paper, and read as follows:

'I, CHARLES RUSSEL, of the Willows, Cottam, declare this to be my last will and testament. I bequeath to Elizabeth Watkins, my housekeeper, the sum of one hundred pounds. I bequeath to Jeannette Leclerc, the companion of my niece, the sum of fifty pounds. I also bequeath to my nephew, Charles Russel, the sum of two hundred and fifty pounds. And as to all the rest, residue, and remainder of my real and personal estate, I devise and bequeath the same to my niece, Ellen Saunders, her heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns absolutely and for ever. And I hereby appoint my said niece sole executrix of this my will. In witness whereof I have hereunder set my hand, this 2d day of February 1870.

CHARLES RUSSEL.'

Then followed the attestation clause, signed by two witnesses.

When I had finished, I remained silent a few moments, and seeing an inquiring look on my face, he said: 'I have let you know this because, loving no one in the world as I do Ellen, I have left all to her. At the same time, I think she ought to have the advice and assistance of some one who knows more of the world than she does. This advice and assistance I have every confidence that you will render, especially when I consider the relation in which you stand to each other.'

'But what of this nephew?' I asked. 'I have never heard of him before.'

The old man's face grew dark as he interrupted: 'Do not mention him, I pray. I have forced myself to leave him a little, but I never wish to see or hear of him again.' Then, after a pause, he continued: 'There; put the will back in its envelope and seal it up; you will find my seal on the table.' This done, he said: 'Now, place it in the desk, and then come here again. I have another paper to shew you.'

The desk referred to was one I had often noticed standing on a table at the other side of the room; it was not a large one, only about eighteen inches long, twelve inches wide, and at the back nine inches high, with a lid sloping down to about three inches in the front. It was made of some dark wood, and was evidently very old. Having placed the will therein, I said: 'Had I not better lock it?'

'Yes; it would perhaps be as well. But lately I have not done so, as I have only kept writing materials in it; and now I am afraid the key is lost. I have not seen it for a long time. But'—with an appearance of sudden recollection—'if you wish to keep the will safe, I will tell you a secret: in that desk there is a compartment known only to myself; follow my instructions carefully, and I will tell you how to open it.'

'I am all attention,' I replied.

'Well, first raise the front lid, and you will see before you, at the back, six small drawers arranged in three rows of two each. Now pull the middle top drawer quite out of its place.'

'Done!' I said, peering into the cavity thus formed. 'But I see nothing except the back of the desk.'

'Ah! what you see is not quite the back,

although very near it. Now feel with your finger in the top right-hand corner of the cavity, and you will find a small hole, as though a little knot had broken out of the wood.—Nay, it is no use looking; you cannot see it; it is too small, and too near the top.

‘I have found it now; but it is not large enough even for my little finger.’

‘No. So take one of the long pen-holders you see at the bottom of the desk, and push it through, pressing pretty hard.—Now look behind the desk,’ he continued, when I had done so.

I looked, and was surprised to see a little door, projecting about half an inch. I took hold of it, and with some difficulty—for the hinges were very stiff—opened it completely. This done, a cavity was exposed about nine inches long, but only one inch deep. Still there was plenty of room for the will. I therefore placed it therein, closed the door, put the inside drawer back in its place, let down the front lid of the desk, and reported all to Mr Russel.

‘That is all right then,’ he said. ‘You may depend upon the will being safe, and only we two know of its hiding-place. But you must not forget—top middle drawer, top right-hand corner.—Now the other paper I wished to shew you was this;’ holding one towards me. ‘All my securities are in the hands of my bankers at Kinton; but this is a list of them. Take it, and look it through, and then you will understand better what you have to deal with. And now, good-night, for I am very tired; but just one word—do not mention anything of this to Ellen. I think it better not.’

Of course I promised; and bidding the dear old gentleman good-night, I took my leave. In my own room at home, I examined the paper he had given me, and found the securities to consist of dock, railway, gas, and water shares, with a few mortgages on house-property at Kinton—the whole amounting to more than thirty thousand pounds, and bringing in an income of very little short of two thousand pounds a year. I had no idea he was so rich; and according to the will I had just seen, this thirty thousand pounds would at some future time be MY WIFE’S INHERITANCE.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN ANGLO-INDIAN CHAPLAIN.

MADRAS.

MANY years have passed since my first glimpse of India; but time has not effaced the impressions of that night. It was a bright moonlight—brighter far than ever we enjoy in this our hazy northern clime. The huge steamer was cleaving almost noiselessly through a glassy sea. Many miles distant we discerned the light gleaming above the waters which told of the Indian shore and the city of Madras. Our eyes were eagerly fixed upon it, becoming brighter as we approached. A stillness, I might almost say a solemnity, was upon us all. The last link that seemed to bind us to the old country was about to be broken. The pleasant voyage, begun on the shores of England, was at an end; and there stretching out before us was

the silvery line of India’s surf-beaten shore—and that was to be our home for years, perhaps for life. Bishop Heber tells us that when he first sighted Madras and saw the black naked natives rowing their Masulah boats, midst frightful cries, around the ship, and when he thought that these were the apparently debased creatures among whom he was henceforth to live and work, his feelings overpowered him, and he rushed down into his cabin and wept. I confess that, like the good and worthy Bishop, I too was overcome, and involuntarily I sighed the old plaintive song of my native country, ‘Oh, why left I my Home?’

But Madras was not to prove so bad a place as I anticipated. A few hours later, when at day-break I issued from my cabin, I was greeted by a cheery Scottish voice, asking if I were the clerical individual whom he sought. I assured him that I was. ‘O then, come along; here is our boat—the carriage is on the beach; and my uncle and aunt are waiting breakfast for you.’ That was not a bad greeting on a strange land; and certainly I should have been a miserable misanthrope if my heart had not been touched and cheered by the kindness of that young Scotchman, whose face I had never seen before, and of whose very existence I had not known until I saw him on the steamer’s deck. And of such, let me say in passing, is Anglo-India, the land of kindness and hospitality. There are now hotels in abundance in the principal Indian towns; but a few years ago there were none, and yet they were scarcely missed, for the houses of the wealthier portion of the resident English were ever open to receive all new-comers, who, if they proved themselves gentlefolks, might stay as long and live as free as the nearest kith and kin; and although those days of a boundless hospitality are past—for thanks to increased taxes and diminished incomes, Anglo-Indians can no longer afford it—yet I can confidently promise to the young Scotchman whose destiny may lead him out to India, that he will there meet with a hearty welcome from his countrymen, and perhaps find in Indian society a warmth and congeniality not often to be met with in those colder regions.

The city of Madras cannot lay claim to much external beauty. It is situated on a low flat sandy plain, as if originally reclaimed from the sea, stretching about five miles along the coast, and one mile inland. One wonders how any people could have dreamed of building a city on such an uninviting desert spot. But it is thus explained. In the year 1639, two hundred and forty-one years ago, a few small English ships approached the Coromandel Coast of India to trade with the inhabitants, and glad they were to get a footing on the soil, and to be permitted to purchase a small strip of a barren land, where they might erect a factory and a few storehouses. So modest were they in their demeanour and so unambitious in their desires, those English merchants, that they were content with this or any other little spot upon a barren shore! And such was the

first landing of the English in India; such the founding of the city of Madras with its now five hundred thousand inhabitants. And such was the humble beginning of our vast Indian Empire, which a French statesman has called the greatest wonder in the world. What a contrast we have here! The English in India in 1639, a few merchants dwelling in their little fort upon the sandy shore of Madrasapatam, pleased to be allowed to traffic in calicoes and spices; and the English in India in 1880, ruling beneficently, from sea to sea, from the snow-capped Himalaya to the wave-washed palm-trees of Ceylon, over two hundred millions of human beings who are subjects to the sceptre of Queen Victoria.

As I have already said, Madras is not a beautiful city. Those portions of it where the Hindus and Mohammedans chiefly dwell, called Blacktown and Triplicane, are composed of low flat-roofed houses with narrow streets, and odours more numerous and nauseous than those of famed Cologne. Yet the suburbs of Madras are very fine. The roads are many and broad, and shaded by large and leafy trees, whose merciful peculiarity is, to use the Psalmist's words, that the 'leaf never faileth;' so that all the year round there is to the pilgrim Indian a shelter from the burning sun. Madras can boast of many churches and public halls; some of them very imposing edifices, and chief among them all being St Andrew's Church, a truly handsome edifice, with its tapering spire the loftiest in India.

The houses of the English are scattered throughout the suburbs of Madras, all of them surrounded by lawns or 'compounds,' and many of them in size and splendour rivalling the mansions of our nobility at home. My house was comparatively small and unpretentious; yet a short description of it, as given by a Glasgow gentleman who paid me a flying visit, will impart a better idea of an Indian home than any words of mine can do. 'The pleasant home of our kind entertainer was situated about two miles from Blacktown. Within it were children and bright smiles; while without were flowers and sunshine—flowers on the lawn and flowers in the garden, which the fervid rays which shone on both would have withered, but for the water which a sable gardener, with unencumbered limbs, poured ever and anon over the parched leaves. The garden—a little paradise in itself—was traversed by a channel leading to and around the flower-beds; and thus, through the instrumentality of a hose connected with an adjacent well, the necessarily constant irrigation was maintained.

Occasionally, when all was still, during the bright hours of mid-day, the shady quietude of the bungalow was invaded by a succession of unbidden visitors from among the teeming forms of life, revelling in the rich luxuriance without. Now a little squirrel came and performed gymnastics for a while on the pillars of the veranda; anon, a lizard—not a beautiful but a perfectly harmless guest—announcing its presence with a clear "click-click," appeared disporting on the wall; birds, almost as confident as the doves of La Santissima Annunziata, would also drop in at times to circumnavigate the rooms; even a frog one day leapt inquiringly "ben" towards the room where we were reading, and sat mouthing and staring at the door. The routine of the day was charming in

itself; including as it did the *chota-hazree* (early breakfast) in the veranda before dawn, succeeded by the early ride or walk, whilst the large globe of the sun, rising from a bed of glory, dispersed the dewdrops that gemmed the grass and sparkled on every leaf and bough; the bright drive after breakfast through wide fields and long avenues to the city proper; the indispensable two o'clock *tiffin*, hot, rich, and various—the better to repair the waste of nature, and unless some self-denial be exercised, to spoil the major meal; all wound up with the delightful rendezvous on the esplanade an hour before sunset, and the homeward ride or drive with the ladies while the evening shadows fall.

Our friend and host, whose business in life was altogether of a sacred character, found his delight among the Christian Institutions to which I have alluded, and one day entertained us at home by subjecting an entire school of children to the ordeal of an examination in the veranda. The crowd of small dark figures, some of very tiny size, yielded one by one, at the native master's call, a few of its more advanced members, who coming to the front, told us, albeit in shrill and broken accents, many authentic truths about scriptural personages. That the spirit of religion was here to consecrate the words lisped forth in its name, is hardly perhaps to be supposed; but the scene suggested the inference that nothing is so well fitted to break the adamant of Hindu superstition as an appeal to the fresh instincts and natural emotions of childhood.

In the immediate vicinity of Madras are numerous towns and villages. One of these, on the sea-coast to the south, is St Thomé or St Thomas, so named because tradition affirms that here that apostle lauded, and that here he lived for many years and preached the Gospel. I am not sure that there is sufficient evidence to warrant us to accept this tradition. It may be as truthful or as apocryphal as the similar story, which we are so inclined to cherish, that St Andrew came to Scotland and landed on the rocky shore where the venerable city now stands which bears the name of the honoured saint. Still, although this tradition about St Thomas being the first preacher of Christianity in India cannot be completely verified, there are undoubted evidences that at a very early period the Christian religion was made known and promulgated amongst the inhabitants of Southern India. On the western coast of Malabar, and chiefly in the city of Cochin, there are very many Jews; in fact it is still what it has been for ages, a colony of Jews, who are as dark in complexion, if not darker than the Hindus themselves. Now, whence have those black Jews come? This question is easily answered. They are the descendants of the ancient Jewish merchants who, in the days of the great and wise king of Israel, formed a mercantile community on that coast of India, whence they were wont to despatch their ships, laden with the riches and luxuries of the East for the court and country of King Solomon. The Jews of to-day who are at Cochin are the descendants of those ancient Jewish merchants who had become settlers there, and intermarried with the women of the country, who of course were 'black but comely;' hence their dark-visaged progeny. And from this inte-

resting fact of the existence of a Jewish colony in Southern India, and from the circumstance that a highway was thus open between Palestine and India, we cannot be astonished at this other equally interesting fact, that when the Portuguese came to India three centuries ago, they found at Malabar a community of *Syrian Christians* who are there to this day.

To the north of the city of Madras, situated on a narrow neck of sandy land, between the ocean and an inland salt-water lake, stands Ennore. This was once the sanatorium for the English inhabitants of Madras, almost their only retreat from the fiery land-winds of their hot season, and where newly married couples were wont to betake themselves to spend their honeymoon. But now Ennore is deserted; for the English of our days are more fortunate than their fathers. Having the ubiquitous railway, they can rush away from the scorching heat of the plains to the pleasant plateau of the Mysore country and to the glorious mountain ranges of the Neilgherries. Still this deserted village of Ennore holds a place in my memory, not merely on account of some pleasant days spent there, but by reason of a melancholy incident that made a sad impression on my mind at the time, and which was recalled the other day by a paragraph in a London newspaper. That paragraph—alas! one of many such—was to the effect that three large ships which had sailed from their respective Indian ports some months before, had never more been heard of, and were therefore given up as lost. One Sunday morning, my friend, who had a bungalow at Ennore, was roused by his servants, who came with the information that three dead bodies were lying on the sandy beach, having been tossed up by the rolling waves. Having gone out, he found them to be the lifeless forms of three English sailors. Carefully and reverently he had them borne up, and laid in a large grave beneath a few overshadowing palm-trees, my friend reading over them the English service for the dead. All that could be said of these sailors was that they had perished with some ship that had foundered in the Bay of Bengal. I confess to sentimentality, if it be sentimentality, for by those graves I have more than once stood, and mournfully thought of the mother in her English home wearily waiting for the return of her sailor-boy; and of the anxious wife straining her eyes through storm and darkness for the long-looked-for ship that bore the husband of her youth, and she

Expectant of that news that never came,
Gained for her own a scanty sustenance,
And lived a life of silent melancholy.

I remember being told by a ship-captain that on an outward voyage, off the coast of Ceylon he one day counted ten ships that were in sight. Suddenly a cyclone encircled them; it became dark as midnight. The storm was fierce, but did not last long, for speedily it swept on in its devastating course. But the work of destruction and death had been wrought. Not a ship was to be seen. His own, the narrator told me, was a shattered wreck; but as to the others he could say nothing. Some of them may have passed safely through the tempest and been lost to view; whilst others it was to be feared had been engulfed amidst the foaming billows. And so perish many

of the brave and true; impenetrable darkness shrouds their death; and nothing more is seen or heard of them, save when a kindly wave washes their bodies upon the beach, as it did to those sailors whom I saw buried on the Indian shore.

TO THE LADIES.

WHEN bills are long, and Credit low,
And things are bad as they can be,
And Banks go down with sudden blow,
And nought is sure—but Penury!
When 'Pater' in his private den
Looks sad, and savage as a bear,
Because his funds are low—O then,
Dear Ladies—of your debts beware!

Your gorgeous gown of new silk stuff
Will surely 'do' a second time!
Of hats and bonnets, you've enough!
Your jackets too are in their prime.
No need to 'run up little bills,'
Because your last are not yet paid,
Nor multiply a thousand ills
By bringing others to their aid!

You see how 'Pater's' rugged brow
Is seamed with lines of care and grief.
The cause is plain—and even now
His case seems quite beyond relief.
His income—just five hundred pounds,
Is nothing—when a thousand's due.
Things really are beyond all bounds.
The reason, Ladies, lies with you!

'So many wants,' you always say;
'So many things we have to buy;
And money runs so fast away,
That we can't pay (although we try);
And so the bills just grow and grow
Like mushrooms, only not so good.'
And 'Pater' paces to and fro
His sanctum, in a horrid mood!

I think you sometimes might refrain
From buying—when you cannot pay;
The reason is so very plain
That 'money runs so fast away!'
Restrain expenses—stay at home;
Make 'Pater' happy if you can;
And then whatever crash may come,
'Pater' will be an honest man!

W. H.

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EYESORES.

ABOUT thirty years ago, on visiting a new and rising town at the mouth of the Thames, the first thing that invited our notice was a handsomely built terrace facing the sea. All the houses were completed and apparently occupied, except one at the middle of the row, which remained in that ghastly rudimental condition usually known as 'skeleton.' The doorway was closed by a few deal boards. The windows were open holes in the wall. The roof was on; but the whole interior was a vacuity without floors or staircases. Birds and bats could flit in and out at pleasure. The only inhabitants were a colony of stray cats, which were here visited by the resident cats in the neighbourhood; the whole in a friendly way holding cheerful soirées when the rest of the world were in bed. Ordinarily, an aged tabby, reputed to be the Queen of the Cats, sat on a lower window-sill in the pride of possession, and was ostensibly guardian of the establishment.

The question soon asked by visitors to this charming new watering-place was why the skeleton house at the middle of the terrace remained unfinished and unoccupied. No one could give a satisfactory answer. The house had so stood for years. The owner of it was well known. When appealed to for an explanation, he condescended to reply by saying with perfect suavity, but in a manner designed to close the interview: 'That house, sir, is a mystery!' And this was all that could be got out of him. In vain were all remonstrances by speech or writing to the effect that the house was a public Eyesore, that its present condition was damaging to the property in the neighbourhood. 'The house was a mystery!' With that everybody had to be satisfied. Sarcasms in the local newspaper on the subject went for nothing. The owner of the spectral house was of that thick-skinned order of beings who are impervious to assault. Wrapped up in his own notions, the world was nothing to him. He would do as he liked. Endless were the speculations concerning his intentions. Some

thought he had felt affronted in consequence of certain arrangements connected with the general plan of the terrace, and took this method of revenging himself on the other proprietors. Others less charitably thought that he was a regular 'Eyesore Jack,' and was waiting to have his ownership bought up at six times its value. How long the Eyesore lasted we cannot tell. Death, we think, must have years ago settled the matter. The mystery, whatever it was, must surely be revealed. The mysterious building, we hope, has now got in its windows, and been thoroughly furnished up like the other respectable dwellings in the row.

EYESORE JACK, of whom the owner of this strange house may be held to have been a kind of type, was no fabulous character. As a living entity, he had strutted his day on the stage. Wholly wrapped up in self, and with some capital to start with, his plan of operations was original. It consisted in making himself a general nuisance. Cunningly looking about, he watched opportunities of acquiring patches of ground, on which he would build something so hideous, that the neighbours were fain to buy him out at almost any cost, in order to rid themselves of the Eyesore. In this way, besides pocketing a large sum, he enjoyed the pleasure of a successful strategist, and was encouraged to look out for a new field of enterprise. A gentleman purchasing a landed estate for the purpose of being improved, beautified, and laid out as a choice place of residence, was viewed as fair game. Ascertaining in what direction was to be the view from the windows of the mansion, Jack quietly considered where he could manage to plant his Eyesore. Fortune was perhaps favourable for the wretch's manoeuvre. He made himself proprietor of a small spot; and there, when the mansion was sufficiently advanced, he commenced to rear his unintelligibly odious group of buildings. The owner of the splendid new mansion became alarmed at the growth of this new and unforeseen phenomenon. What is that strange jumble of brick walls, chimneys, and tiled roofs, rising up right in front of the library

and drawing-room windows? At first, there is the usual mystery; and then comes the startling intelligence that the nondescript jumble is to be unitedly a slaughter-house, a manufactory of pigs-meat, and a candle-work.

Consternation! Lawyers consulted! Negotiations, of course, ensue. Jack must be bought up, no matter at what cost; there is no help for it. The land he had acquired was a freehold, and the use he proposed to make of it was beyond challenge. Accordingly, Jack was not easily dealt with. Besides standing complacently on his rights, he had much to say for the probable success of his multifarious undertakings. He stood greatly on his project of manufacturing pigs-meat. The composition was a scientific discovery of his own, and from it alone he expected to make a fortune. 'But why should he fix on this particular spot for his great enterprise? It was quite unsuitable for manufacturing purposes.' 'Not at all; it was exactly the thing. There was a convergence of roads near the place, and room to expand as the business increased,' &c. In the negotiations throughout, Jack was cool and imperturbable. Instead of the mean sneak and rascal that he was, he appeared to be a man of enlarged views of commercial industry, and of the most perfect probity. The affair ended as might have been anticipated. Jack is bought up at an enormous advance on his outlay, and walks off with his booty. The jumble of buildings disappears. There is a sigh of relief throughout the mansion that had been so scandalously menaced.

In the works of Gilpin and 'Capability Brown,' on the laying out of landscapes, serio-comic stories of this kind cast up. Gilpin, we think, mentions a case not unlike that just referred to. It was that of an Eyesore Jack who set down a butcher's shop within view of a gentleman's mansion. Gilpin saw through the trick, and resolved to circumvent it. Allowing the Eyesore to be completed, and rejecting offers of a compromise, he planted a group of trees, which effectually shrouded the unseemly cluster of buildings from observation. Finding himself outwitted, the projector of the Eyesore gladly disposed of his property for a small part of what it had cost him. In the metropolis, cases of encroachment in the form of Eyesores for furtive purposes are continually occurring, and if not compromised, frequently become subjects of litigation.

The world was created in the exuberance of natural beauty. Man has defaced it with his absurdities. Greed, selfishness, stupidity are never at rest in introducing the element of ugliness. Even when taste interposes to do that which will be pleasing to the eye, there is always some wretch at hand who is ready to vex and interrupt. Eyesore Jacks intrude in all quarters. It is no excuse that they are only doing what they please with their own. The higher moral law prescribes that we are not entitled to perform acts which interfere with the rights and comforts of our

neighbours. Offence must not be given unless under some paramount necessity. It is very true that a man may do what he likes with his own property; but it is with an important qualification. He may not, without incurring the character of a savage, inflict a perpetual Eyesore on one of Nature's beauteous landscapes. See, however, what abominations are in this respect every day perpetrated, and generally productive of grumbings and discomfort.

We all admit that excavations must take place for the purpose of procuring stone, slate, coal, iron, and so forth; but that is no proper reason for creating permanent Eyesores in the shape of great heaps of mineral refuse. We have a right to complain that the heaps, in their offensive ugliness, are not in due time either hurled back into the chasms whence they came, or tastefully covered with shrubs and herbage. On a hill-side opposite a gentleman's residence is seen a rude gap with a vast heap of slaty débris poured down the slope, producing what is undoubtedly a grievous Eyesore. The hill in its rich beauty of purple heather towering to a peak is cruelly defaced by a capacious wound inflicted on its side. The slate has ceased to be dug; but there apparently, till the end of time, is that unsightly scar in the mountain-side, with its cold and barren wreckage—things of ugliness for ever. A picturesque valley, crowned with poetical and historic interest, and to which tourists of taste make a pilgrimage, is heartlessly injured through the indifference of a land-proprietor. At the outlay of a few pounds at most, the Eyesore might at least be concealed by a group of pines; but any such remedy would be beyond usual routine. Another case occurs to remembrance. The last time we passed Ballahulish, when on a visit to Glencoe, we observed that the wreckage from the slate-quarries had been so copiously poured into Loch Leven as nearly to reach the island where the Macdonalds were interred after the massacre in 1692. A scene no less beautiful than abounding in pathetic interest was in the course of being irretrievably damaged, without, as far as we know, a word of remembrance. The defacement of scenes of this kind surely comes within the category of national disaster!

Detached Eyesores like these mentioned are as nothing when compared to what assail the traveller through the 'Black Country' and some other districts of England. Miles of odious heaps of slag, cinders, ashes, incumbering the surface of the land, and excepting where small patches have been spared, shrouding the face of Nature in unmitigated ugliness. Brooding over all is an atmosphere loaded with smoke, which the inhabitants necessarily breathe, and that envelops animal life in perpetual impurity. Swept along in the train, you have occasion to note the vain struggle which Nature has to maintain against the encroachment of Art. Little bits of hawthorn, the relics of hedges, are reduced to the condition

of gradually perishing stumps. Rills which may have been lustrous streamlets in their day, straggle on in discoloured pools. The very sparrows, the hardest and most audacious creatures in existence, have a subdued, dirty, dragged, broken-hearted look, and seem as if they could scarcely muster up a chirrup. If they could speak, they would probably, in the fashion of the period, appoint a deputation to wait on mankind, and represent their wrongs in having the country of their old traditions shamefully laid waste. But as in the case of many other deputations, the sparrows, we fear, would be bowed out with no prospect of substantial redress. Eyesoreism is master of the situation.

To all appearance, the proprietor of any coal-pit is at liberty to cover as much of his land as he pleases with rubbish, and so let it lie a spectacle of disgust till doomsday. This is doing what you like with your own, with a vengeance. A Society has been organised to protect ancient buildings from outrage. Will nobody utter a protest against abusing the surface of the earth? We do not see how the practice of blotting out portions of the habitable globe with coal-dust or metallic debris is to be vindicated. It would not be more absurd to allow an Eyesore Jack in his fiendish whimsicality to sink a tract of fertile country under the waters of the ocean, and thus invade the means of public livelihood. We do not doubt that questions of this kind will by-and-by come up for popular debate, and we should prefer that they were averted in time.

Large towns are for the most part a combination of Eyesores. Few of them have been constructed on a plan pleasing to the sight. Confined thoroughfares, projections where there ought to be nothing of the kind, clusters of old buildings going to wreck, but rented to masses of people who furtively prey on the community. Here and there we find a city which, after a desperate struggle with opposing ratepayers, is in the way of getting rid of its Eyesores and assuming a healthy condition. Much of this kind of improvement has lately been effected in the metropolis. But nowhere have Eyesores been so thoroughly and effectually attacked as in Paris, which, with some few things to set to rights, must be allowed to be the most beautiful city in the world. What are styled the 'manufacturing towns' of England are, generally speaking, a disgrace in point of atmospheric impurity; and not less scandalous is the state of their rivers, which constitutes a new species of Eyesore, alarming in its scope and dimensions.

A curious thing about Eyesores is that they are not generally recognised as being hateful to the senses. Accustomed to venerate the humdrum or the ugly, vast masses of people are not able to discover that there is anything particularly wrong. The setting down of a candle-work or a pigs-meat manufactory in the midst of a pleasure-ground would not strike them as objectionable.

We happen to know a pretty country-town which still cherishes an antiquated abattoir in its principal thoroughfare, as if such were quite an appropriate arrangement. A certain sharpening of the intellect is required to distinguish between the beautiful and the ugly, the appropriate and the incongruous, the salubrious and the unhealthful.

'Whatever,' says the author of the 'Tour to the Hebrides,' 'withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, and the future predominate over the present, advances us in the scale of thinking beings.' Well spoken, old Samuel; but the majority think only of the commonplace affairs of everyday life. When they are moved to run after sights of natural or historic interest, it is on the principle of following in the crowd like a flock of sheep. Of the many thousands of English tourists who land in Staffa every summer from Hutcheson's favourite steamers, comparatively few seem to have any distinct notion of what they have come to look at. One of these visitors, a burly well-dressed gentleman, on being shewn Fingal's Cave, sulkily murmured: 'Only a parcel of rocks—a regular imposition!' A personage of similarly neglected culture, whom we once encountered on a visit to Iona, could see nothing to interest him in the ancient stone crosses and ruins. 'I have seen,' said he, 'much better wooden crosses on the roadsides in Belgium.' 'But,' said we, interposing, 'think of these ancient stone crosses and ruins being connected with the history of St Columba.' 'Columba! I never heard of such a person. Where did he put up?' 'Somewhere hereabouts,' we replied; 'and the ruins are valued as reminding us of the dawn of civilisation and Christianity under his rule, in this part of the world more than a thousand years ago.' 'All stuff! Give me the wire and the rail; these are the true civilisers!' 'So you really care nothing about Iona?' said we to our new acquaintance on sitting down to dinner in the steamer. 'Certainly, there is nothing worth looking at in this paltry island—a lot of miserable thatched huts, and ruinous old buildings, only fit to be broken up as road-metal. I would rather see a good slab of beef before me than all the ruins in the world!' Shade of Johnson! We incidentally learned that the depreciator of Iona was a well-to-do 'Butterman' from the City.

Considering the enormous spread of railways in all directions, it is matter for surprise that they have done so little to deface the aspect of the country. Engineers, we think, have rather tried to avoid creating Eyesores than otherwise. The worst case we know of is the projection of hideously ugly iron viaducts across some of our rivers. Nothing more offensive to the eye could have been contrived. The people in the neighbourhood offer no adverse criticism. They have not yet been schooled in æsthetics, and take it all as right. On the whole, on the score of Eyesores and inconvenient detours, the land-proprietors have been more to blame than engineers. At the starting of the railway system, many owners of land would not have the lines to come

near their property on any account. Quite as many of them endeavoured to overreach the railway companies by the most exorbitant extortions. The result has been the carrying of lines in an improper direction, damaging to the interests of the country. Some sad cases of Eyesores could be pointed out as arising from these causes. Avarice and stupidity are more to be blamed than mechanical engineering. Onlookers who charge the railways with going in a wrong direction to the injury of some agreeable suburb, are not aware that errors of this kind were unavoidable, owing to the determined opposition that was presented by interested parties. We know the case of a landowner who, by opposing the passage of a railway through his estate, caused it to be taken a long way round about; and now he is doing all in his power to have his lands and mineral fields intersected by railways. Such are among the triumphs of short-sighted stupidity.

Eyesores of a grotesque nature sometimes occur in connection with works of art. The blunders committed in setting up ugly statues in public places are becoming so notorious as to be a national evil. Clearly, some reform in this particular is required. The way to prevent these Eyesores would be not to subscribe to them, though that might be to do violence to the feelings. In a subsequent article, we may call attention to the Eyesores in connection with ecclesiastical edifices, of which the country has for some years been manfully struggling to be rid; and we are glad to think with a considerable degree of success.

Early in the present century there sprung up a laudable spirit of planting trees in bare and open spaces for the sake of beauty and shelter. Among these planters, Sir Walter Scott was conspicuous for his enthusiasm, as was demonstrated on his estate of Abbotsford. The trees employed were chiefly of the pine order, including the larch and spruce. We would not venture to say how many hundreds of thousands of acres were so planted and inclosed in the north of England and Scotland. Through such operations, extensive districts of country, formerly bare and unsightly, are now clothed and beautified. Yet, it has not been all beautiful. It is amusing to observe how, in removing one kind of Eyesore, another was sometimes inconsiderately created. So long as the arboriculturists confined themselves to operating in square masses, or belts of plantation, they did pretty well. When they attempted figures, on the ground of variety, they committed ludicrous blunders. It matters little what the figures be when executed on the level. It is very different in the case of planting on hill-sides. There, as the trees grow up, the figure, whatever it is, stands boldly in outline. We have thus no end of Eyesores in the shape of plantations. A favourite figure has been that of a fiddle. Another resembles a giant's head and shoulders, and a considerable number resemble coffins. A vast variety are so fantastic with outs and ins as to be indescribable. To ordinary passers-by, these several shapes are of no consequence. When constantly viewed from the windows of a country mansion, they become tiresomely annoying. One does not like to have a group of trees the shape of a fiddle or a giant's head and shoulders, constantly presented to him when looking out of window. The planters who perpetrated these absurdities are all dead and gone.

They passed away under the pleasing impression of being public benefactors, and so they were to a certain extent. Their only blunder consisted in heedlessly inflicting Eyesores on their unoffending neighbours. The error may be avoided in any fresh experiments in planting.

Eyesores of whatever kind arising from stolidity of character, or indifference, though often bad enough in their way, are not to be spoken of with the vehemence of detestation we would employ in cases of noted malignity and avarice. The Eyesore Jacks who deliberately plan the robbery of their fellow-creatures in the manner of which we have offered some examples at the beginning of the present paper, are only to be classed with the most worthless specimens of humanity. In their nature they partake of that demoniac agency which in the fervid language of Milton was concerned in the expulsion from Paradise. They can be thought of only with a sense of loathing. Possibly the exposure of their tricks by Gilpin and others has materially lessened their numbers. We hope it is so. There would be satisfaction in knowing that the race is extinct. At all events, there is the comforting reflection that the baser sort of Eyesore Jacks are not endowed with the privilege of immortality. They die out some time or other. And we are so thankful for it as to be inclined to compliment Death for his performances. Yes, KING DEATH! thou art in some points of view a highly estimable person, a Jolly Old Fellow. Frequently thy feats fill our hearts with anguish; but thou art likewise a kind friend, a brave deliverer from oppression. By thy means, at the appointed time, and when human laws are ineffectual in bringing relief, the world is happily rid of monsters of iniquity who, in their vile schemes, would render God's fair earth nothing short of a scene of desolation, a wilderness of sorrow and despair.

W. C.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER II.—HISTORY.

There was trouble here, as elsewhere, after all.

A HOUSE with many gables. A quaint red-bricked old building, half overgrown with ivy, and bosomed high in trees. A house on an island, which joins east and west to the mainland by two rustic wooden bridges thrown across the pleasant river. The place—built at half-a-dozen different eras—has some sign of having been fortified once upon a time. Cromwell's people were answerable for a few of its gables. There was still a remnant of a gray stone wall, over which, as the country legends told, the men of Red Rose and of White fought fiercely one peaceful summer evening. It was an old old house, and of a pleasant aspect. The flush of its red brickwork was like that of a ripe old age. The ivy curled tenderly about its corners, and draped them with a beauty not their own. The river went calmly round the island, and the opulent landscape on either side smiled peacefully with many a cornfield. There is no fairer region at this day in all the fair western county. There is no place a painter might better love to study, or a wearied Londoner more rejoicingly dwell in, anywhere. And the whole scene had about it a sweet and balmy air of rest. In the trees the rooks were

cawing with afternoon solemnity. The kine stood udder-deep in grass, and switched the flies from their flanks in lazy contentment. The bells of a distant church were ringing a wedding peal. One could have closed his eyes here, and lying broadcast at the river-side, have listened to the waving boughs and the laughing river, and the humming gnats and the chattering rooks, and all the sweet and grateful sounds of country-life, until at last he might have fancied that this was the sort of peace which belonged to the world in the olden time before Care was born.

The heat of summer was in the air. The peace of summer was on the river and on the fields and on the murmuring trees. Such sounds as lived could only serve to make the general silence sweeter.

But there was trouble here, as elsewhere, after all.

There were two young fellows walking up the lane which led from the neighbouring village of Wrethedale to the western bridge. They went in silence for a while, and one of them, olive-complexioned and heavily moustached, switched viciously with his walking-stick at the ferns and foxgloves. He was a handsome young fellow, with some affectations in dress which seemed to bespeak him an artist. He wore a bronze-coloured velvet jacket, for instance, and his wide-awake hat was of the same material; he carried between a daintily gloved finger and thumb a well-blackened meerschautm. His companion, who regarded him wistfully, was by some two or three years his elder, and whilst much fairer in complexion and much slighter in build, bore a strong resemblance to him. As they walked, the younger grew more and more vicious in his cuts at the foxgloves, and the elder more and more anxious in his looks. When they reached the bridge, they paused.

'It's not a bit of use, Will,' said the younger. 'You *must* do it, and you must rely on me. I promise faithfully that I'll raise the money. I know I can raise it long enough before the time comes.'

'You didn't raise it last time, Frank,' returned the elder. 'I don't see how I am to help you.' He spoke very earnestly and with a very sympathetic voice and manner.

The other turned away angrily and answered: 'That's all nonsense. You have but to sign your name, and the thing's done. If that fellow should come down upon me, and the governor should know of it, it would break his heart.'

'But, Frank,' returned the elder, 'I had the greatest possible trouble in meeting the last, and this is even larger. I don't want to say anything hard, but I think I know you better than you know yourself. If you get out of this scrape, you'll just go quietly back to London, and be very careful for a week, and be very careless for three months afterwards. Then you'll suddenly wake up to the fact that there's another bill to meet, and that you can't meet it. I am sure I should not be able to meet it, if I should accept it and you should fail.'

Frank made no reply, but stooping, gathered a handful of loose pebbles, and dropped them one by one into the stream.

'Is there no other way?' the elder asked. 'Can't you get the man to wait?'

'Can't I get the tide to wait? Can't I persuade Nelson's Column to take a walk down Fleet Street? Look here! If I don't pay Tasker off at once, he either has me in his clutches for ever and drains me dry, once and twice and thrice and again; or he comes down here, coolly presents himself to the governor, and breaks the old man's heart. Because that's exactly what it means. You know that, Will, as well as I do.'

The other shook his head in a mournful way, as not at all disputing this unpleasant view of things.

'Well now, on the other hand,' the younger resumed, 'all you have to do is to put your name to a piece of paper, and to make yourself easy about the rest. I'm sure I'm sorry I didn't pay the other; but I give you my word of honour I will meet this. Now, old man, trust me. Give me a chance.'

'Frank,' says the elder, 'if I had the money, I would give it to you with all my heart. You ought to know that. And you ought to know what signing that bill may mean. You know your own affairs better than I can know them, a great deal better than you let me know them. Before you ask me to repose so much confidence in you, you should repose a little in me.'

'It's a shameful business,' said the other doggedly, 'and so much I have told you already. I won't humble myself by telling you more. You can help me if you like; and if you don't like, you can kill the governor.'

'That's a very happy specimen of your way of reasoning,' said Will, with a quiet scorn in his voice; 'and quite in accordance with what I've seen in you for some time past.'

Frank turned round on him fiercely.

'You're a pretty brother! A nice, kindly, trustful, amiable fellow! Well, take your way. I wash my hands of it. I have done. I have made the only appeal it was in my power to make. I find it rejected, and there's nothing for it but to go back and hang myself.' With that he threw his elbows savagely on the rail of the little bridge and stared moodily at the water.

'I wish you would use a little common-sense, Frank, and be a little reasonable,' the elder brother pleaded in a nervous way. 'You can't wash your hands of it, except by paying the debt and amending your life.'

Frank makes no answer, until the elder lays a hand upon his shoulder, with an appeal: 'Come, Frank, I don't want to speak too harshly, and you know that I'll help you all I can.'

'The fact is,' Frank replied savagely, 'that I'm a selfish, egotistical beast. You're quite right, Will, and you don't say to me half I deserve. But I do really believe that I'm honest in saying that I am a thousand times more concerned for the governor than I am for myself. I've acted like a fool and a villain; and if the punishment hit nobody but me I could bear it.'

'Frank! Frank!' exclaimed the elder, 'you confess too easily.'

'I know,' said Frank impatiently. 'You're right again. I'm a shallow good-for-nothing beast, and the only grace I have is that I can be sometimes brought to own it.'

'The worst of that is,' Will murmured inwardly, 'that you think an admission a repentance. Then aloud: 'Don't you think, Frank, that if you

allowed me to explain all this to the governor, the thing might be honourably arranged? I don't like this underhand way of doing things. Why should you and I go about drawing and accepting bills?

'The governor shall never know it with my consent. Why should you ask me to shame myself in that way? Why need he know it? Why need he be grieved with it?'

'Will you give me your promise that you'll not wait for the bill to become due before you begin to think about meeting it?'

'By Jove! I'll do anything on earth,' the other answers. 'I'll live on bread and cheese—I'll work like ten men. I wish I could get you to believe me. I know I came down here and made professions of reform before; but this has been such a wearing grind of anxiety, that I shall never involve myself in this way again.'

'Will you do this?' said the elder. 'Will you promise to send me half the amount of the bill the week before it falls due? If you'll undertake to do that, I'll undertake to meet the bill, and you can pay me the balance afterwards. I shall have a little loose coin then.'

'Bill, you're a brick!' exclaimed the younger. 'Will I do it? Won't I do it? I tell you there's nothing in the world I wouldn't do.'

'Or couldn't do?' queried Will. 'I don't want to know what you are willing to do, but what you are able to do. Can you do it? Don't speculate. Be sure.'

'I can do it,' Frank replied; 'and I promise you that I will.'

'Remember, Frank,' said the elder with a grave and anxious face, and with his hand again on his brother's shoulder.

'And remember, Will,' said the other gaily, 'that I am not an utterly abandoned cut-throat yet. I shall have to grow a little in that direction before I can neglect a thing like this, and make you such a villainous return for all your kindness. It shan't cost you a farthing. I'm going to turn over a new leaf. I have had enough and a great deal more than enough of this business. I'll work like a slave when I get back. I'm to be R.A. in half-a-dozen years at the outside. Watch the career of this talented young artist, and see what becomes of him.'

And with that the handsome young gentleman cocked his velvet hat a little more than usual, and struck a theatrical attitude. At this the elder laughed. The two suddenly shook hands, and then without further parley crossed the bridge together, passed a swinging gate, and came upon the lawn of Island Hall.

On the lawn stood an old gentleman and a child. The child's face was turned to the newcomers, and with a joyful little screech she rushed past the old gentleman, and precipitated herself upon the younger of the brothers, and being lifted by him, hugged and kissed him most outrageously. Her caresses having been returned, the young lady struggled to get down to the lawn again, and being landed, danced round the young fellow like a fairy, clapping her hands and laughing. This young lady was some five years of age. Her sunny little face was brimming over with laughter, and as full of saucy humour as a face could be. The dimpled little hands hovered here and there restless and light as falling snowflakes;

and what with her golden hair and her rapid childish motion, she played round the object of her welcome like a very sunbeam. Pausing before him with clasped hands and an expression of sudden gravity, she announced: 'O Franty, I've tum home.'

'Now,' said Franty, leaning back on his walking-stick and smiling at her lazily, 'I should never have guessed that.'

The little damsel, susceptible to satire, explained with dignity: 'I've tum home for dood.'

'What!' asked Frank, 'not going back to Auntie any more?'

'No,' said the little damsel very gravely; 'I s'an't go back to Auntie's. But,' she added, with such a flash of head, hands, feet, and body as only feminine childhood can accomplish, 'Auntie's tummin' here.'

'Hillo!' Frank exclaimed. 'That's news.—Is that a fact, father?'

'Yes,' says the old gentleman, in a languid and even rather lackadaisical voice; 'she's here now, and has made up her mind to stay with us.'

'Ah!' said Frank, and walked across the lawn and into the house.

'It's rather a good thing,' said the old gentleman, with a voice so querulous that he seemed to be complaining of a very bad thing, 'that Frank's not at home so much now as he used to be. Poor Bertha and he don't get along well together. But as for you, Will,' he went on in the same querulous complaining voice, 'you are as sober-sided an old fellow as myself, and we must do our best to bear with her crotchets, poor thing, and to make her as happy as we can.'

'Who's poor thing?' inquired the young lady.

The old gentleman laughed, and patted her shining head.

'What sharp ears these little people have, Will.'

His son smiled in answer; and the little damsel at the sight of his smiling face, clapped her hands and laughed aloud.

Frank emerged from the house, and took the child on his shoulder, and danced with her round the lawn.

'He's a good-hearted fellow,' said the father in his querulous voice; 'I wish he would be a little steadier.'

'I think he will be,' answered Will. 'We have had a very serious talk this afternoon, and he tells me he has quite made up his mind for hard work and quiet living.'

The old gentleman smiled wryly and answered: 'I am very glad to hear it, Will, very glad. They tell me up there, you know, that he is extremely clever. I am no judge of art; but people who do know something about pictures, tell me he is certain to rise.'

Mr Fairholt made this statement with the voice and manner of a man who complains weakly of the meanness of a dishonourable friend.

'I was up at the Academy on the fifth of last month,' Will answered. 'As I was going in I met Spinks, and he carried me off to Frank's picture in a most triumphant way, telling me it was one of the cleverest things of the year and safe to sell.'

'It hasn't sold?' asked his father.

'I think not,' Will responded. Then across the

lawn: 'Frank! Has that picture of yours at the Academy sold?'

'No,' says Frank, pausing in his dance. 'But there's a noble swell after it. He's working through his agent, a fellow who always buys for him. He wants it for one-fifty, and I've priced it at two hundred. There are a lot of mean dogs who won't buy through the Secretary, but pester the painter as though he were a retail tradesman. The picture's worth the money, and I shan't let it go for less. But my noble swell is an awfully tight-fisted ruffian, and I am afraid I shall lose him.'

Mr Fairholt stood rubbing his hands together discontentedly and as though he had a fretful little quarrel with them.

'Don't take less than you think it worth,' he said. 'But two hundred pounds is a good deal of money to pay for a picture.'

'Why, bless your soul,' returned Frank, 'there are fellows who can get a thousand by slashing over a square yard of canvas with a brush like a broom. And I have put a good honest six months' work into that picture.'

Will laughed rather mischievously, and asked: 'Do you count the six weeks' flirtation at Brighton in that good honest six months' work, old fellow?'

Frank grinned responsive: 'Why not? A man must keep up the artistic fervour somehow. —Mustn't he, Polly?'

Polly, seated on his shoulder and listening gravely to the conversation, laughed on being thus appealed to, and the dance began again. The old man after looking on for a time, went into the house, and Will lit a cigar. The scent of a brown-paper fusee reaching Frank's nostrils, he suspended the dance.

'There, Polly! That's enough. Now run away and kiss Aunt Bertha.'

'What for?' asked Polly.

'You mercenary little creature! For love!'

Polly made one rose-leaf of her lips, and shook her head.

'Then for sixpence,' said Frank, taking the coin from his pocket.

Polly's countenance relaxed. She nodded, and having secured the coin, started off at a run; but paused in the doorway, and gave warning with a triumphant laugh: 'I shall turn back again.'

'Give me a weed, old fellow,' said Frank.

Will produced his case; and Frank having carefully selected his cigar and lighted it, tilted his hat, and said, whilst his gloved hand strayed amongst his curls: 'Will, if you can accept this bill to-night, I will drive over to Hetherton first thing in the morning, get it cashed at the bank, take train up to town, pay this pestilent villain immediately, and get back to-morrow evening.'

'That's impossible,' Will responds. 'You couldn't leave Hetherton before twelve, and the mid-day train from Hetherton reaches town at four-forty. I'll accept the bill all the same. How long do you purpose staying here?'

'I want to make a week of it,' Frank answers. 'The fact is,' he continued, throwing his hat on one side and straightening himself with a slight swagger, 'I want to see something more of Maud, and I want her to see something more of me. And now that the murder's out, I don't mind telling you, Will, that what I think and feel about

her has done more to tame me than even this confounded thing of Tasker's.'

There was a pained look in Will's face as he turned away, and a little quiver in his voice as he said: 'I hadn't fancied that you cared for her at all, Frank.'

'Well, one doesn't like to go about making a row over these things before they are tolerably certain,' returned Frank, dragging softly at his black moustache and smiling.

Will surveyed his cigar, and knocked off the ash with the tip of his forefinger. Then he whistled a bar or two from *Semiramide*. 'Do you mean to say that you are tolerably certain?'

'Yes,' said Frank, setting his feet apart, and throwing his walking-stick across his shoulders, so that he took an end in each hand. 'I'm not a vain man; but I think I could make any woman fall in love with me, provided always that she had no prior engagement—no "priory tachment," as that fellow says in the *Pickwick Papers*. The fact is, you know, that a fellow's only got to be not downright ugly and not downright stupid, and he can marry any woman for the pleasure of making love to her.' Therewith the modest and ingenuous youth passed his hand caressingly through his curls, smoothed his moustache, and proceeded, his voice being pleasantly muffled by his cigar: 'I'm not talking of those bred-and-born flirts one meets in town. I'm talking of women who are worth marrying. Now you know, with such a woman, if her heart's free, you have only to care about her, and to tell her so'—

'And she drops into your mouth like an over-ripe plum. Eh?'

'Exactly.'

'I'm not of your opinion, Frank. I think a woman who is worth marrying is won in rather a different fashion.'

Frank looked down with a glance of good-humoured and amused compassion.

Will, with his straw-hat pulled over his eyes, was very closely examining his cigar when he asked: 'Have you any especial reason to think as you do about Maud?'

'Ye-es. I feel pretty safe. I feel sure she likes me, and I'm going to make a dash for it this evening. I'll either make a spoon or spoil a horn. I have to dine there, and it's time I dressed and was off. Won't you wish me luck, old fellow?'

Will, with a not over-successful attempt at a laugh, responded: 'I'll wish you a little more humility and a little more knowledge of women.'

Frank patted him on the shoulder, patron-like: 'All right, my venerable wisacra. I shall have news for you when I come back. Do you mind telling Jack to get the dog-cart ready? Thanks.' With that the modest and ingenuous youth disappeared with a light and airy step.

Having fulfilled his commission, Will sat down on a garden-seat and smoked for a while.

'What's to be done now?' he asked himself. 'Ought I to stand on one side and let him win? Does it matter to him as much as it matters to me? I don't know what spoiling my life might mean, but I can guess one thing about Frank. If he cares for Maud as much as I do, and doesn't get her, he'll go to the bad altogether. I wonder

whether it's because he feels more intensely, or because he never controls his feelings? I can't make up my mind about anything yet. I must wait and see—I must wait and see.'

With that he strolled in a melancholy humour back to the bridge, where he dropped pebbles into the river, and was presently startled from a dismal day-dream by the passage of Frank in the dog-cart, with the groom beside him.

'Ta-ta,' shouted Frank. 'Five to one, I win!'

Will shook his head in answer. The dog-cart turned a corner of the lane. The sound of the wheels died away, and Will went on dropping pebbles in the stream, and thinking—thinking—thinking—whilst resolve grew stronger and his heart grew fainter every moment.

At last he said: 'Why should I waste my heart by dropping them one by one? Let the lot go.' With that he threw a handful of pebbles into the stream and walked, a little moodily, home.

THE ASCENT OF THE MATTERHORN.

GREAT mountains never fail to exert a singular fascination upon those who come within the range of their influence. In early as in later times—among the barbarous as well as the civilised—this influence has manifested itself in a conspicuous manner. But it is only within comparatively recent times that the scaling of the higher mountain summits of the globe has been raised into something like the dignity of an art. What the mountaineer formerly did for the purposes of pleasure or the chase, the man of science now does in order to extend his knowledge of the forces and operations of Nature. The first ascent of this kind which attracted the attention of the scientific world was that of Mont Blanc by the Swiss naturalist M. de Saussure, in August 1787; and the narrative in which he embodied his achievement had for his contemporaries all that charm of novelty which a former generation had derived from the fictitious adventures of a Robinson Crusoe. M. de Saussure was not the first to make the ascent, which had been accomplished in the previous year by Dr Paccard and the guide Jaques Balmat. Until that time, the inhabitants of the valleys at its base believed the mountain to be both unscaled and unscalable; but since then, it has been ascended perhaps hundreds of times; and under the auspices of our modern Alpine Clubs, it has become a favourite and fashionable resort of those adventurous spirits who are fain to fill up the intervals of fox-hunting at home in winter, by the more hazardous sport of Alpine climbing abroad in summer. But while 'the monarch of mountains' was thus more than ninety years ago subdued by the foot of man, and while scores of his subordinate peaks have yielded to the same irrepressible power since, there was one other of the Pennine Alps which for long continued to wear inviolate his crown of inaccessibility. This was Mont Cervin, or the Matterhorn. Numerous attempts had been made upon it by the bravest and most skilful of our mountaineers, scientific and otherwise; but each and every attempt was baffled till in 1865 its ascent was accomplished by a little party of hardy English climbers. The narrative of that ascent is now before us, as told by one of its leaders, Mr Edward Whymper—(*The Ascent of*

the Matterhorn, by Edward Whymper. London: John Murray, 1880.) The book is not a scientific one. If readers go to it in the expectation of finding the natural phenomena of the Alps discussed as has been done by Professor Forbes and Professor Tyndall, they will be disappointed. They will find nothing here about the competing theories as to the structure and movements of glaciers, or much that is new even as to the superficial geology or the external aspects of the great Alpine range; but they will find instead a tale of stirring adventure, of hardy daring, of well-earned success, told with much picturesqueness and descriptive power, accompanied by pictorial illustrations that place the reader all but face to face with the scenes they portray. The ascent of the Matterhorn is not the only feat of climbing engrossed in the narrative; and if the literary effect and continuity of the main exploit is somewhat marred by the introduction of the episodes which detail the minor adventures, yet by many readers this may be regarded rather as a relief than otherwise; and it must be said, even with these breaks and disjointings, that no page of the book is devoid of interest.

In 1861, Mr Whymper made a successful ascent of Mont Pelvoux, one of the Dauphiné Alps; and of the other summits which yet remained virgin, two especially excited his admiration—namely the Weisshorn and the Matterhorn. Subsequently, however, rumours were afloat that the former had been conquered; and the climber thereupon directed his attention exclusively to the latter. The Matterhorn, it may be here mentioned, is a peak of the Pennine Alps, nearly fifteen thousand feet high, situated between Switzerland and Italy, about forty miles north-east of Mont Blanc, and twelve miles west of Monte Rosa. Previous to 1861, numerous attempts had been made to scale the mountain; but no one had managed to reach a greater altitude than thirteen thousand feet, the remaining two thousand feet being generally acknowledged as inaccessible. The peak of the mountain, says Mr Whymper, 'rises abruptly, by a series of cliffs which may properly be termed precipices, a clear five thousand feet above the glaciers which surround its base. There seemed to be a cordon drawn around it, up to which one might go, but no farther. Within that invisible line, gins and afrits were supposed to exist. The superstitious natives in the surrounding valleys spoke of a ruined city on its summit wherein the spirits dwelt; and if you laughed, they gravely shook their heads; told you to look yourself to see the castles and the walls; and warned one against a rash approach, lest the infuriate demons from their impregnable heights might hurl down vengeance for one's derision.' In appearance the Matterhorn is always imposing; and in regard to the impression it makes upon spectators, it stands, says Mr Whymper, 'almost alone among mountains. It has no rival in the Alps, and but few in the world.' Judging of the formidable-looking peak by the drawings in the book, it looks like one of the Egyptian pyramids set on a mountain ten thousand feet in height—as steep and as forbidding as any pyramid, but without the steps which in the latter assist ascent, and with great precipices of ice and snow girdling its base.

Mr Whymper's first scramble on the Matterhorn

was made from the Breil or east side, and he was accompanied by one guide only. He only reached what is called 'the Chimney,' a height of twelve thousand six hundred and fifty feet, when his guide refused to accompany him farther, and he had to return. He made other four attempts in 1862, one in 1863, and two in 1865—eight in all; the eighth, which was successful, being by the Zermatt or northern route. In one of his attempts in 1862, he had the hardihood to go alone, and even attained a height of thirteen thousand four hundred feet. But his hardihood nearly cost him his life. 'Time sped away unregarded,' and after reaching an altitude of twelve thousand feet, where he had formerly left a tent, he had allowed night to come upon him. 'The sun was setting, and its rosy rays, blending with the sunny blue, had thrown a pale pure violet far as the eye could see; the valleys were drowned in purple gloom, whilst the summits shone with unnatural brightness. . . . By-and-by, the moon as it rose brought the hills again into sight, and by a judicious repression of detail, rendered the view yet more magnificent. Something in the south hung like a great glow-worm in the air; it was too large for a star, and too shady for a meteor; and it was long before I could realise the incredible fact that it was the moonlight glittering on the great snow-slope on the north side of Monte Viso, at a distance, as the crow flies, of ninety-eight miles.' He stayed in the tent all night, and in the morning proceeded yet higher. He reached the Great Tower, a huge precipitous rock, standing up like the battlements of a castle. Without assistance, he could not proceed farther, and returned. In the course of his descent, he had to turn the angle of a fearful cliff, in the hardened snow of which it was necessary to cut steps for his passage. In attempting to pass this corner he slipped and fell. 'The slope was steep on which this took place, and was at the top of a gully that led down through two subordinate buttresses towards the Glacier du Lion, which was just seen, a thousand feet below.' In his fall he was dashed now upon rocks, now over ice, gathering momentum as he descended. Fortunately, he never lost his senses; and the last bound, which sent him spinning through the air, landed him on his left side among rocks, which momentarily retarded his progress; and a few frantic catches brought him to a halt in the neck of the gully and on the verge of the precipice. 'Bâton, hat, and veil,' he says, 'skimmed by and disappeared; and the crash of the rocks—which I had started—as they fell on to the glacier, told how narrow had been the escape from utter destruction. As it was, I fell nearly two hundred feet in seven or eight bounds. Ten feet more would have taken me in one gigantic leap of eight hundred feet on to the glacier below.' He was terribly cut and bruised, the blood gushing from two gashes in the head; but he managed to scramble to a place of safety, and then fainted away.

Readers of Dr Livingstone's Travels will remember a passage in which that intrepid missionary gives an analysis of his feelings in the few terrible moments of consciousness which succeeded his being struck down by a lion, and when it seemed to him that death was inevitable. Mr Whymper gives a similar analysis of his sensa-

tions at the time of the above accident. He says: 'I was perfectly conscious of what was happening, and felt each blow; but like a patient under chloroform, experienced no pain. Each blow was naturally more severe than that which preceded it, and I distinctly remember thinking: "Well, if the next is harder still, that will be the end." Like persons who have been rescued from drowning, I remember that the recollection of a multitude of things rushed through my head, many of them trivialities or absurdities which had been forgotten long before; and more remarkable, this bounding through space did not feel disagreeable. But I think that in no very great distance more, consciousness as well as sensation would have been lost; and upon that I base my belief, improbable as it seems, that death by a fall from a great height is as painless an end as can be experienced.'

Mr Whymper's eighth and successful attempt on the Matterhorn was made in July 1865, in company of Lord Francis Douglas, Mr Hudson, Mr Hadow, and three guides. On the first day, they did not ascend to a great height; and on the second day they resumed their journey with daylight, as they were anxious to outstrip a party of Italians who had set out before them by a different route. Difficulty after difficulty was surmounted. 'The higher we rose, the more intense became the excitement. What if we should be beaten at the last moment? The slope eased off; at length we could be detached (from the rope which bound the party together), and Croz and I dashing away, ran a neck-and-neck race, which ended in a dead-heat. At 1.40 P.M. the world was at our feet, and the Matterhorn was conquered. Hurrah!' They had beaten the party of Italians, whom they saw on the south-west ridge, twelve hundred and fifty feet below, and who did not prosecute the ascent farther. For an hour the successful climbers revelled in the scene which lay at their feet. 'There were black and gloomy forests, bright and cheerful meadows; bounding waterfalls and tranquil lakes; fertile lands and savage wastes; sunny plains and frigid plateaux. There were the most rugged forms and the most graceful outlines; low perpendicular cliffs and gentle undulating slopes; rocky mountains and snowy mountains, sombre and solemn, or glittering and white, with walls, turrets, pinnacles, pyramids, domes, cones, and spires! There was every combination that the world can give, and every contrast that the heart could desire.'

Alas! their naturally triumphant feeling of pleasure was but short-lived. They had commenced their descent, again tied together with ropes. Croz, a most accomplished guide and a brave fellow, went first; Hadow, second; Hudson, as an experienced mountaineer, and reckoned as good as a guide, third; Lord F. Douglas, fourth; followed by Mr Whymper between the two remaining guides, named Jaugwalder, father and son. They were commencing the difficult part of the descent, and Croz was cutting steps in the ice for the feet of Mr Hadow, who was immediately behind him. 'A few minutes later, a sharp-eyed lad ran into the *Monte Rosa Hotel*, saying that he had seen an avalanche fall from the summit of the Matterhorn on to the Matterhorn-gletscher. The boy was reproved for telling idle stories; he was right, nevertheless, and this was

what he saw. Michel Croz had laid aside his axe, and in order to give Mr Hadow greater security, was taking hold of his legs, and putting his feet one by one into their proper positions. . . . At this moment, Mr Hadow slipped, fell against him, and knocked him over. I heard one startled exclamation from Croz, then saw him and Mr Hadow flying downwards; in another moment Hudson was dragged from his steps, and Lord F. Douglas immediately after him. All this was the work of a moment. Immediately we heard Croz's exclamation, Old Peter and I planted ourselves as firmly as the rocks would permit; the rope was taut between us, and the jerk came on us both as one man. We held; but the rope broke midway between Jaugwalder and Lord Francis Douglas. For a few seconds we saw our unfortunate companions sliding downwards on their backs, and spreading out their hands, endeavouring to save themselves. They passed from our sight uninjured, disappeared one by one, and fell from precipice to precipice on to the Matterhornletscher below, a distance of nearly four thousand feet in height. From the moment the rope broke, it was impossible to help them. So perished our comrades!

The bodies of three of the men who thus miserably perished were afterwards recovered; but that of Lord Francis Douglas was never again seen. It is a melancholy ending to an otherwise delightful book, and may well excite a feeling of surprise that so many brave and useful men can thus be found year by year hazarding their lives for what is in many cases no higher purpose than that of pleasure or sport. The death of Lord Francis Douglas and his unfortunate companions formed the subject of much unfavourable comment at the time both in this country and on the continent; yet the fashion of Alpine climbing is in no whit abated, and the terrible cliffs of the Matterhorn have since then had still other victims. When a high scientific or other worthy object forms the incentive to such hazardous undertakings, the deed becomes heroic, whatever the issue; but when pursued—as is too frequently the case—without any adequate end, it resolves itself into something that is almost suicidal in its reckless tampering with life. This is acknowledged by Mr Whympster. Many persons, he says, get upon the Matterhorn who ought not to be on a mountain at all; and 'if the number of accidents continues to increase at the present rate, it will ere long not be easy to find a place of interment in the English churchyard at Zermatt.'

It only remains to add that the volume is adorned by wood-engravings in the highest style of the art.

MY WIFE'S INHERITANCE.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.—HOW IT WAS LOST.

AFTER the incidents mentioned in the last chapter, nothing particular occurred for more than a month. I had several conversations with Mr Russel; but the will was never brought out again. I also cautiously sounded Ellen as to her cousin Charles; but she could tell me very little about him, except that he was the son of her uncle David, and on

his father's death—which occurred when Charles was about fourteen years of age—his uncle took him to his office and home. He was a fine bright clever lad; but when he was about eighteen, he seemed to fall into evil courses. His uncle bore with his irregularities for some time, but at length could do so no longer, and therefore requested him to find apartments for himself in some other quarter of the town. 'From this time,' continued she, 'I saw very little of him, although he still continued his attendance at the office. It appears however, that his conduct, instead of getting better, became worse; and shortly afterwards I heard that he had been sent away altogether. I never rightly understood the exact cause of this, as dear uncle would never talk about it, and was always angry when it was mentioned. I believe, however, it was some forgery, which would have brought disgrace on the office had not uncle paid a considerable sum of money to hush it up. That,' said Ellen in conclusion, 'is now four years ago; and since then I have heard nothing of him, except that he is living in London; but how I have no idea.'

This was all I could learn of the nephew at that time, though I had reason to know more of him afterwards.

My readers may perhaps wonder why Ellen and I did not get married forthwith, as everybody seemed in favour of it; but Mr Russel's state gave us great anxiety, and we certainly could not think of our own happiness while his health was so precarious. It would have been really unkind to have taken her from him just at that time, and my professional duties obliged me to live in the village. We were now in the middle of March, and all hoped that as spring advanced the old gentleman would rally; but alas! our hopes were doomed to disappointment. He gradually became weaker; and by the end of April it was plain to me that his end was approaching. I now hardly left the Willows, except in the daytime, just to run round to my other patients. We had engaged a nurse to wait upon him at night, Ellen performing that service during the day. For the last few nights I slept in a chair in a small adjoining dressing-room. At length it seemed to me that the last night had come, and Ellen and I remained in anxious expectancy together in the same little room. Mr Russel was asleep, but we gave strict orders to the nurse to call us when he awoke. We waited till daylight, but the call never came. He had passed calmly and peacefully away—the loving heart and once active brain were for ever at rest.

According to his request, we buried him in the quiet country churchyard, in a plain and simple manner. There were very few mourners. Ellen and myself, together with a Mr Benson from Kinton, occupied one coach; and Mrs Watkins and Miss Leclerc another. At the grave, however, the funeral cortège was joined by a tall dark young man, and Ellen whispered to me that it was her cousin Charles. He was dressed in complete black, and behaved in a proper and becoming manner. When all was over, and we had

returned to the house, I was much surprised to see him also enter. His temerity and coolness astonished me, as certainly he dared not have done so during his uncle's lifetime. As, however, he really belonged to the family, and as the will was about to be read, in which I knew he was mentioned, I told Ellen to speak to him, and invite him to stay. 'Perhaps,' I said to myself, 'his presence here may be taken as a token of repentance.' It did not occur to me just then that it was somewhat strange that he, without intimation, should have known the exact day and hour of the funeral.

Leaving them all seated in the drawing-room, I went up-stairs, opened the secret receptacle and brought out the will. It was in the long envelope, sealed as I had sealed it, and endorsed: 'The will of Charles Russel, February 2, 1870.' Returning, I passed it over to Mr Benson, requesting him, as an old friend of the family, to break the seal and read it. He took it, and holding it up in full view, asked if we were all willing that he should do so. As no one objected, he opened the envelope and drew it forth. I daresay it was an anxious moment for some there—Ellen, Charles, Mrs Watkins, and Miss Leclerc; but as for me, knowing already the contents, I was quite calm. 'I, CHARLES RUSSEL, of the Willows, Cottam,' began Mr Benson in a steady voice, 'declare this to be my last will and testament. I bequeath to Elizabeth Watkins, my housekeeper, the sum of one hundred pounds. I bequeath to Jeannette Leclerc, the companion of my niece, the sum of fifty pounds. I also bequeath to my niece, Ellen Saunders, the sum of two hundred and fifty pounds.'—

'What!' I interrupted. 'Read that again, please.'

Mr Benson, with a look of surprise, did so, and went on: 'And as to all the rest, residue, and remainder of my real and personal estate, I devise and bequeath the same to my nephew, Charles Russel, his heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns, absolutely and for ever. And I hereby appoint my said nephew sole executor of this my will. In witness whereof I have hereunder set my hand, this 2d day of February 1870.'

I was thunder-struck. Again I requested him to repeat; and once more it came out clear and plain, that with the exception of the legacies named, all the property was left to Charles, and he also was left sole executor. I was dumb-founded, and at last exclaimed: 'That cannot be the true will. I have seen another, the real will, and it is just the reverse of that. Let me see it myself.'—

'Not so fast, if you please,' interposed Charles. 'It seems that I am sole executor; that will therefore now belongs to me, and I do not intend that you shall have it in your hands.'

'But,' I contended, 'that cannot be the real will, as I have seen another.'

'Then perhaps you will produce that other which you pretend you have seen. You cannot, of course, because there is no other; and this gentleman'—turning to Mr Benson—'will bear witness that the seal was unbroken. Perhaps you know Mr Russel's seal, sir, and handwriting?'

'Yes,' replied Mr Benson; 'as it happens, I know both as I have had many dealings with him.'

'Then what is your opinion of the genuineness

of the will which this gentleman'—with a sneer towards me—'seems to question?'

'Oh, as to that, I cannot see the shadow of a doubt. At the same time, knowing what I do'—with a significant look at Charles—'I confess I am somewhat surprised.'

'Indeed! Well, I don't see anything surprising in it. My uncle probably discovered that I was innocent of the crime laid to my charge, and took this method of making amends; and I must say it was very handsome of him. Besides, I am the son of his brother, and of the same name as himself, and he no doubt wished to keep everything in the family.'

All this sounded very plausible; but it was to me only the more aggravating, as I knew perfectly well that his uncle was as bitter against him at the end as ever he was, and I said so. At this Charles lost his temper, or pretended to do so; and exclaimed: 'Look here, sir; I don't know who you are, and I don't want to know. I only know that you are not one of the family, nor is your name mentioned in the will. It seems to me that you have meddled in this affair long enough. Let me remind you that this house is now mine—mine, sir; mark that; and I must request you to take your departure at once. If uncle's will has not been made as, I daresay, you would have made it, and you think you can upset it, I can only say, you know your course; the law is equally open to you as to me. I tell you plainly I shall take the will to a solicitor at Kinton to-morrow and get it proved at once; and you can take whatever steps may seem to you fitting. At present I decline to hold any further communication with you.'

I was almost speechless, as much with rage at the cool way in which I was turned out as at the disappointment I felt both for Ellen and myself; but, seeing nothing could be done, I left the room, beckoning Ellen to follow me.

'This is a severe blow,' I said when we were alone; 'and I am very sorry for you.'

'Don't say that dear; I too am sorry; for it is a severe and totally unexpected blow; so inexplicable too. But my sorrow is more for you than myself. You will have to take me now as an almost portionless girl, instead of the rich heiress you were led to expect.'

'Oh, my darling, you know I shall only be too pleased to have you, rich or poor; but do you not think it would be well for you to leave this house and take apartments in the village, until I can arrange for our marriage? It is not likely you will be very comfortable here.'

'Nay; I do not quite see the necessity for that. Charles will not turn me out; he was never unkind, though wild and, I am afraid, wicked. But dear, is it not too soon after uncle's death to talk of our marriage?'

'I know what you mean, Ellen; you think "What will the world say?" Well, under ordinary circumstances, I should not urge it; but these are *not* ordinary circumstances. You have no home here but on sufferance, and so the sooner you come to mine the better.'

'Well, we will talk of that to-morrow, when we have had a little time to think.'

I bade her good-night, for in truth I wanted a little time to think. That Mr Russel had really made another will totally altering the disposal of

his property, I could not believe; his whole conduct and conversation forbade it, and yet how else explain the will as it was read that afternoon? To be sure he might have done so, without saying anything to me about it; but I could not bring myself to think so.

When I retired to rest, I fell asleep, no nearer a solution. The last thing I remember was that I determined to go to Kinton the first thing in the morning and consult Mr Sparks, a legal friend of mine. This resolution I duly carried into effect, and luckily found him at his office and disengaged. After the usual greetings and a little ordinary conversation, I opened the subject uppermost in my mind; and that he might clearly understand it, I gave a detailed account of my connection with the Russel family. I recounted the old man's affection for his niece, and the confidence he reposed in me; and then narrated the incidents of the interview in which Mr Russel shewed me the will and its contents. I then dwelt upon the death, funeral, and reading of the will; the contents of which were so totally different from what I had expected. This done, I asked his advice and opinion.

'As to my opinion,' he said, 'I must have time to consider; but my advice is, that you leave the matter in my hands for a few days, and I will see his solicitor and examine the will myself. I suppose there is no question of the validity of the signature? Who were the witnesses?'

'Their names are James Dobson and William Green.'

'Ah! Well, come to me in three days, and bring them with you; or if they cannot come, bring a specimen of their handwriting. By-the-by, who were the witnesses of the will which you read in the presence of the old gentleman?'

'Unfortunately, I cannot remember.'

'That's a pity; still, it does not matter much. The chances are that Mr Russel had the same men, and you can easily find out if they witnessed his signature at two different times; or if not, Cottam is not such a large place that it would be difficult to find out if any other two men ever acted as witnesses.'

'Then you think two wills were really made?'

'Why, what else can I think? You yourself saw one, and another was produced.'

'But could not the one I saw be altered?'

'Ah! that is an exceedingly difficult matter, and almost certain to be detected. Besides, who was to do it? You say it was kept in a secret receptacle, known only to Mr Russel and yourself; so that it really does seem to me on the face of it that he changed his mind, and made another will some time between his conversation with you and his death. The old will he would doubtless destroy at the same time. But leave the matter in my hands, and I will look into it.'

As this was all that could be done, I took my leave, and returned to Cottam. The next day I sought out Dobson and Green; and as they could not go to Kinton, I asked them to give me a specimen of their usual signature. They both remembered witnessing Mr Russel's signature to a paper; but neither had done so more than once. With this information I waited upon Mr Sparks at the time appointed. He was ready to receive me, and entered upon the matter at once.

'I have seen the will,' he said, 'and I am bound

to say it seems correct in every particular—not a sign of an erasure or alteration in any part. Everything is written in the clear concise style for which Mr Russel was so noted. We lawyers of Kinton have had many opportunities of seeing wills made by the same hand, and I for one have no doubt that the one shewn me is the genuine work of Mr Russel. Whether it was made before or after the one you say you saw, is another question, which can only be decided by the production of—what I may style—*your* will, if still in existence. Until you can produce that, I see no help for it but to let things take their course.'

'But can we not oppose the proving of the will?'

I said with some heat, not being pleased at the idea of giving up the fight so easily.

'My dear sir, I should only be too happy to enter a *caveat* for you, or rather in the name of Miss Saunders, for you can have no standing in the matter, not being of kin or a legatee; but what should we gain unless we can support it in a court of law? and I confess at present I see no grounds to act upon. We cannot say on account of undue influence, when, by your own shewing, all the influence, if any, was on the other side. Nor can we bring evidence to prove that Mr Russel was incapable of making a will; the very clearness and precision of it prove that he was.'

'But,' I still persisted, 'what do you make of the will which I read with Mr Russel's sanction and in his presence?'

'Well, in truth I cannot make anything of it. Produce it, and I daresay I shall do better. But I'll tell you what I think an opposing counsel would say. He would first say that doubtless Mr Russel altered his mind, made another will, and put it in the desk without telling you. Or, he might suggest that you read it after dinner, possibly after sundry glasses of wine, and that, in fact, you misread it, reversing the names, the "wish being father to the thought."

'Then is there no side on which we can attack it?'

'No; I am afraid not; and I am too much your friend to advise you to take proceedings in law with no better ground than you have. We might perhaps say that the purport of the will is against the weight of evidence as to his intentions; but what proof have we that it is so? Principally his conversations with you; and it would certainly be pointed out that your evidence could hardly be disinterested, as it is well known that you are engaged to the niece, the other devisee. Besides, a man's intentions are very difficult to gauge; what he intends to-day, he may *not* intend to-morrow. No; my friend. This plea, as against a will so properly drawn up and executed as this is, would count as absolutely nothing. Moreover, it is counterbalanced by the plea set up by the nephew, that most probably his uncle, when looking over his papers, and finding that said nephew was not so guilty as was thought, had taken this means of making amends. Again, his nephew bearing the same name as himself, he may have wished to perpetuate it in a much more effectual manner than would be done by leaving his property to a niece, who was about to marry an alien to his blood. I have more than once known such considerations have much weight.'

Plausible as all this sounded, I neither could nor would believe it, although it was evident that

Mr Sparks' faith in *my* will, as he called it, was very considerably shaken. However, seeing no help for it, I was obliged to submit; and this is how my wife's inheritance was lost.

THE OYSTER.

THE life of the oyster, usually pictured as one of utter helplessness and unbroken seclusion, is by no means spent in unvarying repose. In the spring of the year, when all Nature is full of tender love and restless activity, the mother-oyster also is visited by the ruling passion, 'the icy bosom feels the sacred fire,' and soon afterwards a large quantity of milk-white fluid, which the microscope shews us to consist of almost invisible eggs, is found to have been generated in the animal. Unlike most marine creatures, however, the oyster does not abandon her eggs and leave them to the mercy of winds and waves; for the eggs are retained in their earlier stages within the parent-shell, and are hatched within the sheltering folds of her own body. By the opening of the shell, a dense mist is spread all about in the water, and the young brood scatters far and wide.

Upon their first appearance in their new career—thrown as it were upon their own resources, these tiny atoms of ocean life are all life and motion, flitting about in the sea as gaily as the butterfly roams from flower to flower. They are odd little cherubs, consisting, like the angels of the old masters, of nothing but a couple of wing-like lobes on both sides of a mouth and body of as yet exceedingly diminutive size. The wings, fashioned to rudimentary shells, are covered on the surface with countless minute microscopic hair-like processes called *cilia*, which move incessantly up and down, and thus enable the little creature to roam at will. After a period of perpetual joy and vivacity, those which have escaped their thousand voracious enemies finally settle down upon some suitable resting-place; the romance of their lives is at an end; they become steady domesticated oysters. When the brood start from their mother's safe home they number nearly a million; before they can find a new habitation, it has been calculated that at least nine-tenths of their number have perished.

After they have attached themselves to some permanent resting-place, on what is called a good 'spatting' ground, the little wings, now useless, gradually dwindle and shrink, until they disappear like the tail of the tadpole when it changes into the full-grown frog. Then they begin to grow slowly, from the size of a pin's head at two weeks to that of a pea at three months; when they are a year old they are perhaps as large as a lady's watch; and at the age of five years they are in their prime. The shell remains frail and tender until they attain the size of a crown; but is hard and complete when they become fit for the table, at their fourth year of life. If they should escape the gluttony of

man, or the wiles of certain marine enemies which we shall presently describe, they die at the appointed time, leaving their shell, thickened by old age and adorned with rings, which shew their years like the rings of a tree, to serve as a monument for times to come.

When looking at the rough shell and the shapeless mass within, we little suspect how beautiful is the structure of the animal, and at how many countless points it is susceptible to influences from the outer world. But if we put an oyster into a vivarium, and then aid our feeble sight by the object-glass of the microscope, we are struck at once by the countless tiny hairs or cilia which now are seen to vibrate incessantly on the two fringing leaflets or gills. It has its nervous system too, very simple as far as we know; a 'mantle,' in whose folds its young are so tenderly kept for a long time; and the heart itself, with its two chambers and its gentle pulsations, shewing clearly that the oyster feels and enjoys, though it may have but obscure sensibilities and limited instincts. Then there are other portions of its frame which, since we now know that nothing in created beings is the result of chance, we may safely assume to be symbols of organs more fully developed in higher animals—anticipations, it may be, of limbs and senses given to other creations, and, for aught we know to the contrary, badges of the relationship which exists between these lower and despised beings and man himself in all his sublime strength and beauty.

The oyster is not visibly endowed with the senses of higher forms, save perhaps with a low and diffuse sense of touch, and with that of hearing. The incessant motion of the cilia guide us to the belief that the animal never ceases its efforts to attract food within its domain. Like many other lower forms of animal life, the oyster may be a voracious feeder! There is no outward eye perceptible, as, in fact, there is no head to which it might lend light in its dark home; and yet the oyster is exquisitely sensitive to every change of light, and finds in this susceptibility at least one means of protecting itself against an enemy. The ear is, on the contrary, very fully developed, a strangely curious organ, consisting mainly of a number of diminutive grains shut up in a transparent prison, and there dancing in perpetual motion, which changes with every sound that strikes upon the outer walls.

The question has often been raised why this delicious mollusc should not be eaten all the year round. The prejudice, however, which forbids it during the months which have no letter R in their names—

Those four sad months, wherein is mute
That one mysterious letter that has power
To call the oyster from the vasty deep—

is not altogether unfounded. In May and June they generally spawn, and then their life-blood is essentially changed for the benefit of their posterity, and their own flesh is lean and unpalatable. Besides, however productive they may be, a conscientious lover of the mollusc will hardly reconcile himself to the barbarous waste of swallowing, with each living parent, a million of

offspring. Hence in England they are rarely brought to market before the first days of August, when the 'common oysters' from Colchester and Faversham appear gradually; but the 'melting natives' are not seen before the beginning of October, reach their meridian of perfection at Christmas, and disappear again towards the end of April.

In the remaining months, however, they throng the markets of the world, and are 'the only meat which men eat alive and yet account it not cruelty,' as old Fuller says quaintly. 'For this is their great merit, that one may eat of them to-day, to-morrow, and for ever, and as many as one wants, and yet their presence hardly makes itself felt; while they gratify the palate, quiet the excitement of certain nerves which we call hunger, and leave no feeling of satiety, no reproach, no remorse for the following days.' The true way to eat them, profitably to taste, health, and enjoyment, is of course to eat them raw and without condiment; for vinegar, pepper, or lemon-juice all spoil the natural flavour of the bivalve. The only good dressing is its own gravy, which is not sea-water, as many fancy, but the life-blood of the mollusc, which it sheds when the shell is forced open. If dressings are not allowed, some drink to accompany the oyster on its way, is generally considered indispensable. Strong wines and liquors should be eschewed; these beverages simply pickle the oyster at once, render it indigestible, and deprive it of its best qualities as nutritious food. Lighter French wines are less objectionable; but porter and ale, and, better still, half-and-half, are considered the true liquid accompaniments of this incomparable delicacy.

Natural beds and banks of oysters are found in all the seas of the temperate and torrid zones, now stretching out miles upon miles in all directions, and now rising so high that ships are wrecked on their crests. And thus it has been apparently from time immemorial, for gigantic structures, consisting of fossil oysters, are found in many places. In Berkshire, a colony of oyster shells covers more than six acres; in the states of Massachusetts and Georgia, enormous breakwaters are formed between the firm land and the hungry ocean—ramparts twelve to fifteen feet high; the lower-layers of coarse fossil, but the upper strata alive. On the west coast of the American continent, as, for example, on the Chilean seaboard, vast surfaces are covered with fossil oysters, which have been raised by volcanic and earthquake action, and now tower to the height of sixty feet or more for thirty miles at a stretch.

Among living oysters, however, there is as great difference as among the races of men. Those of the United States are generally acknowledged to surpass all others in size and luscious flavour, and even English travellers aver that they are superior to their own famous Whitstables. Next to the American come undoubtedly the English oysters, of which there are many varieties, the best growing on submarine rocks, an inferior kind on sandbanks, and the coarsest on muddy bottoms. Scotland boasts of her Orkney oysters, but is even more justly proud of her 'Pandores,' so called because they are found near the salt-pans in the neighbourhood of historic Prestonpans, and caught, it used to be said, by a bit of magic. The fishing crews kept up while

the dredging went on, a wild monotonous chant, to which they ascribed great virtue, and sang:

'The herring loves the merry moonlight,
The mackerel loves the wind;
But the oyster loves the dredger's song,
For he comes of a gentler kind.'

It may be safely said that wherever the oyster appears in sufficient quantities, human beings are found ready to consume them as fast as they can be procured; but the poor unsuspecting mollusc has enemies near home, in its own native element, and close upon its borders. The arch-enemy is the sleepy, stupid-looking star-fish, which eats them as spat, or even when grown to a considerable size. Often at the very time when the sanguine fisherman gets ready to reap a rich harvest from a well-stocked oyster-bank, he finds, upon coming to the grounds, that the foe has been there before him, and millions of star-fish have settled down, like a flock of wild-pigeons in a field of wheat. Generally, they prefer the spat or very young oysters, which they take whole into their capacious mouths, and there digest slowly. But how does a soft and tender creature like the star-fish manage to get at the full-grown mollusc in its impregnable fortress? The ancients had a story that they watched it till they found it incautiously yawning, and then slyly slipped their greedy fingers between the valves to keep them open, while they devoured the contents. Poetically rendered, the story runs thus:

The prickly star creeps on with fell deceit
To force the oyster from its close retreat;
When gaping lids a widened void display,
The watchful star thrusts in a pointed ray,
And of its treasures robs the rifled case,
And empty shells the sandy hillocks grace.

This is of course a mere fable, as the soft pulpy rays of the star-fish would be squeezed off in an instant. Its murderous assault is far more curious. The first step in the process is for the enemy to close upon its prey, folding its slimy arms tightly over it, so as to hold itself in the proper position. Then it applies its mouth closely to the victim, and as it cannot, by any artifice of its own, put the oyster into its stomach, it deliberately proceeds to put its stomach into the oyster! It begins slowly but steadily to push out this organ through the mouth—probably, as suggested by some naturalists, emitting some acrid fluid, which paralyses resisting power—and to wrap the oyster in the folds of the capacious bag. Patience always does its work, and in due time the hapless native opens its shell and surrenders the succulent contents to the devourer.

Another enemy shews, if less originality, at least equal perseverance. This is the whelk, which although endowed with very slender means of locomotion, appears in vast multitudes when least expected on the oyster-bed which it deems ready for use. It assails the shell boldly from above, and with marvellous patience drills, by means of its sharp tongue, provided with row upon row of flinty teeth, a hole in the upper valve, by which it gets at last fairly inside, and then enjoys the dainty food. Mussels come by myriads when young, and cover the luckless oyster with a fine ropy texture, which catches mud and sand, and finally smothers them. Even

the elements combine against the helpless creature; heavy gales of wind at times roll them up in ridges several feet deep, when mud and seaweeds settle on them and choke them speedily; or frost and snow and ice kill large numbers when they are not safely sheltered at a depth of at least three or four feet of water.

All the voracity of man, however, and all the persecution of enemies do not destroy enough oysters annually to prevent them from forming gigantic deposits in various parts of the globe. For if left to themselves, oysters, as we have already said, attain a considerable age; though the exact number of their years has not yet been fully ascertained. The expert fisherman, it is true, can tell at a glance and to a nicety the precise age of his flock. He examines the successive layers on the upper shell, technically called 'shoots;' and as each of them, overlapping the lower, marks a certain period of growth, he thus determines the age of the inhabitant. These layers, it seems, are regular, and laid in even succession one upon the other, until the oyster attains its maturity, which is generally fixed at seven or eight years; but after that time they become irregular, are recklessly piled upon each other, and make the shell look bulky and ill-shapen. As some molluscs in tropical seas have been found with shells nine inches thick and of enormous size, it is fair to presume that the oyster, when left to its natural changes and unmolested, may reach a patriarchal age and even outlive that of man.

ODD WAYS OF PUTTING THINGS.

PUTTING things in an odd way is the vocation of professed wits and humorists; but they are not permitted at all times to monopolise the privilege, as we shall proceed to shew.

Mr Naismyth, a celebrated Edinburgh dentist, finding himself inconvenienced by the noise made by the students of the Free Church College, wrote to request that they would be more moderate in their applause, or find some other way of expressing it than stamping upon the floor. Dr Chalmers the well-known divine laid the dentist's complaint before the offenders, and begged them to avoid giving cause for its repetition, saying he should be sorry indeed to give offence to a gentleman so much in the mouths of the public.

When President of the United States, Abraham Lincoln was inclined to a rough-and-ready style of argument.

'It is a disgrace to the country,' said a disgusted government clerk, 'that such a boor should be President!' What made him say so was this. He had asked the President to give a brother, who had been honourably discharged from the army, a place in the Civil Service. 'Let me see,' said Lincoln, 'I believe you yourself are a clerk in one of the departments?' 'Yes, sir,' said the applicant; 'I am in the Treasury Department.' 'I thought so,' continued the President. 'And your father holds an office in Washington, does he not?' 'Yes, sir; he is the chief of a bureau in the War Department,' replied the office beggar, beginning to feel rather uncomfortable. 'Is there any other member of your family holding office under the

government?' was the next query, answered with: 'Yes, sir; I have a younger brother in the Interior Department.' Whereupon Lincoln put him out of his misery by saying: 'Well, then, all I have to say to you is that there are too many hogs, and too little fodder!'

When Naples was ruled by King Bomba, his majesty one day paid a visit to the ship of an English commodore, lying in the bay. While the commodore was receiving his royal visitor on the quarter-deck, a member of the Neapolitan suite, cruising about amidships, mistook a wind-sail for a pillar, and leaning against it, suddenly went below head foremost. The only witness of the accident, an old tar, thereupon made for the quarter-deck, and having saluted, said: 'I beg pardon, commodore, but one of them ere kings has fell down the hatchway!'

The father of a Virginian girl suggesting to his intended son-in-law the advisability of his settling a sum of money upon the lady, the ardent lover, unprepared to meet such a demand, coolly replied: 'It is not my purpose to purchase a wife. When I desire to do so, I shall go to the cheapest market—Africa.' In an untenable position it is occasionally well to assume the rôle of injured innocence. An Arbroath man, over-fond of a wee drop, having beaten his wife at night, and forgotten all about the domestic difference by the morning, looked at her damaged face, and anxiously exclaimed: 'Gudeless preserve us a' lassie, whaur has ye been?' Enlightened as to his part in the matter, he cried, as though he were the aggrieved one: 'O dear, O dear! it's an awfu' thing ye winna keep oot o' hairm's way!' Another injured innocent, quite equal to the occasion, was Silbermann, gamekeeper to the father of Louis-Philippe. Carpeted by his master for selling his game to a butcher, he boldly denied doing so. 'No,' said the master, 'you don't sell it; but you exchange it for mutton.' 'That's true,' quoth the unabashed keeper. 'You said, monseigneur, that I might eat the hares. Well, I like mutton better. It is better for me, you see, while for you it comes to the same thing.' An odd way of putting it!

A gentleman, travelling in the same carriage as the pretty daughter of a rich Pennsylvanian lumber-merchant, chatted with her until she grew drowsy, when he vacated his seat for one by the side of a shrewd-looking old fellow. As they were whirling by a high mountain, his neighbour called his attention to it, and went on: 'Six or eight years ago that mountain was covered with a fine forest, worth at least ten thousand dollars. Now there are nothing but stumps, and the land is scarcely worth a cent. The net produce of that mountain lies over there in that seat. It has taken all that lumber which her father owned to raise and educate that girl. Some of you young men, if you were given your choice between the mountain yonder, as it now stands, and the net produce on that seat, would take the net produce; but give me the stumps!'

Probably the young men looked to getting land and love, like the Aberdeen lass who replied to her sire's inquiry: 'Fat's this I hear ye're gaun to dae, Jennie?' with: 'Weel, I'm just gaun to marry that farm ower by there, and live wi' the bit mannie on't; putting the case in as matter-of-fact fashion as the American journalist who informed all whom it did and did not concern that:

'Old John Robinson's youngest son, Frank, lately made a contract, in presence of a minister, to provide for Miss Frankie Bailey for the term of her natural life.' Smarter still at euphemism was the daughter of an American judge. She happened, at a dinner party, to be placed next an unsuccessful litigant, whose cause had been heard by her father. Ignorant of her identity, he aired his grievance, and to the dismay of the company rated the judge severely. Becoming suddenly suspicious that something was wrong somewhere, he turned to his fair neighbour, and expressed the hope that the judge was not related to her. 'O dear, no,' said she; 'only a connection of my mother's, by marriage.'

Over-curious people are not easily silenced, but the feat is to be accomplished. An old gentleman complaining that his glasses were not strong enough to serve his turn, was told by the optician that they ought to be so, seeing they were 'twos.' 'What have you got after twos?' inquired he. 'Number ones,' was the reply. 'And after ones?' 'Oh,' said the optician, 'if you don't find *them* strong enough, sir, you will require a dog and a string.' The following colloquy took place outside a house in an American city, between some country visitors, unable to obtain entrance, and a German living next door. 'Jane not at home, did you say?' 'Nein, Chane's nod at home.' 'Where is she?' 'She's gone the cemetery down.' 'When will she come back?' 'Oh, she won't come back already any more; she's gone to stay; *she's det!*' A stranger, passing a churchyard and seeing a hearse standing hard by, inquired who was dead. The sexton informed him. 'What complaint?' asked the inquisitive one. Said the old man: 'There is no complaint; everybody is satisfied.' One man remained unsatisfied when he read in a Californian newspaper a paragraph respecting the vexed question of how Cain obtained a wife: 'You want to know where Cain obtained his wife. Upon any subject of a public nature we never refuse to throw the desired light. But this is altogether a different thing. It is a family matter, with which we do not care to meddle. Cain died some time before many of us were born, and such idle curiosity respecting the family affairs of a deceased person we regard as most reprehensible, and calculated to violate the sanctities of domestic life.'

Sheridan once declined to take a walk with a troublesome feminine admirer, on the plea that the weather would not permit; and being caught by the lady as he was sneaking out for a stroll, countered her remark that the weather seemed now to have cleared up, with the bold asseveration: 'Yes, madam, enough for one, but not enough for two.' Enough for one would, however, have been held enough for two, had the lady been as attractive as the fair one to whom a youthful admirer wrote: 'I want you to come around to our house. If you cannot get anybody to come around to your house, and fetch you around to our house, I will come around to your house, and fetch you around to our house.' He evidently meant business, although his method of putting things was as odd as that of the gentleman who would not hear of sharing his fortunes with a partner because: 'If you make anything, you don't get it; and if you lose, you have to lose it all;'

or the wit who fought shy of crossing weapons with Lady Ashburton, not, as he said, that he minded being knocked down; but he could not stand being danced upon afterwards.

A DIALOGUE.

'DAINTY little lady,
Listen, pray, to me;
Canst thou ever love me?
Canst thou? say to me.'

'Ere I tell you that, sir,
You must prove to me
That my heart with you, sir,
Safely kept will be.'

'Prudent little lady,
Thou hast stolen mine,
Surely, while thou hast it,
I must value thine.'

'That is proof enough, sir.
Further would I know
What about me 'tis, sir,
Makes you love me so.'

'Simple little lady,
Hast thou not been told
That thy silken tresses
Shine like burnished gold?'

'Answer that is none, sir;
I need scarcely say
Even golden hair, sir,
Quickly turns to gray.'

'Modest little lady,
Clearest summer skies—
Blue, and calm, and cloudless—
Pale beside thine eyes.'

'Ah! but you must own, sir,
Though that may be true,
Age will never spare, sir,
Eyes of deepest blue.'

'Cruel little lady,
Shall I praise thy lips,
Or thy fairy fingers,
With their rosy tips?'

'There will come a day, sir,
When these hands shall lie
Quiet, and these lips, sir,
Never frame reply.'

'Then, my little lady,
I can only say
That it was thy goodness
Stole my heart away.'

'Goodness not my own, sir,
Given each day anew;
Lov'st thou me for that, sir?
Then I love thee too.'

M. M.

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SUNSHINE AND STORM IN THE EAST.

SUCH is the title given to Mrs Brassey's new work, consisting of an account of cruises in the Mediterranean in 1874 and 1878.* The book being two distinct narratives of journeyings over nearly the same ground, is much less compact in character than the authoress's voyage round the world, nor is it so interesting in its detail of sea adventures. There is, however, the same lively off-hand manner, and we are introduced to scenes in connection with affairs in the East which are still under discussion. In looking over the volume, with its numerous finely executed wood-cut illustrations, one feels almost envious, not only of Mrs Brassey's good-luck in being able to make such delightful excursions in the 'Sunbeam,' but of her singular facility in presenting so faithful a record of what she saw and experienced. There is something more than this to excite surprise. It is her industry and power of endurance. She encounters storms with the fortitude of an 'old salt,' fills up every spare moment in writing or finding subjects for illustrations, and on all occasions on landing at strange ports, sets off with members of her family on horseback, to see places of interest—if need be, bivouacking in tents on the journey. No ordinary fine lady would be fit to undergo a tenth part of what, with apparent cheerfulness, she managed to overcome.

After remaining only a few days in England, on returning from a cruise to the Arctic Circle, Mrs Brassey proceeded on her voyage to the East. The 'Sunbeam' started from Hastings, 4th September 1874. There was a fine run to the Straits, and an opportunity was taken to visit Tangier and Ceuta, on the African side of the Mediterranean. On the 18th October, the 'Sunbeam' reached Constantinople, of which a vivid account is given. The Turks had not yet experienced the horrors of the Russian invasion, and everything was going on in the old heedless way; so that Mrs Brassey was favoured by seeing the

Sultan's court and palaces in all their glory. The bazaars were in full swing. It was amusing to observe the Turkish ladies with their attendants 'admiring and bargaining for second-hand dresses, all very smart in trimming, and of the most gorgeous colours, though somewhat soiled. I have often wondered what became of old ball and dinner dresses; but now that I have seen the enormous quarter of the bazaar devoted to the sale of these articles of apparel, I cease to do so.' From this fact we should imagine that the now impoverished state of affairs in Stamboul will have told seriously on the English export of ladies' second-hand dresses. We learn that on all hands young Turkish ladies were beginning to adopt European usages, and to rebel against the old-fashioned Turkish restrictions.

Mrs Brassey had excellent opportunities of gathering facts concerning the domestic affairs of the Sultan which would not have been afforded to any male writer. Some of the particulars are curious. 'The Sultan,' she says, 'is not allowed to marry; but the slaves who become mothers of his children are called Sultanas, and not allowed to do any more work. The Sultanas may not sit at table with their own children, on account of their having been slaves, whilst the children are princes and princesses in right of their father. The princesses may see men, and choose whom they like for their husbands. If they fix their affections on a married man, he is obliged to get rid of his wife or wives, and is not allowed any wife but the princess, who keeps him in the strictest order, and either disgraces him or has him bowstrung should he offend her seriously.'

The children of the Sultan are indulged and pampered in a way that seems perfectly monstrous. A droll incident is related. The youngest son of the Sultan, a boy nine years of age, would be an Admiral, with a gorgeous uniform and sword corresponding. In this whim he was indulged; but the child also insisted on having a war-ship on which he could hoist his flag; and that was not so easily managed. There was a bridge building which would prevent the ship

* London: Longmans, Green, and Co. 1880. 1 vol. 8vo.

from floating up to the palace. The contractors were ordered to open the bridge to let the ship pass. To this they very naturally demurred, as the work of two or three months would have to be undone. But the orders of the Sultan were imperative. Afraid at the risk of losing their heads, the contractors obeyed. The bridge was taken down; and a large ironclad being brought out from the docks, was moored in view of the nursery window, to gratify the child with the sight of a flag being hoisted—thus causing enormous inconvenience to the whole town for months, to say nothing of the waste of money, of which the Sultan paid very little, and for the loss of which, I imagine, he cared still less. As appropriate to the story, a wood-cut likeness is given of the child-admiral in the full uniform of the Turkish navy. From this and similar follies, we learn how the enormous loans made to the Porte were squandered without any consideration as to consequences.

The descriptions given of court-life and of visits to places near Constantinople are among the most interesting parts of the book. Early in November, the 'Sunbeam' heaved up anchor, and proceeded down the Dardanelles to the Greek islands, amidst which there was some agreeable sailing—the scenery of Zante, Cephalonia, and Corfu being specially charming. We learn that since the gratuitous cession of these islands by England to Greece, things have not turned out so well as the natives expected. The roads are not kept in repair, and the taxation is excessive. 'Every respectable person to whom we have spoken bitterly laments the departure of the English from their occupation of the islands, and gives the most dreadful account of the Greek government, which in these islands is hardly a government at all, but simply a system of bribery and corruption.' At Corfu, the authoress adds: 'The poor islanders lament the loss of British rule, under which at one time they used to complain that they were only slaves. They find the difference now, when the Greek government neglects them utterly, except to impose enormous taxes; and the patriotic idea of being governed by a Greek king does not seem to console them much.' It is to be hoped that matters have since mended with these Greek islanders; but if not, they have only themselves to blame. After visiting Greece, the yacht was turned towards Naples, and the voyage terminated at Marseilles. The party on board, thence travelled homeward through France, and arrived in England on the 2d January 1875. So ended the first cruise.

The second excursion was designed to embrace a wider range in the Mediterranean, including a visit to Cyprus. On the agreeable principle enunciated by Moore, that 'when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east, we may order our wings and be off for the west,' the intention had been to start in the summer of 1878; but Mrs Brassey was unwell, and the wings were not put in motion till the 20th September. As usual, the 'Sunbeam' was equipped with all that was needful for the trip. With three masts and powerful sails, this handsome private yacht could match any sailing-vessel in point of speed; but when occasion required, the sails could be lowered, the funnel raised, and steam brought into play. This,

we would call the perfection of sea-travelling. Living, as it were, in your own house, and able to rest or go forward in every clime according to fancy, the enjoyment is complete—

'Where the sun loves to pause with so fond a delay,
That the night only draws a thin veil o'er the day;
Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,
Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give.'

The following were the members of the party: Thomas Brassey, M.P., owner and captain; Mrs Brassey, Mabelle Annie Brassey, Muriel Agnes Brassey, and Marie Adelaide Brassey (the two last being young children, ordinarily spoken of as Munie and Baby), Dr Hoffmeister, and the Hon. A. Y. Bingham, by whom the very beautiful sketches in the work were executed. To these might be added three female domestics, with stewards and cooks; besides a crew consisting of mates, coxswains, engineers, and store-keepers. All told, there were thirty-eight persons on board. The saloon sitting-rooms are described as being fitted up with great elegance, and provided with books and musical instruments, for the solacement of the party. There was a stock of medicines for any emergency. By previous arrangements, letters and newspapers were to be posted to the principal places it was designed to touch. Mr Brassey appears to have been well qualified as a sailing-master and commander. Observations were daily taken, and a reckoning kept of the miles travelled; so that those on board could at any time know where they were. The yacht was, of course, furnished with Marryat's signals, by which questions could be asked or answered with vessels passing. These signals, which consist of small slips of bunting, that can be instantly run up to the mast-head, are a kind of maritime wonder. As arranged by the late Captain Marryat, and now universally adopted, vessels within sight of each other can keep up a conversation to the extent of many hundreds of questions and answers—the whole defined in a dictionary, which is ever ready at hand. When properly worked, these signals add immensely to the comforts of life at sea, independently of their value for nautical purposes. The reputation of the 'Sunbeam' led to no end of courtesies. On all occasions, the party and crew of the yacht kept Sunday according to English customs. Mr Brassey acted as chaplain, by reading prayers and a sermon. As to music for the service, Mabelle presided at the piano; and the sailors, some of whom had good voices, joined heartily in the singing. We have thus a pleasant picture of life on board the 'Sunbeam.'

There was rather rough weather at starting, but by the 24th September the yacht had run 224 miles, with scarcely any sail set. There was a short stay at Vigo, on the coast of Portugal, to give exercise to the children, and to allow of Mrs Brassey picking up in health. All were benefitted by the sunshine and walks among the trees. The next landing was at Cadiz, in Spain, whence there was a run by train to Seville, at which the grand object of attraction is the cathedral, a building of matchless beauty, over which Mrs Brassey waxes quite enthusiastic. 'Every time one comes back to this beautiful building, whether the interval has been long or short, it affords increased pleasure and delight. A special interest and grandeur

are attached to the place, I think, from the fact that the name of the designer is entirely unknown. He worked for the love of God and of his art, not for the sake of personal fame; and the creation of his brain is now admired by thousands as each year rolls on.' Such is a just tribute to this marvellous Gothic edifice, which, with its marble fountain and enviring orange-trees, contributes so materially to substantiate the saying, that 'he who has not seen Seville has seen nothing.' The party returned to the hotel exhausted with sight-seeing, their way being through a suburb 'where all the inhabitants were enjoying the evening air, sitting on their door-steps, singing and laughing, their hair always elaborately dressed with flowers, however squalid their attire might be.'

On the 8th October, the yacht dropped anchor outside the New Mole at Gibraltar. Visits to various places ensue. 'We went to lunch with Lord and Lady Napier at the convent, and heard a good deal of interesting conversation about India and Afghanistan. Lady Napier had an afternoon reception. It was a pretty sight in the semi-tropical garden, to see the people moving about, or sitting on the bright-coloured chairs and sofas under the trees, or enjoying lawn-tennis in the cool of the shady court. The children of the party, including our own, were entertained at the other end of the garden.' In the evening, Lord and Lady Napier with suite made a return visit to the 'Sunbeam,' and had tea. Everybody at Gibraltar is delighted with them. Moving on in a day or two, the yacht proceeded along the African coast. One of the stopping-places was Oran, a French town, where the hotels and cafés are said to be 'excellent and very cheap.' Good view here of the Atlas Mountains. From the African coast, the 'Sunbeam' shot across to the island of Sardinia, where an opportunity was taken of viewing the old Greek and Roman remains near Cagliari, the site of the ancient Caralis. Then proceeding to the coast of Italy, the party enjoyed a visit to Paestum and Vesuvius. At Pompeii they were specially favoured by being allowed to see some new excavations.

Next was the cruise to Cyprus, the western point of which island, near the ruins of the ancient Paphos, was reached on the 7th November. A considerable part of the narrative is devoted to Cyprus, and for this we must refer readers to the work of Mrs Brassey, who while doing justice to its beauty and fertility, laments the tendency of its climate to produce typhoid fever. The island has to all appearance been ruined in every possible way by the disgraceful mismanagement of the Turks. Its towns are in ruins, its mountains stripped of trees, its marshes left undrained, and its harbours choked up. Riding across the island, the party reached the British encampment at Nikosia, where they were hospitably entertained. At Famagousta, where there is a proposition of improving the harbour, a sad scene of desolation is presented. 'If Famagousta presents a melancholy appearance from the outside, the spectacle within is still more depressing. In the midst of the dust and ruins of the houses and palaces, once containing a population of three hundred thousand souls, are now to be found a few miserable mud-huts, the habitations of some three hundred people. Three churches remain standing

where once there were two hundred; and in the streets, only a few cadaverous-looking creatures may be seen gliding about like ghosts.' At the Government House, all the servants were down with fever. As regards a tendency to fever in Cyprus, there is something quite incomprehensible. Malaria, owing to want of drainage and defective cultivation, may have much to do with it. The strange thing is that, as Mrs Brassey was told, 'even at a height of three thousand feet above the sea-level the fever asserts its sway.' How this insalubrity is to be remedied, is somewhat puzzling. We doubt not, English physicians and engineers will get at the cause of the evil. Meanwhile, from the poverty and scarcity of population, native produce is surprisingly cheap. In doing some marketing, a large quantity of tomatoes, onions, and other vegetables sufficient for all on board the yacht cost only two shillings, and a 'nice fat sheep' was bought for thirteen shillings.

Farewell was bid to Cyprus, November 20. The weather was fine, the sea smooth. The evening was so warm that the party played cards on deck by moonlight, a circumstance which contrasts with the cold foggy condition of the weather in England at this season. Onward the 'Sunbeam' plied its way to Rhodes, celebrated for having once been the residence of the Order of the Knights of St John, and whose vacated palatial dwellings are still in tolerably good condition. The party lodged for a week comfortably, at a neat little inn—a quaintly arranged place with a mosaic pavement, kitchen in the yard, bedroom in a veranda, everything where it was least expected to be; and charming little peeps of scenery from every quarter. Off again at sea, and passed Patmos, where St John wrote the Apocalypse.

The yacht arrived off Seraglio Point at Constantinople on the 1st December. What a change since four years ago! The Sultan deposed, and another in his stead. The harem dispersed. Evidences of misery on all sides. 'Constantinople,' says our authoress, 'has lost much of its glitter and glory; but the mud, squalor, and misery remain, and are increased tenfold.' The bazaars in a half-deserted condition. 'The slaves from the harems are constantly bringing valuable jewels and plate to be disposed of for a little money, not having themselves the least idea of their value. In this way we picked up some beautifully inlaid torquoise belts, carved ivory cups, old silver, and other things, by the merest chance. A friend of mine saw five splendid hoop gem rings, each worth nearly a hundred pounds, sold by a slave to a Jew for one pound each. . . . No more gorgeous silken-lined carriages, drawn by white horses, and guarded and attended by eunuchs, slaves, and soldiers; no more less pretentious equipages, from which step ladies attired in silk and satin, and sparkling with jewels, their bright eyes imperfectly concealed by their yashmaks and feridjees. All these are past and gone, and all that can now be seen are a few poorly dressed ladies making their small household purchases.' Such is the graphic picture presented of the desolation that has at length deservedly overtaken the most atrociously miscondacted government on the face of the earth. The sins of the Turks have assuredly found them out. But things are not yet at their worst. More terrible humiliations await the Porte and all belonging to it.

Space does not permit us to extend our notice of this agreeable work, which from its attractiveness will be found, we presume, in every public library. Only a word at parting. In returning from Constantinople, the yacht experienced some heavy gales, but fortunately without any disaster. The party left the 'Sunbeam,' not without regret, at Malta; and again returning home through France, were once more in England on the 8th January 1879. The reception at Battle Abbey was as usual marked by a merry peal of bells, every one, dogs big and little included, testifying their happiness on the safe return of the family. Mrs Brassey is happy in the few lines of verse with which she heads her chapters; the last being about the most appropriate in the series:

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come.'

Our feeble voice may be permitted to mingle in the general chorus which welcomes Mrs Brassey into the list of English writers, and also to congratulate her on the wholesome and cheerful choice of subject which she has so successfully struck out for general entertainment. W. C.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER III.—HISTORY.

Costly and cumbrous vulgarities choked these gilded salons.

THE Hartleys were new people, and were not yet entitled to call themselves 'county.' No man knew exactly how rich old Hartley was, though he passed as a sort of Croesus. But his mansion was new even to rawness. His coat of arms was original even to absurdity. The whole style of the man was too brassy, too obtrusive, too florid, too everything but gentlemanly. He was an old man and an ugly and a vulgar, and his dress was loud and ostentatious. He had bought a huge estate down there, and had christened it Hartley Park. He had built unto himself a gorgeous mansion, and had christened it Hartley Hall. He had provided himself with a stud of horses, the like of which the county could not shew. His servants were attired in an overwhelming livery. His greenhouses rivalled my Lord Chesterwood's. He kept open house, or something very like it, the whole year through; and he gave on his first coming numerous entertainments for the benefit of the county people, from which the county people coldly stayed away. The rooms of Hartley Hall were more plenteously furnished with buhl and ormolu than a west-end upholsterer's warehouse. Costly and cumbrous vulgarities positively choked these gilded salons. Pictures from the hands of the first modern artists—for art was here as new as everything else—graced the wall in such profusion as almost to hide the very papering. Everything was on a scale of barbaric and unregulated splendour.

Benjamin Hartley of Hartley Hall had two sons. One was still at Cambridge, and the other was an extravagant Lieutenant in the Fourteenth Plungers. That gallant regiment lay just then at Cahir, and County Tipperary knew Lieutenant

Hartley well. Lieutenant Hartley, of Hartley Hall, possessor of unlimited cash and unlimited credit, and heir-expectant to a colossal fortune, was well-enough received among the county people here; and Horace St John Hartley of Jesus found little difficulty in the gratification of his desire for the companionship of the noblest swells just then known to Cambridge. For both the Lieutenant and the student had gotten that air of age their father lacked. Their father would be new to the end of his days, and would continue new if he could live to be as old as Methuselah; but both the lads had a rare power of adaptability. In the days when their father sent them to Eton, there were fewer of the sons of the newly-rich within its walls, and the two young fellows were not long in acquiring the airs of *ton*. The opportunities thus offered, and acquired, had tended to make them somewhat ashamed of their father and of his newness. They were rarely seen at home except at unavoidable seasons; and when forced to meet the author of their being and the contriver of their fortunes, they bore themselves with a distant hauteur in which the old man rejoiced.

'For'—so he sometimes mused—and so in the genial after-dinner hour would sometimes openly declare—'I ain't a gentleman, and I know it; but both Arthur an' Horace are gettin' to be regular tip-top swells. It ain't natural as they should look with a lot o' respect on me. I should despise 'em if they did. But I don't stand no nonsense, mind you. They do as I tell 'em; I take care o' that. I don't know as Solomon was so remarkable wise after all. He says he don't know whether a wise man or a fool is to come after him and collar his coppers. Well, I do. I've got two as sharp lads as you'll find anywhere, with a good eye to the main-chance, both of 'em; and a regular swell style about both of 'em as would ha' made my hair stand on end to look at twenty year ago. And when I've dropped off, the lads'll come in an' put things straight. These county folks, with their high-strung notions, won't cut *them*, I bet. No, no. It's different with me. I've been in coal and iron and taller, and cotton and stocks and shippin', and pretty nigh everything. They call that sort of thing low, down here. And so it is low. But it's a bit hard lines on a fellow too. The man as does the work and gets the money can't enjoy it. At least he can't enjoy it thorough. But *them* as comes after him, *them* as he's scraped for and worked for, and toiled for and moiled for, they'll be able to come in with their Heton lingo and their eye-glasses, and run the rig with any of 'em. And as for coin, they'll go beyond 'em. In point o' coin, I ain't far off shakin' hands with old Coutts, and that's a fact. Big houses ain't always the warmest, and I don't know as if I was to go and tick off thousand for thousand along with him, as I mightn't have something to spare after all.'

So the old heathen communed with himself and with divers of his chosen. He had his good points. Like many men who have striven after money all their lives and have denied themselves greatly, he was, now that his fortune had grown secure, lavishly generous. His good-nature was genuine. His pretty niece had not even to wheedle in order to find liberal comforts for her favourite poor. The clergyman of the parish

never appealed to him in vain. 'No; hang it! Mister,' said old Hartley, when the parson first called on him and let loose upon him the simple annals of the poor of those parts—'No; hang it! Mister; I won't have that in my neighbourhood. But I'm not agoin' to keep the thunderin' village either. Look here,' continued Benjamin with a wink. 'Tell the beggars as I'm a hard-fisted dog as parts with his money like blood. Just keep up that bit o' gammon between ourselves, will you? But you can exercise your influence, you know, an' grind a fl'-pun' note out of me once in a way; don't you see?' The cleric departing, gave it forth that Mr Hartley was one who did good by stealth and blushed to find it fame; but when this statement got back to Benjamin's ears, he grinned satirically, and surmised that the parson was not a man of business. 'It's a fine thing to have a reputation for hardness,' said the old gentleman. 'It saves a deal o' trouble.'

How came Benjamin Hartley with such a niece as Maud? How, in the name of all that is wonderful, came such a dainty flower to grow from such a rough and gnarled old stock? For rough and gnarled the stock must surely have been which produced Benjamin Hartley, Esquire. But years before this story opens, Benjamin's sister married—very high in life, as people who knew her then fancied; securing no less a person than the young Dissenting minister of the Black Country village she dwelt in. She was a woman of much innate refinement; and her husband—spite of the fact that he was a Dissenting parson—was a scholar and a gentleman. He was dolefully poor, and died young; and his wife followed his example early. Thus their one child, a daughter, was left to the mercies of Providence; and, said Uncle Benjamin, 'Providence turned up trumps in the shape o' me.'

There was another sister who had married later; who married a man whose affairs were flourishing, and who was so very far above the family, that he looked down upon it with a bitter disdain, and never, after his marriage, by a word acknowledged it. His name was Campbell, and he was a wealthy iron-master. Somehow or other, he came to grief, and died utterly penniless, leaving behind him one son, aged three years. Old Hartley was ignorant of this child's existence. Had it been otherwise, he would have given him a home with Maud; for he was not a man who bore malice, and had long since forgiven and forgotten John Campbell's disdain, and had never lost his affection for John Campbell's wife. But the years had come between them, and he knew nothing of their fall from prosperity, or of their death.

Just now—on this especial summer evening—Mr Hartley stood in his drawing-room in expectation of Frank's arrival. The Fairholts were the only county people who might be at all considered caught. Old Hartley knew well enough that they cared very little for him or his house, or even his money. He recognised the magnet which drew the two young fellows to Hartley Hall, and watched their attentions to Maud with much complacency. 'There's Mr William'—so he thought over matters—'has got a very pretty little estate. I know it's entailed, and he can have Maud if he wants her. But I'm rather in favour o' the young un. He'll have next to nothin'; but I like him. He's a

fine handsome chap, with lots o' spirit and fun in him, an' there's no takin' him for anything but a swell, anywhere. I've got two lads o' my own to look after, so they can't expect to get much along with her; but I shall hand her a cheque for a quiet little ten thousand on her wedding-day, and they can set up on *that*, anyhow, even if the young un gets her. Let the gell please herself—that's how I look at it.'

'Maud!' said the old man aloud, waking from his reverie. 'Ain't it time young Fairholt was here?'

At this moment young Fairholt was ushered in, and met with a loud and vulgar welcome.

'Aha! How d'ye do? Thought you wasn't comin'. Glad to see you, Mr Fairholt. And how's the Hiland? And ow's all at the 'All?'

'Everybody is well, thank you,' Frank answers; but he is already turning to shake hands with Maud. That young lady blushes a little as she comes to meet him, but receives him with great cordiality. A gorgeous menial announces dinner, and there are half-a-dozen other gorgeous menials distributed over the desert of Turkey carpet in the dining-room. Warm as the weather is, there is an aspect of arctic coldness about this huge apartment, and there is a sense of desertion in the very look of the great table. It would seem as though a score or so of people had been invited and had not come; and the three sit down in the Turkey carpet desert, before that table-land of snow, as in a magnificent but enforced isolation.

Will you look at Maud through her lover's eyes or through mine? For my part, I am free—in parliamentary English—to confess that I have seen prettier faces, though I have not seen many more lovable. Of what use is it to attempt to draw a portrait in words of a pretty young Englishwoman? How can the pen catch those gracious little turns of the head—those marvellously minute modellings of cheek and nose and lips—those tender graces of the eyes—those helpless yet fearless and endearing ways which go so far to make the charm of sweet eighteen? I can tell you that Maud is tall and slim and graceful. I can tell you that she has brown hair and hazel eyes. 'But girls with hair and eyes are everywhere.' I can tell you that her complexion is most daintily clear and sweet, and that her mouth is most eminently kissable. I could catalogue a score more of her graces; but what would this suffice you? My brother of the brush goes beyond me in this matter altogether, and Frank in twenty minutes could present you with a random smutch in colour which would tell you more about her in this regard than Dickens himself could have told you in a twelve-month.

Dinner is not a matter of much account to female eighteen and male four-and-twenty, when they chance to be at the same table and are in love with each other. Old Hartley's presence troubled the young people little, for he said nothing he could avoid saying, and seemed buried in his own fancies. Just a little tell-tale shot was fired across the table now and again from Frank to Maud, and from Maud to Frank, and they both grew a little shy.

Dinner being over, the millionaire broke silence: 'We'll take our wine up-stairs, if you please, Mr Fairholt. The ladies is very near a fiction in this here instance.'

So Maud's rising was the signal for host and visitor to follow. Maud's taste had evidently been busy about the room they now entered. There was no barbarism of splendour here. Everything was quiet, refined, and graceful. The windows of the room looked out on the park. A sweet prospect. The evening was still young. The blue of the sky was a little more tender, the gleam of the sunlight a little mellowed on the park landscape and the pleasant river.

'For my part,' said the retired capitalist, arranging himself comfortably in an arm-chair, 'I don't take wine after dinner. I'm contented with a drop o' brandy an' a bit of ice. But there's anything you like here. Try that there sherry. My Lord Chesterwood himself can't beat that, I'll bet. Melted gold, it looks like, don't it? And by Jove! sir, that's pretty well what it amounts to. Now I shall just take my nip, and then I shall take my nap, and leave Maud to take care of you, sir. I can't do without my snooze after dinner.'

The old gentleman's appetite had been diminished by no such cause as that which had spoiled the dinner of his young companions. He had well eaten and drunken, and his nap came readily. A bassoon-like note again and again repeated, monotonous but mellow, accompanied and proclaimed his slumbers, and Maud and Frank were left to their own devices.

'Would you'— Frank began, and stopped there.

'Would I'— said Maud, hinting a continuation.

'I wanted to suggest a stroll in the gardens. It's dreadfully hot here.'

'Shall I rouse Mr Hartley?' Maud asked.

'Nonsense, Maud! Do you care to walk? It looks so peaceful and calm outside that it seems almost a sin to stay indoors.'

'It does indeed,' Maud answered, and for a moment disappeared. When she returned, she had thrown over her head a something of dark lace, the edges whereof fell to her waist—the merest pretence of preparation for out-of-doors. She and Frank were on very close and confidential terms of friendship, and were perhaps nervously inclined to parade this to themselves, because they both knew very well that there was something more than friendship behind its pleasant mask. They chose a shady walk which led through well-laid gardens to the Park. At the Park gate they stopped. The silence had grown a little embarrassing, for neither had spoken since they had left the house.

Frank broke the bonds of quiet with an effort: 'I go back to town in a day or two.'

'Indeed!' Maud said. 'So soon?'

'Yes. It goes sorely against the grain; but I have some matters of importance to see to, and I must get back almost at once.'

'It is too bad, Frank. You are more than half pledged for the picnic on the first. You are a very faithless and inconsiderate person.'

'If you are going to scold, Maud, I must smoke. I can endure the ills of life with greater philosophy when behind a cigar than under any other circumstances. Are you provided?'

'Yes sir; I am provided,' responded Maud, producing a cigar-case. 'Knowing that we could not possibly spend five minutes together without quarrelling, and knowing that you can never

quarrel with decent politeness unless you smoke, I have stolen Uncle's case.'

'You are a very accommodating antagonist,' Frank answered, accepting the proffered cigar. He did not light it at once, but leaned with his elbows on the gate and looked thoughtfully across the Park.

'Well sir,' said Maud with a pretty air of harmless impudence. 'Get your battery in order. The enemy advances in full force.'

'No,' returned Frank, looking round upon her; 'I shall not fall back upon my reserves until my present forces are expended. I shall withhold my fire.'

'Very good,' Maud answered gaily. 'The enemy's advance-guard declares itself. Why were you so stupidly silent during dinner?'

'I plead guilty to the silence, but deny the stupidity.'

'You change ground already, sir, and try to escape from the battle-field to the law-court. But I am willing to encounter you there. On what ground do you deny the stupidity?'

'On the ground that I was mentally engaged in a wise admiration.'

'A wise admiration? The admiration of your own face and figure in the glass behind me? I caught you twice.'

'I am grateful for the complaisance which pronounces such an admiration wise.'

'And I,' returned Maud, 'am astonished at the vanity which accepts so absurdly false a compliment.'

'I return to the old simile,' Frank replied. 'My outposts fall back for the protection of the main body, and the artillery prepares for action. Will my courteous enemy assist me?'

'Your courteous enemy has stolen a box of vestas, and now proffers them.'

'My courteous enemy is thanked for her courtesy. But now a truce to truces. There goes the first puff from the artillery. The action begins in earnest, and the forces of the Frank make reprisals. Why were you so stupidly silent during dinner?'

'The enemy grows insolent.'

'Maud!'

'Sir!'

'Let us be serious.'

'I am more than serious. Come sir. For

Front to front the bannered hosts combine,
Halt ere they close, and form the dreadful line.'

'Oh, bother Tom Campbell and his dreadful line! Maud, let me speak. I'm going back to town almost directly, and I have something I must say to-night. I shall not see you again for heaven alone knows how long.' He throws his cigar over the gate, and takes both her hands in his: 'Maud, I love you!'

The saucy eyes were lowered. Maud made no answer. Frank relinquished one hand and stole an arm round her waist. She attempted no repulse. He kissed her, and her head dropped down upon his shoulder. So they stood for a while.

I can scarcely find the heart, in pursuance of my function as story-teller, to take them from each other's arms. They will never be so happy as they are at this blessed moment, any more. There was a something which welled up in Frank's

heart and surprised him. An infinite protecting tenderness. An emotion at once vast and vague; comprising within it all possible loves; of fatherhood and brotherhood and childhood. He thought of his own follies and his own unworthiness, and his eyes were a little dimmed with tears. There was a sharp compunction in his breast as he laid a hand on each cheek and gently forced back the blushing face until the shy eyes were raised to his and dropped again, and the shy sweet face was nestled at his heart.

'Look here, Maud!' said Frank very earnestly. 'You don't know what a pack of imperfections you have taken hold of. I've been an idle, careless, butterfly sort of fellow. I have never been in earnest in my whole life about anything but you; and I want to make confession; and I want love to absolve me; and I want to promise that I'll be a thousand times more industrious and more manly in life than I have ever been before. I want to promise this; and I want to have it on my mind always that I have promised. And when I think of you, darling—and that will be always—I shall think of this confession and this promise. And just to make the promise all the more sacred, give me your hands, dear. Tell me for the first time that you care for me.' And so, by love, and love's confession, Frank Fairholt vowed himself to manhood.

The lovers lingered in the garden. The light grew softer and fainter. Through a long vista in the Park they could see the pale summer moon low on the horizon. It was a time and a place of peace, and joy had no tumult now. They talked—as happy lovers will—of the future. They filled it with bright visions of home and of homely joys. Was there any sorrow in the sky at all? None. There was no cloud even so large as a man's hand.

But Time will not stay his course, even for happy lovers. Parting came at last. A pleasant parting. Good-bye and Good-bye often repeated. A tender warfare in which each was resolved to bless the other last. Good-bye. Good-bye.

Was there any sorrow in the sky? Was there a cloud so large as a man's hand? Yet did these happy lovers meet no more for ever.

A PERILOUS ADVENTURE IN TIERRA DEL FUEGO.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

IN the year 1851, the *Nautilus*, a barque of three hundred tons burden, was chartered by the Chilean government, and placed under the command of Captain Lopez de Ferrande of the Chilean navy. The object was to make a fresh survey of the Strait of Magellan and the adjacent coasts. Among those who sailed on board this vessel was the writer of this present paper.

On the 13th of September—early spring in the southern hemisphere—of the year above mentioned, the *Nautilus* sailed from Valparaiso, and arrived off Cape Desolation, at the western entrance of the Strait, on the 29th of the same month. It is not my purpose to furnish any report of the survey; therefore I shall merely mention that the vessel remained on the service until the 1st of

August of the following year, when the task having been completed, she sailed to return to Valparaiso. During our long sojourn in that gloomy region of the earth, it was the chief relaxation of the officers of the ship to go on shore to shoot *guanacos*, a species of alpaca which abounds on both shores of the Strait. It was on one of these excursions on shore that the circumstances occurred which I am about to relate.

On the 4th of May 1852, the *Nautilus* lay moored to a rock in deep water close to the cliff, in a narrow creek on the Tierra del Fuego or south shore of the Strait; and early in the afternoon of that day, a numerous party, consisting of Captain de Ferrande; the surgeon of the ship; Don Enrique de Guzman the second officer, who was the son of the chief owner of the vessel; myself, and others, went on shore on a shooting expedition. We had capital sport; and it was still early in the evening when we prepared to return on board. While, however, the sailors in attendance were collecting the spoils of the chase—comprising eight guanacos, ten or twelve foxes, and several birds of different varieties—Don Enrique, who was standing by my side, apart from the others of the party—from whom we were concealed by the 'bush'—espied a herd of guanacos on the side of an acclivity near by.

'Look yonder!' he exclaimed in English, which language he spoke fluently. 'Our rifles are loaded. Let us have another shot before we return to the ship. That is the finest herd we have met with to-day.'

He crept cautiously towards the herd, and I followed him. Guanacos, though very timid, are not keen of scent, and may be approached without much difficulty, if the hunters can keep out of their sight; but before we got within rifle-range of the herd, the animals took alarm and started off at full speed. Still we followed, forgetful of our companions in the ardour of the chase, until, having plunged into the heart of the bush, and missed the path, we had to own ourselves completely lost! To increase our difficulties, the dense gray fog or mist, called by the Spaniards the *müsgo*, was rising in the east, and rapidly increasing in density. This mist is peculiar to the shores of South America, or at all events I have never met with it elsewhere. It is most frequent in the fall of the year—that is, in the months of April, May, and June; and it usually rises suddenly at nightfall, sometimes advancing with great rapidity, but oftener creeping over the ground at as it were a snail's pace. Though very light in colour, no object at any considerable distance off can be seen through it; while objects near by that are visible assume a shadowy aspect, and are enormously magnified.

Don Enrique called my attention to the shroud-like mist that was approaching, and that threatened speedily to envelop us in its folds.

'Let us make our way towards the coast,' said I. 'If we follow the line of cliffs, we shall find the ship. Otherwise, we may wander about in this confounded bush all night.'

We soon reached the cliffs, and then continued our course westward, the mist still slowly approaching, but as yet a considerable distance in our rear;

and despite the unpleasantness of our position, we stopped for a few moments to gaze upon the prospect presented to our view—fascinated as it were by its melancholy aspect. Perhaps there is no scenery in the world so desolate, so gloomy, so savage in its features, and withal so melancholy as that of Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego. I have stood in the Pass of Glencoe while a wintry storm was raging around me; I have visited in the fall of the year some of the wildest fiords on the west coast of Norway; and have stood on the summit of the cliffs in Iceland when night was closing in, and gazed upon the bleak surrounding rocks and crags, and upon the stormy waves of the Atlantic rolling far down beneath my feet. But though in each and all of these places the scenery is savage and gloomy as need be, it lacks the utter desolation that is the chief feature of Patagonian scenery.

Already the air was growing chilly, though during a few hours at noonday the sun had shone brightly, and the heat for a while had been oppressive; for the nights are always cold on these dreary shores, alike in summer and winter, and summer snow-storms are by no means infrequent. Usually, however, whether in summer or winter, the sky wears a dark leaden aspect, and seems to hang strangely near the earth; while the generally stormy sea is of a muddy, greenish hue, different in appearance from any other part of the open ocean. The cliffs rise to the height of from seven to fourteen hundred feet, almost perpendicularly from the waters that wash their base—the black rugged rocks of which they are composed appearing to be heaped carelessly one upon another—Ossa piled on Ossa in wild confusion, and threatening to fall at any moment.

The Strait of Magellan, three hundred miles in length, varies in breadth from a mile and a quarter to thirty and thirty-five miles; but in the narrow creeks in one of which the *Nautilus* lay moored, the towering cliffs, viewed from a short distance off, seem almost to touch one another. The island of Tierra del Fuego narrows almost to a point at its western extremity; and now, standing on the cliff above the creek, we had a view alike of the opposite shore of Patagonia and of the Pacific Ocean to the southward. It is frightful to gaze down into one of these narrow creeks from the summit of the cliffs. Often when on shore we were accustomed to crawl on our hands and knees to the edge of the cliff and look down into the dark abyss, shuddering as we gazed upon the waters—looking almost black as ink—that rolled beneath.

Little did Enrique or I think at such times that the time would come when we would stand together midway above the fearful gulf, a narrow ledge of crumbling rock alone preserving us from falling into its terrible depths!

Now, though we were anxious to outstrip the approaching mists, and get back on board the ship ere night closed in, we still lingered, gazing upon the mournful prospect, ever changing, and growing more and more gloomy as the shadows of evening crept over it. Notwithstanding the gradual approach of darkness, we knew that there would yet be nearly an hour of twilight; and we watched the flight of the albatrosses and Cape pigeons and other sea-fowl peculiar to the latitude, as they hastened in from

seaward to their dismal eyries in the crevices of the cliffs, filling the air with the sound of their discordant screams. Seemingly near to us, though in reality many miles distant, was the island of Cape Horn, with the singularly curved cone rising from its centre, a dismal, storm-lashed beacon, warning mariners not to approach too near the fatal coast. It had been nearly calm, but the wind was beginning to rise, and though still light, was howling mournfully as it swept through the numerous creeks and inlets. The shudder of the dying day was upon land and sea alike.

A short distance from the shore, between the island of Tierra del Fuego and Cape Horn, two huge grampuses had risen to the surface to breathe and to amuse themselves with their clumsy gambols. Every now and again the huge monsters raised their black, arched backs high out of the sea, each time spouting a vaporous jet high in air, and then falling back with a tremendous splash—faintly audible at the spot where we stood—dived down, and disappeared from our sight, to rise again, in an incredibly short space of time, a quarter of a mile distant. The noise produced by the spouting sounded, in our fancy, like the long-drawn sighs of some giant Titan bemoaning the sad fate that compelled him to wander for ever amidst the desolation of a ruined world.

Turning about, we beheld, on the other hand, close beneath our feet, the dark abyss of which I have spoken, and the gloomy shore of Patagonia, over which the shadows of night were now gathering rapidly. But the mists were creeping nearer and nearer, and the ever increasing chilliness of the atmosphere urged us to hasten our return to the ship.

Don Enrique, who was a few paces in advance of me, hastened on, calling upon me to follow. I obeyed the call; but scarcely a minute elapsed ere my companion, with a cry of terror, suddenly disappeared. I thought that he had stumbled into one of the numerous holes or crevices on the summit of the cliff, and sprained his ankle or otherwise hurt himself, and I hurried on to his assistance. In an instant I felt my feet slipping from under me, and found myself sliding swiftly down. In vain I tried to stop myself—I only slid the more rapidly. Presently I felt as though I had slipped over a ledge, and was no longer sliding but falling into the dark depth beneath the cliff. The horror of those few moments—they could have been but a few moments—is indescribable. I gave myself up for lost, and my whole life from childhood upwards seemed to pass in review in my memory. I thought of home, so far away; of friends whom I should never see again, and who probably would never know my fate; of my shipmates on board the *Nautilus*, so near by, yet from whom I should soon be separated for ever; of the warm, snug, well-lighted cabin where they were enjoying themselves, and vainly looking for me to rejoin them. It is said that the wild fancies in dreams occur only at the moment before waking. In those few moments I lived a lifetime. I was brought up suddenly with a jerk that almost precipitated me into the gulf beneath; and I found my feet resting upon a narrow ledge of rock not more than eighteen inches wide, which appeared to extend upon my right hand

along the whole line of the cliff. I had slipped down one of the slopes which here and there break the level line on the top of the cliffs, the short moss-like grass with which they are overgrown becoming slippery as ice or frozen snow, when slightly damped by the dews of evening, after the sun has shone warmly upon it during the day.

My first thought after I recovered from this shock was of Enrique. I could not see him, and I believed that he had fallen to the bottom of the abyss.

'Enrique! Enrique!' I shouted several times in vain. At length, to my great relief, he faintly responded to my call. He too had been brought up by the same narrow ledge of rock to which I owed my safety. But he was separated from me by a slight projection of the cliff, around which the ledge appeared to run; though, at the distance of a few yards to my left, it broke off suddenly, the cliff at that spot appearing to rise perpendicularly from its base to its summit, which I judged to be at least a hundred feet above my head.

'Are you on the top of the cliff?' cried Enrique.

'No,' I shouted. 'I slipped down the slope. I am standing on a narrow ledge of rock. I was afraid that you were lost.'

'O Dios! what will become of us?' he exclaimed.

'We must try to regain the summit,' I replied. 'Can you come to me, or shall I try to reach you?'

Enrique made no reply; and fearing that he had fainted, I determined to try to get to his assistance. In the first place, however, thinking that it would be best for both of us if I could regain the summit, as I might then make a rope of a portion of my clothing, and let the end down to my companion, I tried to climb up the slope, though for several feet above my head—to the spot where I had fancied I was falling perpendicularly into the abyss—the cliff was almost straight up and down. Still I tried my utmost to clamber up. I dug my finger-nails into the rocky earth, and strove to find a foothold on the little projecting points of rock. But though I broke my nails in the attempt, I could obtain no sufficient purchase whereby to raise the weight of my body, and I slipped down immediately. However, I made a second attempt, and this time climbed a few feet above the ledge; but I slipped down again, and so heavily, that a portion of the ledge near its edge crumbled away with the shock of my fall, and I tried no more. The risk was too terrible to venture a third time.

'Are you still safe, Enrique?' I now inquired; and this time he faintly answered: 'Yes.'

'I'll try to get to you,' I said.

But this was no easy task, for the ledge did not run in a straight line. In some places it rose slightly, in others it fell, while it narrowed in spots from eighteen inches to not more than half that width. I now took off my shoes, and left them where I stood. Fortunately, both Enrique and I wore thick-ribbed worsted socks, which enabled us to obtain a firmer foothold than we could otherwise have secured. My rifle, to which I had clung while slipping down the slope, had been jerked out of my hand by the sudden shock

when I was arrested by the ledge, and had fallen into the dark depth beneath. But though I afterwards grieved sorely over its loss, I thought little of it at that moment. Having nothing now to encumber me, I endeavoured to grope my way along the ledge, pressing my body close to the side of the cliff, while I placed one foot before the other with the utmost caution. I did very well until I reached the projecting point which concealed Don Enrique from my sight. But at this point, though it projected but a few feet, the ledge inclined slightly upward, while it narrowed so much that I could not have placed my feet side by side. Yet round this point I had to make my way, pressing close to the side of the cliff on my right hand, and conscious that a mis-step, or the slightest feeling of giddiness, or the least crumbling of the ledge itself, would hurl me headlong into the now invisible depth—seven or eight hundred feet. I scarcely dared to draw my breath. I dreaded lest each successive moment should be my last; but I succeeded in rounding the point, when the fearful footpath widened; and in a short time I stood safe by the side of Enrique, who seemed to have hardly yet recovered from the first effects of the shock he had experienced.

I had no little difficulty to persuade him to move onward. He would have remained where he was; but the ledge at this spot was little more than twelve inches wide, and had we remained where we stood, it is not likely that either of us would have seen the morning light. If we had been seized with vertigo, or if for a moment we had closed our eyes in sleep, we would surely have fallen from our giddy perch, while the slow but sure approach of the *músgo* rendered every moment of delay more perilous. I could not possibly have passed my companion and gone on by myself, even had I been inclined to do so; but at length I persuaded him to move onward. Frequently, since that terrible night, have I marvelled at our escape, and shuddered to think of the fearful peril in which we were placed. For a long time afterwards it haunted me in my slumbers, and I would start up in terror from a dream in which I fancied that I had slipped from the ledge, and was falling—falling into the awful abyss! At such times of great peril, however, men dare and accomplish deeds that at other times appear utterly impossible to them. The love of life, or the necessity for exertion at all hazards, or the excitement peculiar to such occasions, supports them, and imparts to them a degree of courage and energy that they would not otherwise possess.

We were both young and active, and accustomed to climb to or look down from dizzy heights, and were frequently placed in a position in which we as it were held our lives in our hands. We hoped ere the *músgo* should close around us or ere darkness should set in, to discover some spot on the side of the cliff up which we could clamber to its summit, which we judged to be about a hundred feet above our heads; and with the utmost caution, placing one foot before the other, we moved slowly along the ledge, seeking, for a long time in vain, for such a spot as we hoped to find.

I have said that the ledge rose and fell at intervals, and was also of unequal width; but in no spot was it more than eighteen inches wide,

while it was frequently not more than half that width. The ascents were not difficult to make; but the descents, though generally very slight and gradual, were dangerous in the extreme. It was difficult to prevent our feet from slipping, and sometimes we fancied that the ledge itself was giving way beneath us. We had advanced perhaps a quarter of a mile from the spot where we fell—though in the circumstances in which we were placed it is difficult to judge of time or distance—when the method employed by our shipmates to guide us back to the ship, came near to bring about our destruction.

As we afterwards learned, our shipmates, finding that we had not returned to the ship with them, naturally supposed that we were lost in the bush; and Captain Ferrande ordered a gun to be fired, thinking that the report would guide us towards the creek in which the ship lay. The report was echoed and re-echoed through the Strait, the sound reverberating amongst the glens and inlets like rolling thunder. It almost startled us off the narrow ledge, and caused several large pieces of overhanging rock to detach themselves, and to fall crashing and thundering into the gulf beneath. The sea-fowl too, the albatrosses and Cape pigeons, alarmed at the unusual noise, came forth from their roosting-places in the side of the cliff, and flew, screaming in terror, through the inlet; and one large albatross, as though it resented our intrusion upon its dreary domain, rose screaming discordantly high above our heads, and then swooped down directly upon us, its tremendous wing almost touching us as it descended. So near it came to us that it was a miracle we were not swept from our precarious foothold.

These, however, were not the most alarming results of the report. A huge piece of rock fell heavily upon the ledge a short distance from us and crumbled it completely away, leaving a gap of nearly three feet in width, over which we had to pass. To leap or stride across such a gap on level ground is easy enough even to a child. But it is a very different matter to cross a gap three feet wide with a perpendicular wall of rock on one side, and a chasm seven hundred feet deep on the other, with a consciousness that the least slip or mishap of any kind must prove fatal. The ledge at this spot was not sufficiently wide to enable us to put our feet together, and the fact that the fall of rock had been sufficient to crumble it away, shewed us how precarious was our slender foothold, and led us to fear lest our weight, even if we safely crossed the gap, should cause it to crumble beneath our feet. To turn round on such a narrow foothold was impossible; and if we could have turned and gone back to the spot whence we started, it would have served no purpose. We could not run to take a leap that would carry us well clear of the crumbling edge. There was no alternative but to step as lightly and actively as we could across the fearful gap.

For some moments we both hesitated. To take the leap in our position seemed like an act of suicide, yet to remain where we were until we should become enshrouded in the mist would be equally fatal to us. At length Enrique, who was in advance of me, and was younger and lighter than I, ventured to make a leaping stride across the gap, and was successful. I followed, and also

succeeded in crossing safely, though, as I landed on the narrow foothold, I heard the rocky earth at the edge of the gap crumble and fall rattling down the cliff. We had escaped a fearful peril. But darkness was now rapidly closing in. We could see but a very short distance ahead, and the mist in our rear was rapidly overtaking us. We strove to encourage one another; but hope of eventual escape was almost dead within us. Again we moved onward for a time that seemed considerable to us, and still, though the ledge was now much wider, the side of the cliff against which we pressed rose perpendicularly, high above our heads. At length I was startled by a cry of joy from Enrique. I could scarcely see him now through the gloom, though he was but a short distance ahead. He, however, waited until I came up, and then joyfully pointed to a gentle slope in the side of the cliff, leading apparently from the ledge to the summit. We commenced the ascent immediately. It was full of projecting pieces of rock, which sometimes gave way beneath our weight, and went crashing down the cliff's side. But we stepped with great caution, following the sailor's rule of never letting go our hold with our hands till our foothold was secured, and thus succeeded in reaching the top of the cliff in safety. Then Enrique, who, since the moment when he recovered from the first shock of his fall, had behaved himself bravely, sunk down to the earth and wept and sobbed hysterically. Poor fellow! he had not been a twelvemonth married, to a young and pretty girl, when the ship sailed from Valparaiso.

'O Inez, Inez!' he sobbed forth in Spanish; 'what would have become of you if I had perished?'

I attempted to offer no consolation; for though I struggled to control my feelings, I felt nearly as bad as he. After a while, he grew calmer; and we both expressed our gratitude to heaven for our almost miraculous escape from a terrible death. It soon became dark, and the mist wrapped us in its folds. It was bitterly cold, and the mist in a short time wetted us completely through our clothing. Nevertheless, we were both so overcome with fatigue that in a few minutes we both slept soundly, nor did we wake until day was breaking and the rising sun was gradually dispersing the mist.

We still felt the effects of our terrible adventure of the previous evening, and our limbs were numbed and stiff. However, as the sun rose higher in the heavens and shone forth bright and warm, our wet garments dried upon us, and the stiffness in our limbs passed away. Approaching the edge of the cliff cautiously on our hands and knees, we peered down into the Strait, in the hope of seeing the ship; but we could see nothing of her. Enrique had let go his rifle when he first felt his feet slipping, and of course had lost it, as I had lost mine, or we would have fired off the pieces to attract the attention of our shipmates. But as we could not do this, we again plunged into the bush, and sought to discover the native path from which we had strayed on the previous afternoon, though we found it difficult to pick our steps—without shoes to protect our feet—amidst the prickly shrubs and fallen branches of trees which covered the ground. Still, though we were beginning to feel hungry, we kept up our spirits,

feeling confident that our shipmates would come in search of us, and that if we failed to discover the lost path, they would find us before the day was very far advanced.

MY WIFE'S INHERITANCE.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.—HOW IT WAS REGAINED.

I RETURNED to Cottam saddened and disappointed, but by no means convinced. I had, however, no choice but to leave the mystery to be solved by time. In due course Ellen and I were married. She received her two hundred and fifty pounds; and opportunity just then occurring, I bought a practice at Kinton, to which place we removed. We saw nothing of Charles, but heard that he had gone abroad. And so days and months passed on; I was happy in the love of my dear wife, and we both tried to forget 'what might have been,' or that we had ever looked forward to the possession of a fortune.

One evening about twelve months after I had settled at Kinton, I was called into the surgery to attend a lady. Of course I had no other thought than that it was a patient; nor was my opinion changed when I saw her, for her cheeks were hollow and her eyes sunken; but what was my surprise on looking closer to recognise in that wasted form the once passably fair, if not brilliant Miss Leclerc.

She saw I recognised her, and without waiting for me to speak, said: 'You are surprised to see me here, doctor; but I have something important to say to you. Can we be alone?'

'We shall not be disturbed here,' I said; and still not doubting that it was medical advice she required, I added: 'Well now, tell me your symptoms, and I will prescribe for you.'

'No, doctor; your medicines would do me no good in the purpose I have in view. I require your help, not medicine; and let me say, that in helping me, you will help yourself in a way you little expect.'

'Tell me how; and if I can do it, I will.'

'You *can* do it, I am sure; and equally sure you *will*, after you have heard my story.'

'I am all attention.'

'Well then, listen. I must go back to the time of Mr Russel's death. You were very much surprised and disappointed at the disposition of his property; were you not?'

I bowed assent.

'In fact the will was a complete mystery to you?'

'It was indeed a deep mystery.'

'I can explain it.'

'You!' I said, springing to my feet—'you! Why, you had very little communication with Mr Russel in his last illness.'

'No; and yet I tell you I can explain the mystery; and on two conditions, I will.'

'Name them. They must be onerous indeed if I fail to comply with them.'

'Oh, they are not difficult; they are simply these. First, that in consideration of this my assistance in obtaining your rights, you will not have me punished for the part I myself took in the matter; and secondly, that you will supply

me with money enough to go to America, where I have friends.'

'But if a crime was committed, have I the power to promise you immunity from punishment?'

'Be content. You have; for the crime—and I won't deny that there *was* a crime—injured no one but you and Miss Ellen; and if I make restitution by enabling you to secure the real culprit, you can surely let the tool go free.'

'Well, I promise,' I said, after a few moments' consideration. 'Do what you have said, and I pledge my word that neither I nor any one on my behalf shall bring you to justice for your share in the transaction. That being granted, the other condition is easily fulfilled.'

'That is enough. I will now proceed. But first I must tell you why I do this. It is not, as you might suppose, out of consideration for you, or even for Miss Ellen, although my conscience has often troubled me for my ingratitude towards her. No,' she said; 'I have a purpose to serve, and that purpose is—*Revenge*. Nay; start not. It is the desire for revenge that nerves me to the confession. You remember what I once was. Look at me now. See my hollow cheek and wasted form; hear of my blighted life, and then cease to wonder that I crave for revenge on the cause. But pardon me; I must begin at the beginning. Soon after Mr Russel's death, and the affairs were all settled, Charles left England for Paris. This you knew; but you did not know that I went with him.—As his wife, do you ask? No! Poor silly fool that I was; I trusted to his promise, that we would be married in Paris. Well, we lived gaily enough for two or three months; the marriage put off on one pretext or another, until one day he went out, and never returned. He had left me—left me almost penniless—to starve or die, not caring which. It was some days before I could realise the fact that I was indeed deserted. I thought some accident had befallen him, and made inquiries in all directions. I even visited the dreadful Morgue, but without avail. At length I heard that he had gone to Lyons, on his way to Venice; and thither I determined to follow him, but on the road was struck down by illness. When I recovered, all trace of him was lost. How I got back to England, I hardly know; but I was buoyed up by the hope that after all there might be some mistake, and that I should find him here, glad to receive me back. I did find him; but how? The Willows has now both master and mistress. Yes; he is married, notwithstanding all his promises to me. Another reigns in the house where I ought to be supreme. Oh, but he shall regret it. Little did he know my power, or he would have sacrificed his right hand ere he offended me. I did not tell him, because I wanted his love, not his fear; and when I would have told him, it was too late, for he had gone, gone, and left me the wreck you see; married another, after the most sacred promises to me. But I will be revenged. Yes; revenged to the uttermost. He has known my love; now he shall learn my hate. I will drag him down—down, even as he has dragged me.' It is impossible to convey the emphasis with which all this, especially the latter part, was said. I could see that the spirit of revenge was in her, its fire burning her very life out.

'Still,' I said, 'you have not yet told me anything about the will. I am anxious to hear about that.'

'I am coming to it now; but I cannot talk any more to-night. See here; in this packet I have written a full history of the transaction. Take it and read it, and I will come again to-morrow at this time to complete the evidence. Now let me go, for I am very weak.'

In truth she appeared weak and almost ready to faint; so I gave her a cordial, and sending for a conveyance, handed her in, and bade her good-night.

Need I say that I hastened to my room to peruse the packet. I was far too anxious to delay. I found it addressed to myself, and inside headed: 'The History of the Will of Mr Charles Russel, as related by Jeannette Leclerc.'

(To be concluded next week.)

THE AMERICAN PENCIL-TRADE.

THE pencil-works of the Dixon Company of New Jersey, established a few years ago, present to the visitor many of those novel features in the application of machinery which appear to be characteristic of nearly every industry in the United States. Graphite of great purity is found at Ticonderoga, N.Y., both in the form suitable for the manufacture of crucibles, and for the production of what are erroneously known as 'lead-pencils.' The graphite is reduced in mills to a fine impalpable powder, almost as mobile as water, and making the fingers as smooth as if they had been oiled. A process of mixing with a peculiar description of clay is then used, according to the degree of 'hardness' desired in the pencils; and the substance having been reduced to a dough form, one of the most curious processes of the manufacture is seen. The dough is placed in a cylinder, within which a screw works a well-fitting plunger, and at the bottom is a plate having holes of the shape and size of which the 'lead' is to be cut. As the coils of tenacious material issue from these holes, they are cut up in lengths equal to three pencils, straightened, flattened, and baked. It has been found possible to run a coil four thousand feet long without breaking; such a length of unbroken pencil material having been shewn by the Dixon Company at the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition.

The Americans have in their own territory that Florida cedar which makers in Europe use so largely for pencils, and great quantities of the necessary timber are cut down for the Dixon Company. The cedar is brought home to New Jersey, not in logs, but in blocks seven inches long, and these again are cut into strips measuring three and a half inches wide by three-sixteenths thick. This last fact reveals two differences between the methods usually employed in Europe; for the pencil-slip is in this factory made of a width to yield six pencils, instead of being cut singly; and both halves of the pencil are alike; and not, as in the older method, one portion narrower than the other. Both sides of the pencil-slip are equally grooved; and the process of filling

the slips, which is done by hand, is exceedingly interesting. Each girl engaged in filling takes up a grooved slip in one hand, a bunch of the straight 'leads' in the other, and with a dexterity begotten of practice, very rapidly inserts six of the stalks in the slip. This being handed to a second girl, the latter receives from a third worker the second half of the slip, over which a brush of hot glue has just been passed. The two halves are brought together, each one, it will be remarked, embracing half of the 'lead,' and then, when a row of these slips has been filled, they are pressed under a screw-frame till the glue is dry. The next process is to smooth the ends where the 'leads' project, and then we reach another very interesting machine. In this machine a revolving cutter seizes the slip, and with two cuts removes the superfluous wood, separates the pencils, and rounds them into shape. The pencils fall from this machine in a continuous stream, or rather in six continuous streams, each pencil finished for use, and so smooth, it is alleged, that the finest sand-paper would scratch them.

American ingenuity is also seen in an arrangement by which the chips falling from this machine are sucked away by a 'blower' into the engine-room and consumed as fuel, with the result of keeping the place perfectly free from rubbish. The next curiosity is the 'counting-board,' a grooved board or table, on which, by rubbing a handful of pencils over it, and seeing that each groove is full, a gross of pencils can be accurately counted off in five or six seconds. Other ingenious machines are in use for staining and varnishing the pencils, stamping marks and names, and finally packing them in a singular and convenient method, the package being oval in shape. By the use of checks on the quantity of material given out, the Dixon Company boasts of being able to secure that if even one pencil of the eighty thousand made daily is abstracted it will be missed; and incidents are not wanting where this fact, being unknown and unsuspected, has brought people into trouble who thought that one pencil might be removed from amongst such large numbers. The rule of the house is, that if a pencil is missed from a room, every one employed in that room is discharged unless the pencil be found; and as there is a further rule that no one discharged shall in any case be re-employed, every one in the place is interested in securing the honesty both of visitors and co-workers.

A curious story is told of Mr Dixon, founder of the crucible manufactory to which the pencil-trade has within the last few years been added. In 1830 he proposed to make pencils, and actually shewed some in Boston, Mass., where he was told he must put European labels on them if he wished them to sell. Unlike most American inventors, he took such offence at this, that instead of persevering, he went home and resolved never to make another pencil. Now, the successors to the crucible business, having resumed the attempt, make pencils in such abundance and of such excellence, that while they can offer a cheap pencil at one-third of a cent, they make in all about four hundred different styles, in shape, quality, hardness, &c., and turn out so many pencils that it is calculated they produce one-third of the entire number used annually in the United States. This success in supplanting pencils of European make is attributed

to the adoption of that characteristic to which reference has already been made, the determination of American manufacturers to use machinery wherever possible in every branch of their work.

ANIMALS I HAVE KNOWN AND LOVED.

BY A LADY.

FIRST SERIES.

I NEVER remember the time when I did not love all living things. When a little child, I believed that trees and flowers had a sort of consciousness. I had a garden of my own—a little plot in my father's large one; but all the lovely flowers he could procure for me were planted there; and as I tended them with the greatest care, I thought every individual plant knew me, and looked to me for love and attention. I could not have passed them by without a kindly word, and never failed to give to each its proper share of the treasures of my watering-can.

For some years I had not any particular pet of my own; I do not know why, but such was the case, until one evening when, as I was watering my spring flowers, I heard a loud noise in the kitchen-garden. I listened; and hearing the voices of one or two boys I knew, and thinking there must be some mischief on hand, I hastened down the garden, and found eight of them pelting something with stones. At first I thought it was a poor stray kitten. There had been a pit dug for some purpose, and when I looked down, I saw a toad lying at the bottom. This was what they were persecuting. My heart swelled with indignation. But what was a little girl against eight cruel boys! I tried in vain to reason with them, when a sudden thought came into my mind: Can I bribe them? I named one, and said: 'What shall I give you to go away and leave the toad alone?'

'What have you got?'

'I will give you sixpence.'

'No; that won't do.' And another stone was flung.

I knew if I left to get the gardener to help me, the poor toad would be worse used for my interference, so I said: 'I will give you all the money I have if you will come with me. You shall have my money-box just as it is. There is a shilling and threepence-halfpenny. Will you come?'

They hesitated awhile, and then one of them said: 'Let the lass have it, and we'll go and buy toffy and gunpowder.'

When they were gone, I looked down into the pit and saw the creature moving. It was the first time in my life that I had been called to feel pity and sorrow. Many years have passed away, and often since then has my heart been stirred to its inmost depths; but that night I believe God awakened in my bosom that horror of all oppression and cruelty that became a part of my being. Before this I had always felt a strong dislike to creeping things. I was not frightened at them; but had a shrinking objection to come in contact with them. What was I to do? If I asked the servants to help me, I knew they would laugh, and perhaps even kill the toad outright, to put it out of its misery; so I summoned courage, got a short ladder, and went

down to its rescue. It was sorely battered and crushed, and covered with mud; but I took it in my hand, covered it up in my pinafore, and went into a sheltered place to look at it. Having cleansed the mud from the poor creature, my next impulse was to hide it. There was a quiet place near my garden; so I fetched a small box, and gathering some of the grass that had been mown from the lawn, I placed my little sufferer in safety. Not daring to go and visit it before I went to school next morning, for fear of attracting attention, it was late in the afternoon when I saw it again. It was almost dead. I took some bread and milk, and placed it near; but I never knew if it partook of the food I gave it. However, I made a friend of the gardener, who promised to see that no one harmed it; and with his assistance we made it a very comfortable sheltered home, which seemed to revive my rescued one.

There were some very pretty fields near my father's house. It was my custom to go and sit on a stile leading into them, and learn my lessons, or read some favourite book. One bright Saturday afternoon I had gone there, and having by this time overcome all my early scruples regarding 'creeping things,' I took my now companionable toad with me in a covered basket. I sat and talked to it, watching all its movements, and now and then singing to it a low soft song. I saw two gentlemen coming towards me; and rising to let them get over the stile, one of them stopped and said: 'Well, little warbler, what have you in your basket? Is it a pet kitten?'

'No sir,' I said. I felt very awkward, and somewhat ashamed. But as I saw his kind eyes looking down upon me, my heart gained strength, and I lifted the lid off the basket.

'A toad! Where did you get it, and why do you keep it? I thought little girls ran away and screamed when they saw frogs and toads.'

'I bought it,' I replied.

'Bought it, child! Why did you buy it?'

'Because it was so hurt and so helpless! I gave all the money I had to save it from some cruel boys, and now I love it dearly.'

I shall never forget the kind look of George Moggridge, who, under the name of 'Old Humphrey,' has written some charming works on natural history. 'My child,' said he, 'as you go through life, always be the friend of the injured and the helpless. May God bless you!'

He asked my name; and as he knew my father, it was not long before he came to see me. We had many long talks together, and to him I owe more than I can tell. He told me to make animals, birds, and as far as I could all living things, my study. Adding: 'You will never find any two even of the same species alike; all have their separate characters.' This I have found to be true in every respect. Each has its own individuality.

Autumn passed; winter came; and I had a severe illness which kept me from the garden. I was in sore trouble about my little friend; and as the gardener never saw it, we concluded it had disappeared altogether. At length, one evening in spring, while walking in my little garden, I perceived something moving. I looked, and then called very gently: 'Toadie, toadie! Is it you?'

Gradually the something moved from its shelter among the primroses, and came close to me. The

toad! I talked to it until I heard some one coming, when it moved away, for its hearing was evidently as acute as mine. Often I saw it. It would always come if I called, unless, as I supposed, it had strayed away from its usual haunts into the kitchen-garden.

About this time I was absent from home for some time. When I returned, my first inquiry of the gardener was: 'Have you seen my toad?'

Nothing had been seen of it, so I almost despaired of ever seeing my little favourite again. It was my custom to go with my father in the evening to cut asparagus for supper. The place was close to the strawberry beds. I had gathered the asparagus and was returning, when I thought I would pluck some strawberries; and while I was doing so, I saw something moving among the leaves. I pushed them on one side. There was a toad! Could it be mine? I looked, and then gently called: 'Toadie, toadie! Is it you?'

The creature looked—came slowly along. I placed my hand upon the ground. It drew itself upon it, and gazed into my face, with what I could not help thinking was a look of loving gratitude, as I raised it.

I carried it in triumph to shew to my father, who said laughingly: 'But are you sure it is your old friend?'

I had only to point to the cruel scar upon its back. He looked at it and at me in mute astonishment.

Soon after this I went to London, and was absent twelve months. When I returned, my father had left his house and gone to reside in another part of the country. So I never saw my little friend again.

Before passing on to other animals, I should like to refer to the power of music upon them, affecting them so differently. Some rejoice, and are evidently happy when listening to it; while others shew unmistakable dislike to the sound, suffering from nervous distress. A remarkable instance of a toad's enjoyment of music came under my notice some years since. I was on a visit with my husband and one of my daughters to my father, who lived in the south of England. He had a very pretty garden and lawn; and it was his delight in the evening to sit at his drawing-room window while I played on the piano, and sang to him. One evening he said to me: 'My dear, here is a toad under the window. It has been here a long time without moving. I believe it is listening to your singing.'

When I ceased playing, the toad slowly crept away; but every evening when I sang, the creature came, took its place under the window, and there remained. One evening, at my father's request, I suddenly stopped the music, and in a few minutes it went away. We watched it until it reached the path; when commencing another song, it stopped, listened, and then slowly returned to its place under the window. When I left and went home, there was no more music. The toad was never again seen.

Some years previous to my marriage, my father lived in an old Hall in the neighbourhood of one of our large towns. The grounds were extensive. It was his delight to have a sort of model farm, which gave me many opportunities of

studying the different characters of the various animals upon it. Then I saw the influence of music upon many of them. There was a beautiful horse, the pride and delight of us all; and like many others, he had an unconquerable dislike to be caught. My father had so trained him to obedience that he gave very little trouble; a whistle and a wave of the hand, and Robert would come quietly to be saddled. But if left to our old gardener Willy, he would lead him a chase, generally ending in defeat. One very hot summer day I was sitting at work in the garden, when Willy appeared streaming with perspiration.

'What is the matter, Willy?'

'Matter enough, Miss. There's that Robert, the uncanny beast; he won't be caught, all I can do or say. I've give him corn, and one of the best pears off the tree; but he's too deep for me—he snatched the pear, kicked up his heels, and off he is laughing at me at the bottom of the meadow.'

I was very sorry for the old man; but I did not clearly see how to catch the delinquent. I could well believe he was laughing at our old friend, for he was a curious animal.

'Well, Willy, what can I do? He won't let me catch him, you know.'

'Ay, but Miss, if you will only just go in and begin a toon on the peanner; cook says he will come up to the fence and hearken to you, for he is always a-doing that; and maybe I can slip behind and cotch him.'

I went in at once, not expecting my stratagem to succeed. But in a few minutes the saucy creature was standing quietly listening while I played *Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled*. The halter was soon round his neck; and he went away to be harnessed quite happy and contented.

There was a great peculiarity about his taste for music. He never would stay to listen to a plaintive song. I soon observed this. If I played *Scots, wha ha'e*, he would listen well pleased. If I changed the measure and expression, playing the same air plaintively, as for instance in the *Land o' the Leal*, he would toss his head and walk away, as if to say: 'That is not my sort of music.' Changing to something martial, he would return, and listen to me.

In this respect he entirely differed from a beautiful cow we had. She had an awful temper. Old Willy used to say: 'She is the most contrariest beast under the sun.' If she were in one of her ill-humours, it was with the greatest difficulty she could be milked. She never would go with the other cows at milking-time. Nancy be milked with *them*!—that was a thing not to be thought of. She liked the cook; and when not too busy, cook would manage Miss Nancy. But if she were not very careful, up would go Nancy's foot, and over would go the milk-can and its precious contents. When the cook milked her, it was always close to the fence, near the drawing-room. If I were playing, she would stand perfectly still, yielding her milk without any trouble, and would remain until I ceased. As long as I played plaintive music—*The Land o' the Leal; Home, Sweet Home; Robin Adair*, any sweet tender air—she seemed entranced. I have tried her, and changed to martial music, whereupon she invariably walked away.

I could give many instances of a love for music in animals. I will give another. I was sitting in the drawing-room one evening singing to mamma. It was a double room, with folding-doors. She was in one where there was a lamp. In my room which was unlighted, the window was open, and close to the window was a stand for music. When I ceased playing I heard a peculiar sound, and was conscious there was something in the room. I called for a light. There sitting on the stand was a large white owl. He looked far less surprised than we did. In a minute or two he stepped quietly out of the window, and flew away. After this we did not leave the lower sash of the window open; but the owl still came, and sat upon the stone outside, listening.

My father's poultry-yard was divided into one for the fowls that were kept for domestic use, and into another for those that were laying, together with fancy poultry of all kinds. I was fond of feeding them, and studying their various habits and dispositions. I soon observed both in them and other animals a marked likeness to human beings. One very ludicrous resemblance I found in a large white cock to a fussy old gentleman of our acquaintance who was tall, gaunt, and selfish. The white cock was the same. I never saw him give a bit of food to any of the hens. He ate more than all the others, but he never grew fat. He walked about, taking no notice, that I ever saw, of anything but himself. He was a hateful bird. One day I had been watching him, and the resemblance to old Mr P—— struck me forcibly. I called to the cook, and said: 'Lizzy, who is that white cock like?'

She looked, and then replied: 'Why, old Mr P——.'

'Don't say anything, and I will see if any one else notices the likeness.'

I asked papa and mamma to come into the yard, and see if they recognised a resemblance to any one.

'Old Mr P—— to the life.'

Some time after this, my father told the gardener to kill the white cock. He meant a fine young one that was in the same yard. When the cover was removed at dinner, the bird was trussed as the custom was with its head under the wings—I suddenly exclaimed: 'Mamma, that is old Mr P——.'

Willy the gardener had killed him by mistake. I need scarcely say no part of its body was eaten at our table; and upon being removed to the kitchen Old Willy chuckled when it was placed before him, saying: 'I dunna care how many cocks and hens our young Miss calls after her friends, as long as I can have them for my dinner. I reckon it is the only thing old P—— was ever good for in his life.'

In the other yard was a game-cock, the most beautiful bird of the kind I ever saw. He had several wives, and it was a curious thing to see the different airs and graces of the ladies in his train. He was an inveterate fighter, if he could escape from the yard, which was surrounded by a high wall. By some means, an accident had happened to his foot, and he became lame. My brother, who was a medical student, advised us to poultice it. Mamma undertaking this, Ralph came every morning to have his foot dressed, and

though evidently suffering very much, allowed her to attend to it. But no improvement came, and the poor proud bird began to droop. One day we heard a loud noise; a famous game-cock had come into the yard when the gate was left open, attacked Ralph, and had beaten him severely. He was sorely injured, though he had defended himself well. Mamma picked him up and carried him away, but next morning he was out in the yard, warming himself in the sun. I was very glad I was there to see what I then saw, or I could not have believed it. Ralph had been beaten! He was no longer to be honoured by his faithless wives. They came first one by one, and then all together, looking with all the contempt they could display. One and another pecked at him; and at last the prettiest, and his favourite, went straight up to him and gave him a severe dab near his eye. But there was one faithful friend among them, an awkward bustling brown hen, with no pretensions to beauty, who flew to his rescue, stood resolutely before the prostrate bird—for he had sunk to the ground, as if heart-broken—and sheltered him with her wings. It was useless to leave him in the poultry-yard, so he and his faithful brown hen were placed in the garden, the tool-house being left open for them through the night. Some weeks passed, and Ralph grew weaker, till one morning we found him dead. A grave was dug, and his faithful wife saw him placed in it. She was taken back to the yard; but she never rallied; and a few days after we saw her lying cold and lifeless on the spot where the friend of her generous heart lay buried.

THE INTOXICATING PROPERTIES OF THE HEMP-PLANT.

It is known to many, though not perhaps a matter of general knowledge, that the hemp-plant supplies Asiatic natives with a cheap intoxicating stimulant. Mohammedans, Hindus, Sikhs, and others whose religion forbids them the use of alcohol, find in this plant a substitute so perfect as to reconcile them to keeping the letter of their law; not caring much in this or any other respect for the spirit thereof.

Hemp has nothing pleasant in its taste, and therein lies at a disadvantage with many forms of alcohol; and when mixed with tobacco and smoked in the hookah, it has an exceedingly unpleasant smell, that clings for some time to buildings.

Its effects are very different from those of alcohol, acting powerfully on certain parts of the constitution when taken in excess, but being less generally injurious, though in extreme cases it produces temporary madness. It may also be taken in decoction, or in a solid form is put into sweetmeats. In ordinary doses it is merely a gentle and pleasant stimulant, and excites none of the brutal coarseness produced by alcoholic excess, though quarrelling sometimes results from over-indulgence.

Probably there is nothing so powerful as hemp for annihilating fear. It is very generally taken by the sepy of India before entering into action, and

Mohammedan fanatics brave death under its influence. This latter excitement has been common in Afghanistan lately. Afghans believing that paradise awaits them if killed while fighting the Infidel, have deliberately intoxicated themselves with this drug and rushed into our camps—to which the country-people were allowed entrance for the purpose of selling provisions—cutting down all who came in their way till they were themselves killed, or taken alive to be tried by drumhead court-martial. In our petty wars with the hill-tribes in that region determined rushes have often been made on us by small bodies of men similarly deadened to fear by the free use of hemp!

Sometimes the effect of the drug is very curious. The writer saw a trooper of a Bengal Lancer regiment one morning on the line of march, while the horses were at the walk, suddenly wheel his horse round, and bringing his lance to the charge, gallop down the ranks from his place near the head of the regiment, scattering the men right and left, who, however, all managed to get out of his way, as he made no determined aim at any one. He continued his career down the road, till he was chased and caught. He was quite mad for the time being; and on arrival in camp, not knowing what to do with him, they tied his arms and legs, and then fastened him by a rope to a tent-peg firmly driven into the ground. He then fancied himself a horse, and commenced grazing, which they allowed him to do, as it kept him quiet. By evening he was all right again.

Not far from Cawnpore there was a large tank where two or three other men and I used to fish. One evening while so engaged, a native from a village close by came quietly behind one of our party who was intently watching his float beginning to bob, and deliberately hurled a great brick-bat at him, which luckily only grazed his head without doing any damage. The ruffian was soon in the hands of the village policeman, who put him in the stocks, and then informed us that the wretch was under the influence of hemp, which a certain set in that village were particularly addicted to, and for whose benefit the stocks had been introduced.

A young English officer at Delhi once thought he should like to try the effects of hemp on himself, but unfortunately took more than he intended; and bareheaded, on a scorching day in May, he sped down the road, armed with a large knife, and attacked a poor bullock, which was the first thing he met. Luckily, a guard of the Rifle Brigade was at hand, so he was quickly disarmed, taken home, and put in charge of the doctor, who shaved his head and applied ice, which brought him round. At the native Indian nautch or dance performed by professional dancing-women, hemp is often handed round in sweetmeats to the guests, to add to the dreamy mesmeric effect which it is the object and intention of the rhythmic motion of hands and feet of the dancers with their monotonous song, to produce. This intention of the dance is generally unknown to Europeans in India, who do not therefore lend themselves to the effect, and find the affair extremely wearisome and slow; while to those who understand it, it is not at times unpleasant, though of an enervating tendency if frequently indulged in.

EFFECT OF COLD ON THE NATIVES OF THE TROPICS.

A striking commentary on the effect of cold upon natives of the tropics is to be found in *My Chief and I*, a book just published by Chapman and Hall. Colonel Durnford, colonial engineer, was on the Drakenberg with a party of Basutos, and a number of prisoners of the Putini tribe, who were employed in stopping the passes into Natal. A snow-storm with a bitter wind came on, and at once the natives collapsed. The Putini men felt it most. Nothing could induce them to stir. They lit no fires, cooked no food. It was impossible to do anything with them even for their own comfort. At last, finding that even when the order was given to march down into the warm valley, they did not move, the Colonel had the tents pulled down over their heads. Still they lay helpless, crying: 'Let us die, 'Nikos; only let us die.' The white men of the party were ordered to force them out, and they were found perfectly paralysed. There was no sham about it; 'their brown skins were white with cold.' It was with the greatest difficulty they were got down the mountain to the valley, where there were plenty of old bushmen's caves for them to shelter in.

Natives of the Hindustan plains are even less able to endure sudden cold than Africans are. The present writer has known cases of coolies, the honestest and most faithful messengers in the world, actually dying in the Ghauts through being caught in a piercing wind such as they, Madrassees born and bred in the low lands, had never before experienced. While, therefore, hasty reasoners were hard in the case of the *El Dorado* lascars, better informed people felt that the real fault lay with those who put the poor fellows into a position for which they were by nature wholly unfitted. Let any one who has a garden try to gather a few turnips or cabbage leaves when they are covered with frozen snow, and he will be able to form some notion of what it must be for those who were nurtured in latitude fifteen degrees, to be for hours handling frozen ropes.

TOO SOON.

She came, how sweet and fair she came
To our rude earth, and stayed awhile,
A tender spirit, free from blame,
And lit with an angelic smile.
Ah me! that smiles so sweet should fade
From lips that in the grave are laid.

She was so young, the light intense
That seemed to guard her from her birth,
Spoke but of stainless innocence,
And purity too great for earth.
Ah me! that light so pure should fade
From eyes that in the grave are laid.

And then she left us, as a bark
White-winged sinks dimly from our sight,
Or as some sweet song-burdened lark
Soars upward to the realms of light.
Ah me! that youth and hope should fade
When beauty in the grave is laid.

R. C. LOHMANN.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF AN EQUESTRIAN MANAGER.

BY CHARLES W. MONTAGUE, MANAGER OF NEWSOME'S CIRCUS.

FIRST PAPER.

THERE has been no attempt to adhere to any special plan in the arrangement of the following anecdotes. They are written in almost the same order in which the memories themselves have recurred to mind in moments of leisure; and that those moments are not too plentiful, must be some excuse for shortcomings.

The aim of the equestrian performer is to amuse and to interest, and that is all; while the actor goes far beyond this; at one moment splitting our sides with mirth, at another reading us a moral lesson, and at another harrowing our souls with the dread outpourings of the tragic muse. To no such heights as these does the equestrian aspire. If he amuses, he is content; and no loftier ambition prompts the writer of these pages. To interest and amuse is his sole desire, and he will be well satisfied should the verdict be that in this he has been successful.

In the great majority of cases, the members of my profession are brought up to it from their childhood, one might almost say from their cradle. For even before the junior members of the company are brought into actual training, they are in many ways absorbing into their nature a strong predilection and aptitude for the pursuits of their parents. But at the same time, our ranks are largely recruited from without by people of various ages, and under circumstances quite as various.

Speaking more particularly of my own early career, I was during my youth entirely unconnected with circus matters; but I was when quite young brought into frequent contact with horses at my father's extensive stables, and attribute to this circumstance the tastes which afterwards grew upon me. I was born in the City of London, 'within the sound of Bow Bells,' at an ancient hostelry which had been in the possession of our

family since the Great Fire of London; the premises having been built the year after that catastrophe, and pulled down only a few years ago, to make way for local improvements. It was a great coaching-house; and in addition to that, my father kept a large number of post-horses and vehicles, a branch of which business he also conducted at Reading. I remember well, when a mere lad, watching with particular interest the daily arrival of the Dover mail with its steaming foam-covered team, as it entered the large courtyard of the inn, with its dark wooden gallery, leading to the many rooms of the straggling premises. It was from this house that the Dover mail started regularly until a few years ago, when the opening of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway rendered its services, even its existence, no longer necessary. So far as I am aware, this was the last mail that ran out of London.

Whether here or at Reading, I was always in the stables—except when at school or in bed—watching and helping the grooms, or tending my favourite horses, which I would feed and caress and occasionally ride about the yard. As I grew up, I not only acquired a thoroughly practical knowledge of the horse, of his ailments and their remedies, of his tempers and how to manage them; but I likewise imbibed a genuine love for that noblest servant of man. In after-years, having been brought into frequent intercourse with many who were connected with circus life, it so fell out that, by the time I was eighteen years of age, I had acquired as great a knowledge of circus matters as some who had followed the calling all their lives.

I must not omit to mention one circumstance of an interesting nature connected with my boyhood. Though born in London, and a free-man of that city, I passed my early life, as I have already said, partly at Reading; and was there educated at the well-known school belonging to and conducted by the Misses Welch. The school is still carried on, though under different management. Whilst I was there, one of the assistant tutors was a Miss Harper, whose father

had formerly kept a school at Barnard Castle, Yorkshire. When Dickens's *Nicholas Nickleby* was published, with its description of Dotheboys Hall, of its owner the immortal Mr Squeers, and his daughter Miss Squeers, of brimstone and treacle celebrity, it was at once perceived, or supposed, by those who were acquainted with Mr Harper's school, that it was the veritable prototype of Dotheboys Hall, and that the proprietor and his accomplished daughter were the great originals of Mr and Miss Squeers. Parents of the pupils there made inquiries into matters, and withdrew their children. The school was ruined; and 'Mr Squeers' brought an action against the publishers of the offending book. 'Miss Squeers,' finding her occupation gone—so far as Barnard Castle was concerned—had to find a suitable field for her labours elsewhere, and entered the establishment where I was a pupil at Reading.

In a wandering life like ours, the vicissitudes of fortune are endless. At one time the strolling 'professional' may be down on his luck, as it is called; at another he may get an unexpected lift which, if taken due advantage of, may for the time-being alter the whole tone of his life. The following anecdote is a case in point. I have entitled it Harry Graham as a Wizard.

Before I joined the circus of the younger Ginnett, of circus celebrity, in 1860, I had made the acquaintance of several members of the company travelling with Mr Ginnett's father. Early in the spring of 1859 some business took me into the neighbourhood of Whitechapel, and while passing the *London Apprentice* public-house, I heard my name shouted, and looking round, espied Harry Graham, whom I had known as a clown in the elder Ginnett's circus. He was doing a conjuring-trick outside a miserable booth, at the same time inviting the public to walk in, the charge being one halfpenny. On the completion of the trick, he jumped off the platform, and insisted upon adjourning to the public-house, where he explained the difficulty he was in through having been laid up all the winter with rheumatic gout. On his partial recovery, he was compelled to accept the first thing that offered, which was an engagement with the owner of the booth, a man known in the profession as the 'Dudley Demon.' Poor Harry begged me to give him a start; so, knowing him to be a fair hand at conjuring tricks, I came to an arrangement to take him through the provinces as M. Phillipi the Wizard. This was on a Friday. On the following Wednesday, so quickly had our arrangements been completed, my conjurer appeared at Ramsgate to morning and evening performances; the former netting eighteen pounds, and the latter fourteen pounds; our prices being three shillings, two shillings, and one shilling. Yet in Whitechapel this same man would not have earned five shillings a day!

Among other places we visited was Dartford, where I took the *Bull Hotel* assembly-room, which had been recently built, but not yet opened. Mrs S—, a lady of considerable distinction, kindly gave me her patronage, and I arranged for a band from Gravesend. On the day of the performance, towards the afternoon, as the band had not arrived, I sent my assistant to Gravesend with instructions to bring the musicians with him.

At half-past seven, the time announced for opening the doors, a large crowd had assembled, as much out of curiosity to see the new room as to witness the performances; so in a short time every seat was occupied. Just before the clock struck eight—the time for commencement—my assistant came rushing in with the intelligence that the band had gone to Dover to a permanent engagement. I ran round to the stage-door and told Graham. He said it was impossible to give the entertainment without music of some sort to carry it off. In my despair I rushed into the street, intending to go to Reeves the music-seller and hire a piano-forte. But I had not gone far when I heard a squeaking noise, which upon approaching closer, I found to proceed from three very dirty little German boys, one playing a cornopean, another a trombone, and the third a flageolet. On accosting them, I found they could not speak a word of English; so I took two of them by the arms and dragged them along, leaving the other to follow his companions to their fate. On reaching the building, I could hear the impatient audience making a noise for a start. Harry Graham, on seeing my musicians, said it would upset everything to allow them to be in sight of the audience. 'I can manage that,' I said; 'we will just put them under the stage, and I will motion them when to strike up and when to leave off.' In another moment M. Phillipi was on the stage and received with shouts by the audience. At the conclusion of the performance, I went to the front and thanked my patroness, Mrs S—, for her kindness. 'Ah!' said that lady, 'he is very clever. But oh! that horrid unearthly music!'

On finishing the watering-towns, I returned to the metropolis and took the Cabinet Theatre, King's Cross, where M. Phillipi appeared with success. One evening, to vary the performance, we arranged to do the 'bottle-trick,' and specially engaged a confederate, who was to change the bottles from the top of the ladder through one of the stage traps over which the table was placed. By some error the man took up his position there the moment the bell rang for the curtain to go up, instead of waiting until the commencement of the second part of the entertainment. Commencing his usual address, M. Phillipi explained to the audience that he did not use machinery or employ confederates as other conjurers were wont to do; and to convince them, he leaned over the front of the table and pulled up the cloth which hung to the ground, exclaiming at the same time: 'You see there is nothing here but a common deal table.' To his surprise, the audience exclaimed: 'There is a man there!' But he was equal to the occasion, and went on with his address, taking an early opportunity of giving the confederate a smart kick, which sent him into the depths below with more haste than he had bargained for.

At this establishment, while under my management, the earthly career of Harry Graham was brought to a close. For many years it had been his boast that his *Richard III.* was second only to Edmund Kean's, and that he only lacked the opportunity to astound all London with his impersonation of the character. Now, when the opportunity had arrived and he had determined to play it for his benefit, the excitement caused by the realisation of this dream of years was too

much for him; he died, poor fellow, a few days afterwards. Those who are curious about the last resting-place of this really admirable showman, will find his grave in the Tower Hamlets Cemetery.

At the end of 1860 I joined Ginnett's circus at Greenwich, and found the business in a wretched condition; the principal cause of this being that the circus had only a tin roof and wooden boarding round, and owing to the severe weather, could not be kept warm. I was at my wits' end to improve receipts when, being one day in a barber's shop getting shaved, the barber remarked: 'There goes poor T——.' Upon inquiring, I was informed that the gentleman who had just passed the window had been M.P. for Greenwich; but owing to pecuniary difficulties, had been obliged to resign. My informant added that he was a most excellent actor, having performed *Richard III.* and other plays with great success. What was more, he was an immense favourite in Greenwich and Deptford, having been the means while in the House of Commons of getting the dockyard labourers' wages considerably advanced. It immediately struck me that if I could get the ex-M.P. to perform at our circus, it would be a great hit. With this object in view, I waited upon Mr T—— the next morning, and explained my object. 'Heaven knows,' he said in reply, 'that I want money badly enough; but to do this in Greenwich would be impossible.' I did not give the matter up, but pressed him on several occasions, until at last he consented to appear for a fortnight as *Richard III.* upon sharing 'terms.' The next difficulty was to provide actors for the other leading characters in the piece, there being no one but Mr Ginnett and myself capable of taking a part. This difficulty, however, we got over by cutting the piece down, and 'doubling' for the parts; Mr Ginnett and myself appearing as Richmond, Catesby, Norfolk, Ratcliffe, Stanley, and the ghosts. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, the business proved a great success; so much so, that Mr T—— insisted upon treating the whole company to a supper. Shortly after this he went to America.

We now made immediate preparations for our journey by road to Cardiff, which had been arranged some time previously. In summer, such a journey has many attractions; in winter, it is as a rule dreary, uncomfortable work. But in such a winter as that of 1860-1 it was something to be remembered for a lifetime. A month's frost had preceded Christmas; snow lay deep on the ground; a partial thaw, followed by a frost still more intense, had rendered the roads almost impassable for any kind of traffic, more especially so for the large and cumbrous vans with which a circus moves from place to place. To make matters still more uncomfortable, the ample funds placed at my disposal for the entire journey to Cardiff ran out more quickly than they should have done, and as a natural consequence I had afterwards to cut and contrive in various ways, not adding very much thereby to the comfort of our company. But I am anticipating.

Our first resting-place was Maidenhead, a town which we reached on Sunday. Going straight to the *White Hart*, the principal hotel of the place, we applied for admission, but were refused. In

face of this unexpected rebuff, I tried other hostels, but these all followed the lead of the *White Hart*. My only resource then was to go to the superintendent of police, who, after receiving my statement, accompanied me to the nearest magistrate. This gentleman, with great courtesy and promptitude, immediately sallied forth into the bitter cold, and came with us to the *White Hart*, outside the closed portals of which the members of our company were awaiting my return, like Peris at the gate of Paradise. The magistrate at once ordered the premises to be opened to us, which of course was immediately done. The moment the other hotel-keepers saw the *White Hart* throw wide its doors, they flocked round me with pressing offers of entertainment for man and beast. But I at once decided that as all the hotels alike had refused to take us in, and the *White Hart* alone had suffered the ignominy of magisterial coercion, the *White Hart* alone should benefit by our presence.

Departing from Maidenhead, we continued our westward course. Funds, as I have already suggested, were being expended more rapidly than was warranted by the distance we had travelled, considering that I had to make what I had lost the whole journey, or be censured for a bad manager if I applied for more. The commissariat was in a woful plight; an insignificant matter in genial weather, but a most trying hardship when exposed to all the severity of an arctic winter. In the midst of such trials as these, however, we could make our joke, good-humouredly comparing our journey with the disastrous westward flight of Napoleon across the Russian wastes; and as the 'Retreat from Moscow' this episode has ever since been alluded to by those who took part in it.

Continuing on our way, we passed through Cheltenham, where we found Myers's Circus performing; then through Gloucester and Newport; and finally brought our tedious and wretched journey to a close at Cardiff. We had lost six valuable horses on the road, victims to short-comings and severe weather combined. Ginnett, however, in spite of these unpleasant drawbacks, was sanguine and full of the coming business. So we set to work with a will, to make amends for past ill-luck, and secure a successful season in our new location.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER IV.—AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Suddenly, I beheld the stranger, bodily, of yesterday afternoon.

ALL day I was haunted by the memory of the face. It moulded itself so severely that afternoon, and so terribly in the night which followed, that to this very day I remember it more clearly than I remember any other countenance I ever saw. It was less the figure than the face. The figure was blurred and dim even then; but every line and tint of the face was cruelly clear.

That afternoon, Sally took me to the neighbouring town, and to a huge emporium of ready-made clothing there. In a retiring-room of that establishment I was wedged tightly into a suit of clothes, in which I reminded myself vaguely of a

rhinoceros, whose pictured semblance I had somewhere seen. A great many other purchases were made, and for Sally the day was a busy one. It lay somehow upon my childish conscience that I had allowed one of my school-fellows to be accused of a crime he had not committed; but I was so perfectly assured that Sally would not in the least understand me if I tried to tell her what had really happened, that I forbore from saying anything at all about the stranger. Possibly he was with me all the more on account of the very secrecy in which I felt myself compelled to harbour him. At least I know now that his face, in some strange inexplicable way, mingles for me with the rolling noises of a great town's traffic; with the first glimmer of the gas-lamps in a crowded street; with the rattle of a railway journey; with a hundred of the new experiences of that afternoon, which have since renewed themselves countless times, as such experiences will.

The face identified itself then, and remains identified now, with the flickering of the fire; with the quiet of the room; with the solemn ticking of the clock; with the voices and the footsteps of casual passers-by outside; with the winding stairway; with the sparsely furnished bedroom; with the glimmer of the departing light; with the darkness and the silence which ensued. As I can see it now, I can translate it as the face of a man with no settled purpose possible. I can read in it nothing but blind fear and horror and despair. And if it touches me so now, is it a thing to be wondered at that it haunted me so many years back, like an evil ghost?

When, by Sally's aid, I had redwedged myself into my unaccustomed garments, and stood cumbrously in the middle of the kitchen, awaiting the advent of yesterday's visitor, the face seemed to be still there. But when we were all three inside the cab and I was seated on the stately lady's knee, and we had reached the station door, suddenly I beheld the stranger, bodily, of yesterday afternoon! I knew him directly, though he was much changed. He was no longer well dressed, but was attired in a suit of moleskin, and a pair of clay-soiled boots, and an old battered wide-awake hat, and a dirty flannel shirt. I noted too that the stranger recognised me.

I had not up to this time been able to realise in any measure the relationship between the stately lady and myself. If she had been younger, my knowledge of fiction might have come to my aid, and she might have been the Fairy Peribanou, or the Princess Badroulbador, or any of the thousand-and-one *inamorates* of *Gil Blas* or *Roderick Random*. How innocent the childish fancy is! How incomplete and how complete at once! The better part of a book read in childhood is a legacy left by the child to the man. It is only the man who can find the dross of it and the folly of it, and can incorporate that dross and folly—not the child.

But she had talked to me in such a kindly and

motherly way, and her face was so eminently lovable and gracious, that I had already overcome my first shyness, and with that impulsive certainty which is the best dowry of the childish heart, had already thrown myself, quite securely, upon her love and protection. And so it was something of an added wonder to notice that the eyes of yesterday's stranger, when they left mine and rested for a moment on her face, should assume a double horror, and that with a sudden exclamation the stranger, turning, should beat an instant retreat, and be speedily forgotten by all but me.

We all three rode together; Sally sitting stiffly upright and rigidly unobservant in one corner of the railway-carriage, and I seated for a considerable part of the journey in the lady's lap. I cannot remember that up to this time I had known any of those playful endearments which mean so much to children. I have no memory whatsoever of my parents; and Sally, though I can never underprize her affection, had not many of Love's outer graces. Personally, she was of a broad and bony pattern, and had more angles on her than I have ever seen upon a human structure since. She was very hard and red in face and hands and arms; and had a curious roughness on her skin, as though she were in the habit of drying herself with a file whenever she washed herself. She was a tearful creature too, and when she felt any especial affection for me, would take me on her lap and would put those rough red arms about me, and cry over me for half an hour together. So that, upon the whole, I am afraid I rather evaded than courted any demonstration of her love. But the lady, as we rode together, pointed out this, that, and the other object on the way which she thought might interest my childish fancy, and had, for all her stateliness, a thousand of those endearing and graceful ways which make a woman the proper guide and companion of childhood. And thus it came about that the phantom face was destined to represent and to be associated with one other experience; and thus, even now—so firmly do these childish memories cling—that face is mixed with my first experiences of the 'pleasantries of affection; and even now—so firmly does the childish memory cling—the pleased laugh of a child brings back that sombre phantom to my mind.

There was another association which the face took during that journey, and which I have not yet forgotten. Sally, inspired, I suppose, by a sense of the new character of our relations, addressed me whenever she spoke as Master Campbell, and alluded to me always in the same distant phrase. There was to my young spirit something so forlorn and alien and foreign in the sound, that after it had been repeated once or twice I lay down, and under pretence of going to sleep, covered up my head and had a cry about it. But Sally—bless her kindly heart!—saw it all, and when my aunt had left the carriage in pursuit of refresh-

ments at a great station at which the train rested, and took its own refreshment in the shape of coke and water, the faithful creature lifted me from the corner in which I lay, and said: 'There; I won't do it again, deary. Wipe your eyes. Here's your aunt comin'. There; run and look out o' window. It shall be Johnny when we're by wereselves.'

Somewhat comforted by this assurance, I stood at the carriage-window and looked out on the landscape until I made myself believe that we were standing still; whilst the near country waltzed quickly by us to a lively tune, and the distant country paced slowly on to a sad one. Both the sad tune and the lively one were made by the rolling and rattling of the wheels, and the sad tune came in with a single note at the end of every second bar of the lively tune. I amused myself by keeping them distinct, and by making both the near and distant country keep time to their rhythmic throb. Then I invented a new joy which was almost equal to that of the clay pit. I closed my eyes until I found myself undetermined for a moment as to the direction in which the train was going, and then, by an effort of will, reversed its motion. When the delusion was complete, I opened my eyes, and the delicious delirious shock with which the panting monster of an engine suddenly reversed himself, and bore me onward, instead of bearing me backward, was a thing not to be described.

At a station at which a red-whiskered and sanguine-complexioned porter bawled out 'Hether-ton,' we alighted, and a man on the platform touched his hat to my aunt. He wore a queer black star at the side of his hat, and was dressed in a drab livery. He was the first liveried servant I had seen. I took him for some tremendous functionary, and his evident respect for my aunt made her almost awful in my eyes. What my aunt said to this man I did not catch, but I heard him answer: 'No ma'am. Mr Fairholt's coming down by the next train from town, ma'am, and I'm here to meet him.'

'Very good,' said my aunt, and so left the platform, and walked before us through the station and stepped into a cab. She said nothing to the cabman; but he went into the station and brought back with him our luggage, which my aunt had already pointed out to a porter. When he had put the luggage on the top of the cab, he mounted, and drove us away without a word of instruction; from which I argued that my aunt was well known there. The road ran for some distance between fields; some of these were newly ploughed, and in others the stubble was still standing. The hedges were almost bare of leaves, and the roads were wet with recent rains. The skies were gray, and the clouds hung low; and the wind tossed and tousled the boughs as if it had a restless spite against them. Then for a time the road ran past a broad and turbid river, and then through lanes again, until we crossed a wooden bridge, passed through a wooden gate, which the cabman

got down to open, and went by a firmly gravelled carriage-way round the lawn, which lay in front of a large and stately house of red brick. This house was quite invisible, by reason of the trees which thronged about it, until we came upon the carriage-drive; and was half hidden, even then, by a thick and clustering growth of ivy.

The cabman having been dismissed, I was taken by my aunt into a room on the ground-floor. I had never until that day consciously even dreamed of such an apartment. It seemed to me unspeakably magnificent. It had pictures and a piano and a rich carpet and a marble mantel-piece and a great mirror, and a number of articles of furniture of which I knew neither the uses nor the names. Curiously enough, in the midst of all its strangeness, I was as perfectly certain that I had seen it before as I was that I was there. There was a bright fire burning in the grate; and notwithstanding what seemed to me the grandeur of the room, it looked very homelike and comfortable. The whole of one wall was lined with books.

'You must stay here for a little while,' my aunt said as she kissed me and smoothed my hair. 'Can you read?'

I answered shyly: 'Yes.'

'Can you?' she said. 'Let me hear you;' and took up a book from the table.

It chanced to be a volume of Coleridge's poems, and opened naturally at the *Ancient Mariner*. I began:

'It is an ancient mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.'

She laughed a little, partly in surprise, and partly, I fancy, at my uncouth accent, and said: 'O yes. That will do nicely. You can go on reading, if you like.—This book,' she said, tapping a volume with her finger, 'is full of pictures. You may look at it.'

But I had no appetite for the pictures just then, and was eager to know more of the *Ancient Mariner*, and so buried myself in that story, and mixed my ghost up with it all, until with the weirdness of the poet's fancy and the terror of my own I grew quite frightened. How long my aunt had left me alone, I cannot say; but I had just come to the end of the *Ancient Mariner's* story, when the door opened and a gray-headed old gentleman with a peevish face entered.

The old gentleman advanced towards me, and putting a hand on each knee, bent down to look at me, and asked me in a peevish voice: 'Well, my little man, and who are you?'

It came across me suddenly that my aunt was an embodied deception, who had inveigled me away from Sally, and had left me here as a prey to the gray-headed old gentleman. I was very frightened and nervous and unhinged, and I began to cry.

'O dear,' said the old gentleman, with face and voice more peevish than before; 'I can't have this—I can't have this.' Then he struck a gong, an action which filled me with the direst forebodings. The summons, however, produced nothing more dreadful than a pink-cheeked damsel in cotton print who had received us when we arrived.

'Who is?—Who is?'—So the old gentleman began in a nervous, fretful, irritable way. 'Who is?'—He seemed to give up the idea

of indicating me verbally, as an impossibility, and threw a hand towards me instead.

'I don't know, sir,' said the girl. 'He came with Mrs Campbell, half an hour ago.'

'Where is she?' asked the old gentleman in the same irritable way.

I heard the rustle of a dress outside, and the damsel answered: 'Here sir;' and my aunt appeared.

'Good-day, Robert,' she said.

The girl retired; and the old gentleman, indicating me again by a wave of the hand, asked: 'Who is this?'

My aunt settled herself in an arm-chair, arranged her dress, folded her hands, dropped her head back negligently, and responded: 'A protégé of mine.'

The old gentleman gave a feeble and a peevish start.

'Now, Robert,' said my aunt in a very calm tone, but with a decision and certainty which seemed quite natural to her, 'we will not discuss that question just at present. He ought to have been here—— Let us say, for example,' she said, arresting herself suddenly, and casting a glance at me, 'X. has been grossly neglected by A., whose duty it was to provide for him, and who knew perfectly well of his whereabouts. B. discovers A.'s neglected duty, and brings A. face to face with his responsibilities.' Then with a change of tone and another glance at me, she continued: 'This is your nephew, Robert—poor John Campbell's child.'

'Dear me, Bertha,' said the old gentleman, rubbing one hand fretfully with the other. 'Ties of blood are ties of blood'——

'That's a proposition I don't in the least dispute,' my aunt intercepted. 'I am glad to find that you admit it.'

'But I can't go about the country searching out all the paupers who happen to be within fifty degrees of me by marriage. Bless my soul!' said the old gentleman with anything but a voice of benediction, 'it's impossible.'

'If John Campbell,' said my aunt, with the same calm decision of tone, 'had said "Impossible!" when Robert Fairholt wished to borrow ten thousand pounds once on a time'—— She did not close the sentence, but waited as if watching its effect. The old gentleman walked up and down the room, taking three or four steps each way, and then pulling himself up with a jerk. There was an air of helpless exasperation about him, and he harried his gray hair peevishly with his hands.

'I suppose you will have your way, Bertha, since you have brought him here'——

'Since,' said my aunt, intercepting him again—'Since X. has been discovered by B., A. is left without option. Don't worry yourself over so simple a question, Robert.'

The old gentleman walked jerkily up and down the room again. It seemed to me as though every time he started, he had made up his mind to go for something in a great hurry, and that he pulled himself up less because he came to the wall, than because of a spiteful contradiction within himself of his own first purpose. After half-a-dozen turns, he suddenly abandoned this contradiction of his own design, and went out at the door. My aunt laughed in a short triumphant way.

'Come with me, John,' she said a moment afterwards, and led me to a room at the top of the house. In this room sat a little girl, a golden-haired, blue-eyed, pretty little creature, who gravely employed herself in cutting out a fantastic pattern from a sheet of brown paper with a tiny pair of scissors. To this young lady my aunt introduced me as a cousin.

'Cousin Mary and Cousin John,' said my aunt. 'Now, you young people must be very fond of each other. Won't you?' she asked, kneeling down between us and putting an arm round each.

I think I should probably be less embarrassed by an introduction at this time to a lady of my own years, though the introduction were couched in precisely similar terms, than I was then; and my embarrassment, so far as I remember, arose from a feeling that it was somehow a piece of dreadful presumption in me to be there at all, listening to a suggestion, and giving countenance to it by my silence, that such a young lady in such a house could possibly accept me on terms of equality, or could under any circumstances condescend to be fond of me. I felt as though in my own person I had been guilty of this invitation of her affections, and I hung my head. When I looked up, I saw that the little girl was surveying me in a critical but not unapproving way. She confirmed my impression of her opinion by saying calmly to her aunt: 'I like him,' and instantly crossing over and kissing me. 'He's like Franty,' she said, as if in explanation. My aunt laughed, and kissed each of us, and went away. I stood in shy silence when she had left me, and Cousin Mary went back to the fantastic pattern in brown paper.

'How old are you?' she asked, with quite an air of years and patronage.

I told her.

'What's your other name?' she asked.

I answered again as nervously as though before a queen.

'Are you clever?' she questioned further. 'Do you know any tales? I shall like you if you know tales.'

This emboldened me, and I said Yes; I knew a good many. She dropped the fantastic pattern and the scissors on the floor, settled herself in her chair, cross-legged like a Turk, leaned back with closed eyes, and said with a sort of languid imperiousness: 'Tell one now.'

This sudden command more than renewed my first shyness, and I stood and hung my head before her, as though she had been a full-blown Sultana, and I the meanest of her subjects. She opened her eyes and said with languid impatience: 'Oh, what an awkward boy you are. Go on.'

Thus commanded, I made an effort, and plunged desperately into my last read narrative—the *Ancient Mariner*. I had just got so far as to state that the man who was going to the wedding was afraid to move because the old gentleman with the gray beard stared at him so, when she stopped me.

'I don't like that,' she said. 'Do you know about the three bears?'

I muttered a confession of my ignorance.

'Nor about Red Ridinghood?'

I did not quite know Red Ridinghood; but I knew Bluebeard and Jack the Giant-killer, and Aladdin and Jack and the Bean-stalk.

Whether the Sultana's mind would have continued in favour of story-telling, I cannot say, for the door opened just then, and a gentleman entered the room. He nodded at my companion, and said: 'Well, Polly.' She nodded back at him and laughed. The gentleman regarded me with an air of good-humoured amusement for a minute or two, and I felt sure of him at once. He was many years younger than my aunt, but was strikingly like her. He was very handsome too, and had a soft engaging manner. I liked his kindly gray eyes and his candid face, at once. He sat down and took me on his knee. 'Well, my little man,' he said, 'how do you like your new home?'

I said I didn't know.

He set me down again, and laid a hand on each of my shoulders, and so held me at arm's-length, and laughed. 'I must get to know this gentleman's tailor,' he said. 'I wonder whether this is his normal aspect, or whether Aunt Bertha has trussed him up in this way? What a funny little figure! We must mend all this, or we shall have the villagers burning him for a Guy on the Fifth. Frontal development, good; general expression, dreamy. Education, up to this time, I should say calculated to spoil him. Wonder if the governor's seen him?' All this he said less to himself than as if addressing some invisible fourth person. He sat and looked at me for a moment longer, and then asked me: 'Do you know what a frontal development is?'

'No sir,' I answered.

'Do you know what a Guy is?'

'No sir,' I responded again.

'That's all right then. Do you know what a shilling is?'

'Yes sir.'

'What would you do with it, if I gave you one?'

I told him I should give it to Sally to keep for me.

'Sally?' he said with a laugh. 'That's the bony importation I saw just now, I suppose. There you are. Now, you needn't give it to Sally; you can spend it, or do what you like with it.'

At that moment my aunt entered the room again. 'What, Will?' she said. 'You are beginning to spoil the child already?'

'I say, aunt,' he said, rising, 'what a spectacle the infant is! Who chose that dress?'

'It's not a very successful choice,' my aunt responded. 'But it will do for one of the village children. I ought to have seen to that myself, but was too busy.'

'What does the governor say about it? About your bringing the child here, I mean?'

'He says very little,' responded my aunt. 'In fact I think he says nothing at all.'

'He has seen him, I suppose?'

'Yes; he has seen him.'

'That's all right then. It was a clear duty; but his ways are so methodical and settled, and anything new about the house disturbs him so, that I was rather afraid he might be annoyed.'

With that they both went away, and Cousin Mary and I were once more left alone together. At her bidding, I kept shop until tea-time, and she came in at intervals and bought my whole stock, on credit. The tea-board was presided over

by the pink-cheeked damsel in the cotton print; and after tea, Mary and I played at keeping shop again until Aunt Bertha came, with Sally in her wake, and saw me tubbed and night-gowned, and heard me offer up my quaint evening petition. Then she took me in her arms and carried me to a tiny bedroom, with a sloping roof, and with white curtains and a dormer window. There was a fire-grate in the room, and the wood that burned and crackled in it made a cheerful flicker on the walls and roof and on the white curtains and the bed. My aunt kissed me and laid me down, and arranged the clothes about me with a kind and gentle hand, and then sat down beside me, and sang softly some verses of a Christmas hymn about the good King Wenceslas. It was raining outside, and the trees were moaning; and as I lay there with the flicker of the firelight in my eyes and a sense of caressing softness in the bed, the pleasant voice, and the comfort of the room, and the noises of the wind and rain outside, and the moaning of the trees, and the charms of Cousin Mary, and the dread and terror of the stranger's face, and the weird story of the Ancient Mariner, seemed all to mingle wavingly together, as though their lights and shadows flickered with the flickering of the fire, until they rounded and were softened to a dream, and lost themselves in sleep.

THE CATTLE-RANCH IN COLORADO.

My first visit to a Colorado stock-ranch brought me into contact with a dozen booted, spurred, and bronzed men, who wore flannel shirts, wide hats, and no collar. They were riding over the country, shewing a rich Englishman the 'cows.' My host had one of the finest ranch-houses in Colorado, and the aforesaid flannel-shirted men had brought the gentleman down from Rabbit Ear Ranch to call. My first knowledge of their approach was a whirl, a sweep of horsemen rapidly approaching—although the hoofs made no noise on the soft turf, and then a loud whoop at the door. To one but recently from the land of gates and door-bells, this salute was singular. The visitors did not dismount, but dropped their reins, leaned from the saddles, and talked to the host, who had at the whoop made for the porch, the while their wild-eyed ponies stood with heads thrust into the roofed gallery. The broken sentences that fell on my ear contained mysterious syllables—cow-horses, cow-boys, cow-punchers, mavericks, carry-yards, round-ups, cutting-out, range, trail, outfit. The visit lasted an hour or more, refreshments and cigars being freely indulged in; then, with abrupt good-day, the cavalcade rode pell-mell away, across the breadth of wild-flowers and brown grass that spread on every hand far as the eye could reach.

There was no fence about the house; its piazza faced the mountains seventy miles away; the prairie blossoms leaned against the boards, as though the dwelling were a big thistle grown up in their midst; the sod had not been disturbed; there were no trees, no rose-bushes, no garden—none of the litter and rubbish of a new house in the East. Neat and complete as a pasteboard

box, it stood alone in the vast prairies, thirty miles from any other dwelling. The big herds of the owner were nowhere to be seen. They, with the horses and mules, were out in care of the cow-boys on the range. Afar out on the prairie, the tinkling bell of the leader, with the weird songs and shouts of the herders, now here, now there, as they headed off some refractory animal with wide detour and whizzing folds of the lariat, was one of the most peculiarly Western and fascinating of the many strange experiences of the ranch.

In Colorado there is a class of highly educated men engaged in the cattle-trade. The men are sun-burned, and wear flannel shirts while on the ranch; but none need mistake them for common or ignorant persons. They are in very many cases gentlemen of culture and standing. In the circle of ranchmen whose acquaintance I formed during my stay, there were several of considerable wealth and of scholarly attainments who, travelling in the West for health, had become interested in the cattle business, and enchanted by the wild open-air life; and who had invested in stock, roughed it, and were enjoying the climate, the freedom and the excitement, as well as the money it brings. One gentleman—mine host—had been in the royal navy of Great Britain; but he now likes the billowy prairies better than the deep blue sea. A neighbour was one of the best special geologists in America. Travelling in pursuit of his profession, he saw there was 'money in cattle,' and so left his æsthetic Boston home for a tent on the plains. Another scientist, whose name is known on two continents, has during the past year gone heavily into the business. Two Harvard graduates are on ranches adjoining. Two young Englishmen, educated in Germany, herd their own flocks, and live temporarily in a dug-out. At the ranch where I was entertained, I saw three youths, brown and bashful, come every evening home with the horses, and ride away in the early dawn, at break-neck pace, after the snorting herd. They looked like any farm-boys; yet in the evening, when work was over, and they sat on the steps with the family, their talk was wonderfully bright and interesting. Two of them had travelled in Europe. One was the son of an ex-Senator of California; another was the nephew of a general officer of the United States army; and the third was the son of a distinguished citizen of New York. They are as well-read boys as one can find anywhere. In delicate health, they left the city to 'rough it' in the prairies, and are stout and well now. Being busy from morning until night, riding all day over the blossoms and the fresh grass, and learning the cattle business from the beginning, these lads will no doubt in a few years own ranches and herds of their own.

The man wishing to engage in stock business in Colorado buys so many head from a Texas herd, from men just in on the trail—that is, who have just driven a herd up from Texas. So many year-

lings, either male or female or steers, and so many two years old and cows, are called 'stock-cattle'; three years old are 'separate stock-cattle'; over three years old are stock-'beeves.' The yearlings average nine dollars apiece; for two years old and cows thirteen dollars; for three-year old steers fifteen dollars; for beeves twenty dollars. The stock-man selects his range, builds his corral and shanties by contract, takes his cattle there, brands them, turns them loose, and pays his herders thirty to forty dollars per month, and his foreman seventy to one hundred dollars. Prices are higher farther north in the Indian country; but around where I was, that was the average.

The ranches are government land. Anybody can graze their herds thereon; but by common custom the man who has long had range in a certain place is not driven away by new-comers. A man can, if he chooses, pre-empt one hundred and sixty acres near a stream, build his house there, and allow his herds to range around for forty or fifty miles. The general pasture-land of this region is an immense triangle, bounded by the mountains, the North and South Platte, and the Arkansas. Very few cattle ever get over the mountains or across the rivers; therefore practically this range is inclosed by these natural boundaries. The customs concerning the range vary in different localities. On the Arkansas a man owns a certain number of miles of river-front; back of that he claims his range. The country on the South Platte is older, well settled, and every man's range is as well known as if it had a high wall about it.

In winter the cattle graze on land which from want of water is unavailable in summer. In winter the snow quenches their thirst, and under the snow the nutritious grass serves them as their daily food. They are never sheltered, or watched, or herded during the winter. Left to take care of themselves, they wander off, are driven by the storms far from home, and by spring scattered over the whole triangle inclosed by rivers and mountains. Every man's herds are mixed up together. Then comes the grand 'round-up.'

In Colorado, the time and places of the round-ups are established by law, or rather determined by county commissioners, who publish in the spring the names of places for the round-ups for every day during the six weeks, usually beginning in the middle of May. Every ranch or neighbourhood then fits out a squad of men to go and pick out their own cattle. Generally, a neighbourhood club together for the great spring frolic. There are busy times then after the long winter's rest and isolation. Though the mountains are still white with snow, a profusion of the daintiest wild blossoms carpets the prairie; and from the bleak plains which the frost has scarcely left, hardy floral pioneers peep forth from out the tender grass. Preparations are made for the grand ploy with systematic exactitude. Harness is overhauled, wagon-covers mended, provisions laid in, and at last, on a bright spring morning, the wagons and

outfit are seen starting from every ranch in the country towards a common meeting-place on the unfenced plain. For an outfit of one hundred and fifty men, thirty wagons is the average number; and at the round-up, at least seven hundred head of horses are seen.

Each squad elects a foreman or captain; and all the captains are under the control of the commander-in-chief, who, for the nonce, is a greater man than a major-general in the army. The men are picturesquely clad in warm flannel shirts and buckskin trousers, and present a gay appearance as they dash off in advance of the canvas-covered wagons, that contain the beds and food. Each outfit has its distinctive name. One is known as the Owl Creek Squad; another is the Wild Cat Outfit; a third, the Lone Tree Company. The places of round-up are usually about twenty miles from each other.

The men from the ranches on the edges of the grazing-land—that is, at the foot of the mountains or nearest the rivers—sweep around the boundary, and start the cattle toward the centre of the range, the main place of the round-up. It takes weeks to get them together. During that time, what with driving wild steers by day, and night-herding or keeping them from scattering at night, no man gets over four hours' sleep out of the twenty-four. After arriving at the place of rendezvous, the commander issues his orders: The Wild Cat men are to take the outer circle; the Owl Creek men the next circle of cattle; and so on until the herds are subdivided into patches on the plains, and thus more easily handled. The cattle are roughly sorted on the way to the place of the next day's round-up. The confusion is lessened each day; and in due time each neighbourhood gets its cattle. Then each man in the neighbourhood-squad separates his brand from his fellow's; so that by the time the home-range is reached, each ranchman has repossessed himself of his own brand, and the young calves which run by the sides of the branded mothers. After the home-range is reached, the first thing is to brand the new additions to the flock.

Sometimes a calf old enough to leave the mother is found mixed up with the herd. Its parents being necessarily unknown, it is an alien and a subject of dispute, and is known as 'a maverick,' a name which thus originated: Mr Maverick, a Texan, had a small herd on an island, where they remained scarcely thought of until the close of certain hostilities. When he went to look after them, they had increased to such an extent that the small island was crowded. Without taking the precaution to brand the little strangers, he had them conveyed to the mainland, where they broke away and scattered over the whole state. Every quadruped unbranded, or whose owner is uncertain, has in Texas since that time been called a maverick; and the name coming to Colorado with the Texan drovers, has taken root in the grazing plains of that state. The law directs that in the South Platte section all mavericks shall be turned in for the benefit of the school-fund.

In the season the ranchman lives in his wagon most of the time, and is going over his range constantly. A wagon, ten men, a foreman and cook, fifty saddle-horses, provisions for two weeks—and they start from home, and go from one end of the range to the other. As they go along they

collect the beef and unbranded calves, take them to some corral, and brand the calves; they then turn them out, select beeves for shipment, and keep an eye on the general condition of the herd. They move about ten miles a day. When cattle enough are selected for a trainload of twelve to twenty-five cars, containing from two hundred and eighty to four hundred head of beeves, they take them to the nearest railroad point, invoice them to the Union Stock-yards, in charge of a trustworthy man, who delivers them over to a commission merchant of the Yards, who sells them, and sends the money by draft on New York to the owner.

A few days after my arrival I witnessed what they call 'cutting-out.' A drove of two thousand cattle that had been selected as beeves from the herd, stood in a close bunch on the plain a couple of miles from the ranch-house. We drove over to see the fun, and standing well out of the way of the racing horses, swinging lassos, and scattering cattle, watched with interest. The fattest beeves were 'cut out' from the herd and driven into a separate bunch, which was guarded at a little distance by watchful horsemen. One by one the finest cattle were separated. Some thirty horsemen were riding in all directions, swinging the long horse-hair ropes from their saddle-horns, digging their spurs into their horses' flanks, heading off the steers that were making for us, turning them from the herd, and driving them toward the bunch across the plain as though there was not a moment to lose. One of our party (a lady), excited over the chase of a rebellious cow that bore down upon us, waved her handkerchief, and came near causing a stampede. In a moment after the white signal fluttered, every cow in the herd was facing her, heads up, horns high in the air. The foreman shouted to her to hide the handkerchief. He told us afterwards that an unusual sight, especially of anything white, sometimes caused a great herd to break away and run for miles. At such times they will sweep over every obstruction, trampling down men and horses alike. The way to turn a herd is not to head them or dash up in front of them, but by wide circling detours, turn them gradually in a semicircle.

In handling cattle, one man is of little use. It takes four mounted men to herd seven hundred; and eight men to drive and night-herd a bunch of two to three thousand cattle at one time. Mr Islift, a well-known ranchman who owns a herd of forty to fifty thousand cattle, has sixty men employed, and a proportionate number of wagons and horses.

The cattle-man has to be moving from the time the grass is strong enough to feed a horse the length of his tether, until the month of November. Then the stock not shipped is turned adrift, wagons put under the shed, harness hung up, men discharged—except two or three to take care of the horses and do odd jobs about the place; and the ranchman, brown as a berry, stout, hearty, and vigorous, goes into winter-quarters at home, or puts on his store-clothes, takes a run East, and meets old friends. The stockmen to whom I have talked say too many are crowding in. From a profit of from fifty to one hundred per cent. it has gradually dwindled to twenty and twenty-five per cent. The old-timers want plenty of room, and aver that when ranchmen are settled

nearer than thirty miles apart, it crowds too close for comfort. The dealers have in the past few years been improving the quality of their cattle by the introduction of thoroughbred Durhams among the Texas stock.

The assessment returns credit Colorado with five hundred and fifty thousand head; Wyoming, two hundred and thirty-five thousand; Utah, three hundred and fifty thousand; Washington, two hundred thousand; Montana, two hundred thousand; Oregon, one hundred and seventy-five thousand; California, six hundred and fifty thousand. When it is remembered that the assessment is never over fifty per cent. of actual amount, an idea may be gathered of the immense cattle-trade in the country west of the Mississippi. The great feeding-grounds of the world are transferred from Texas to the wide buffalo ranges of the plains, the sheltered mountain parks, and the fertile pastures of the Pacific slope. Those who see cattle only in the crowded stock-cars or in the slaughter-yards of cities or villages, can have no conception of the splendid time the cows have of it in Colorado. Running-water, unlimited range of juicy buffalo-grass, and in summer-time a new bed every night of velvety prairie blossoms—what more could the most fastidious bovine desire!

MY WIFE'S INHERITANCE.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III. CONCLUDED.

MISS LECLERC'S History of the Will ran as follows:

'In order that you may comprehend all the circumstances of the case, I must go back nearly seven years, to the time when I first entered the family of Mr Russel, as governess to his niece Ellen. I was then only seventeen years of age, and my pupil fourteen. The family consisted of Mr Russel, Ellen, and a nephew Charles. This nephew was about a year younger than myself, and a fine handsome lad. There were whispers that young as he was, his habits were very irregular; and it may have been so. I had no means of judging. I only know that to my girlish mind he seemed all that a young man ought to be, and so when he began to take notice of me and make love to me, I lent a very willing ear. This went on with more and more warmth, until, for some reason or other, he was compelled to leave his uncle's roof; but even after this we managed to meet at frequent intervals, although of course all unknown to Mr Russel or Ellen; indeed they neither of them had the slightest idea of there being anything between us. At length Charles left his uncle's office altogether, and decided to go to London. I well remember the last night before he went away. People said he was wild and wicked; but I only knew that I loved him, and he declared that he also loved me. He said that when he got a situation in London, he would send for me; in the meantime, he wished me to remain in Mr Russel's service, and keep him informed of all that occurred. I faithfully promised; and when on the completion of Ellen's education, I was asked to remain as her companion, I gladly agreed, for Charles's sake. Well, time passed on, and nothing particular occurred. Mr Russel retired from business, and

we removed to Cottam; then came his illness, and your introduction to the family. I was ever on the watch for any scrap of information that might be interesting to Charles, and I did not fail to tell him of the growing intimacy between you and Ellen, as well as Mr Russel's partiality for you. These last items seemed to give him considerable annoyance, and he requested me to redouble my vigilance.

'One day I heard a servant tell you, that Mr Russel wished to see you in his bedroom. You remember how these rooms were arranged; that opening out of the bedroom was a small dressing-room, which itself communicated with the servants' staircase, to afford facilities for lighting the fire, bringing water, &c. Now, as you went up the main stairs, I very quietly slipped into the dressing-room by the others, as I thought it possible that something might be said touching the interests of my dear Charles. I thus managed to overhear enough of the conversation to gather its import; especially did I take note of the directions for opening the secret place in the desk; and when I got to my own room I wrote them down, lest I should forget. Well, I immediately wrote off to Charles; and the news must have troubled him considerably, for in a very short time I had a letter saying that he would arrive at Kinton the next day, and appointing a time and place for me to meet him. I did so; and after making me repeat as well as I could all that I had heard, he boldly proposed that I should get possession of the will and bring it to him. He proposed (to facilitate matters) that as he was quite unknown in Cottam, he would go there and engage rooms at an obscure inn called the *Red Lion*, and I should find him there any evening. I confess this proposal startled me, partly because of its difficulty, and partly because it was my first step in crime. However, he overcame my scruples, and I promised to do what I could; at any rate I would visit him at the *Red Lion* at seven the next evening. Fortune favoured me. The next day, just at dusk—it was the latter end of February—Ellen asked me to sit by the bedside a few minutes until the night-nurse arrived; of course I agreed, secretly delighted, for Mr Russel being asleep, I had little difficulty in securing the will. I remembered perfectly the directions: "Top middle drawer, and a penholder through the top right-hand corner, then look at the back." In fact, I had opened the secret panel more than once, to see if I had heard aright. Soon after, the nurse arriving, I was at liberty, and hastened to meet Charles. I found him alone in an upper room of the *Red Lion*, and the table strewn with papers.

"Have you got it?" he eagerly inquired, the instant the door closed behind me.

'My only reply was to hand it to him. Without a word he broke the seal, and having read the contents, said: "You were quite right. It is as you supposed. He has left the whole of his property to Ellen, except a few paltry legacies. Now, you shall see what I will do."

"Do. Why, I suppose you will burn it, and then you will come in for an equal share with Ellen. But mind, there is something left to me in that will, and it is only because we are to be married that I agree to its being destroyed."

"Fear not; you shall be made all right. But I think I can do better than what you suggest.

I was not five years in my uncle's office for nothing."

"He then searched amongst the papers until he found a blank sheet as near like the one the will was written on as possible. "You see," he continued, "the old fellow was so methodical in all his ways, that I was pretty sure he would make his will on a certain sort of paper and in a certain way. I provided myself accordingly; obtained similar paper, wax, &c. to that which he always used, and had a copy of his seal made—I had plenty of impressions by me—you know you can get anything in London. Now see me write."

"He then began to copy the will, word for word, and I was astonished at the similitude. Five years' practice under his uncle's eye and with his uncle's writing constantly before him, joined to a natural aptitude for imitation, enabled him to copy every stroke and turn exactly. "There," he said, when he had finished. "A fair exchange is no robbery. I have written everything as it was before, except that Ellen's name now occupies my place, while I have taken hers. Not a very great change, but one that will make considerable difference to us both, I reckon. Now for the most difficult part, and that is to copy the signatures of the witnesses. I have practised uncle's often enough; but of course I did not know theirs; however, I must try."

"He did try, and succeeded so well that I could see no difference."

"There now," said he; "just you compare these two, while I go and get a glass of brandy."

"He left the room; and I, placing the two side by side, could only distinguish the one from the other by the change of names."

"Well," he said as he re-entered—"will it do?"

"Excellently well," I replied. "I cannot tell which was written by you and which by your uncle."

"Well, then; now to fold them;" and from a heap of various sorts of envelopes, choosing two, he took up the original will, sealed and indorsed it as before, but putting a small, almost imperceptible mark in the corner. He then took the new will and did the same, but without the mark."

"Now," said he, "listen carefully to my instructions. When you get home, replace the original will in the desk. You will know which it is by this mark;" pointing to the corner. "It is extremely unlikely that Mr Russel has been out of bed and missed it during the two hours you have been absent, so that will be all right. This other envelope you must keep by you until he is actually dead, and then take the very first opportunity of changing them. The old will you may bring to me, and I will destroy it."

"But why not make the change at once? I could as easily put one in the desk as the other."

"No; no. We must not risk it. There is just a chance that uncle may get about again and take it into his head to open the will, and then where should we be? No; make the change when that is impossible, and we are all right."

"I see, I see," said I, half-sickening at the dreadful deception, and yet too far committed to draw back; "as I shall gain equally with yourself, I promise to do all you wish."

"When I arrived at home, all was quiet, so I presently went into the sick-room. "Nurse,"

I said, "supper is ready. If you would like to go down, I will sit here half an hour for you."

"She gladly accepted my offer; and as Mr Russel was dozing, with the curtains drawn and the lamp turned down, I silently and quickly replaced the old gentleman's will."

"Well, time went on. Mr Russel, as you know, got gradually worse, and towards the end was more than half his time unconscious. One day you gave it as your opinion that he could not possibly live till the next, and it was during that last night that I stealthily made the change. In the morning he was dead; and so far our plot had succeeded completely. The result I need say nothing about, as you are so well acquainted with it."

"But now I must tell you of a little scheme of my own. I loved Charles, and would have done anything for him, and had no compunction in helping him, as I thought doing so was a means to love, marriage, and fortune. Still, he had taught me to be almost as wily as himself, and to take every precaution; so I determined to have a hold upon him, in case he should endeavour to play me false. To this end, when I got possession of the original will, I went into my bedroom, and with a sharp penknife, cut carefully the end of the envelope, drew out the contents, which I carefully transferred to my pocket, and then replaced them with blank paper the same size and thickness, gumming the edges of the envelope together again with pale gum. I daresay it was not very skilfully done, but it answered my purpose very well. Afterwards, when I gave it to Charles, he glanced at it, saw the seal was unbroken, and suspecting nothing, committed it to the flames. We both watched it until it was consumed, Charles exclaiming: "Now I am really master of the Willows."

"And I soon shall be the mistress," I added.

"Oh, that of course," he replied.

"I have told you how he kept his promise—villain that he is!"

Thus finished this remarkable confession—a confession which to me was as acceptable as unexpected. Of course there was now no mystery, and I am only surprised that something of the sort had not occurred to me before; but it must be remembered that I knew very little of Charles, and no one had even hinted—even if they knew—of any connection between him and Miss Leclerc. I read the confession all over again to Ellen, and we both rejoiced at the turn events had taken. Miss Leclerc came in for a certain amount of pity; yet we could not but remember that had it not been for her connivance and assistance, Charles would have been unable to carry out his nefarious scheme.

"Still," said Ellen, "I am not sorry that you promised to allow her to escape punishment. If we get our own again, we can well afford to let her go."

In the morning I called upon Mr Sparks, my legal friend, and somewhat triumphantly laid the matter before him. He was very pleased, and at once offered to assist me all he could. We both agreed that after my promise to Miss Leclerc, it would be better to try to settle the matter amicably with Charles too. We therefore decided to wait upon him and tell him that all was dis-

covered; and if he confessed and gave up the property, we would then arrange without publicity or exposure. If, however, he resisted, we determined at once to proceed to law. It was Ellen's wish that, for the sake of the relationship between them, we should be as lenient as possible in case he yielded.

Miss Leclerc duly kept her appointment, and brought the oft-mentioned will with her. The conditions were again insisted on, and again agreed to; in fact I gave her fifty pounds on the spot, and promised another fifty pounds when all was settled. She then gave me the will, and was about to go, when I said: 'There is just one difficulty. Suppose Charles determines to defend the case, he might say this confession was altogether a trumped-up tale, this will a forgery; and as he has possession, I am not sure but that with a good lawyer he would beat us.'

'Ah! I don't think he will attempt to stand when he knows that I have told you all. But in case he does, then'—with sudden energy—'then, will I attend and give evidence against him, ay, even if I have to stand in the dock beside him. No; no. He must and shall disgorge his wealth. Yes; that shall be my revenge.'

Next morning Mr Sparks and myself went over to Cottam, and were ushered into the presence of Charles. He was not too well pleased to see us, and his manner towards us was brusque and abrupt.

'May I ask why I am favoured with a call so early in the morning?' he said with an attempt at hauteur, although I thought that in reality he was not quite at his ease.

'We have called on a very serious matter, Mr Charles Russel,' I said gravely.

'State it then please, as quickly as may be, or I cannot stay to hear you, as my time is precious.'

'Not more precious than your liberty, I presume?'

'My liberty! What do you mean? What has your presence here to do with my liberty?'

'Simply this. If you refuse to hear us, we shall have you arrested at once.'

'Arrested! Are you mad? On what charge?'

'On the charge of forging your uncle's signature and changing the wills.'

'F—I—don't understand you.' These were his words; but they were belied by his ashy-pale face and starting eyes.

'Oh, you don't understand. Perhaps you have forgotten. Then let me remind you of that night at the *Red Lion*, of the new will you made, and of the instructions you gave to Miss Leclerc—instructions which she so well carried out.'

'It is false! I know nothing of what you are talking about. You have evidently come here to insult me. If so, you have come to the wrong place, I can tell you; and the sooner you pack off to Kinton again, the better.' All this with an attempt at bravado, which, however, did not deceive either of us, as we saw in his face plenty of evidence of the real terror behind.

'Ah well, perhaps you do not remember these things. Then I have only one other bit of information for you, and that is'—looking him straight in the face—'we have possession of the original will.'

'It's a lie—an infamous lie! for I myself saw it bur'— But here his courage failed him, and

he could hold out no longer; he saw the fatal admission he had made; and after that we had very little trouble with him. He whined for mercy, and prayed that he might not be sent to prison. As it was not our wish to proceed to extremes, we were as lenient with him as possible; and it was eventually arranged that the two hundred and fifty pounds paid to Ellen should be returned to him, and that he should emigrate to Australia. This he did; and I think that not the least bitter portion of his punishment was the knowledge that it all came about through the instrumentality of the girl he had first tempted, and then so cruelly deserted.

Miss Leclerc was paid another fifty pounds, and joined her friends in America. We were never troubled with either of them again.

All that the world knew of the matter was, that a new will had been discovered leaving the property to Ellen. All the legal formalities were complied with, and we took possession; happy that at length my Wife's Inheritance was Regained.

A PERILOUS ADVENTURE IN TIERRA DEL FUEGO.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

THE LAST RESTING-PLACE OF AN UNKNOWN FAMILY.

No signs of the lost path could we discover, and we wandered on we knew not whither. In fact, as soon as we left the 'open' on the summit of the cliff and entered the, in many places, impenetrable bush, we met with the fate of all wanderers in the forest, and unconsciously walked round in a circle, finding ourselves at the end of an hour's ramble on the very spot whence we had started; and before long I struck my foot violently against some impediment that seemed to be firmly implanted in the earth, over which I stumbled and fell. I rose immediately, though I had hurt my foot badly, and assisted by Enrique, searched amongst the long coarse reedy grass, with which the spot was overgrown, for the object over which I had stumbled. This we soon discovered; and to our great surprise, found it to be a piece of stout board or plank about six inches in width, firmly implanted in the ground, from which—though it was now in a slanting position—it had originally risen to the height of fifteen or sixteen inches. It had the appearance of a piece of plank brought on shore from some vessel, though it was completely sodden with the damp from the long rank grass which had concealed it from our sight, and was black and rotten with age. Three or four feet apart from it, we discovered another piece of board, also firmly planted in the earth, but rising only to the height of five or six inches.

It was evident that the two pieces of board were the head and foot marks of a grave—the grave of a child, from its small size—for on tearing up the grass, we perceived that the space between the two boards was slightly raised in the form of a mound. The remains that lay interred beneath

this mound were assuredly those of a European; for the wretched aborigines of Tierra del Fuego—perhaps the lowest beings upon earth in the scale of humanity—do not bury their dead, but cast the bodies into the sea, when they do not devour them, as, it has been positively asserted by some voyagers, they not unfrequently do. I was still examining these boards—on the larger of which I fancied that I could perceive a portion of some inscription—when Enrique, who had wandered on, shouted to me that he had discovered another, and yet another, similar grave. Our curiosity was now fully awakened; and on further search we discovered two more graves; making five in all, within a circle of not more than forty yards in diameter. Though these graves were all of different dimensions, one only appeared to be that of an adult; and it was plainly apparent that the head-boards of each and all bore some inscription, though the letters—which appeared to have been burned as well as cut into the boards—were almost wholly obliterated, or had been rendered indecipherable by the decay of the boards themselves.

'Who could they have been,' we asked ourselves, 'who lay thus buried in this lonely desolate spot at the extremity of the earth?'

Three hundred and thirty years had elapsed since 1519, when the Strait of Magellan and the adjacent shores were first discovered by the Dutch mariner who gave his name to the Strait: but only within the last fifty years, and during that period but rarely, had ships made the passage through the Strait or had mariners landed on the bleak shores. It is true that from the date of their discovery the Strait and shores had been visited, at intervals far apart, by the early mariners—Dampier, Byron, and others; and by Cook when on his voyages of discovery; but these navigators of former days had but touched on the coast—the very name of which was dreaded. None had penetrated to any distance inland, or knew anything of the shores, save that they were described as being the very abode of desolation; or of the inhabitants, of whom they gave the most absurd description; and even since the commencement of the present century, those mariners who had passed through the Strait had not tarried on their way, if they could possibly avoid so doing, and had felt relieved when the passage was safely made, and they had left the perilous coast behind them. Only those on board surveying vessels despatched by the governments of Great Britain or Chili—beginning in 1830 with Captain Fitzroy, in chief command of the *Adventure* and the *Beagle*—had lingered on the coast, and had mingled with the natives on shore; and these vessels had left none of the crews they carried, behind them. Who or what then was this family—to judge from the appearance of the graves—that had lived and died on this desolate spot of earth?

Beyond doubt, we thought, they must have been some unfortunate family that had been shipwrecked on the coast; perhaps of the crew of the vessel, they alone having escaped death. Or more probably, some master-mariner who had his wife

and children on board his vessel, had been set on shore with his family, and had been deserted by his mutinous sailors. But if either of these suppositions were correct, the circumstances must have occurred at some long distant period; for people cast or left on the shores at any period during the present century would surely have found some means of making their existence on the lonely island known to mariners passing through the Strait, or landing on the shores, before they had died, one after another, as appeared to have been the case with these, until the last unhappy survivor, who left no one to perform the last sad duty for him, disappeared from the scene.

Forgetting for the moment our ship and ship-mates, we searched the spot for some vestiges of a hut or dwelling-place of some description; for the wretched natives of the island have no permanent dwellings, but content themselves with erecting a sort of tent, with branches of trees covered with bark, and raised but three or four feet from the ground—something resembling the gipsy tents often seen in an English lane or common—beneath which they shelter themselves in cold and stormy weather. For a considerable time our search was made to no purpose. At length, however, just beyond the natural clearing in which the graves had been made, we came to a spot which seemed to us to have once been the site of a hut or dwelling-place. At any other time it would not have attracted our attention, for the earth—as in other parts of the bush or forest—was overgrown with coarse rushes or grass and rank prickly shrubs; but Enrique accidentally stumbled into a dry ditch concealed beneath the long grass; and on examining the ditch, we discovered that it formed a circle some five or six yards in diameter, and that the ground within the circle was raised in the centre, while it sloped gradually towards the ditch, doubtless to allow the water from the rains to run off into the hollow, and thus keep the ground within the circle dry. We searched this spot of ground diligently, and found several other pieces of board or plank, so much decayed that we could crumble some of them to dust between our fingers.

At length Enrique picked up a crooked ten-inch nail, so much eaten away with rust, that when the rust was scraped off, it was scarcely thicker than a knitting-needle; and shortly afterwards I picked up from the bottom of the ditch what had once been the claw-head of a hammer, in a like rust-eaten condition. The finding of these articles made us still more eager in our search; and in the course of half an hour we found in the ditch and within the circle, several other rust-eaten nails, and various other articles so sodden and decayed that it was difficult even to surmise what many of them had been—but which went to prove beyond doubt that the site had once been inhabited by Europeans. Among other things, I found what appeared to have been the cover of a Family Bible, though the leather was so much decayed—in fact it was reduced to a mere mass of pulp—that I could not even have guessed what it had been, had there not been still adhering to it a clasp black with age and exposure, but which on being scraped with the blade of a penknife, proved to be brass. It had

resisted the action of the atmosphere, which had almost worn away the iron nails.

We were still prosecuting our search, when Enrique suddenly started up from a stooping posture. 'Hark!' he exclaimed. 'Listen! What was that?' The next moment the faint distant report of firearms was heard.

'It is our shipmates,' said I. 'They are out searching for us.'

Again the report was heard. We were loath to quit the spot; for we knew how difficult it was to find a given spot in the heart of the bush when once quitted, unless some measures were taken to guide the searchers to it.

'Go you, Enrique,' said I. 'Follow the sound of the muskets. I will remain here. Captain de Ferrande would be greatly vexed if he were not to visit this spot.'

Enrique left me alone, and I employed myself for some time in collecting such trifling articles as I could find. Then I lay down on a grassy mound to rest. I heard the reports of firearms from time to time, sometimes distant, sometimes drawing nearer, and then again farther off. At length they ceased altogether, and I knew that Enrique had found the searching party.

Enrique had left his match-box with me, and it had been arranged that I should collect such dry leaves and grass as I could find and set them on fire, in order that the flames or smoke might guide the searchers to the spot. This I now did by kindling a bonfire on the highest spot near by. There was little flame; but the smoke soon rose in a vast black column, which towered high above the bush ere it dissipated itself in air. In the course of another hour I heard the report of firearms at no great distance, and soon afterwards Enrique appeared with the surgeon and two sailors.

'They sent parties out from the ship at day-break, in different directions,' said Enrique as he drew near. 'Captain de Ferrande is with this one. He will be here directly. Caramba! you made a famous smoke. We saw it two miles off!'

He had hardly spoken ere we heard the approach of others through the bush, and presently a party of seamen, headed by the third officer, appeared. Captain de Ferrande followed a few yards to the right and a short distance in the rear. Suddenly he appeared to stumble, and then gathering himself up, uttered an exclamation, and stooping down picked up something from the ground. If he had purposed to scold us for the trouble we had caused him and the rest of our shipmates, he forgot his purpose in the discovery he had made. The article he had picked up was the thigh-bone of a human skeleton—evidently, from its size, that of an adult male. In a few moments we had all gathered round him. The bone which he had trodden upon was part of a skeleton which lay near the decayed trunk of what had once been one of the largest trees in the bush. The bones must have been separated before he approached the spot, but he had inadvertently scattered them further apart with his foot. The skeleton was that of a man above the average stature, and though the bones were much decayed, all of them were there.

One of the sailors picked up something and handed it to the Captain. It was a small chain, to which what appeared to be a locket was attached,

and which had been attached to the neck-bones of the skeleton. Chain and locket were both almost as black as ink, but they were not worn away; and on being scraped with the blade of a penknife they proved to be gold. The locket had to be forced open, not without much difficulty; but inside it contained two locks of hair plaited together, in perfect preservation, and as soft and glossy as if they had but lately been severed from the heads of the owners. One of the locks was of a dark auburn hue; the other flaxen, and from its texture and appearance, it had been severed from the head of a young child. Placing the chain and locket in the pocket of his jacket, the Captain joined the rest of the party in the search for such articles as might throw some light upon the condition of those who had, at some far distant date, evidently lived and died on this lonely spot. But nothing could be found save a few more articles similar to those that Enrique and I had picked up in the first instance.

I then spoke of the grave-boards and the inscriptions that I believed they had once borne, and the entire party forthwith proceeded to the burial-ground. Captain de Ferrande was of the same opinion as Enrique and I with regard to the inscriptions on the head-boards; and it was determined to remove some of them from the ground and to examine them carefully in a better light. The board over which I had stumbled—evidently the head-board of an infant's grave—was the first that was removed. As Enrique and I had imagined, it bore an inscription that had apparently been originally cut with a knife or chisel, and then burnt into the wood. It had evidently been of considerable length; but was now almost obliterated, the board being so much decayed that it would hardly bear handling. We perceived, however, that the inscription was in English; and after a little study of the characters, we were enabled to decipher the name of 'Annie.' This was the only complete word that was decipherable; but we made out the following letters and figures and portions of words: '— th. mem... f d... l. ttl. Annie, .g.. tw. — M. re. — An.. D. 1. 93.' There had originally been a great deal more than the above; but where I have placed the long dashes, the letters were utterly indecipherable. As it stood, we made out the inscription so far to have been: 'To the Memory of dear little Annie, aged two years — March —, Anno Domini 1-93.' This left us in doubt as to the century in which the interments had taken place. But this doubt was solved by the inscriptions on the board at the head of the longest grave and on the head-boards of two others. The inscription on the first mentioned of these boards had apparently once covered the entire surface; but very few of the letters were now decipherable. All that we could make out were the following portions of words, and date: '— — B. lo.. d W. f., .g. d 4. — 16. 4.' As we supposed—'To the Memory of my Beloved Wife, aged 4 — 1694.' We did not remove any more of the boards, the inscriptions on the others being almost wholly obliterated, though we made out on one the complete date, 1691, and on another the name of 'Willie.'

After we had taken notes of the decipherable letters, names, and dates, we replaced the boards

firmly above the graves from which we had removed them; and then, before we quitted the spot, carefully collected the bones of the skeleton, and buried them alongside the grave of the long-deceased wife.

Thus, after the lapse of one hundred and fifty-eight years—for it was now apparent that the previous interments had taken place between the years 1691 and 1694—the remains of the unhappy man were laid to rest beside those of his wife. Beyond a doubt he was the last survivor of the family, who having no one to perform for him the last sad duty of humanity, had laid himself down to die, alone and uncared for, beneath the tree, which while his bones were rotting in the air, had itself decayed.

Captain de Ferrande had at first decided to retain possession of the gold locket and chain, which contained the cherished locks of the unhappy man's wife, and of one—probably of the youngest, of his children—little Annie. But after some consideration, he placed the locket and its contents in the grave, along with the bones of the husband and father who had treasured them, to the last. Some of the other worthless articles were carried on board the ship as mementoes—but were soon forgotten and lost—and we quitted the spot, never again to visit it.

How this unfortunate family came to live and die in the island of Tierra del Fuego, at a period so distant as 1691-4, when few vessels had visited the dreary spot, may never be known. But it is mournful to picture their unhappy fate; to fancy them dying one after another—the children first—dying probably through the lack of the necessities of life, with no one to afford them relief during their illness, until at length the wife succumbed, leaving her unhappy husband alone—for how long, none can tell! Perhaps but for a short space of time, perhaps for long weary years! It is sad to think of the poor man lying down to die alone at last; but it is probable that he found in death a happy release from his sufferings. We endeavoured to learn from the miserable natives of the island, something of this unfortunate family. We thought it probable that they might have some record or tradition of a family of white people who long ago had lived and died on the island. It was, however, with very considerable difficulty that we were able to make them understand what we meant; and when at length they appeared to comprehend, they seemed to be afraid or to entertain a dislike to speak of the matter. They would shake their heads, point to the sea; the earth, the sky, and then again shaking their heads, would become obstinately silent. On one occasion, Captain de Ferrande tried to induce one who appeared to be a chief, or at least to exercise some little authority over the rest of the people of the island, to guide and accompany him through the bush to the spot where the remains of the family of white people lay interred. But the fellow shook his head and ran away, shouting as if seized with sudden terror; and as I have said, none of us ever again visited the spot.

Had this unfortunate family been cast or left on shore in Patagonia, on the opposite shore of the Strait, their fate would in all probability have been less miserable. They would have mingled with and found help from the natives; and most

likely, would have found some means of getting away from the desolate region; for the Patagonians, though but scantily civilised, are not savage, and are in all respects an infinitely superior race to their wretched Tierra del Fuego neighbours.

THE ASSOCIATION OF GERMAN GOVERNESSES IN ENGLAND.

SOME time ago, the German ambassador, Count Münster, formally opened a Home in London for German governesses. This Home (16 Wyndham Place, Bryanston Square, W.) is the result of the united labours of a number of ladies, called 'The Association of German Governesses in England,' assisted by lady patronesses, and is another gratifying example of patient adherence to a desired object.

The great increase of the study of the German language and literature has naturally led a considerable number of educated German ladies to come over to this country as teachers in schools and families. In the year 1877, one of these ladies, specially gifted with tact, energy, and what we in England would call 'pluck,' originated the idea of the German governesses and teachers throughout the country forming themselves into a *bund* or society for the circulation of various German and English educational and scientific journals amongst themselves, and at the same time to procure engagements without the assistance of agents. In a few months the number of members increased to seventy-five, and now it has reached upwards of four hundred.

Previous to the formation of this Association, situations were for the most part obtained through 'agents,' who charged a considerable percentage on the salary of a lady for whom they had obtained an appointment. This plan, which obviously entailed a certain degree of dependence on these intermediaries, is now entirely done away with by the working of the Association. By members reporting vacant places and patronesses recommending their friends, a means of interchange is thus kept up which is highly serviceable to all concerned. When a member—to become which a certificate from a clergyman and good testimonials are requisite—makes application to the Secretary for an appointment, a form is sent, containing a list of questions to be filled up by the applicant, giving an exhaustive summary of her qualifications. This schedule being drawn up by the Committee of the Association, is to a certain extent technical; and by this means a great deal is elicited about the acquirements, &c. of the governess, which the lady engaging would no doubt wish to know, but which she could not possibly be expected to remember at a personal interview. Ladies have thus much more chance of being suited than if they attempted to conduct matters for themselves.

In a short time after the formation of the Association, it became necessary to have an office, with a regular Secretary to conduct the business affairs, which had up till this time been managed by specially industrious members in situations. A place was therefore selected as near the abode of

the President as possible, which has now developed into an established Home, to which new members arriving from Germany can go at once on landing, and to which sick members and those out of employment can turn at all times. The affairs of the Association are conducted by a President, Secretary, and six of a Committee of governesses, each of whom has been from ten to sixteen years in England.

Since the opening of the office in April 1878, the work has proceeded most satisfactorily, and several hundreds of German governesses have obtained engagements. Members placed by the Association pay two per cent. of their first year's salary towards the fund for the sick, as compared with five to ten per cent. charged by agents. Each member also pays an annual subscription of seven shillings and sixpence towards the maintenance of the Home. The list of patronesses, which is a large one, is headed by the name of the late lamented Princess Alice, of whom the Committee say in their annual Report, 'her energetic efforts and lively interest in the Association have chiefly promoted its extension and success.' The whole undertaking has been conducted from its commencement with patience, energy, and business-like intelligence.

To assist in raising funds for the opening of the Home, the Duke of Westminster twice kindly opened the reception-rooms at Grosvenor House for concerts arranged by patronesses. The task these ladies have so successfully accomplished is increased when we remember the busy lives governesses in most cases live, and the fact that they were all foreigners; and the necessity for it is clearly proved by the fact that the Home, although only opened some months ago, is already full.

'EXPECTANT ATTENTION.'

FROM an article on Mental Physiology which appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* we extract the following remarkable instance of animal intelligence. 'The well-known astronomer Dr Huggins, had a four-footed friend dwelling with him for many years as a regular member of his household, a mastiff of noble proportions who bore the great name of "Kepler." This dog possessed many rare gifts, which had secured for him the admiration and regard of a large number of scientific acquaintances, and amongst these was one which he was always ready to exercise for the entertainment of visitors. At the close of luncheon or dinner, Kepler used to march gravely and sedately into the room, and set himself down at his master's feet. Dr Huggins then propounded to him a series of arithmetical questions, which the dog invariably solved without a mistake. Square roots were extracted offhand with the utmost readiness and promptness. If asked what was the square root of nine, Kepler replied by three barks; or, if the question were the square root of sixteen, by four. Then various questions followed, in which much more complicated processes were involved—such, for instance, as "Add seven to eight, divide the sum by three, and multiply by two." To such a question as that Kepler gave more consideration, and sometimes hesitated in making up his mind as to where his barks ought finally to stop. Still, in the end, his

decision was always right. The reward for each correct answer was a piece of cake, which was held before him during the exercise; but until the solution was arrived at, Kepler never moved his eye from his master's face. The instant the last bark was given he transferred his attention to the cake.

'This notable case of canine sagacity, however, in no way militates against the remarks which have recently been made in reference to the ideomotor character of the quadrupedal mind. Dr Huggins was perfectly unconscious of suggesting the proper answer to the dog, but it is beyond all question that he did so. The wonderful fact is that Kepler had acquired the habit of reading in his master's eye or countenance some indication that was not known to Dr Huggins himself. The case was one of the class which is distinguished by physiologists as that of expectant attention. Dr Huggins was himself engaged in working out mentally the various stages of his arithmetical processes as he propounded the numbers to Kepler, and being, therefore, aware of what the answer should be, *expected* the dog to cease barking when that number was reached; and that expectation suggested to his own brain the unconscious signal which was caught by the quick eye of the dog. The instance is strictly analogous to the well-known case in which a button, suspended from a thread and held by a finger near to the rim of a glass, strikes the hour of the day as it swings, and then stops—that is, provided the person who holds the button, himself knows the hour. The explanation of this occurrence is that the hand which holds the button trembles in consequence of its constrained position, and in that way sets the button swinging; and as the attention of the experimenter is fixed upon the oscillation, in the expectation that a definite number of strokes upon the glass will occur, his own brain-convolutions take care that the movements of the finger shall be in accordance with that expectation.'

'The mathematical training of poor Kepler has unfortunately come to an untimely end. The interesting arithmetician died of an attack of typhus fever, to the great sorrow of his large circle of friends, and he now sleeps under the shadow of the telescopes at Tulse Hill. The memory of his high attainments and of the distinguished success with which he upheld the reputation of his name, however, remains. His most intimate friends also enjoy the consolation of an excellent portrait of his thoughtful face, lit up with the exact expression which it bore when he was engaged with his arithmetical problems.'

ROSES.

A crimson rosebud into beauty breaking;
A hand outstretched to pluck it ere it fall;
An hour of triumph, and a sad forsaking;
And then, a withered rose-leaf—that is all.

A maiden's heart that knoweth not love's darting;
A voice that teacheth love beyond recall;
An hour of joy—an hour of bitter parting;
And then, a broken heart—and that is all.

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RECENT PROGRESS IN MANITOBA.

THE agricultural possibilities of Manitoba have recently attracted so much attention, that we propose to offer a few words on the subject. It will be known to most of our readers that Commissioners were despatched by government to America to report upon farming and agricultural exports; and that farmers' delegates from various parts of Great Britain were sent across to Canada to look about them and furnish full accounts as to its eligibility as a field for farming enterprise. These accounts are now before us, as are also some interesting observations made by Lord Elphinstone, in a lecture which he delivered after his recent visit to Western Canada.

Manitoba is one hundred and thirty-five miles long east and west, by one hundred and four miles in breadth, its area being fourteen thousand three hundred and forty square miles. But this is only a small fragment compared with the great North-west Territories, which have been estimated to comprehend an extent of two hundred million acres of available land, alone capable of supplying all the grain required for the United Kingdom.

Since Manitoba was organised as a state of the Canadian Dominion, it has entered on a career of progress and prosperity. A census taken in 1823 gave a population of six hundred; that of 1871, immediately after the transfer, was twelve thousand; now Winnipeg, the capital, alone boasts of a population of about ten thousand. Fort Garry, the nucleus round which the town of Winnipeg has gathered, was long, as it is still, one of the most important trading stations of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Winnipeg, the capital of the province, is situated at the junction of the Red and Assiniboine Rivers, and stands fifth in commercial importance amongst cities of the Canadian Dominion. It was incorporated as a city in 1873, is connected by rail with Chicago and Detroit, and will shortly possess railway communication with the United States by way of Duluth and the Lakes; while it will have

the benefit of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which will run through Manitoba, North-west Territory, and British Columbia, on to the Pacific. Three years before its incorporation as a city, Winnipeg consisted of a few rude houses with about two hundred inhabitants. Now it has a well-settled appearance, with several wide and well-kept streets. Many of the houses are of wood; but others, built of cream-coloured brick, give it an attractive appearance. It has several hotels, a club-house, and various other places of entertainment. The Post-office, governor's residence, Court-house, City Hall, and Custom-house are the chief public buildings of the place. The University of Manitoba is governed by a council of representatives of the Episcopal, Presbyterian, and Roman Catholic churches. The Red River abounds in fish, and occasionally excellent wild grapes are to be found on its banks—a good indication of the warmth of the climate, at least in summer. Garden flowers grow well, with hues as brilliant as any to be seen in Italy.

The climate of Manitoba is one of great extremes—very hot in summer, and very cold in winter; but Lord Elphinstone did not find any of the settlers who were willing to exchange their cold dry winter for the bleak, damp, and changeable climate of England. During the five months of snow the settler has abundant opportunity for cutting his trees and fencing; while he draws his heavy material on sledges. Ponies are left to shift for themselves, but cattle must be housed and fed on prairie hay, which can be cut in summer, and stacked for winter use, at about one dollar per ton. The intense frost of winter, penetrating about three feet into the ground, is invaluable for the purposes of agriculture, forming a store of congealed moisture, which melts when the sun gains power, and so nurtures the root-crops in the hot summer months. The soil is black and loamy, four to twelve feet deep, and of the richest description; and instances are known where the land has been sown in wheat for forty successive years, the latest crop being as good as the first.

Some idea of the wonderful productiveness of

the soil may be gained from the results of the Agricultural Show held in Winnipeg in 1876. The extraordinary dimensions and weight of the following vegetables are vouched for by a friend of Lord Elphinstone. Thus, he measured and weighed: Turnip (Swede), 36½ lbs.; turnip (white), 20 lbs.; mangold, twenty-five inches long, twenty-one inches circumference, 19½ lbs.; carrot, fourteen inches long, twelve and a half inches circumference; cabbage (drum-headed), 23½ lbs.; cabbage, early (without leaves), 16 lbs.; cauliflower (without leaves), 12½ lbs.; sugar beetroot, 8 lbs.; radish, thirteen inches long, eleven inches circumference, 5½ lbs.; three onions (white), 3 lbs.; six potatoes (early rose), 12 lbs.; six potatoes (white), 11 lbs.; pumpkin, twelve feet in circumference, 39½ lbs.

Potatoes seem to thrive amazingly. Thirteen 'eyes' were planted and yielded four bushels: next five bushels were planted, which yielded three hundred bushels. Grain is usually sown in May, as soon as the weather permits, and is above ground in a few days afterwards; and in August, within seventy to ninety days after sowing, the harvest is gathered in. Wheat has been known to produce as much as 40 bushels to the acre, of 66 to 68 lbs. weight per bushel; oats, 75 to 90 bushels; barley, 50 bushels. The cost of production is calculated at 1s. 8d. per bushel only. One of the farmers' delegates makes the statement that, on fairly good land, on an average, a yield of 24 bushels of wheat per acre may be calculated upon for twenty years, and without using any manure; though we would here remark that the use of manure to a certain extent, is now being recognised as an important factor in the continued productiveness of the soil.

At present the absence of railways or other easy modes of transit is a serious drawback to the Manitoba farmer. Hence a proposal for the export of grain to Europe by way of Hudson's Bay, has been under the consideration of the Dominion government; one apparent drawback, however, exists in the fact that this water-way would be blocked up with ice for about eight months of the year—a difficulty which will tax human ingenuity to overcome. Powers have been asked from the Dominion government for the construction of a railway from Winnipeg to Hudson's Bay, and also for a line of steamers thence to England; and the statement has been made on good authority—significant for the British agriculturist—that the best wheat will be landed in England at thirty shillings per quarter, when the railways are in full operation.

A word may now be said about the conditions of settlement in Manitoba. In certain parts of the territory a government grant of one hundred and sixty acres of surveyed land is given for the nominal fee of ten dollars, to any one who really proposes to settle. He must be above eighteen years of age, and must stay and cultivate the land for three years before the government will grant the patent or title-deeds for it. The farmer can at the same time have the pre-emption of another hundred and sixty acres of neighbouring ground, for which one dollar per acre is charged, payable in instalments, the first of which is due at the end of three years. These terms do not, however, hold good in the case of certain belts of land immediately adjoining

the Canadian Pacific Railway, which, when the line runs through the prairie-country, will be thus rendered more valuable.

According to the Dominion Lands Act, the lands are divided into quadrilateral townships, comprising thirty-six sections of one mile square in each, with necessary allowances for roads. Each section of 640 acres is again divided into quarter-sections of 160 acres, and all townships and lots are rectangular. No purchase of more than one section or 640 acres shall be made by one person, and payments must be in cash. The free grants consist of quarter-sections of 160 acres, as already mentioned. It may interest some intending settlers to know that timber-lands are disposed of so as to benefit the greatest number. Such of the sections as contain belts or tracts of timber are subdivided into wood-lots of not less than ten or not more than twenty acres in each lot; as much as will afford wood for each quarter-section prairie-farm, in each township. Coal-lands cannot be taken as homesteads; but no reservations are made regarding gold, silver, iron, copper, or other mines or minerals. We might mention that coal is to be had in abundance, extending over a belt of more than two hundred and fifty miles in breadth, and chiefly in the Saskatchewan district. Deposits of copper and iron also await, as they will no doubt reward, future enterprise.

In order to make a fair start on his hundred and sixty acres, a man should have at least one hundred pounds, sixty pounds of which would be spent on the purchase of stock and farm implements, leaving forty pounds available for the building of a house and stable. The men who succeed are those who go out in spring, select their land, and at once engage themselves as labourers. The wages of labourers vary from one and a quarter to two dollars per day; female servants get from five to six dollars per month, with board; while ploughmen get one and a quarter dollars per day. While thus labouring, the intending settler is earning wages and his board, and is perhaps able by the following spring to buy what is necessary for a small start on his own land. His first work is to build a hut or house, after which he will break up and sow a portion of his allotment. After securing their crops, intending settlers again engage themselves for the winter as labourers, returning to their allotment in spring; and so by degrees work themselves into the happy position of being master of their own land.

Here, however, as everywhere else, and in every other undertaking in life, thrift and labour are indispensable essentials to success. 'It is folly to think,' says Lord Elphinstone, 'that fortunes are to be made in Canada or elsewhere without labour. A man, in order to succeed, must be prepared for hard work and many inconveniences, especially in a young country. But if he goes determined to fight his battle and determined to win his battle, that man is perfectly certain to succeed, and to gain a position for himself and his family better, far better, than anything to which he can even hope to attain at home.' As a proof that there are such provident settlers, no less than three million acres of wheat-land were allotted during 1876 to men of this class. Some came from Ontario and the eastern provinces of Canada, while two thousand were from the United States.

As giving some idea of the nature of the houses built by settlers, Lord Elphinstone gives a pleasant picture of a homestead, called Mount Pleasant, on a height overlooking the Little Saskatchewan River. It was occupied by a Scotsman named Geikie, who had left Perthshire three years ago with two of his brothers, and was now proprietor of nearly a thousand acres of his own. Their house was built of logs from the neighbouring forest, and internally had only one good room, with kitchen and servants' room adjoining. In this room there was the usual accumulation of stores, consisting of soap, tea, tinned meat, pots of jam, whips, bridles, guns, carpenters' tools, &c.; with a stove in the centre, and underneath was a large cellar for keeping potatoes.

His lordship's remarks as to farming prospects are interesting. Alluding to the enormous grain-produce, he says that 'for many years to come the surplus produce will all be consumed on the spot by the new settlers; but by-and-by as the land becomes cultivated and the country is opened up by railways, affording greater facilities for exportation, there is no doubt that an enormous amount of grain and other produce will find its way to this country. This must affect, and seriously affect, our farming interests. . . There can be no doubt that there is a great future in store for that country; and it will be well to look to the future prospects of our own country, as it may be affected by Canada, fairly in the face. From all I saw, I am driven to the conclusion that the value of land at home cannot maintain its present high standard.'

In the light of all the foregoing details it is evident that the struggling British farmer, with a little capital, would place himself in a vastly superior position for getting on, by settling in Manitoba. There he could have, to begin with, a free grant of land of extraordinary fertility, with the pre-emption of another section of land, should he require it, at the price of an ordinary year's rental of moderate land in the home country. Or he could purchase, if he chose, improved land in an eligible locality, in the neighbourhood of Winnipeg, where all kinds of agricultural implements, &c. may be purchased; or on the proposed route of the Canadian Pacific Railway, at moderate rates. A large family, instead of being a burden, will be an assistance to the settler; the sons may help in home farm-work in the first place, and by-and-by may acquire homesteads of their own.

In land-purchase it is always best to deal directly with the government agent, avoiding secondary or interested parties, care being taken to examine the land before concluding the bargain, and to see that the title to it is indisputable. Shippers look confidently for a large immigration to America in the course of the present spring; and it has been calculated that upwards of forty thousand settlers will be added to the population of the North-west Territories during the present year.

Testing the foregoing inducements by the experience of those who have been settled for some time in Manitoba, we find them amply borne out. Farmers who have settled as recently as 1877 have no hesitation in inviting plucky, industrious young men with from £500 to £1,000 to go there. They report that every kind of crop is doing well,

and that the most eligible land is rising in price. On sheltered farms, cattle may stand out of doors all the season, and on many farms take the place of horses for field-work. They are fed on prairie hay, which in summer is cut for the winter supply; and occasionally a little crushed corn. All settlers agree that they have many discomforts and inconveniences, with hard work in seed, hay, and harvest time; and in summer black flies and mosquitos, which for a couple of months are a torment to new settlers. On the other hand, settlers have much to sweeten their lot: they may farm as they will, sell what they choose and when they choose, and indulge in field-sports to their hearts' content.

Intending emigrants can receive accurate information as to fares and routes from almost any American shipping agent. We give several addresses to which applications may be sent: Silver & Co., 67 Cornhill, London; Finn, Main, & Montgomery, 24 James Street, Liverpool; J. P. Oliver, 16 Thistle Street, Edinburgh. Full information as to assisted emigration to Canada for agriculturists, tenant farmers, and all who intend to follow the occupation of farming, may be had from the Dominion of Canada Emigration Offices, 31 Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C. On application to A. V. H. Carpenter, general passenger and ticket agent, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, an illustrated pamphlet of Manitoba will be sent post-free.

Lord Dufferin, the late Governor-general of Canada, in speaking of Manitoba, termed it 'the keystone of that mighty arch of sister provinces which span the entire continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific.' The picture he drew of the country was equally just and happy, with its streams which 'flow for their entire length through alluvial plains of the richest description, where year after year wheat can be raised without manure, or any sensible diminution in its yield, and where the soil everywhere presents the appearance of a highly cultivated suburban kitchen-garden in England.' He closed, as we would do now, by hoping that Manitoba and the North-west Territories may eventually become happy and prosperous homes to millions of the human race.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER V.—HISTORY.

Your obedient servant, Aminadab Tasker.

MR CRISP, managing clerk of the branch of the county bank at Hetherton, sat on a sweltering summer morning in the bank's retiring-room. Mr Crisp had nothing particular to do, and had exhausted that day's *Times*. The weather was oppressive; and notwithstanding that the window was opened and the blind down, and that Mr Crisp, for further ease, had discarded his coat and sat in his shirt sleeves, he perspired dreadfully. He mopped his damply gleaming baldness and his jolly face with a scented handkerchief of yellow silk, and fanned himself with the *Times* supplement, and yawned. Mr Crisp was a mighty angler, and he yearned just then for a quiet cast in his favourite stream, and could almost fancy himself standing knee-deep in grasses, with the

broad landscape dozing round about him, and the airs of the river blowing in his face. He awoke from this vision with a sense of added heat and aggravation, and went viciously for a blue-bottle with his ruler. The blue-bottle took refuge on the manager's gleaming baldness, and Mr Crisp rising in a sudden heat of temper—as the quietest of men will do under this sort of aggravation—whipped the blue-bottle from its refuge, and, taking a towel from a cupboard, pursued it with deadly intent to the window. Fiery hot, perspiring, and shirt-sleeved, he flogged the blue-bottle from coigne of vantage to coigne of vantage, and chased it from stronghold unto stronghold, until, as he held himself in readiness for a final blow, whilst the blue-bottle walked impudently across a pane in the very centre of the window, the door of the room opened, and Mr Frank Fairholt entered.

Mr Frank Fairholt was exasperatingly cool, and Mr Crisp was most aggravatingly hot and flushed and untidy, and felt himself taken at a disadvantage. He regarded Frank for a moment as though he would include him in a common anathema with the blue-bottle; but thought better of it, and returned his visitor's greeting cheerily enough.

'I have a little business, Crisp,' said Frank. 'Come across to the *Chesterwood*, and have some hock-and-soda, and cool yourself, and talk it over.'

'With pleasure,' responded Mr Crisp; but before starting, he went into the cupboard from which he had taken the towel, and after a pleasant splashing there, emerged rosy but cool. Struggling into his coat, he grew hot again; and his baldness, before he covered it with his hat, once more gleamed damply. They walked across the sunny street together and into the old-fashioned hotel.

'Jenny, my dear,' said Frank, nodding familiarly to the pretty barmaid, 'let me have a bottle of hock and two bottles of soda, and a ton of ice, and some good cigars. Send them up to the coffee-room at once. There's nobody there, I suppose? Mr Crisp and I want to talk business.'

'There's no one there, Mr Frank,' responded the pretty barmaid; and Mr Crisp and Frank went up together.

'Did it ever strike you, Crisp?'—said Frank.

He got no further, for Mr Crisp, arising with a look of settled determination upon his face, took a napkin from the buffet, unfolded it, and approached the window with a stealthy step. 'You know how you caught me, Mr Fairholt,' said the managing clerk, with a dark and tragic look. 'I was after a fellow then; but I'll finish him this time.' A blue-bottle buzzed harmlessly on the pane, and Mr Crisp, with one dexterous flick of his napkin slew him, and bore his body triumphantly to the table, where he inurned it with cigar-ashes.

'I beg your pardon,' said Mr Crisp. 'You were saying—Had I ever noticed?'

'I was saying,' returned Frank, 'that here comes the prettiest girl in this division of the county, bearing in her fair hands the best of liquors for a day like this.—Your health, Jenny.—Yours, Crisp. Pretty tippie! Try a weed.' Frank strolled to the mirror, and admired himself, with a tall tumbler in one hand and a cigar in the other. He laid down his tumbler in order to

smooth his moustache and to arrange his hat and his curls, and swaggered calmly round on Crisp.

'What's the business, Mr Fairholt?' asked the managing clerk lazily, from a cloud of smoke.

'Oh, it's not much,' Frank returned. 'I've been going rather too rapidly up in town, and I don't care about falling on the governor; and so my brother Will has just done this for me.' He produced a purse, and took therefrom a piece of stamped paper, and threw it across the table to Mr Crisp.

'M-m-m,' said Mr Crisp, taking it up and looking at it. 'Two hundred? And four months? I wouldn't do this kind of thing too often, Mr Fairholt. Do you want me to cash it?'

'Yes,' said Frank carelessly, 'if you will be so good.'

'Well, of course I'll do it,' Mr Crisp responded with expostulatory voice and manner. 'But I wouldn't try this game too often, if I were you. It's a bad game. Of course Mr Will's name is good enough for two hundred here, and it shan't pass out of our hands.—*Cresus Brothers*? Yes; they're our London agents.' Mr Crisp turned the blue paper over in his hands and continued: 'You can't work a dead horse, you know, and it's just like trying to do that, to work for money when you've spent it already. So I'd just advise you, Mr Fairholt, to do as little in this way as you possibly can.'

'I don't think I shall trouble you again, Crisp. In point of fact, I've been going the pace up there to such an extent that I was obliged to do it now. But,' added Frank jauntily, 'I'm going to settle down, and train for matrimony. By the way, I have to start by the 12.10. We'll finish our hock, and then go over to the bank together.'

Mr Crisp nodded acquiescence; and they talked about indifferent matters for a time, and then, the cigars and the wine being both finished, returned to the bank, where Mr Crisp handed over notes and gold to the amount of the bill, minus interest at three and a half per cent. per annum, and Frank shook hands and departed.

The train flashed through the peaceful western country, and Frank, as he looked lazily from the carriage, determined to take this, that, and the other scene for a picture some day. But in an hour or thereabouts he fell asleep, and did not awake until he found his ticket demanded. The train panted into Euston Station shortly afterwards, and the young artist took a hackney-coach and trundled to his rooms in Montague Gardens. Arrived there he found several letters awaiting him, and amongst them one which ran thus:

7 ACRE BUILDINGS, CITY.

SIR—When last I saw you, I gave you a week to look about yourself. That was a fortnight ago, and if things are not settled by Thursday next, I shall have to make a row.—Your obedient servant,

AMINADAB TASKER.

P.S.—I shall wait for you here not later than six o'clock on Thursday evening.

'Confound the fellow!' said Frank, pulling at his curls and surveying his own reflection in the mirror above the mantel-piece. 'And it's five o'clock already. I suppose I must go down and see him. It's a horrible nuisance, now that I have money in my pocket, that I must turn it out so

soon. One hundred and sixty to him, and I'm left with only fifty pounds in the wide wide world, and with this affair of Will's hanging over me. Well, it's got to be done, I suppose.' So Frank emerged from his chambers, hailed a passing coach, was driven to the city, and reached 7 Acre Buildings.

Acre Buildings lay off Cheapside. They were houses of that old and stately fashion with which the city once upon a time abounded, but which are growing rarer now. Notwithstanding their stateliness and age, there was something of an air of *bourgeoisie* about them; and they had something of the aspect of prosperous citizens, whose station being secured in life, had fallen a little from the noise and bustle of common business. Passing from crowded Cheapside into the court that led to Acre Buildings, you passed from noise to quiet and from heat to shade. The Buildings stood round a square flagged court, with a dial in the centre. The finger had rusted and fallen from the dial long ago, as though Time stood still in Acre Buildings, and needed no finger to mark his progress any more. The dial was defaced and broken, as if Time's reign were over, and the image of his rule destroyed. But nowhere did Time move onward with a quicker step or a more certain one than at No. 7, and with those whose needs might lead them to its presiding genius. There were a few trees in the court, and the aspect of the whole place was calm and countrified and pleasant.

In No. 7 Acre Buildings there was an office on the second floor. The black outer door bore in white letters the name 'A. Tasker'; an inscription on the glass panel of an inner door dumbly requested the passer-by to walk in. Obeying this voiceless injunction, Frank found himself confronted by a small boy, with a dry sandy complexion, and a head of dry sandy hair.

'Is Mr Tasker at home?'

'Yes,' responded the boy aggressively; 'he is.'

'Tell him I wish to see him.'

'You can't see him; leastways not yet,' returned the boy, contemplating a fly-spotted almanac on the wall. 'He's engaged. You'll have to wait.'

'Give him that, and tell him that I won't wait.'

The small boy, with some hesitation, took Frank's card, and passed with it into an inner room, and returning after a minute's absence, said: 'Please to come this way, sir.'

Frank followed, and found Mr Tasker alone. He was a short and thick-set man was Mr Tasker, with gaudy thick-set rings on red and thick-set fingers. He wore a burly watch-chain crossed and re-crossed several times above a burly waistcoat. As Frank entered, a whiff of macassar and musk, proceeding from the sleek head and flourishing bandana of Mr Tasker, assaulted his nostrils—a mingled odour like that which greets the loungee in the Strand as he passes Rimmel's on a languid day. Mr Tasker's eyes were bright and beady. Mr Tasker's nose was magnificently Hebraic. His lips and teeth were eminently carnivorous. His face was clean shaven except for a black imperial on the chin. His manner was one of uneasy self-confidence.

'I was told you were engaged,' said Frank.

'A mistake, sir,' Mr Tasker answered through that magnificent Hebraic nose. 'Will you take

a chair? You have called about that little matter?'

'I have called,' said Frank, in his most contemptuous manner, 'to take myself out of your Hebrew clutches, Mr Tasker, and to tell you how much you deserve a caning for this piece of insolence.' He threw Mr Tasker's note carelessly on the table, and produced his pocket-book.

'No sir,' said Mr Tasker, insinuating remonstrance through the Hebraic nose; 'not insolence, my dear sir—not insolence. A little friendly reminder.'

'Do me the favour not to be friendly, if you please,' Frank answered. 'Produce your bond. Here is your pound of flesh.'

Mr Tasker smiled—a little tiger-like. 'Gentlemen say what they like to me, sir.'

'So I should suppose,' Frank returned. 'Is this the promissory-note?'

'I hope, Mr Fairholt,' said Mr Tasker, creasing out the tigerish smile from his lips with his thick-set jewelled fingers—'I hope you are not displeased with my way of doing business. I do all I can to oblige you, sir—everything. Mr Tasker gathers up the bank-notes, and continues: 'This was only our second transaction, sir; and now that I see how bunctual you are'—

'Don't trouble yourself, Tasker. Do me the favour not to know me when you see me; and good-day.' With that Frank swaggered from the room; and as Mr Tasker took the thick-set hand from his own lips the tiger-like smile came back again.

'Go your way, young gentleman; but if I lay my hand upon you again, I will pay you.—Do not be friendly, Tasker! Do me the favour not to know me! Here is your pound of flesh? Your bound of vlesh?' snarled Mr Tasker, becoming more German as he gave his wrath free vent. 'I will haf my bound of vlesh when I get my jance.' And what with the tigerish smile, and the thick-set lips, and the carnivorous teeth, and the beady eyes, Mr Tasker really looked as though he employed no hyperbole, but meant that pound of flesh in downright gastronomic earnest. Having locked his cash-box and patted it comfortably on the top, and stroked it with all his thick-set jewelled fingers, Mr Tasker opened a door opposite to that by which Frank had entered, and said to some one in the inner room: 'This way, sir, if you please. The gentleman is gone.'

In answer to this summons appeared Benjamin Hartley, of Hartley Park and Hall. 'I didn't catch the name,' says Mr Hartley. 'Who was that, eh, Tasker?'

'A Mr Fairholt, sir—a Mr Francis Fairholt.'

'Eh? eh? eh? Come now, Tasker, I've never seen his name in them there books of yours.'

'Well, the fact is, sir,' Mr Tasker explained, 'I knew the gentleman was a neighbour of yours, and I thought it would be best to be quiet until the thing was paid.'

'Now, look here, Tasker!' says Mr Hartley, shaking a warning finger at him—'I know your little game too well. You ain't goin' to humbug me! This ain't the first time, Tasker, as I've found you tryin' that fast an' loose dodge on. Do you know how much of my coin you've got in this little business?'

'I cannot tell you at a moment's notice, sir.'

'Then I can. Seven thousand five hundred

pound. I'll draw it, every farthin', and smash you, if you come them games with me. Fact. I've more than half a mind to do it now. This kind o' game's low, and I've got no business to be mixed up with it.'

'If you will not be too sudden, sir,' says Mr Tasker in nasal supplication. 'I have saved a little; I could carry it on in a small way on my own account—a very small way.'

'I don't know why,' says Mr Hartley, chewing a gloved forefinger—'I don't know why your people trust you. But I tell you, Tasker, I wouldn't trust you. No—not with a bad farthin'. Not as far as I could fling a bull by the tail.'

'My bonds,' said Mr Tasker, extending the jewelled hands.

'Your bonds!' returned Mr Hartley. 'Your bonds is straw.'

'I kept this secret,' said Mr Tasker, 'from the best of motives, sir.'

'Don't talk to me about your motives. I make a point of knowin' this business and all about it. I will know. It pays me in a hundred ways, as you can't guess of, and ain't goin' to be let to guess of. Now, you do this again, and I'll keep my word.' Mr Hartley rose to go, but paused at the door. 'Twelve to-morrow at my hotel. And just remember what I've told you. Do you hear? Remember! Our terms of business is these: Ten per cent. per annum, payable quarterly to me, and me to have "all knowledge of the way all moneys is expended." You seem to have forgot that, Tasker. Just you remember it. Remember it!' With that he went away, and Mr Tasker was left alone.

'I will remember,' said that gentleman, darkly to himself—'I will remember. I can zap my fingers at you.' Mr Tasker's scowling face changed as his patron re-entered.

'I've got one thing as I want to mention, Tasker,' said Mr Hartley, closing the door behind him and advancing. 'You've been dealin' with Mr Francis Fairholt. How often?'

'Twice.'

'How much?'

'This time one-sixty with expenses. Less, last time.'

'Well, don't you have any more truck with him. If he wants money, he deals with me. That young gentleman belongs to a good old county family. He's the son of a neighbour and a friend o' mine. I believe,' says Mr Hartley, with a slightly oratorical manner, 'as his 'ouse will shortly be alloyed with mine in matrimony. So you leave him alone.' Having given this injunction, Mr Hartley softened, and said: 'Good-day, Tasker;' and so went out and down the stairs.

Left alone, Mr Tasker darkly closed the cash-box with his hands, and darkly meditated. 'It is a good thing to hate some one,' says Mr Tasker, with the tigerish smile flashing out again. 'It ztirs the blood and makes a man lifely.' With this pleasant reflection Mr Tasker opened a safe, consigned the cash-box to its depths, locked the safe, took his hat and cane and gloves, threw a noxy word of dismissal at the sandy-complexioned boy in the anteroom, made the outer door secure, passed up Cheapside, and through St Paul's Churchyard, Fleet Street, and the Strand, and turned into a club near Covent Garden. Here he made a dinner of the best the place afforded, and afterwards repaired to the smoke-room, where he

drank a good deal of brandy-and-water, and smoked a cigar over the money columns of the morning paper. He sat alone for nearly an hour, when he was joined by a languid and over-dressed young man of three or four and twenty. The new-comer was almost as plentifully jewelled as Tasker himself, but carried off his finery with a better grace. He wore a light flaxen moustache, and his long and light brown hair was parted in the centre, and fell upon his collar. His hands were singularly white and delicate. The expression of his face was very feminine and innocent. His clothes were cut in the extreme of fashion, and his small feet were cased in patent leathers.

'Ah,' said the new arrival, 'my Tasker!' He settled himself on a lounge beside the money-lender, and regarded him with a look of amused curiosity. 'My Tasker—smoking of the best, and reclining as is his wont in gorgeous ease and jewelled opulence. What new spoil from the Philistines? What new booty from Egypt?'

Mr Tasker looked upon him with a frown, and inquired whether he couldn't leave 'shop' behind him.

'Most worthy of Israelites,' returned the other, 'master of Golconda's mine, priest of Ormuz' golden shrine, I have no shop. But you, Tasker—pardon the simile—resemble the patient snail, and carry your shop about with you. Or shall I withdraw that, and say that you carry your profession in your face, which is in itself a most potent letter of recommendation to all good fellows who can spend money and have no money to spend?'

Mr Tasker waved the subject off. 'Talk about that to-morrow, Mr Hastings, at Acre Buildings.'

'Most worthy Tasker, to-morrow is not now. I am impecunious.'

'I cannot do business now,' responded Mr Tasker.

'Really, Tasker,' said the other carelessly, 'you may perform works of necessity even upon the Sabbath. You may lift your ass from the pit, for instance. I invite you to lift him, and to let me have a fiver till the morning.'

'It is against my rule, Mr Hastings,' Tasker responds.

'Rules, my Tasker? We are Hebrew and Christian who change like water, not Mede and Persian, who alter not.'

'I cannot do it, and I will not,' said Mr Tasker.

'Now, my Tasker,' said the other with a languidly curious admiration of him, 'I know you to be in earnest. I recognise that Teuton tone, that voice of stern resolve. I shall have to be down on somebody else.'

The money-lender shifted in his chair, and took a great gulp at his brandy-and-water.

'Try one of my weeds, Tasker? I guarantee them good. A man in my position can't afford to owe for bad cigars.'

'You are going at a good rate, Mr Hastings,' said Tasker, taking a cigar. 'You will land somewhere in time.'

'Is Tasker among the prophets? I shall land somewhere in splendid company. Pay for a liquor, Tasker, and I'll tell you something.'

'Tell me something,' returned Mr Tasker, with his tigerish smile, 'that is worth a liquor, and then I may.'

'Don't bring things down to this base commercial level.—Do you know Fairholt?'

'Do I know Fairholt?' repeated Mr Tasker, turning suddenly round, whilst his black eyebrows were drawn almost over his beady eyes.

'Once more he is Teutonic. Has he sold you?'

'No,' said Mr Tasker, sliding back into his former position, and biting his nails, as he regarded the other through half-shut eyes. 'He has not sold me. But I will sell *him*, if he comes again into my hands.'

'Yes; we will sell him—to the Egyptians—for a mess of pottage. The allusions are mixed and inappropriate; but in a world of follies, what is one folly more?'

'He is an in-zo-lent dog!'

'I rather thought you had had a row, because when I met him in the Strand an hour ago he pitched into you to me. I mentioned your respected name, my Tasker, and instantly—to employ the words of the poet—black anger all his visage clouded. If you deny the validity of that quotation, I myself will don the poet's robe and ape a Bourbon in a crown of straws.—To return. Mr Fairholt brings certain accusations against you. He says you are a blood-sucking Shylock; that you are a cringing abject rascal; that you are a bullying ruffian. These are the heads of his indictment. Don't you think all this is worth a liquor?'

At none of this did Mr Tasker by word or sign express displeasure; but as he sat, looking with those half-shut eyes at his companion, his heavy hand found as much as it could do to smooth the creases of that wicked smile about his mouth.

'Your admirer, Tasker, has invited me to his rooms to-night. We shall have a quiet little hand at *vingt-et-un*. There are two or three fellows coming to join in—shall I say the mazy dance? That seems to round the sentence off. But I can't play *vingt-et-un* without coin, my Tasker. Have you ever known, you Croesus, that want of pence which vexes public men? No. He has never known it. One touch of nature makes the whole world kin, and my Tasker is no kinsman of mine, in this regard. The wounded is the feeling heart. My Tasker, unwounded by the shafts of poverty, smiles on the sufferings of her victims. What saith that victim of the roseate god, young Romeo? "He jests at scars that never felt a wound!" Have pity, Tasker. Let me have a fiver, and I will revenge you on Fairholt. The croaking raven doth bellow for revenge. Let it be ten, and make the vengeance deeper.'

'Leave "shop" until to-morrow morning, Mr Hastings.'

'Won't he,' said Hastings looking on him as though he were some curious and unknown creature brought there for scientific examination—'won't he buy vengeance at so cheap a rate? Here is a first-class practical revenge offered dirt-cheap, and not accepted.'

'Who 'tells you,' said Mr Tasker, speaking more through his nose than ever, 'that I want revenge?'

The other laughed mischievously, but returned no answer; and Mr Tasker rang the bell and called for more brandy-and-water. He drank it savagely, while the waiter stood there, and then asked for more.

'You'll be tipsy, Tasker,' said his companion.

'What is that to you?' returned that worthy with a nasal snarl. 'You have egged me; you have annoyed me; you have made me angry with his name. He is an insolent dog!'

'This does you credit, Tasker! Try Shylock at Drury. Kean is not worth his own carving-knife and scales, compared with you. Oh, answer to the Muse's call! It is the Muse, the jolly Muse!'

The money-lender, still regarding his companion darkly, raised his glass to his lips and imbibed its contents. He fell back slowly as he drank, and threw back his head; but he maintained that fixed look until he regarded Hastings through the bottom of his glass. Hastings, lolling on the settee, looked across at him in return with a mild expression of interested curiosity. 'Come over and join your admirer, Tasker. He will be glad to see you. Come.'

Mr Tasker produced a pocket-book, and took therefrom two crisp five-pound notes. He laid them down upon the table, and took from another compartment of the pocket-book a little strip of blue paper with a raised stamp at one end. Taking pen and ink from a stand on a table at the other side of the room, he returned, and seating himself near Hastings, filled up the form. 'Fifteen, at four months.'

'Hail, worthy Timon! That's at the rate of a hundred and fifty per centum per annum.'

'It will pay you if you win,' said Mr Tasker darkly and thickly. 'I hope you may.' With that he rose, and allowing the evil smile full play for once, put on his hat, and tapping his companion lightly on the shoulder, proceeded: 'Zrip him, and zend him back to me. If you will do so much, you are welcome to those.' And with this fine expression of feeling Mr Tasker went a little unsteadily from the club, hailed a passing coach, and was driven home.

Mr Hastings looked at his cigar as if he questioned it while he said: 'I can employ the words of my friend Mr Puff of *The Critic*. "Well—pretty well; but not quite perfect; so, ladies and gentlemen, if you please, we'll rehearse this piece again to-morrow."'

(To be continued.)

INGENUITY MISAPPLIED.

WHO that views in detail the career of the successful swindler by whose involved proceedings extensive frauds are perpetrated, is not struck with the knowledge of human nature, and the ability for commercial enterprise often exhibited—an ability which, applied to some better purpose, might have raised the clever thief to a position of usefulness and importance! But apart from the efforts of the commercial swindler, with his forgeries, false entries, and years of deceit, what instances are there not on record of, on the one hand, the ingenious plans of him whose energies are directed against the property of his fellow, and on the other, of a marvellously foolish credulity, which frequently enables the most shallow contriver to create for himself a time of harvest.

If what is known of the operations of swindlers were more extensively published, no doubt the

effect would be to diminish in some degree the national stock of credulity; though, as we have had frequent occasion to remark, it would seem that for every swindler who exists, there are hundreds who are ever ready to be swindled. In the police reports there are cases almost daily of the most paltry tricks, against which people would need to be constantly on their guard. We throw together a few incidents of this kind, which, the reader will remark, are not without their comic side.

Some years ago one of Her Majesty's judges, taking his seat on the bench a little later than usual, in the course of an apology to the legal gentlemen in his immediate vicinity, remarked that he had not come direct from home, and having left his watch under his pillow, had not been aware of the exact time. This observation was not entirely lost on at least one person in court, for when his Lordship returned home, he found that an obliging gentleman had been kind enough to call for and obtain 'the judge's overcoat, and the watch left under his pillow!'

Some time ago a base fraud was perpetrated at Chester. On the occasion of the races, when every place was thronged, a man, apparently a barman, entered the smoke-room of one of the hotels, and flourishing what he termed a twenty-pound note, desired to be informed whether any of the company would be kind enough to change it, or to lend him master twelve pounds till he should obtain change. Twelve sovereigns were soon forthcoming; and the pseudo-tapster, saying he would have the note changed as soon as possible, made his exit, donned his overcoat and hat, which he had placed on the stairs, and disappeared.

Fortunately for jewellers, transactions of the kind now to be described have not often occurred. Some time ago, a fashionably dressed lady swindler carried on her operations on a gigantic scale, but was soon detected, as she deserved to be. Her mode of procedure was as follows: Arrived in a strange town, and in possession of the information necessary for her purposes, she repairs to the residence of say Dr Brown, to whom, with tears in her eyes, she tells a most pathetic tale of her husband's mental aberration, their needy circumstances, and her consequent inability to procure reliable medical advice; finally prevailing on the doctor to consent to see the lunatic, one of whose hallucinations, he is told, is that he has perpetual possession of a valuable parcel, for which he requires payment. She then proceeds to the establishment of the jeweller honoured by her choice, and selects a large quantity of jewellery, which she desires to be sent to the house of her uncle, the well-known Dr Brown, who will pay for it on delivery. This seems all right, and an assistant reaches the medical mansion at the appointed time. The shady niece is careful to be there too, and again interviews the doctor, whom she mournfully informs that her poor afflicted husband has arrived,

worse than ever about his parcel. To obtain possession of the valuables is the work of a moment on the part of the sham niece; and when this has been accomplished, the unsuspecting tradesman is ushered into the presence of the physician, as a lunatic! Naturally he refers to the articles which are to be exchanged for the doctor's gold, and the doctor has no idea of exaggerating his patient's mental condition by contradiction. Let the reader imagine the rest—the swindler speeding from the spot with her precious plunder—the embarrassed jeweller reiterating the object of his visit—the doctor informing him that it is all right, he will have a cheque directly—the victim growing uneasy perhaps, and endeavouring to force his way out—the doctor's henchmen rushing in and securing the madman—his shrieks and frantic struggles proving, to the satisfaction of his captors, that he is not only a madman, but a dangerous one—the binding of him hand and foot; and in earlier days, when the process of 'making a lunatic' was much less difficult than now, his forcible removal to an asylum!

The establishments of jewellers appear to enjoy an inconvenient share of popularity amongst swindlers. On one occasion, a well-appointed equipage drove up to one of these, and the occupant—a gentleman who carried his right arm in a sling—descended, entered the shop, and commenced negotiations. These were conducted to a successful issue; but at this period of the game, the purchaser discovered that he had forgotten his purse. Under the circumstances, of course the tradesman was kind enough to write at the dictation of the wounded customer: 'DEAR WIFE—Please give bearer my cash-box.—Yours, WILLIAM,' pleasantly remarking as he did so: 'Oh, we are namesakes.' The footman, who was ostentatiously pacing up and down before the door, was summoned, and drove off with the note; while his master departed to attend to other business till the carriage should return with the cash. It is scarcely necessary to add that the cash-box was readily obtained, when the jeweller's wife was presented with the note in her husband's handwriting: 'Please give bearer my cash-box.—Yours, WILLIAM.'

Hotel-keepers, it would appear, rival jewellers in the affections of the sharper. Here is a swindler's way of paying the reckoning of 'mine host.' Two gentlemanly looking men, apparently of substantial means, but who in reality depended for a livelihood on their fraudulent ingenuity, after having spent a week at a small country hotel, where they lived upon the best of everything, at last determined to make a move, and watching their opportunity, invited their unsuspecting host to assist in the consumption of a bottle of his own wine; an invitation which was readily accepted. After a suitable prologue, one of the guests expressed his willingness to bet the landlord fifty pounds that the latter could not stand before the clock in perfect silence for half an hour, moving his weight from one leg to the other and winking, at every tick of the pendulum. Delighted at the prospect of such a speedy addition to his capital, 'mine host' immediately closed with the offer, and enthusiastically commenced his undertaking; during the performance of which, it is scarcely necessary to add, the swindlers contrived to set

out in quest of a new field for their operations. The landlord was soon found at his novel task, and created no small surprise amongst the members of his household as he speechlessly alternated from leg to leg. In vain they spoke to him; in vain they told him that customers were awaiting the pleasure of an interview; he motioned to them to keep away; he struck at them, and as they persevered in their efforts to dislodge him, he grinned at them in powerless desperation, while silent anathemas flowed from his winking eyes. The news spread. The neighbours poured in. 'Poor man! Suddenly gone mad! What a pity for his poor children!' But the time was up—the self-imposed task was ended; and the inn-keeper ceased from his labours to find his wager a myth, his cash-box gone, and himself the laughing-stock of the village.

Perhaps it was the same sharpers who, when desirous of changing their abode, summoned the waiter, and craftily induced him to join in 'blind-man's-buff,' each being blindfolded in turn. The waiter's turn to be the blind man came, when, if he caught either of his two playmates, he was to receive a guinea and a bottle of champagne. He crept about. He searched the corners. They were crafty hidings; but he would find them. He groped under the table; he tried the chimney and every place which could afford concealment to a rat; and at length jerked the bandage from his eyes, found the room deserted, and rushed downstairs to discover that he had been duped and his employer swindled.

This reminds us of the story of two fellows whose money was almost entirely expended, and who determined that a wealthy hotel-keeper should be the means of replenishing their purses. Accordingly, one of them giving up what money he had to the other, entered the premises of the selected victim, while his confederate kept out of sight. The visitor inquired for the landlord, to whom he propounded the query: 'Can you give me a good dinner?' Of course the resources of the establishment were equal to such a demand, and in a few minutes the 'good dinner' was served and duly discussed. Then came the question of payment; but the guest had no money, and pointed out to his host that, had he possessed the 'needful,' he should have ordered what he had consumed, in the usual manner; that he had simply sought information concerning the ability of the house and the inclination of its owner to supply him with a good dinner, and was much obliged for the same. A policeman was called in; but his decision leaned towards the impecunious diner—it might be considered a debt, but the criminal law could do nothing. The guest departed. The landlord ground his teeth. Not long after this, number two arrived with the query: 'Can you give me a good dinner?' A smile of terrible meaning crossed the landlord's face. 'Yes, yes,' he replied; 'take a seat.' He hastened out, and returned with a bucket of water, which with his own hands he dashed over the applicant for the good dinner; who thereupon jumped to his feet and demanded an explanation of such extraordinary treatment. 'Ha! ha!' laughed the incensed Boniface, as he glared about for something wherewith to chastise the object of his wrath—'ha, ha! you fellows can't fool me twice in the same way.' The visitor appeared

astounded; the irate landlord appeared anxious to kick the visitor out. A violent scene occurred. The would-be guest was denominated a swindler and a robber. The officer of the law was again summoned. Each made charges against the other. The infuriated host called in his solicitor. The visitor declared that he was perfectly able and willing to pay for what he required; exhibited his money, threatened proceedings for assault and battery, and vowed he would bring his action for slander as well. The landlord's solicitor considered his client was getting cheaply out of the scrape by paying down fifty pounds as a *solatium* for the wounded feelings and the wet clothes of swindler number two!

A swell-mobsmen once made a wager with a gentleman that the latter could not carry a ten-pound note from the hotel at which both were staying to a place indicated, along a specified route. The bet was accepted; and the gentleman, with a grim smile placing the note within the lining of his hat in the presence of the swindler, started to accomplish his object. He had nearly arrived at his destination, when passing a place encumbered with brick, timber, and other building materials, his attention was attracted by a little boy searching amongst the impedimenta and crying piteously. The gentleman approached, and desired to know the cause of his grief. The boy had lost a ten-pound note, which had been given him to get changed, and he was afraid his father would kill him. By this time a crowd, attracted by the roars of the unlucky lad, had assembled, and the builder's materials were being thoroughly overhauled. A confederate among the crowd now managed, while engaged in the search, to knock off the hat which contained the coveted note. Its owner naturally stooped to pick it up, and replaced it on his head. Instantly the confederate collared him. 'Give it up! Give it up!' he cried. 'Give up what?' demanded the gentleman, endeavouring to set himself free; while the crowd, leaving off the search, began to throng round the sharper's victim. 'Give the boy his money—his ten-pound note, you thief!' shouted the swindler. The gentleman angrily protested; but the swell-mobsmen cut him short by exclaiming: 'He's got it, men! I saw him put it in the lining of his hat.' The hat was instantly examined, and conclusive proof obtained, for why should any one be found carrying his money in his hat? And despite the struggles of the real owner, the note was handed over to the boy-confederate, who immediately made off with it; while, had it not been for the arrival of a constable, the victim of the conspiracy would have fared badly at the hands of the infuriated crowd.

The kind of swindle which has for its preliminary stage an invitation to young men to inspect an apparently valuable pipe or article of jewellery, alleged to have been found by the vender, is very frequently practised in the streets of large towns, particularly the English metropolis; and no doubt proves very profitable, and realises many times the real value of the article. The questionable morality of such a purchase must, however, materially detract from our sympathy with the deluded.

What compunctions trouble the conscience of the swindler as he spreads the net for his unwary victims, may be gathered from the senti-

ments said to have been recorded in the note-book of one prominently before the public a few years ago: 'Some men have plenty of brains and no money; some men have plenty of money and no brains. Surely men with plenty of money and no brains were made for men with plenty of brains and no money?' Unfortunately for his personal comfort, however, the law was at variance with his philosophy; and he was found worthy of a prolonged term of imprisonment, which is being accorded to him at the present time.

Quite recently a paragraph went the round of the papers which, if true, revealed a fraud accompanied by no ordinary impudence. Mrs Gladstone, the wife of the ex-Premier, acknowledged by advertisement the receipt of a ten-pound note from an anonymous donor among the subscriptions to a charitable institution in which the lady takes an interest. Some days afterwards she received an epistle requesting the return of the note, as the writer, on reflection, considered he could not consistently give the donation, he not agreeing with Mr Gladstone's politics. The note, according to the paragraph, was forwarded to the address given; but it was subsequently discovered that the individual whose conscience was so very tender respecting political matters, had evinced no scruple in cancelling to his own profit the subscription of a more honest man.

Appropos of certain extensive forgeries of ten-pound notes in Dublin, by which so many respectable merchants were defrauded, the following ingenious mode of getting rid of a forged note may not be uninteresting: A few years ago, on the afternoon of a certain day, whilst a well-dressed man was looking into a jeweller's plate-glass window in College Green, Dublin, and leaning half on the glass, half on the stone pillar, he received from an evil-designed passer-by a tremendous push, which sent his shoulder through the glass, but without injuring him in the least. The proprietor, with some of his assistants, rushed out, seized the unfortunate man, pulled him into the shop, and insisted that he should pay the damage done, which was estimated at nine pounds odds. The man protested—said it was no fault of his—that he had been knocked through the window against his will, and pay he would not under any circumstances. A policeman was called in, who seemed a little doubtful as to whether he ought to take the offender in charge; but the proprietor would hear of no compromise between paying and being removed to prison. The policeman therefore informed the offender that he must accompany him to the police-office, where an inquiry would be made into the circumstances of the breakage. The man still protested strongly, and point-blank refused to pay. He said that he had occasion to leave by the mail-steamer to Holyhead for London in the evening, and vowed that if they attempted to keep him, it would cost them ten times the sum demanded; and characterised their action as monstrous and unjust. But the proprietor would take no denial; so seeing no other course open, the man agreed to pay the nine pounds odds under protest, but threatened a speedy vengeance for their insolence. He tendered a hundred-pound note, and received his change of ninety pounds some shillings, and took his departure, raging like a madman at the unfair treatment he had been subjected to. The hundred-

pound note was afterwards found to be a forged one; and the clever scoundrel had succeeded in getting over ninety pounds for it by an ingenious trick worthy of a better cause.

A FEW HINTS ON DOMESTIC NURSING.

BY THE MOTHER OF A FAMILY.

THERE are many little useful hints in nursing the sick to be gained only by personal familiarity with illness; and as my boys have obstinately persisted in having almost every form of infantile infectious disorder, I shall jot down a few of the points which I found to be most useful to me during the long weary time we were kept in the nursery.

When my little boys Percy and Louis were suffering from scarlet fever, I had every article of furniture save Percy's little bed, Louis's cot, two chairs, and a boxful of toys—which were afterwards burnt—carefully removed, all curtains and carpets rigorously excluded; while I had two print dresses, which I wore alternately during the dreary time. I used to be so sorry for the little patients; for of course all visitors were strictly prohibited, and children naturally like a change both of people and places. It is always advisable, if it is possible to have a choice of rooms for illness, to choose a large airy apartment with a south aspect; for there is nothing like sunshine for keeping one cheerful, as well as acting most beneficially upon the health of the patient; besides it is invaluable as a disinfectant, worth bushels of chloride of lime. In cases of infectious disease, people cannot be too careful in communicating with the outer world. Many and long-continued were the efforts I made to prevent the spread of scarlet fever; and truly thankful I am that I never heard of any one catching it from us. I placed an old saucer nearly full of cold water, in which I poured a little carbolic acid, in each room, the hall table, stairhead window, in fact, on every available spot in the house. At first the strong gaseous odour was highly offensive; but that soon wore off, and in a very short time its presence was almost unnoticed.

My boys used to hate the sight of their 'bokkles,' as they called their medicine; so I placed a little round table, which I covered with a clean napkin, outside the room door; and thereon I put the bottles, spoons, liniments, &c. which were needed; and found it such an improvement on the old plan of keeping them promiscuously on the chimney-piece, that I have adhered to it ever since. Every utensil as soon as used should be carefully removed and well rinsed out—cups, spoons, glasses, all should be at once cleansed, and not suffered to lie about in disorder. It is rather more trouble; but surely the little extra labour will not be grudged when the comfort of the patient is increased.

In these enlightened days it is almost an insult to write about the value of fresh air, yet there are some people who carefully keep their rooms shut up; and what a fatal mistake it is thus to exclude one of God's best gifts to man! If the patient be kept warm and free from draughts, plenty of fresh air may be admitted without the slightest danger. In most modern houses the upper window-sash lets down, and may be kept open a few inches.

If there is the slightest draught, it may be prevented at a very trifling cost, by having a light wooden frame from six to eight inches in width made to fit the upper part of the window, and a single thickness of flannel tacked on each side of it. I find it a capital plan to fold a sheet in two, lay it across the bed, above the under sheet, with the upper edge just touching the pillows, and the ends tightly tucked in under the mattresses. It does not wrinkle or crumple up, as single sheets will do; while crumbs can be readily brushed off, and it can much more easily be changed than a large one. It is best to fold the upper end of the quilt under the blankets before turning down the top sheet, as it helps to keep them in place; and as there is nothing more fidgeting to a healthy person than to have the chin grazed by blankets, the annoyance must be doubly great to one lying on a bed of sickness.

The greatest care should be taken to keep the beds clean; so the linen ought to be changed twice, and the blankets once a week; those that have been removed hung in the open air for a few hours, then thoroughly dried in a warm room, and put away to replace those in use, which must be similarly treated. There is nothing easier to an experienced nurse, or more difficult to an inexperienced one, than to change the bed-linen when a patient is in bed. I once noticed a capital plan in an American paper, which I have followed in scores of cases, and never found to fail. I shall copy it here *in extenso*, for the benefit of those who may be placed where such a scrap of advice may be useful: 'In the first place, everything required must be at hand before beginning; then move the patient as far as possible to one side of the bed, and remove all but one pillow. Untuck the lower and cross sheets, and push them toward the middle of the bed. Have a sheet ready folded or rolled the long way, and lay it on the mattress, unfolding it enough to tuck it in at the side. Have the cross sheet prepared the same way; lay it over the under one, and tuck it in, keeping the unused portion of both still rolled. Move the patient over to the side thus prepared. The soiled sheets can then be drawn away, the clean ones completely unrolled, and tucked in on the other side. The coverings need not be removed while this is being done; they can be pulled out from the foot of the bedstead, and kept wrapped round the patient. To change the upper sheet, take off the counterpane, and lay the clean sheet over the blankets, securing the upper edge to the bed with a couple of pins. Standing at the foot, draw out the blankets and soiled linen; replace the former, and put on the counterpane; lastly, change the pillow-cases.'

I found it most refreshing to my little patients to sponge the entire body with vinegar and warm water, and was very careful not to let them catch cold while doing so, just sponging over a small portion at a time; while the bed and the patients were equally protected by a large blanket, which I carefully pinned round their shoulders. It is a great mistake to have large quantities of fruit, biscuits, &c. lying about a sick-room. A very few grapes, an orange peeled and divided, and two or three milk or water biscuits are quite enough to have displayed at one time. The same may be said of food. I have often been pained, when visiting some of my sick pensioners, to see their

friends, with well-meant but mistaken kindness, bring large basinsfuls of horrible compounds, which they dignify with the name of gruel, or sago or tapioca, as the case may be. The mere sight of the food seemed to set them against it. Whereas if a little care had been bestowed upon its preparation, and a small cupful provided instead of the large quantity I name, they probably would have partaken of it with pleasure.

Another error, committed with the best of intentions, is to keep asking the patients what they would like, if they could take this thing or the other. The sickened, wearied expression I have often seen flit over the faces of people who are recovering from a lingering illness, when their officious relatives come teasing them as to their requirements! During the lingering illness of a dear relative, I verily believe we made her often eat, just by providing dainty morsels of food, displaying them temptingly arranged, and taking them to her bedside quite unexpectedly; when if she had been asked *could* she eat anything, I feel confident the answer would have inevitably been: 'No; thanks. I don't feel at all inclined to eat.'

A very simple and expeditious way of cooking a little bit of chicken or fish is to butter a paper thickly, place the food to be cooked within the paper, and place it on the gridiron over a clear fire. A very short time suffices to cook it thoroughly; and I have often found that to be eaten when all other modes of invalid cookery have been tried in vain.

I always find Percy and Louis take refuge in milk when they are ailing, and truly thankful am I that such is the case. Once when Percy had a very severe attack of bronchitis, I felt in despair, for all the tempting food I could contrive failed to make him eat; for several days—eleven if I be not mistaken—he lived almost entirely on milk; and when I mentioned to our medical attendant my fear that the child would die of starvation, he quite laughed at the idea, and said: 'As long as he can take the milk, the child will do very well.'

In conclusion, I would earnestly impress upon my readers the great importance of having every article in the shape of body or bed linen thoroughly well aired. The slightest trace of damp may undo the careful work of days or weeks, may even cause all our nursing and attention to prove in vain.

A QUEER COURTSHIP.

MANY years ago there lived at the little village of Bakewell in Derbyshire a quiet labouring family of the name of Arnold. The old man and his wife had only one daughter, Annie, a bright-eyed, dark-haired girl of sixteen. She was good-looking, and though possessed of many feminine graces, she could almost do a masculine amount of work, and was therefore a great support to her father and mother. She could manage farm-work of most sorts, and when that was not to be had, she would find something to employ her in a neighbouring mine. Necessarily she came into contact with a good many of the rougher sex, and being a good-natured willing girl, had already made several conquests over their susceptible hearts, but had never yet seen the one she would have liked to marry.

In those days, superstition was at its height, and any difficulty that wanted solving was submitted to the power of spells for divination. Most of the ignorant implicitly believed in their efficacy, and practised them to a great extent. Annie was no exception, and young though she was, she had a strong desire to know her future fate. Perhaps it was chiefly the knowledge of the supposed means that incited her; but she certainly left no stone unturned in trying to discover her fate. Once she had even exhorted a priest who passed that way to solve the secret for her, but he warned her not to tempt the Virgin or pry into the unknown. Gipsies had told her fortune, but it was never fulfilled. All manners of charms and incantations had she tried, yet without success; but for all this she did not despair, and placed as much trust in every succeeding trial as she had done in the first.

On St Thomas's Eve, she took the prescribed but unpoetical large red onion, and stuck nine pins in it, according to the custom. This she did by making a little circle of eight of them, and placing the ninth in the middle, naming it 'true love.' This she put under her pillow, and repeated the all-powerful verse:

'Good St Thomas, do me right;
Send me my true love to-night,
In his clothes and his array,
Which he weareth every day.'

That night in happy dreams she saw the young man who was to be her future husband; but the features were strange to her, though he wore labouring clothes. Ever after, she looked intently at every fresh face, to discover a likeness to her vision, but without success.

When New-year's Eve came round, she invited some of her young friends to come and join in merry homely pastimes. All sorts of curious games they played, and the pleasant joke passed freely round in a manner that would put to shame many of the sham, cold, and uncomfortable *receptions* of the present day. As a conclusion to the evening's entertainment, Annie brought out a large substantial dish, filled with what was called a cold posset, of her own making. It was made of milk, ale, eggs, currants, and spice; and lastly, but not least, her mother's wedding-ring was thrown in. Then each guest took a ladleful out, and in so doing attempted to catch the ring, for whoever did so was certain to be married before the next year was out. Whether Annie had prepared it with a charm or not, certain it is that she was the lucky one who fished up the ring; and loud were the congratulations on all sides, for she was much beloved by her companions.

These repeated predictions only increased her curiosity, and she lost no opportunity of further solving her destiny. On St Valentine's Day, therefore, she peeped through the keyhole before opening the outer door, in the hope of seeing two or more persons, in which case she would have a sweetheart very soon. But better still, she saw a

cock and hen, which denoted, according to Derbyshire belief, that she would be married before the year was out. Everything seemed to concur in promising her married felicity that year, and yet, inquisitive girl, she did not know who was her sweetheart! She was sure it was no one she had ever seen before, for the face in her dream was totally different from any she could remember.

Thus time went on, and she was no wiser than ever. Midsummer Eve had arrived, and she determined to carry out a bolder project than any she had before attempted, to confirm her former dream. It was one which very few girls dare do, and the last one that had performed it five years before was a wild runaway whom they did not care to emulate. But Annie was a brave girl, and dared to attempt it for her own satisfaction. Her parents were not averse to it, but let her have her own way, foreseeing no harm; they placed great trust in the girl, and so feared nothing.

The charm she intended to perform was this: to go to the churchyard at midnight, and when the clock struck twelve, to run a similar number of times round the church, repeating:

'I sow hempseed—hempseed I sow.
He that loves me best,
Come after me and mow.'

The figure of the young woman's lover is then supposed to appear and follow her.

As the time approached, she felt rather nervous; but being a girl of good spirit, she braced herself up for the occasion, and at half-past eleven o'clock bade 'good-night' to her father and mother with a cheerful heart. Although superstitious, she was not afraid, and had often gone at night to strange places where a man would have feared to venture near. But a churchyard at midnight is not a very congenial spot, though upon this night the moon shone brilliantly, and she could see the old church quite plainly in the distance. Though fancying she saw figures flitting here and there as the moon was temporarily obscured by the white fleecy clouds, she went on undaunted till she reached the little porch, and the gate creaked open at her touch. Though she was alone, and almost wishing she had not come, her curiosity and pride resolved her. She waited uneasily till the old bell clanked out its dismal sound—the ghostly signal of spirit revelry—and the wind rustled in the trees with an eerie sigh. Round and round the old familiar graveyard she sped, peering into the dark shadows she was unable to penetrate, and trembling with excitement. Once she stopped and looked intently at the shadow of a tall shrub where she thought she saw some bodily form. Her imagination was so strong that she could make out the features she had seen in her dream; but the moon gleaming forth at that moment, dispelled the illusion. Vexed with her disappointment, she again sped on, construing every shadow into a spectre. She had been round eleven times, and was despairing of success, when

in the moonlight she saw, this time quite plainly, the figure of a young man whose face seemed to resemble that of her dream. He wore ordinary working clothes, and was watching her in intense excitement. It was no ghost, but a real live human being. She stopped, breathless, while the young man, seemingly desperate, walked towards her. She did not recoil but waited his approach. Nearer and nearer he came, and all his features appeared familiar to her. At last he touched her, and the fascinating spell was broken; both were then perfectly certain of the other's bodily existence. His was an honest, frank face, and she trusted him instinctively. He was delighted with her modest beauty; and a series of mutual explanations followed; and after a little difficulty he fathomed the secret of the blushing girl. Both considered it a decree of fate that they had thus met, and plighted their happy troth in the old churchyard, sealing it with the time-honoured kiss.

His appearance, however, at the church was due to an entirely different cause, which he explained to Annie as he joyfully led her to her home. His name was Richard Random, and he lived at the little village of Sheldon, four miles off; but curiously enough had never before seen Annie or she him, though he had been to Bakewell several times before. He had been suffering acutely from the philosophy-defying pain, toothache, for a long time, and had unsuccessfully tried many means to cure it. The last cure he had attempted was one peculiar to Derbyshire, the pain being supposed to be caused by a worm—an old belief mentioned by Shakspeare in *Much Ado about Nothing*. To extract it they have recourse to a curious method: a small quantity of dried and powdered herbs is placed in a cup, and a hot coal dropped on it; the sufferer then holds his or her open mouth over the cup, inhaling the smoke as long as it can be borne. Then the patient breathes hard into another cup full of water, when it is said the grub or worm can be seen in the water. This, however, Richard had tried without success, and was at a loss what to do next, when a new arrival from Durham told him of another charm which was practised in that county. This he was only too glad to try, to cure if possible the 'love-pain,' as they call toothache in these parts. The horrid charm was this: The patient must go to the churchyard at midnight and bite a tooth from an old skull, and the pain would leave him for ever. We have seen how he came to the churchyard, and how doubtless his 'love-pain' left him, and by a much more agreeable process. He had seen the girl running round the church long before he reached it, and had wondered what it could be. Then he remembered the old Derbyshire custom on Midsummer Eve, and determined to find out whether it was a spectre or not. The rest Annie knew, and how agreeably both had been surprised! and when they arrived at her home, matters were explained to the entire satisfaction of all.

It was such coincidences as these, and sometimes perhaps preconcerted plans, that sustained the old belief in these customs and superstitions. Many of the village girls were now ambitious to try this sovereign sweetheart charm, and for some years after, the churchyard at Bakewell presented a lively 'spectral' appearance on each Midsummer

Eve. Annie's curiosity was now satisfied; and three months after her strange *rencontre* she was married to Richard Random at the ancient church she had so successfully circled. Loud and long were the acclamations of joy that were raised in the village, and the old bell clanked with a merrier tone than it had ever done before. All rejoiced that Annie was happy, though many wreaths of flowers were hung on the doors of her unsuccessful lovers, according to Bakewell custom. It only remains to add that Annie became a dutiful wife, and took events as they came, without attempting to peer too far into the future; while Richard Random was never again troubled with the toothache or 'love-pain.'

THE MONTH.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE old year closed with news of a scientific experiment which excited lively interest among chemists and mineralogists—namely, that real diamonds had actually been made by experiment in the laboratory. The old and oft-repeated prediction seemed at length accomplished by a clever chemist at Glasgow. But though real diamonds are said to have been scratched by the manufactured ones, and rubies and other precious stones have been engraved by them, the inventor meanwhile only claims that he has produced a crystalline form of carbon, irrespective of the question of whether this is the diamond.

As a set-off to this there was Dr Richardson's account of a diver who, equipped in a diving-dress, could go down into deep water and stay there an hour without any supply of air from above. This remarkable personage, Mr Fleuss, is described as an Englishman, of the merchant service, and who has discovered a way by which breathing can be carried on under water. Dr Richardson states that in the first dip at which he was present Mr Fleuss remained under water twenty minutes, and came out free from oppression, his pulse steady, his breathing free, and his complexion natural. A subsequent dip in twelve feet of water lasted an hour, during which Mr Fleuss moved about, picked up small objects, and reclined on the floor of the tank. When he came up his pulse was beating nearly double the natural rate; but his face was clear of any sign of asphyxia, and, as in the former case, the breathing was free.

Though it has been surmised that Mr Fleuss has condensed air concealed about his person, the precise means by which he keeps himself alive under water is a secret; but that endeavours will be made to turn it to account may be taken for granted. To be able to take long walks in a river or at the bottom of the sea, independent of air-pumping from above, opens a wide sphere of usefulness for divers. And if life can be maintained under water, so can it also in a noxious atmosphere, and Fleuss' apparatus may render good service in dangerous coal-mines and in burning houses.

Researches made by Messrs De Candolle and Pictet of Geneva on the degree of cold to which seeds of plants can be subjected without impairing their vitality, present very remarkable results. It is not the first time that such experiments have been tried; but the means now available for maintaining a low temperature for a long time, impart to present investigations a degree of certainty never before possible. Seeds of cabbage, mustard, cress, and wheat were separately inclosed in glass tubes, hermetically sealed, and were then exposed during six hours to a course of refrigeration, in which the temperature was reduced to fifty degrees below zero of centigrade. No precautions were taken to restore them gradually to the ordinary temperature. They were sown, and all except seven grains of wheat, which had been damaged, germinated in the same time as seeds which had not been refrigerated. Another experiment was made with thirteen different kinds of seeds. It lasted two hours, and during half that period the temperature was brought down to eighty degrees below zero. They all germinated except three sorts, which were proved to be bad, by the fact that non-chilled seeds of the same kind did not grow.

These results are deserving of attention. We shall have additional particulars by-and-by, for the experimentalists intend to continue their researches, to prolong the period of cold, and to try its effect on a larger number of germs, as well animal as vegetable.

Dr Hagen, Professor of Entomology in Harvard College, Massachusetts, has revived an old question—*The Destruction of Obnoxious Insects*. From observation and experiments carried on under his advice, he has come to the conclusion that the vine-pest (*Phylloxera*), the potato-beetle, the cotton-worm, the Colorado grasshopper, caterpillars, and greenhouse pests generally, may be destroyed by sprinkling them with diluted yeast. The fatal ingredient is the mould or fungus which grows on yeast and on the surface of brewers' mash. 'The liquid,' says Dr Hagen, 'should be applied either with a syringe or with a sprinkler; and the fact that infected insects poison others with which they come in contact, will be a great help. Of course it will be impossible to destroy all insects; but a certain limit to calamities could be attained. The quantity to be applied, and the manner of the application, can be known only by experiment.'

In an experiment tried on potato-beetles, all that were sprinkled with the diluted yeast died within twelve days, and the fungus was found in the vessels of their wings. It is known that the common house-fly is often killed by a fungus. Dr Hagen states that, in baking and brewing, this fungus acts as a ferment equally well with yeast. Once at a meeting of German naturalists, a cake was eaten and beer drunk both of which had been fermented by the house-fly fungus.

A map of Mars, on Mercator's projection, con-

structed by Professor Harkness, from observations made at the United States Naval Observatory, Washington, is published in the *Monthly Notices* of the Royal Astronomical Society. It shows ten dark spots, one Y-shaped, one having the form of a leather apron, one a bullet, the others generally resembling willow-leaves, ranged in parallel lines from east to west. The south polar ice shows an important segment in the upper border of the map, and is, as seen through the telescope, pure white; while the colour of the planet is a golden yellow, and that of the spots or markings is a light indigo blue. The spots are by some observers supposed to be land. So far as it goes, this map is a very interesting representation of Mars. Professor Harkness hopes to improve it greatly during the opposition of next autumn.

At a meeting last session of the Anthropological Institute, the President referred to an explanation that had been given of the way in which the huge and heavy stones standing as monoliths, or in groups as tombs and temples, had been lifted into place: a long-standing and puzzling question. Among the hill-tribes of India there are some who still erect big stones as memorials; and, as is reported, they recently carried a stone weighing twenty tons up a high hill in the course of a few hours. The ponderous block was inclosed in a wooden framework so arranged that a large number of men could lift all at once, and in this simple way was it borne to the hill-top, a height of four thousand feet. That such a practice still exists is fair ground for assuming that it prevailed in the primeval ages. And that enormous weights are transported by mere manual labour, is stated by Captain Basil Hall, who at a port in India saw a number of natives lift and carry a ship's anchor of the largest dimensions.

Mr Rivett-Carnac, who has explored many of the barrows and burial-mounds in India, finds confirmation of the views of those explorers who have pointed out the extraordinary resemblance of the Indian barrows and their contents to those of Europe. Some years ago, a barrow in Northumberland was examined, and was found to be in nearly every respect a counterpart of the sepulchral mounds of the Deccan of India. Similar evidence has been found in France and other parts of the continent. In the East, as in the West, the shape of the tumuli is the same, and they are always placed on the slope of a hill facing the south. Brahmins, Buddhists, and Druids, as has been inferred, had a common belief.

A new map of Turkestan in four sheets, drawn and zincographed at Dehra Dun, has been published by General Walker, Surveyor-general of India. It extends one degree of latitude to the north and south beyond the former edition, and includes part of Afghanistan crossed by our troops during the recent campaign, and much information has been obtained from the Survey officers attached to the army, and details of the routes between Khelat, Quetta, and Kandahar. The course of the

Upper Oxus is more clearly made known than before; beyond the Himalaya, some important rivers and affluents of the Indus have been traced to their sources in Kohistan; and Tirich Mir, the highest peak of the Hindu Kush, provisionally estimated at twenty-three thousand four hundred, is now assumed to be from three to four thousand feet higher. And this new map with its rectified particulars shews in the north-east 'what a large extent of *terra incognita* still remains to tempt any enterprising explorer—be he Russian or Englishman—to visit those regions.'

Bishop Caldwell, in an address to the graduates of Madras University, pointed out that there lay open to the educated natives of India a rich field of research in which they could work to more advantage than Europeans. This field is the history of their country as contained in inscriptions on the walls of temples in almost every village. By study of those ancient records, light would be thrown on what is at present a very obscure subject, and more or less legendary and mythical. Natives have no reason to fear the sun, and can therefore search for inscriptions without the risk to which Europeans would be exposed; moreover, they can explore without exciting suspicion, and antiquities and private evidences, concealed from strangers, would be shewn to them. Search might also be made for old vernacular books that are supposed to be lost, with a view towards a history and comparative study of languages. And for this the neighbourhood of Madras affords ample scope. The Dravidian family includes fourteen languages and thirty dialects, and in addition there are Sanskrit and Hindustani. In Calcutta and Bombay, where educated natives have applied themselves to these studies, the results have been valuable and encouraging; and if vernaculars are compared, and ancient forms with modern, it would soon be found that language has a history of its own, throwing light on all other histories. 'A further advantage,' as the prelate remarked, 'might be realised in time in the commencement and development of a good modern vernacular literature—a literature equal—if that were possible—to the ancient literature in beauty of form, and superior to it—which would be possible enough—in the value of its subject-matter.'

In the northern part of Scotland, the shire of Sutherland occupies an area of eighteen hundred square miles, comprising for the most part mountains, moors, and bogs, penetrated by great lochs of sea and fresh water, which occasion 'a dampness at all seasons of the year, more favourable to the growth of grass than of cereal crops.' Brooks and streams are almost innumerable; and yet at the beginning of the present century there was but one bridge, and scarcely a thoroughfare which could be called a road. Love of work and cleanliness were unknown among the inhabitants, who dwelt with their live-stock in miserable huts built of turf and poles, which, when they became too filthy even for Sutherlanders, were abandoned, and the poles pulled out were used in the erection

of others after the same pattern. Squalor and starvation were the common lot.

The wonders effected in the shape of agricultural improvement on this large territory by the present Duke of Sutherland, were described some time ago in these pages (December 19, 1874). Improvements are still proceeding. An interesting paper on the subject by Mr Roberts of Haslemere, is given in the last number of the *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society*. The present Duke, who, as is well known, delights in mechanical operations, having seen some years ago the ineffectual endeavour to till bog and moorland by means of an ordinary plough driven by a portable steam-engine, substituted two fourteen horse-power engines, and a plough carrying a single huge turn-furrow, in place of the four usually employed. This plough is 'never overturned, and the steadiness with which it tears its way through inequalities of surface, over sharp ridges and abrupt hollows, is marvellous.'

To enable the heavy engines to travel over soft ground, the wheels are made five feet diameter with a tire twenty inches broad, which, by movable rings applicable at pleasure, can be increased to three feet eight inches. The difficulties would have disheartened anything short of the most resolute and intelligent perseverance: big boulders and old bulky roots of firs stopped the plough repeatedly, and were hauled out, bodily by the engine, or started by a sixpenny charge of dynamite. To save the plough from injury, the Duke's Secretary invented a revolving coulter, a vertical steel disk, which when it met a stubborn obstruction lifted the plough over; and the Duke suggested the adoption of a large iron hook similar to the fluke of an anchor, which, trailing behind the plough, acted as a subsoiler, stirring the land to a depth of from eight to eighteen inches. At times, prodigious quantities of stones, likened to the refuse of a quarry, lurked beneath the surface; and from one of the fields one hundred and fifty tons of stone to the acre were collected. Here the steam-power rendered signal service by hauling the stones away over soft ground on sledges at the rate of two hundred tons a day. In like manner, when trees were to be removed, a chain from the engine passed round half-a-dozen stems, speedily uprooted the whole group.

From these few particulars, some idea may be formed of the magnitude of the work of reclamation in the wilds of Sutherland. Similar ingenuity has been shewn in the laying out of roads, in fencing, and the erection of suitable buildings. Nearly three thousand acres have been reclaimed, and the work begun in 1873 is still progressing. The results are thus described: instead of 'moor and bog, there are now to be seen large and well-cultivated farms, each with a well-built and ample standing, surrounded by large rectangular fields, well fenced, and covered with luxuriant crops of oats, turnips, and grass. Good roads give access to each field; and here and there, amid grazing sheep and cattle and the ordinary features of farm tillage, smoke rises from engines employed for traction on the roads or in cultivating the land. Scattered over the plain are numerous labourers' cottages, a smithy, workshops, a school-church, and a post-office—a scene of fruitfulness and rural activity instead of a dark lifeless expanse of moorland.'

Noblesse oblige is a precept which has come down to us from the days of chivalry. The Sutherlanders for some generations to come will be able to testify that in the present instance it has been nobly verified.

The same *Journal* shews that waste hill-lands can be turned to profit in the breeding of ponies; and further points out a way by which a farm labourer may keep a cow, and thus provide milk for his family. Milk is so essential in building up the bones and muscles of children, and is so nutritious generally, as thereby to furnish inducement enough towards cow-keeping. At Loton Park, Sir Baldwin Leighton's estate in Shropshire, 'four labourers out of six have grass-lands and keep cows. Their wives attend to the cow and do all the labour required. The net profit to them from a cow has been five or six shillings a week.'

The government of Prussia is considering over the means of improving water communications by 'regulating' five of the principal rivers of the monarchy—namely, the Rhine, the Elbe, the Weser, the Oder, and the Vistula. It will be a mighty task, for the Elbe alone takes in the drainage of all the rivers of Bohemia, and carries away in a year five milliards of cubic metres of water, containing 455,950 tons of suspended matter, and 518,900 tons of dissolved substances.

A Committee of the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, have reported favourably on a machine for dressing hemp, flax, and other fibrous plants, which was invented in France in 1874. It occupies a floor-space of about ten feet by eight, and is so constructed as to carry on at the same time the distinct operations of 'breaking' and 'scutching.' By a combination of fluted rollers and a fan, the fibre is delivered free from husk or straw in straight untangled lines in less than a minute from the time of feeding in. Besides being rapid in its action, this machine is free from delicate and nicely to be adjusted parts, requires comparatively little power to drive, and does not need skilled labour to operate it. To quote the Report: 'The introduction and general use of this machine would without doubt tend to restore and extend the cultivation of such fibrous plants as flax, hemp, jute, and others of a similar nature, by enabling producers to deliver these several fibres in a clean, straight, long-line, marketable shape, at low cost. Unlike cotton, which is comparatively a delicate plant, that can only be grown profitably in the southern and south-western States, flax and kindred plants may be grown readily throughout our entire country. Light soils are more suitable for its development; but good crops may be gathered from strong and clayey ground.' The inventor of this praiseworthy machine is Norbert de Landtsheer.

At a recent meeting of the French Physical Society, a description was given of the speaking-machine, invented by Mr Faber, who has earnestly devoted himself to the production of artificial speech. The machine comprises a larynx, movable lips, a buccal cavity in which a tongue is free to move, an ivory reed in place of vocal chords, and a nasal cavity. Diaphragms of different form vary their position by means of keys or pedals, and by varying the forms of the cavities in which they operate, produce the vowel sounds, while the consonants are brought out by the movement of the lips and tongue. Fourteen keys suffice for all

the articulations; the pitch can be modified at pleasure; and the imitation of the human voice is said to be sufficiently satisfactory.

That the different colours of the spectrum have an influence on vegetation, has long been known. Plants grown under green glass soon die; under red glass they live a long time, but become pale and slender. Mr Yung of the University of Geneva has placed the eggs of frogs and fishes in similar conditions, and found that violet light quickens their development; and blue, yellow, and white also, but in a lesser degree. Tadpoles on the contrary die sooner in coloured light than in white light. As regards frogs, Mr Yung has ascertained that their development is not stopped by darkness, as some observers have supposed, but that the process is much slower than in the light.

We have the pleasure of acknowledging the following donations in behalf of the Fallen Women Mission: Alexander Semple, Maida Vale, L.3; A Friend, L.5; J. R., 1s. 2d.; Mrs Gordon, 12 The College, Northfleet, Kent, L.1.

'I'LL HOLD BY YOUR HAND, MOTHER.'

'SHOULDEST not thou like, my child, to be
With Him in that blest land
Where He is gone to make for us
A home not formed by hand?'

'I do not know,' she answered me,
That little simple child,
Whose lesson for the Sabbath school
A half-hour had beguiled.

'My pet,' I said, 'suppose our Queen
Had sent to bid you come
Into her palace bright and rich
To make for you a home—'

'Suppose that toys, and food, and dress,
And all things rich and rare,
Were there provided for your use,
And joys beyond compare—'

'Wouldst not thou gladly leave this home,
With all thou carest for here,
To dwell in that far better one,
That bright and joyous sphere?'

'And heaven, my child, is brighter far!
Nor could my words declare—
Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
The joys that wait us there!'

'Wouldst not thou like, then, little one,
To go to that sweet home
Where all God's own shall surely meet,
All Christ's redeemed shall come?'

A smile lit up her little face,
As gently she replied:
'Yes, mother; by your hand I'll hold,
And enter at your side.'

C. S.

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THE RESTORATION MOVEMENT.

FIRST ARTICLE.

ABOUT forty years ago, after a long period of neglect and degradation, the fine old ecclesiastical edifices dotted over the British islands began to excite earnest attention, with a view to arresting their decay, and if possible restoring them to their original condition. With not a little to deplore in the frivolity and heedless extravagance of the age, this revival of taste may be considered a redeeming feature. It shews an appreciation of the beautiful in that department of art which has for its special object the promotion of solemnising religious thought. There is much that is hopeful in this recently evoked spirit. It only needs to be properly directed.

The abuse, almost the obliteration, of architectural taste, as everybody knows, was primarily due to the ecclesiastical revolution in the sixteenth century. What was then spared was, a century later, subjected to the most odious abuse during the civil war and Commonwealth. By these several movements, particularly the latter, the finer feelings in art were subdued. From what must be deemed a perversion of principle, purity in religion was identified with ugliness to the eye and discordance to the ear. The genius of dullness was predominant. Such old ecclesiastical structures as were not destroyed outright, were either allowed to sink to decay, or were repaired and altered with tasteless indifference. Churches were built like barns, as unsightly as it was possible to make them. Stuffed with pews and galleries, and unprovided with means of ventilation, their interior was often to the last degree offensive. By way of variety, the pews were sometimes arranged as inclosed seats round a table, like boxes in a restaurant. So low had sunk the public sense of decency in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, that national luminaries, such as poets, divines, essayists, historians, and novelists, to whom people now look back with a degree of reverence, do not seem to have remarked

that there was anything to find fault with in the debased condition of the ecclesiastical edifices. Sentiment, for a time, was divorced from religious observance.

Any revival of taste in church-building was retarded rather than advanced by introducing imitations of the Grecian and Roman styles of art into situations where they were wholly out of place. Ancient ecclesiastical structures, usually known as Gothic, can admit of no patching with Greek or Roman characteristics. There must be thorough congruity, and what is equally important, no counterfeits in the form of fantastic decoration. Until within the last hundred years, some architects committed grievous offences of this kind, and in this respect none brought greater discredit on the profession than Wyatt, architect, who flourished at the close of last century, and died in 1813. He is reputed to have done much damage to certain cathedrals of England that were subjected to his operations.

Men with his conceptions revelled in their absurdities, no one taking objection, during the early years of the present century. At length, in the writings of Rickman and Pugin, came the dawn of a true revival as concerns Gothic architecture. With all his strange dogmatising and eccentricity of expression, Augustus Welby Pugin, about 1841, gave an irresistible impetus to efforts at restoration on the pure and elegant Gothic model which prevailed in England in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Since that time, through a remarkable advance in public taste, the restoration of cathedrals and churches on a correct architectural principle has been widely and satisfactorily effected.

In these few observations, we have merely glanced at a great subject that has been singularly neglected in literature. The vicissitudes of old ecclesiastical buildings throughout the United Kingdom remain to be written in a lucid compendious form. Out of a multiplicity of dry details might be gathered materials for an historical work as interesting as a popular romance. What revelations of enthusiastic piety, what out-

bursts of passion, and what interlardings of the comic with the pathetic! The proceedings of Wyatt and others of like stamp, as pretenders in the art of rectification, would compose the droll element in such a comprehensive narrative. Just to give an idea of what many cathedrals have gone through, we offer the following instances.

No ecclesiastical edifice in England suffered more by the civil war in the seventeenth century than the Cathedral of Lichfield. In a previous age, the cathedral and adjoining close had, for sake of security, been surrounded by a wall, forming a kind of defensive fort. This was a fatal precaution. The walled inclosure having held out for the Royalists, was captured by a force under Lord Brooke, a fiercely zealous Puritan, in March 1643, his lordship, however, being shot in the attack. Then followed a regular spoliation. Preachers quite as fanatical as Habakkuk Mucklewath, incited the soldiers to destroy everything of a tasteful nature in the cathedral. The organ and stained glass windows were smashed in pieces, the tessellated pavements were torn up, and tombs and monuments laid in ruin. After misusage of this kind for a month, Prince Rupert succeeded in expelling the invaders; and the cathedral remained in the hands of the Royalists until 1646, when, as the result of a fresh siege, it was surrendered to the Parliamentary forces. On the Restoration of Charles II., the cathedral, as in other cases, was given up, and worship was resumed as before the troubles. Something was done in the way of repairs, but much remained to be effected. When the remedy was applied, it was as bad as the disease. In 1788, Wyatt was unfortunately employed upon the building. He caused the arches to be built up, and otherwise created havoc with the interior arrangements.* The edifice remained in an unsatisfactory state until 1860, when, at a large cost, it was restored in the best taste by Sir Gilbert Scott, and now is one of the most beautiful cathedrals in England.

Salisbury Cathedral, a fine specimen of thirteenth-century art, and which is specially noted for its lofty tapering spire, suffered the misfortune of being submitted to Wyatt for some necessary repairs and restorations. Short work was made of the more ornamental parts of the edifice. Chapels, screens, and porches were swept away; ancient paintings were obliterated; stained glass windows were destroyed, and emptied into the city ditch; and a venerable campanile which stood in the churchyard was levelled with the ground.† So low was public taste in 1789, that these operations were generally thought to be very judicious. They were simply disgraceful. What Wyatt took away cannot be replaced; but everything has been done in recent times to make the best of what he left; and now the building in its

restored state is worthy of its architectural character and historical associations.

Rochester Cathedral also experienced cruel treatment from the troops of the Commonwealth. The nave was transformed into a carpenter's shop, with saw-pits. All the monumental brasses were destroyed. After being long in a deplorable condition, the building was restored by Sir Gilbert Scott.

A case of ruin through sheer neglect and mismanagement occurs in the history of the Cathedral of Llandaff. As a Norman church of the twelfth century, it was suffered to fall into great disrepair. Early in the eighteenth century, roofs and towers had fallen in, and the service was conducted in a corner of the building. In 1732, an effort was made to bring it into decent order, for which purpose, a Mr Wood of Bath was employed. Wood appears to have had no other notion of restoring a Gothic edifice than by supplying deficiencies with work in the Roman or modern style, so as to look neat and pretty. He actually introduced an Italian room as a portion of the nave, and planned a front with a plain façade surmounted by a dome. No uninstructed country mason could have done worse. Luckily, the dome was never built. While the cathedral was in the incongruous condition in which it had been left by Wood, Richard Watson, Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, was appointed Bishop of Llandaff in 1782. Well, here at last was a man who, it might be presumed, would further the restoration of the cathedral. Altogether a mistake. Watson appears to have cared nothing for his diocese. At least he kept away from it. He resided like a country gentleman in Westmoreland, where he flourished as an agriculturist and great planter of trees, particularly the larch. At his leisure he wrote the 'Apology for the Bible,' and one or two other works. As regards the restoration of his cathedral he manifested entire indifference. He died in 1816, leaving the work of restoration to others. Not until recent times, chiefly through the energy of the Rev. Bruce Knight, Chancellor of the Diocese, and Dean Conybeare, was the building resuscitated in its ancient beauty and condition, at a cost of more than thirty thousand pounds. Mr Pritchard, a resident architect, has the merit of restoring this gem of ancient art to what it had been in the original, indeed somewhat improving upon it.

York Minster, perhaps the grandest and most spacious of the English cathedrals, whose history takes us back to the seventh century, has undergone some extraordinary vicissitudes; while its ornate pillars, its lofty arches, its numerous chapels, its elegant screen, its finely carved tombs, and its towers with rich mouldings, excite the admiration of all lovers of art. The wealth lavished by pious donors on the building might well be matter for surprise. The very grandeur

* Murray's 'Hand-Book to the Cathedrals of England,' Western Division, page 291.

† *Ibid.*, Southern Division, page 96.

and dignity of the edifice seem to have incited the destructive feelings of a madman. One day in February 1829, Jonathan Martin, brother of Martin the well-known artist, entered the building as an ordinary visitor, and having concealed himself behind a tomb in the north transept, he in the course of the night set fire to the woodwork in the choir and to the organ. The flames reached the roof, which was entirely consumed. Satisfied with what he had done, he escaped through a window; but was captured a few days afterwards. He was tried at York assizes, and being pronounced insane, was confined in a lunatic asylum, and died in 1838. Public sentiment was so roused by the calamity, that a subscription was set on foot, and yielded the sum of sixty-five thousand pounds, which was spent on repairing the parts destroyed. To aid in the undertaking, government contributed five thousand pounds worth of teak timber from the Naval Dockyards. The restoration was intrusted to Sir Robert Smirke. Unfortunately, through the carelessness of some workmen employed in repairing the clock in the south-west tower, in May 1840, a destructive fire broke out; and the restoration, also effected by subscription, cost twenty-three thousand pounds. The stained glass windows of York Minster, completed in recent times, are among the largest and finest of the kind in England.

St Paul's, the glory of London, the grand work of Sir Christopher Wren, which is well known to everybody, has a history and a character of its own. Built in the Roman style of architecture, after the model of St Peter's at Rome, it is a comparatively modern structure. The earliest ecclesiastical edifice on the spot was an old church of the Anglo-Saxon period, which being consumed by fire in 1087, was replaced by a massive Norman cathedral, for the building of which William the Conqueror contributed, and which was enlarged by the Plantagenets. Unhappily, it too suffered from fire. In 1561, it was struck by lightning, and partly consumed. By the efforts of the city authorities, it was repaired sufficiently to admit of being used for public worship, and as a place of general resort. The imperfect condition of St Paul's was lamented by Elizabeth, but she did nothing for it. James, her successor, was also grieved at the state of St Paul's; but excepting words and some ceremonial parade, he did nothing for its restoration. Charles I. took the matter up practically. Under his auspices, Inigo Jones made considerable reparations, but he committed a serious mistake, by giving the shattered Gothic edifice a splendid Roman portico, with a row of pillars of the Corinthian order!

While the scaffolding was still up, comes the rule of the Puritan parliament, which speedily changes the destiny of St Paul's. The sum of seventeen thousand pounds, designed to complete the repairs, was seized, and appropriated to pay arrears due to a regiment. The interior of the building was used as a cavalry barrack and stable. The Roman portico was let out for shops to sempstresses and hucksters. The building remained in this wretched condition till the Restoration, 1660, when it was cleared out, and put into a state of decency. Projects were now set on foot to thoroughly repair the edifice, and Wren gave some suggestions on the subject. Before a determination could be come to, 'Old St

Paul's,' as it was called, perished in the great fire of London, 1666. After this third burning, sprung up the magnificent structure of Wren, which, favoured by its commanding situation, exceeds in imposing grandeur its prototype, St Peter's. The only matter for regret is that its effect is to a certain extent lost by being too closely hemmed in by the surrounding streets. A Gothic edifice would, ecclesiastically, have been more congenial; but undeniably the choice of a Roman style of art with a massive towering dome, has proved the most effectual in the circumstances. The work was finished in 1710; so that the building is now only a hundred and seventy years old. Completed in the reign of Queen Anne, an effigy of that Princess is placed in front of the building, facing down Ludgate Hill. It is pleasing to add that the cost of erection was, through local taxation, borne exclusively by the citizens of London. We are not without a hope that a great man will some day rise up in London, and make an effort—though, considering the value of property, it will be a costly one—to widen the open space round this noble structure, on which all Englishmen look with eyes of affection.

In a subsequent paper we shall present a summary of the vast expense which has been incurred in repairing the various cathedrals of England, and need only say here that the aggregate amount, as far as is known, is upwards of a million sterling. But the work of improvement is not at an end. We are constantly hearing of fresh outlays in conformity with the enlarged wants and wishes of the community. The ancient abbey of St Albans, which had been occupied as a parish church since the Reformation, is now constituted the cathedral of a new diocese, and much is being done to restore it in a creditable style—the outlay falling on the liberality of private individuals, among whom we may specially refer to Sir Edmund Becket, Bart. Q.C.

Obviously, the present extraordinary Restoration movement is due to the progress of taste among nearly all classes, irrespective of denominational differences. There has been no factitious device in the matter. The era of dullness has quietly passed away. Ugliness in churches, like discomfort in dwellings, is no longer the fashion. Each religious body vies with another as to which shall have the handsomest and most commodious place of worship. With a pervading feeling of this kind, the venerable structures that had suffered from decay or misusage could not be left to perish. The general wish is to preserve a class of buildings not only grand and pleasing to look at, but as being intimately associated with the national history. With the correct taste which now prevails on the subject, there has been a difficulty of treatment on the old lines. Attention has had to be paid to those changes in ritual that have taken place since the buildings were constructed. Neglect on this score would have rendered attempts at restoration useless.

We could fill pages with accounts of what has lately been done through voluntary contributions to restore old parish and collegiate churches that had sunk into disrepair in different parts of England; the object in every case being to bring back

the buildings to their original beauty of architecture and usefulness. Take, for example, the following newspaper notice respecting Winchester: 'Church restoration has in this city given back again to us every one of the ancient churches in all their beauty, and the latest and last example—for all are now done—is that of St Bartholomew Hyde, once the church of the servants and tenants of Hyde Abbey—where rested the remains of Alfred the Great and his family—and which, since the Reformation, has been the parish church of that extra-mural district named after the saint, who suffered death by being flayed alive. The church has many interesting architectural features, dating back, as it does, to the time of Henry I. There is a noble Norman doorway of that date; and the character of the church is generally transition, with Early English additions, and some even later. In consequence of the increasing population of the parish, additions have been necessary from time to time; and within the last few months the north aisle has been completed, together with other repairs. The architect and contractors adhering closely, and we may almost say reverently, to ancient details, have reproduced the ancient taste and grandeur of the original church without a fault, save that economy compelled the use of deal instead of oak in the roof. The repairs, completion, and furniture of the church have cost fifteen hundred pounds, exclusive of many special gifts. The venerable building is now as strong as when first built, seven hundred years ago.'

Looking to the hideous operations of some architects now deceased, we can readily understand how a terror should have sprung up lest interesting old buildings might be damaged in the process of restoration. Hence, in some quarters an anti-restoration craze, and an anti-restoration society. There may, however, be unreasonable apprehensions on this score, which may be set aside as ridiculous. Every case must be judged on its own merits. This is made clear by a speech of Sir Edmund Becket, on the occasion of a discussion before the Royal Institute of British Architects.* Sir Edmund said: 'If we are to try and lay down anything that can be called rules for restoration, I should say that the primary things to be remembered are, that we want our churches to be both useful and beautiful; a building in a state of decay is neither. Generally speaking, the more we can make it look like what it was in its best times, the more beautiful it will be; and yet there are cases where it would be absurd and unpractical prudery not to add features which were never there before. When men talk against restoration, they forget that non-restoration is destruction, sometimes gradual, but sometimes as sudden and complete as if the building were knocked down. How many old Norman towers have fallen both in ancient and modern times for want of that repair which may be called restoration; and how many have been saved in our time from a like fate! Chichester fell, and St Alban's tower was within a few days of falling when it was saved. The finest Early English part of that nave is now shored up with timber. "Leave it alone," say the Anti-restoration Society, I suppose. ("No, no!") The members of the Society say "No;" then

where are their principles? Here is the very first restoration that is going to take place, and the moment they are asked, they say that must be excepted from their rule. I should like to know why. The work cannot be done without a great deal of actual rebuilding, and imitating the old work as well as we can, which I boldly avow is the proper mode of restoring work which is partially decayed, so that the old and new may look continuous and complete. I utterly deride all the nonsense that is talked about the baseness of imitation and copying. In such cases it is the only proper mode of restoration.'

All who take a comprehensive view of the subject will concur in these sensible remarks. The term 'restoration' must be accepted qualifiedly. No one can bring back what was destroyed; but in many instances, architectural details, such as the damaged shafts and capitals of pillars, can be mended with new stone-work to resemble the original. Coatings of whitewash and the dirt of centuries can be removed from finely vaulted ceilings. Division walls can be taken down, so as to develop the character of the edifice as designed by the architect. In effecting repairs of this kind we truly restore the building as far as man can restore anything. We shew in its integrity, or nearly so, what was admired and held in reverence by long by-gone generations, while in doing this we need not give up one iota of the advanced views sanctioned by modern habits of thought. Modern conceptions and scientific discoveries help us to improve and embellish the picture of the past. For ill-flagged floors we can substitute encaustic tiles or tessellated pavement. To the cold and shivering aisles, we can impart the warmth of a summer day by means of ingeniously contrived processes of heating. We can so purify the air by ventilation, that going to church may be no longer detrimental to health, or nauseous to the senses. To aid the solemnising thoughts befitting the place, we can fill the windows with stained glass representing events in Scripture history, 'teaching to live and die.' Surely, therefore, the restorers of cathedrals and churches, by rendering public worship more attractive, are doing no wrong; but rather among a crowd of workers are doing their best to cheer human life, and brighten up the close of the nineteenth century.

At another opportunity, we shall have something to say regarding the Restoration Movement as demonstrated in Scotland, Ireland, and elsewhere. W. C.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER VI.—HISTORY.

A slipshod, threadbare figure, clad in weedy black.

It was two o'clock A.M. in the Strand. Looked at from the gate of that obstructive church which faces westward in the centre of the thoroughfare, beneath the quivering gas-lamps on either side lay a gleaming desolation. No footstep broke the silence of the night. It was a true English summer, and the night-air was chill and raw; and a thin persistent drizzle fell upon the slippery flags, the muddy horse-road, and the gleaming

* Sessional Papers, 1876, 1877; No. 14.

fronts of houses. A deserted London. It was too early for the market riot close at hand—too late for the homeward-reeling tavern roysterer. The great city slept, and the quiet heavens wept over it. Even they bending so long above it, had lost their brightness and their purity. They mourned above the city with thin tears, and a dreary wind was seeking here and there with mournful voices, for a something lost. A deserted London—a city of the dead. No soul abroad—not even the oil-skin-capped and caped policeman.

Who is this? A slipshod, threadbare figure, clad in weedy black, which clings moistly about him, as though he had come up from the depths of that vile river which laps the pillars of the Bridge of Sighs, hard by. The figure crouched for refuge from the rain against a door which stood not more than a foot back from the flagged pathway, and his unwholesome garments shone with rain at every projecting angle. His boots gaped at the toes, and were so rotten and ragged at the sole, that they made a splashing noise within themselves whenever the wearer moved his feet, as he did often and uneasily, half in impatience, and half in search of warmth. From where he stood, the wet street gleamed beneath the gas-lamps like a river; and dead asleep as the great city might be, there was yet in the air a faint and distant hum, which spoke the seething life about him.

He peered from his meagre sheltering-place often. There came the measured tread of a policeman; and slinking from his shelter, the man concealed himself in an entry. The measured tread went by, and he emerged stealthily and took up his old position. There he waited and watched until a door on the opposite side of the street was opened, and with a curt 'Good-night,' addressed to some one within, a man came out upon the street and stepped briskly westward. The shivering figure left the doorway, and with his black rags fluttering in the wind, and gleaming in the gaslight and the rain, crossed the street. The man in front, greatcoated, well booted, vigorous, hummed an air as he walked, and kept time to it in his sturdy march. The shuddering, gleaming, ragged wretch behind him panted and groaned as he hurried in his footsteps. At last, however, he came up with him, and laid a hand upon his arm.

The man who was thus accosted turned, faced his follower, and recognised him. 'Hillo! What's the matter?'

'Sense me, sir,' said the other, panting still after his brief run; 'but I thought I might make so bold, sir. I went down to your place, sir, an' they told me you'd gone out, an' wheer you'd gone, an' so I made bold for to follow you an' wait for you, sir.' Here he paused to cough huskily behind his wasted hand.

'Well?' the other asked.

'She's in a awful state, sir—dyin' sir. Would you be so good as come an' look at her?'

'Couldn't you have gone to the parish surgeon?'

'I went to him at five o'clock to-night, sir; an' again at nine; an' again at 'leven, an' he hadn't come home neither time.'

'Well, I suppose I must go,' returned the Doctor in a grumbling tone.

'God bless you, sir,' said the other; 'I know'd you would.'

'Don't humbug me, Penkridge,' replied the Doctor. 'You'll want all your breath for your walk. Come along.'

They turned back, threaded through half-a-dozen winding streets between the Strand and Oxford Street, and at last turned into a low, dark and noisome entry, which led them to a court, whose poverty and squalor were picturesque in the light of a single gas-lamp. The inhabitants might have preferred perhaps that it should be less picturesque and better lighted, as the Doctor, stumbling along the broken and uneven pavement, certainly would.

'Now, lead the way,' said the Doctor brusquely as they paused before a door. The man pushed the door open. It moved only upon one hinge, and grated upon the broken bricks behind it. It opened flush upon a staircase, above which hung a single oil-lamp, emitting a dim light and a sickly odour. The stairs, like the court, were broken and uneven, and the balustrades were gone here and there altogether; having been either broken up for fuel, or destroyed in the course of some broil amongst the inhabitants of the house. The Doctor and his companion passed up several flights of stairs, and came upon a room which seemed at first sight to be deserted. It was faintly illumined by the light of a candle stuck against the wall, and holding there by the congealed grease which had guttered from it. The wall above it was blackened by a tapering streak of smoke. In one corner of the room the shadows seemed to rest deeper than elsewhere; but as the eyes grew accustomed to the dim light, these shadows resolved themselves into the figure of a woman, stretched upon a heap of shavings, and covered by a piece of tattered sacking.

'Bring the light,' said the Doctor, kneeling down over this figure.

His companion obeyed him.

'Why, what's this?' the Doctor asked, turning down the sacking, and disclosing the face of a child, evidently not more than a few weeks old.

'That's it,' said the man kneeling beside him. At the apparent risk of setting the couch of shavings on fire—since he still held the candle in his hand—he took up the child. 'Tell me what you think of her, please sir,' he asked, indicating the recumbent figure by a motion of the hand.

The Doctor bent farther over, and laid his finger on a wasted wrist. The man knelt by him, holding the candle to her face and watching him keenly. The Doctor's hand passed from the wrist to the region of the heart. Then he took the candle and examined the face. He laid the tip of a finger upon an eyelid and raised it. The eye remained open, staring in a ghastly way. The Doctor closed it again, gave back the candle, and arose. The man also arose and faced him, holding the child in his left arm. The Doctor shook his head.

'You don't mean to say, sir,' the man asked sternly, 'as you can't do nothin' for her?'

The Doctor, with a motion of the hand towards the recumbent figure in the corner, answered: 'She has been dead an hour.' The man dropped the candle and the child, and fell upon his knees with a sharp cry. The candle, unextinguished, lay upon the shavings, and the Doctor set his foot upon it just in time. The wail of the child struck

through the darkness; and the Doctor, groping his way down-stairs, found the malodorous lamp at the bottom, and returned with it—the child's cry assailing his ears all the time. The man still knelt beside the couch, and had taken one of the dead hands in both his own. The infant lay unheeded until the Doctor set the lamp upon the floor and took it in his arms, and examined its limbs, to see how far the tiny creature had been injured by the fall. The infant screamed and writhed with pain; but the man on the floor took no heed until the Doctor laid a hand upon his shoulder.

'Penkridge,' said the Doctor, 'this is your child?'

The man looked stupidly at him, but returned no answer.

'Is this your child, Penkridge?' the Doctor asked again.

'Yes,' responded the man stonily. 'Mine an' hers. God help her! Mine an' hers.' He muttered this over and over again until he got it into a sort of rhythm, which was arrested by the Doctor's hand again laid upon his shoulder.

'Do you know that you have damaged the child seriously? Get up. You can do no good there, my poor fellow, and you may do something here.'

The man dropped the thin hand he had held caressingly within his own, and arose.

'Have you any friends in the house?' the Doctor asked.

He shook his head dismally, and said he had no friends. 'Her was the larst,' he said, and looked stonily down upon her.

'Have you nobody you can ask to take care of the child? Is there no womanly neighbour who could see to it until the morning?'

He shook his head once more, answering that he didn't know, and repeated: 'Her was the larst.'

'Have you any money?'

The man laughed drearily, and shook his head.

'Any fuel? Any food?'

He shook his head again, and answered: 'Not a mossel of anythin'.'

As the Doctor stood in perplexity with the wailing child still in his arms, a tap at the door was heard, and the face of a woman looked into the apartment. 'Good-mornin', Doethor,' said the owner of the face. 'Will I be able to do anything for you?'

'You are a perfect blessing at this minute, Mrs Closky,' the Doctor answered.

'Ah, poor thing,' said Mrs Closky, looking down at the miserable couch of shavings. 'Her troubles is over. It don't take much lookin' to see that; God be good to us.—Ye tiny crathur, what chune's that ye're singin'? Lend her to me, Doethor dear. An' 'tis plain he's flured, poor crathur. Take him away down to Mick on the second flure, Doethor, an' lave me to do the decent thing by her. I moind her when she was respectable an' well to do; an' him tew, wid a decent little place o' business, till he fell in wid Mither Tasker, bad cess to him!'

'Is there any other woman in the house, Mrs Closky,' asks the Doctor, 'or in the court? Any woman who could help you here to take care of the child, and so forth?'

'Sure, I'll manage, Doethor,' responds Mrs Closky. 'What is it that's the matter wid the child?'

'She has had a fall, and is badly hurt, I am afraid.'

'Will I bring her down to Nelly then?' the woman asked. 'Fetch the light wid ye, Doethor, av ye plaze, an' fetch him along to Mick. I heerd ye comin' in, an' I see the poor crathur there wasn't far off takin' the blessed journey a month ago. An' when I see ye goin' down-stairs to bring the lamp just now, I thought that maybe ye might be wantin' somebody, an' I slipped up. Mick's in bed, and so's Nelly; but I'll not be a minute gettin' thim out.'

Mrs Closky led the way down-stairs with the child in her arms, the Doctor following with the lamp, and Penkridge bringing up the rear. The room into which the woman conducted her companions was almost as sparsely furnished as that they had just quitted. It boasted a table—contrived from a crate and an old door; and several tea-chests, which served as seats. A curtain hung half across the room, and on the near side of it a girl lay on a rough mattress, with an old greatcoat wrapped about her. Mrs Closky disappeared behind the curtain, and after an audible colloquy with her husband, in the course of which both he and she made use of a good deal of rough language, induced him to rise and shew himself. He came forth sleepy-eyed and scarcely sober; but at sight of the Doctor, professed himself ready to do anything in his power to oblige that gentleman, 'from wilful murder downwards.'

'Howld your tongue, ye omadhaun,' says Mrs Closky; 'an' bring a dhrop o' comfort for the poor sowl here that's lost his wife; the heavens be her bed this noight!'

Thus commissioned, Mr Closky retired behind the curtain, and shortly reappeared with a black bottle and a wine-glass without a foot, and invited his visitor to drink. The invitation was at first declined, with a shake of the head; but Mr Closky grew pressing, and Penkridge at length took the footless glass and said: 'My humble respects to all, and drank. Mr Closky, with a 'sentiment' suited to the occasion, followed his example. The Doctor occupied himself with the child, and having made use of such soothing appliances as were within reach, went away, promising to return in the morning, and leaving a few coins with Mrs Closky for the use of Penkridge and the child, until some further provision could be made for them.

Mrs Closky laid the child down by her daughter, and having instructed her to take care of it, went up-stairs to perform the last decent and composing offices for the dead. The two men sat and drank, turn and turn about, from the footless glass; and Mr Closky grew noisily cheerful.

'Oi didn't know that ye was resoid'n' in this neebourhood, Mither Penkridge,' said Mr Closky. 'An' it's odd now the way that owld frinds is always meetin' in this big city. Oi remember ye whin ye wor the gentleman compleate, wid your shop an' your trap, an' your little servant gyurl, an' whin I'd no oidaya that ye'd iver be sittin' an' dhrinkin' with the loikes o' me.'

'I hope I never acted proud toward you, sir,' returns Penkridge tearfully; 'which I assure you, sir, that if I did, it was foreign to me so to do. My poor pardner, sir, as is now a-lyin' dead up-stairs, it were also foreign to. I have knowed prosperity, an' I have knowed this,' he continues,

waving his threadbare sleeves in illustration; 'but I never had no pride, sir, an' neither did my pardner which is gone.'

'Oi'd ask no sweeter pleasure,' returns Mr Closky, 'than to track the scoundrel that said ye had.'

At this the shabby creature melts in tears. 'I loved her dear; heaven knows I loved her dear!'

Mr Closky shakes hands with his companion, and presses the glass upon him. 'It's loikely ye don't remember me at all, Misther Penkridge. Oi remember yew in the days o' your prosperity well. Oi've had me own days o' prosperity, an' oi know—no man better—what comin' down in the world manes. Hadn't oi as foine an' nate a little public as ye'd wish to foind, till I came to grief with borrowed money?'

The other took no notice of his speech, but looked blankly before him, with tears in his maudlin eyes.

'Just be doon me a favour, Misther Penkridge. But wait while I provide ye with a tay-cup. There; it's not the cleanest, but I'll do with it. Take the glass. Fill up. I want ye to drink a health to a frind of ours. Hare's to the blissid memory o' Misther Aminadab Tasker, an' may he'—

'Who?' cried the other, rising to his feet.

'The noble gentleman that brought the pair of us to this pass, Misther Penkridge.'

The tatterdemalion's face flushed, and for a moment he was almost a man. 'Drink that scoundrel's 'ealth, sir? Not me. It's him as ruined me. It's him as dragged me down to this. It's him as has had me in his cruel grip for 'ears an' 'ears. It's him as'll have to answer for my pardner-in-life, sir. Drink his 'ealth! I'd like to make a hend of him; I would, if I'd got him 'ere.'

'When oi think of 'm,' rejoined Mr Closky, 'I loike to drink a health to 'm. Ye've no oidaya how oi love 'm.'

'You've no idea, sir, what a weight he's been to me, sir. You've no idea, sir; you can't have, or you wouldn't talk like that.'

'Are ye bloind?' cried Mr Closky with sudden anger. 'Are ye deaf? Are ye mad? Can't ye onderstand divarsion when ye listen to't? Wouldn't oi loike to have me fingers on the neck of 'm? Don't oi know that what he's been to me he's been to you, the blood-sucking blaggard! Haven't I promised day an' noight, an' noight an' day, to have his loife?'

Penkridge stared at the Irishman for a moment, and then, in answer to the other's invitation, 'Drink your will of him,' tossed off the contents of his glass, and sat down. 'Not as I like that sort of talk, sir,' he said, relapsing into the maudlin stage again.

The other snapped his fingers. 'Don't oi know 'im? Haven't oi watched 'm from his office, an' watched 'm home? That's a little treat oi 'm fond o' givin' meself whin oi know oi 'm sober. If oi did it whin the dhrink 's in me it wouldn't be safe. Oi could not howld off of 'm.'

'My poor pardner, sir,' says Penkridge, 'never forgiven him, sir, for what he done to us.'

'Look at 'm now,' cried the other, 'with his joolry, an' his foine house, an' his offices! Look at 'm rowlin' in wealth. He doesn't do business with the loikes o' you an' me now, Misther

Penkridge. No, no. The gentleman's got bigger fish to fry. He's loanin' hundreds where he used to loan a pound. Drink your wish to 'm. Never fear, me darlin', but we'll see ye paid yet, av we take a most onpleasant journey for it.'

Having given vent to the foregoing sentiment, Mr Closky fell asleep, and Penkridge followed his example. It was broad summer daylight when the latter awoke, and with the fumes of the liquor still upon him staggered down the stairs and out of the court. The way he took led him into Oxford Street, where he rambled blindly for a little while, blinking in the sunlight like an owl, and holding himself and all his looped and windowed raggedness together with his arms. Suddenly, as he took his slouching way, he was pushed somewhat heavily by the burly figure of a hurried passenger, and looking up, recognised the magnificent Hebraic nose and the carnivorous lips and teeth of Mr Tasker. With the desperation of drink and the memory of last night's anger upon him, he laid hold of Tasker's arm.

'Mis' Tasker—now I've got you. Do' know me, I s'pose, sir? Oh, yes, y'do. Know me v'ry well indeed. My name's Penk'—

'Policeman,' said Mr Tasker calmly to an official who passed at the moment, 'will you take this man away?'

'Come now,' said the officer, taking Mr Penkridge by the collar. 'You move on. That's what you've got to do, you know. Move on.'

'Mis' Tasker, you've had poun's out o' me. Haven't got a farthin' in the world. Give me shillin'!'

The official disengaged Mr Penkridge's hold, and swung him into the gutter.

'Drunk and disorderly,' said Mr Tasker. 'You should take him up, officer.'

The officer took him up a little roughly, and holding him before him by the collar, conveyed him to the nearest station.

Mr Tasker took his smiling way down Holborn.

ANIMALS I HAVE KNOWN AND LOVED.

BY A LADY.

SECOND PAPER.

I WILL now give an account of cats that I have known. It is an opinion held by many that cats after all are but cats, and have no remarkable characteristics of their own; but this is quite contrary to the truth. They are very sensitive, and peculiarly alive to neglect or any slight. My grandfather had a special antipathy to *black* cats, but had a very beautiful tortoise-shell, which was a great favourite with him. She had a litter of kittens; and when this was announced, he went into the kitchen to look at them. He took them up, examined and praised them all but one, which was black. The same evening, when seated in his easy-chair, Pussy was heard scratching at the door. When it was opened, she had the black kitten in her mouth, and laid it at her master's feet. He was much affected; and taking up the little creature, he stroked it gently, and gave it back to its mother, who carried it away, but never brought it to him again.

My father had a very fine cat which had been trained to live in the barn to protect the young chickens and turkeys from the rats, which were

very numerous. There puss had a litter of kittens; and one of the men thinking there would be too many, took three of them to drown; but instead of doing this carefully, he merely threw them into a pond in the field, leaving them to sink or swim. We were sitting in the dining-room, Flora my beautiful Blenheim spaniel lying asleep on the hearth-rug, when in rushed the cat, covered with wet and mud. Almost wild with distress, she flew towards Flora, who jumped up and ran with her down the yard. We followed, to see what was the matter. When we reached the pond, Flora was in the water with a kitten in her mouth. She brought it safely to the bank, and swam back for the other. As she passed, she looked at the third, and seeing that it was dead, the intelligent creature did not return, but jumped on the bank and shook herself. But poor Pussy could not be satisfied to leave one behind. She looked imploringly at the dog, who in response jumped in again and brought the dead one also to the bank! We took the poor kittens, dried them, and put them in a basket by the fire, and Flora, who before this could not endure cats, constituted herself their nurse whenever their mother was absent; for she was allowed to shelter them in the kitchen while they were feeble, and kept them warm in the basket while the cat was away. A loving friendship was formed between the two, which lasted until little Flora died.

So well was this cat trained, that she never attempted to injure the birds that were fed at the window; they were as safe as the chickens. I have seen them come to the window for crumbs; and once a robin which had become quite tame from the severity of the weather, and would come into the room and alight upon the table, was alone with her, and remained uninjured. One morning I left the drawing-room window open, being suddenly called away. When I returned, puss was in front of the canary's cage which stood on the table—her gaze fixed upon a strange cat which was preparing to seize the bird. She was there to protect it.

I must pass over many tales I could tell about these curious animals, to give an account of one that was very dear to us, and had a sad end. Some years since, we had a kitten given to us—the most beautiful I ever saw, full of life and fun. We went into the country for a few weeks, and took him with us, delighted to watch him climbing the trees and enjoying his rambles. One day we missed him, to our great sorrow, for he had endeared himself to our hearts by his loving ways. He was lost on Saturday; and on Monday morning we heard that some tramps had been staying in the neighbourhood, and had a kitten with them answering to the description given. They had gone on to Utttoxeter. My youngest daughter and I followed them by train. We made inquiries of the inspector of lodging-houses, and found they had been there, the kitten with them. I at once hired a conveyance and took a detective with me. When we arrived at the first toll-bar, we were told they had gone through in the morning, leading a kitten with a string, and a piece of white tape for a collar. The toll-keeper had remonstrated with the woman for her cruelty; but she said the animal could walk as well as she could, and she was not going to carry it. We traced them all

along the road. The detective, whose name was Dick, thought they were *en route* to Derby.

'But,' he said, 'never mind, Missis; we'll catch them up yet. Black Bess will fly like the wind. —Won't you, my lass?'

Away went the beautiful mare, as if she knew she were flying to the rescue. We heard of them on the road, and when Dick stopped to give the mare some oatmeal and water, the hostler told us they would be about a mile ahead.

'Sharp's the word now, for they may make across the fields. Are you able to hold the reins, Missis, if I give 'um you?'

I told him I was well accustomed to driving.

'Well, if I see 'um, we must be careful, for they might hurt the creetur for spite. You'll see a bit of by-play with Bess, I can tell you, when I catch a sight of 'um. She has a way, has Bess, of getting a stone in her foot, and turning lame all of a minute. She makes such a *whobbling* with her feet you wouldn't believe. I am forced to get down and help her a bit, you know.'

He said this with such a knowing wink that it was irresistible, and I laughed heartily.

In a few minutes, right before us, resting on the grass by the side of the road, we saw a man and a woman; the man had a pedler's box. He was smoking; the woman was reading a bit of newspaper.

'There they be; we're in time. Now for it;' and just before we got near to them, Dick called to the mare: 'What's the matter with you, Bess? Turning lame again? That'll never do.' As she came close to the tramps she stumbled, making quite a noise. Then I understood what Dick meant when he said she made such a *whobbling* with her feet. I took the reins; and suiting the action to the word, he jumped down, and began examining the mare. Satisfying himself that all was right, he took off his hat, wiped his forehead, and turning to the man, asked him if he could give him a light for his pipe. Then drawing near, he said to the woman, who had something concealed under her shawl: 'What have you got there? Is it a pup?'

'What's that to you? Mind your own business,' she sulkily replied.

'Well, you might be civil,' said Dick.

A pitiful cry came from the kitten.

'Hollo! If it ain't a cat, I do declare. It must be an uncommon favourite, for you to bring it with you. Are you going to sell it?'

'Yes,' she said. 'My aunt gave it me in the Isle of Man, and I am going to take it where I shall get a good price for it.'

'Maybe it will be one of them queer ones I have heard tell of, as is born without a tail?'

'No indeed; it isn't. It's got the handsomest tail I ever saw.'

'Well, let's have a look at it;' and stooping down he lifted it up, and bringing it to the dog-cart, he held it up for us to see. In a moment I recognised my favourite. I nodded to the man; and calling to the poor little creature by its name, it sprang into my lap, and I had it safe. The rage of the man and woman was unbounded, but we were determined to keep our hard-won prize.

A pompous old gentleman who was walking along the road, took their part, and insisted upon our giving up the cat to its rightful owners, threatening to have us stopped if we did not leave

it at the public-house until we could prove that it was ours. In reply to his demand who we were, Dick told him that he was a detective from Uttoxeter, and if he liked to go and ask for One-eyed Dick, he would soon find out where he put up.

Our return along the road was a complete ovation, for their conduct had raised the indignation of all who had witnessed the woman's cruelty. It seems incredible, but it is nevertheless true that the poor little grimalkin had been compelled to walk nearly twelve miles. He was received on our return with great joy, and had a nice warm soft bed prepared. But he never rallied; the strain upon his strength had been too great, and in a few days, to our grief, our little pet died.

I will now go back several years, and tell of the most remarkable parrot I ever knew. My father knowing my desire to have one, employed a connoisseur to make the purchase. It was a fine young gray bird, with a scarlet tail. When she came to me, the bird had never spoken, and it was some weeks before she did. I took great pains with her. When she began to speak, I taught her to do so distinctly, and Poll soon caught the tones of my voice, though I never anticipated that she would become the clever intelligent bird she did. Her speaking powers were wonderful—not as a simple imitation of words, but like a reasoning, thinking creature. She was my constant companion. When I went into the garden, she would go too, and never attempt to leave me. When I was alone reading or writing, she came out of her cage and amused herself by walking about the room. Poll was excessively proud and sensitive. Sometimes my brother teased her, and spoke in a contemptuous manner, when she would only shrug her shoulders and relapse into silence, as if he were quite beneath her contempt. I had had her about two years, when the late Rev. Dr L—— of London came to pay us a visit. Naturally, Polly was spoken of, and we related to him some of her clever sayings and doings. I remember his looking at the bird, and calling to her: 'Well, Polly, I hope that I shall hear some of your clever speeches while I am here. I can scarcely believe what they tell me of you.'

Dr L—— was a large, I might almost say ponderous man. The bedroom he occupied was above the dining-room; he could not walk across the room or come down-stairs without being heard. The next morning at breakfast, instead of talking as she was accustomed to do, Polly remained silent; so I thought she must be ill. Accordingly, when all left the room, I took her out of her cage and fondled her, when she at once spoke to me in her most endearing manner, using the fondest expressions, but in a low whisper. Thinking that she had taken cold, I gave her some warm food, trusting she would soon be better. In the afternoon, Dr L—— went out to pay some visits, and as soon as the carriage drove away out of the gate, she began in her loudest tones talking and laughing in the happiest manner. He remained with us a fortnight, but she never spoke in his presence. When she heard him coming down stairs, she would whisper: 'The Doctor is coming,' and relapse into utter silence.

The last day of his visit he was dining with us.

Turning to mamma, he said: 'I am sorry I have never heard that bird speak. Of course I believe all you tell me about it, but I am very much disappointed.'

Thereupon Polly looked down from her cage, and in her loudest and most dignified tone exclaimed 'Doctor!' and then came one of her merriest laughs; the ice was broken, and she chatted away in her happiest and best manner.

There were two dear friends who at that time were constant visitors. Polly was a great favourite with them, and a source of much amusement to both. One day while we were sitting in the dining-room, she observed them coming across the field at a short distance, and called to me: 'Here's W—— and R—— coming; they will want their dinner. Won't Lizzy be in a rage! Ah! ah! won't she, that's all.'

'Nonsense, Polly,' I said. 'Don't tell stories. They are not coming; and if they were, you could not see them; not supposing her sight was so keen.'

'Well, you'll see,' replied Polly.

In a few moments the bell rang, and Mr W—— and Mr R—— appeared. Nothing could quiet the bird. She seemed in an ecstasy of fun and mischief, and had to be carried away into the kitchen to the cook, who, to her no little annoyance, had to prepare an impromptu dinner. The dinner was served, and Polly returned to her own place. By this time she was thoroughly excited, and began praising herself and her dear mistress. Mr R——, who thoroughly admired the bird, led the conversation.

First she looked at her foot. 'What a beautiful foot! What a tail, and a red one too!'

'Yes, Polly, you are a beautiful bird, and a clever one as well. You saw us coming across the field, and knew we had not had our dinner. You are a knowing bird, Polly.'

'Ha, ha!' with her curious laugh. 'Polly is a clever bird, Polly's a beautiful bird. What a Polly! what a—*whataful* Polly!'

We all laughed heartily, in which she joined—Polly loudest of all.

Mr R—— said: 'Well done! You ought to be sent to the College, to teach the students elocution.'

One of the most singular instances of her intelligence and great naughtiness was the following. One morning I had gone from home. A young servant went to Polly's cage and, not knowing that she was very savage, opened it. Polly flew at her hand. The girl was frightened, left the door open, and ran away; and the window being open, Polly walked out into the front-garden. The cook saw her, and called; but the bird would not come back; so thinking it was best to leave her until my return, cook watched her climb into a tree.

I had had experience of Polly's perverse disposition, and knew that only by stratagem I could manage her. I walked down the path, and carrying a favourite cat with me, sat down near the tree, and proceeded to stroke Pussy and pet her. 'Poor Pussy! poor Pussy! You shall be my pet now. Polly has gone away and left me.' I often bought her a sweet biscuit, and I had some with me, which I gave to the cat, still stroking her. My ruse had succeeded; I had roused her jealousy. I heard a rustling in the branches, and presently Polly called out: 'Pussy is a wretch.'

I did not take any notice; but still fondling the

cat, I said: 'Come, Pussy. We will go and see if dinner is ready.'

Matters were now progressing. I glanced up, and saw Polly quietly descending the tree; and when she came to the bottom, cried: 'Polly's out; Polly has been a walk.'

'So I see. Polly can stop out altogether now, if she likes.'

'Pussy is a fool—a horrid fool.' Her temper was thoroughly roused. She came to me, climbed upon my knee, and rubbed her pretty head upon my hand. I had her safely now. After this, a strong padlock was put upon her cage, to prevent any more tree-escapades.

We had a very handsome peacock, which Polly could see from her cage when he was on the lawn. It was absurd to see the strutting bird, his pride and self-assumption, and equally amusing to listen to Polly talking to him. We called him Ralph. Polly then would say: 'Come here, Ralph—beautiful Ralph, handsome Ralph! Come, spread your tail.'

The tail would be outspread.

'Oh, you beauty! Now, stamp—stamp your foot, good, clever Ralph.'

One day while listening to such talk as this, she turned to me and demurely said: 'What a fool that Ralph is!'

'Nay, Polly; Ralph is not a fool; he is a very clever bird, and I like him.'

Whenever she was not pleased, she shrugged her shoulders, as if in derision. 'Now, I say Ralph is a fool.' Just then the peacock gave one of those awful cries that peacocks alone can utter. Polly therefore gave another in imitation, and laughing loudly, shrieked: 'Ralph is singing—Ralph is singing! Oh, I shall die—I shall die of laughing.'

A remarkable instance of her jealous temper was displayed to a parrot which had been purchased by a friend, who sent it to stay with us, hoping that it would learn to speak if it associated with my bird. But Polly conceived an inveterate dislike to the interloper, treating it with contempt, calling it all the ill names she knew. They were both in the dining-room one morning. I had trained her so well to be silent during family worship, that she never disturbed us. The other bird made various sounds, not very loud; but Polly knew that all noise was wrong. By way of chiding her ill-bred companion, she said in a whisper: 'Hush, hush! Be quiet, you naughty bird!' When prayer was over, she burst out: 'You naughty, wicked bird—you horrid bird, you kitchen bird—get out, get out! Away with you!' After this, we saw it was useless to employ her as an instructress, and so sent the despised bird home.

Nevertheless she had her favourites, and was very kind to them. She was very fond of the cat, and would call her to the cage. But the most singular fancy she took was to a little mouse. The winter was very cold, and as Polly suffered much from it, she was taken every night to my bedroom, where there was a fire, and her cage placed on a low stool near it. One night I heard her talking in a low tone. I listened, and heard her say: 'Pretty little dear—pretty darling. Polly won't hurt you—Polly won't bite you.'

Wondering what she meant, for I was sure that she was not talking to me, I got out of bed, and went to her cage. There, in the bottom of the

cage, was a little mouse underneath the wires, feeding quite contentedly, and without any sign of fear. I often saw the tiny creature come in and out of Polly's cage, nor did she ever attempt to injure it or drive it away. Her speech was very peculiar when those she did not like were present. She had a great dislike to my husband; I suppose from a feeling of jealousy, and always seemed unhappy when he was near. A few months after our marriage, we paid a short visit to my father, and one day when I was alone with Polly in the dining-room she said to me in her tenderest tones: 'Why did you go away and get married, dear? Why did you go to Scotland, and leave your own Polly? Polly loves you. Don't go away again and leave me! Ma cried when you left and went away. Don't leave Polly again!'

He had never before heard her speak in such a gentle manner, and before my husband entered the room, he thought I was in conversation with a friend, and paused outside to listen. He has never forgotten the impression made upon him by that touching colloquy. We had to leave Polly behind, under mamma's care, and in writing to me afterwards, she told me that the dear bird would talk about me continually. One day mamma said to her: 'Polly, I am writing to your mistress. Shall I send you love?'

'O yes; and here's a pretty feather. E—loves Polly's feathers.' It was sent to me, and I have it still. But unfortunately for Polly's beauty, she bit off nearly all her scarlet feathers to send to me!

When I revisited my former home, I took my little baby with me. Polly was delighted. It was something belonging to her dear mistress, and must be loved. When any one called, she would say: 'Have you seen the baby? Such a beauty! Give it to me. Polly won't bite it; Polly will only kiss it.' I had full confidence in her love for me; but I need scarcely say I never tried her affection for the little one. She, like other pets, has passed away, but is not forgotten.

THE IRISH REVENUE POLICE INSPECTOR'S DREAM.

MACKIN'S Hotel is, or was, a refuge for the waifs and strays of male humanity whom circumstances and the Limited Mail bring to Dublin; and the walls of its dingy smoking-room have in their time listened to many a strange tale of adventure told over the punch. One afternoon, the weather—an Irish drizzle, twin-sister of a Scotch mist—putting out of the question a saunter in Grafton Street, the writer sat before its fire in company with another waif, a retired West India Colonel, when we were joined by a third waif, tall, elderly, and who, from his appearance, had also evidently 'served.' The conversation, general at first, took eventually a turn which led to this gentleman beguiling the time for us until the dinner-hour by the recital of a remarkable dream, for which and the events connected with it, it is perhaps superfluous to say the narrator vouched. The dream occurred to himself. The events he had either participated in or was cognisant of, and his narrative ran thus:

Some five-and-twenty years ago—faix, its mebbe more—I held an appointment in the revenue

police, employed in this country specially to suppress the illicit manufacture of whisky—still-hunting as it was called. The duty now forms part of those undertakings by the constabulary. In those days it alone gave us plenty to do. At the time of my story, I was quartered in the County Fermanagh, and engaged with my party in scouring the picturesque hills and glens of its western border. Few who know anything of Ireland and its past will doubt that in the execution of my duty I had difficulties to contend with. Every man's hand was against us, and every man's mouth too for the matter of that as long as it was kept shut. There were few facilities for gaining information necessary to guide us to the lonely spots selected for the secret and primitive distilleries. The disposal of the stock was no easy matter with the potheen-makers, it is true, and in their attempts to get rid of the 'craytur' and realise the profits, though often baffling us by the ingenuity of their devices, they frequently gave us a clue to their haunts. Still, every other man was engaged in the unlawful proceedings, and the remainder indirectly if not directly benefited by them.

The dream itself will not take long to tell, the story connected with it a little longer. I returned one night from rather a long round, hungry and tired. After a good supper and a glass of punch—which for all I knew might have been 'still'-made—I was glad to turn in. I most probably slept soundly the first part of the night; but in the middle of it I awoke, startled by an ugly dream. I was travelling along a road well known to me, and was, as usual, on horseback. As it seemed, I had arrived at a spot—the bottom of a valley or glen—where the road crossed a purling brook by one of those little bridges common enough in Ireland, especially in highland districts. The same peaceful spot now presented in my dream I had often paused to admire in my waking senses. There were the babbling brook, the rustic bridge, the heath-covered hills sloping away on each side, their summits merging into the blue of the horizon; while around me the birds were singing in the copses, and the sun shining brightly. Peaceful the scene but for one ghastly and mournful feature my dream added to it. On the bridge, in the middle almost of the path, lay the body of a young man, face upwards; the face marred by a gunshot wound a little towards the left on the forehead. His cap—a caubeen like what the boys wear—lay a little way from him; and beside him sat a woman, her figure muffled in her shawl, and her head between her knees, her voice giving forth that wailing, crooning sound that Irishwomen make over their dead. I awoke with that unsatisfactory feeling we sometimes experience in dreams of being unable to do something we wish. I was trying to make my horse pass the bridge, and he wouldn't. I am not in the habit of remembering dreams, but that scene haunted me for many a day. So much or little for the dream. Now for what happened.

About ten miles from my headquarters, away among the hills, nestled the pretty little village of Lisnamorna, secluded and peaceful, composed of a few humble dwellings, and surrounded by a farm or two, whose rudely cultivated fields occupied the adjoining slopes. As it belonged to my district, I had to visit it occasionally, and there was

only one establishment at which I could rest and refresh myself at these times. It was a decent little shebeen—an alehouse properly, I suppose; but cleanly and tidily kept by a widow woman of the name of Power. Widow Power had one child—a daughter, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, and buxom; always clean and tidy too, with a bright smile and a gay word for everybody at all times. A village, however small or sequestered it may be, is sure to have one if not rival belles to boast of, and Nancy Power was the acknowledged belle of Lisnamorna. Though belonging to the constabulary, I managed to pick up plenty of private gossip—indeed, anything not connected with potheen or potheen-making, I was free as other folk to know. And I knew that Nancy Power had scores of suitors equally desirous to win her favours, and ready to break each other's heads for the sake of a smile or a glance from her. All the boys for miles round were after her; and all the girls for exactly the same distance were mad with jealousy on account of her. And Nancy, for all she had not learned her art in Merriem Square, kept her admirers in the usual state of palpitation, and her rivals in agonies of envy just as long as it suited her mischievous nature. Faith the jade, I had a kind of sneaking regard for her myself, I think, for I used to like her to wait upon me. But although Nancy tossed her head and laughed when Mike broke Andy's crown, or Phil declared he'd go and list for a sojor for the love of her, it was another matter when Jim Brady, whose old father owned one of the little farms up on the hills, vowed if she didn't give up her shilly-shallyin', and tell him once for all Yes or No, he'd clear out to America. Like most Irish girls, she was fond of fun and loath to give up her freedom; but Jim was a determined fellow, America a long way off, and moreover Jim was master of pretty Nancy's heart. So Nancy said Yes, just for fear he'd go out there, and get killed by the 'nagurs' or Indians across the seas, she said. But that wasn't agreeable news for somebody, as I quite accidentally learned.

'See here Nancy, d'ye mind me now! Av ye don't quit with that spalpeen Jim Brady, it'll be the worse for yez both. It's the last word I'll spake to ye, if ye don't promise me. Sure, it's all through you I'm not the quiet, dacent boy I wance was.'

'G'out o' that wid you, Dan Morrissey! Is it your slave ye think I am, to be doin' your biddin'? Off about yer business. Spalpeen yerself.'

Dan Morrissey went about his business, but with the heaviest anathemas I think I ever heard a man utter; and Nancy, when she found me sitting in her mother's little back-room, coloured to the roots of her hair; for she knew I must have overheard the conclusion, at all events, of her conversation with her discarded lover in the little potato-patch behind the cottage.

'Well Nancy, and when is it to be?' I said, knowing the best way with my countrywomen is to rally them out of their confusion. 'Has old Brady made enough profit out of the whisky yet, to set you and Jim up?'

'Ah thin, yer honor, it's not suspectin' the dacent owld man av such a thing, ye are surely!'

'Well Nance, never mind—keep Jim out of mischief anyway, when ye get him under your

thumb, as I know well you'll have him. But when is it?'

As Nancy stood modestly blushing and fingering with the corner of her apron, I could not help thinking young Brady was a lucky fellow.

'Faith, if it was only to spite that black-hearted Dan Morrissey to-morrow, I'd marry any one o' them to-night,' at length replied Nancy, her eyes flashing, and the blushes deepening and spreading over her pretty face in an angry flush.

'Then I fancy Jim will not have much longer to wait for his answer,' I said, as Nancy left to bring me my refreshment.

Dan Morrissey? I have that lad's name on my list, I reflected. He's one of Brady's gang. A tight, strapping young blade, with a roguish eye and a smart tongue. The life of a wake or a wedding, and the foremost boy at every fair for drinking, dancing, or 'divarshun,' as they call whacking each other's skulls with their black-thorns. A good lad too, barring the potheen-making, and a 'cute one. Well Sergeant M'Loughlin and I knew his 'cuteness. Maybe, it wasn't a 'cute trick to leave Brady's farm for a week, pretending he'd quarrelled with the old man and was turned off, that he might put us on a false scent the night they carted off two loads in Murphy Macmorrogh's wagons, my party and I following Brady's empty carts in another direction! Maybe it wasn't kind of him to drive M'Loughlin over to Ballymena, Mac sitting on top the sacks of potatoes with eight kegs of potheen under him all the while! Who but he ran fourteen demijohns into Ennis under a load of turf for 'his riv'ince!' A jaunty, rollicking young blade, the same 'handy Dan,' as they called him.

'We'll nab that Brady now sir,' said M'Loughlin, a short time after the occurrence of my overhearing the angry conversation between Nancy and Dan Morrissey. 'Handy Dan's broke wid the gang fairly this time. It's all along o' Nancy Power. She's to be marrit soon to Jim Brady; and Dan's just mad with jealousy and spite, and he's ready to give us the office.'

'Take care it's not a plant again, sergeant.'

'Sorra bit, sir. The lad's goin' to the dogs fast. Quarrellin' and gamblin' at fairs now, instead of jigging and making sport for the boys and girls. He's nigh broke his ould father and mother's heart.'

'Well M'Loughlin, it's no matter to us what's happened. Information's hard enough to get, and it is our duty to get it how we best can, and make the best use of it. Keep your eye on Dan Morrissey.'

Brady the elder, ostensibly a small farmer, was virtually the most extensive defrauder of the revenue in my district. Others, his inferiors, were associated with him, as of necessity there must have been, to carry on the number of stills he was connected with, and the amount of traffic he controlled; but although I had made a successful raid or two, I had been unable, hitherto, to bring home to Brady his share of complicity in any of the concerns seized. Failure in this respect had not exactly drawn reflections upon me from my superiors; but I was aware that nothing would accelerate my promotion to the rank of Inspector—I was only a sub then—so much as the despatch of old Brady to the county town with a clear case against him for trial.

Love and jealousy are powerful agents in human affairs; but they are more likely to be turned to account by the smart detectives of London and Paris, than by a revenue policeman still-hunting in the north-west of Ireland. It had indeed occurred to me that amongst Mr Jim Brady's unsuccessful rivals it would be strange if there were not one bearing a grudge against him strong enough to make him do, what I knew no bribe in money would the most avaricious—turn informer. I had compunction, however, about setting evil passions to work even to further the ends of justice, and dismissed the idea, not without a secret apprehension that I was too scrupulous and tender-hearted to make an efficient revenue detective. If M'Loughlin was right now, however, about this jealousy-driven young fellow Morrissey, stern duty would compel me to avail myself of any information he volunteered.

Upon my word, gentlemen, when a week or two afterwards my sergeant came to me to make a long report of valuable information he had received from this Morrissey, I was not so rejoiced as you would naturally expect me to be—considering my promotion was insured by success—at the prospect of old Brady, his son, and all their gang falling into our clutches. I never could all my life help sharing my countrymen's hatred of an informer, and experiencing a feeling of disgust when duty compelled me to employ such tools. Moreover, I thought of Nancy Power newly married, and half hoped that the younger law-breaker might escape us. In any case, our success would ruin both the Bradies and Powers; for I had a shrewd suspicion all along that there was more of old Brady's potheen consumed on the widow's premises than either Guinness's porter or Jamieson's ale. But duty is duty, I needn't say to you. Sergeant M'Loughlin, eager like all of us for promotion, was keen on the hunt.

Furnished with the requisite information, my plans were soon arranged to make the seizures; and choosing a favourable evening, the expedition started. M'Loughlin with the larger party, guided by Morrissey—for whom a spare suit of uniform had been found—was to take a round-about to the most important of Brady's stills; while with a couple of constables I went through Lisnamorna, starting an hour before daylight, as if on an ordinary round, and to join the main party at a rendezvous in the hills beyond the village. The disguise was necessary for Morrissey, whose life would not be worth a moment's purchase if it were known he had turned informer. On reaching Lisnamorna with the two constables, we halted; and having given them each a glass of ale, I sent them on, directing them to take a cut across the hills to the rendezvous. I was in no hurry myself, knowing that being mounted, I should reach it as soon as they, or soon after they did, and did not expect M'Loughlin there before noon; so I staid chatting to Widow Power about the wedding and the new-married couple.

When I took the road again, I started slowly, not wishing those in the village to suspect I was after anything in particular, as my track would be visible to them for a mile or two as I followed its windings amongst the defiles. Presently I was out of sight, and trotted on. Excited with the

prospect of success and the work before me, my dream certainly was not in my thoughts, when, as I got to the bottom of the hill, a turn of the road brought me in view of the spot already described as its scene. I could hear the murmuring brook, and see it above the bridge like a silver thread winding through the glen—only the farther parapet of the bridge as yet visible. There were the sloping hills clad with heather; the birds were singing in the trees, and the noonday sun shined peacefully on the landscape. I suppose the recollection of my dream rushed upon me with sudden and overwhelming force—at all events I experienced a feeling I cannot describe and had never felt before, nor have I since. My heart beat fast, I know, and my bridle-hand shook the reins on the horse's neck as if I were palsied. A few paces more, and the animal I was riding pulled back with the snort a horse gives when terrified, causing me from habit to sit down tight, as he seemed inclined to rear. But as he swerved, he brought me in full view of the bridge, and there before my eyes was the ghastly and mournful group so mysteriously prefigured in my dream. Exactly as in my vision I had seen it, lay the dead body of the youth extended on the path, a little to the one side of it—the gunshot wound on his brow, his head in a pool of blood, his pale features upturned to the bright sun, and even his caubeen lying near him. The female also sat beside him, her shawl drawn over her head, her head bent down between her knees; and mingling with the babble of the stream and the twitterings of the birds came the low, weird wailing—the Irishwoman's requiem for her dead. There was not a single particular in which the scene before my waking senses did not correspond with that which my dream had presented to me three nights before.

Whether the woman heard my horse's hoofs, I know not, but she never turned or ceased her dismal 'keening.' I would have spoken to her; but nothing I could do would make the animal approach, and eventually I had to leave the road and jump the brook. Then I galloped off in the direction of the spot to which my two men had proceeded by the mountain pathway, which was not far off now. My look and manner evidently astonished them.

'What's happened sir, for the love of the Virgin? Ye look as pale as death.'

'Who is that young fellow lying dead on Mona Bridge?' I asked, forgetting in my excitement that these men could not have seen the sight I had come upon. 'And how has he come by his death?'

But of course they only looked more astonished than ever, gazing at one another and at me by turns.

But the presence of my own men restored me to calmness. The miserable shieling at which we had arrived was deserted, although the embers of a fire were still glowing on the hearth. I now ordered the men to take a shutter from the hut, and march with it down to the bridge, while I rode alongside. But it took longer for them to reach the bridge than it had done me previously to gallop from it; and when we came to the spot there was no one there.

'Ah, botheration sir, ye must have had no sleep last night, and just tuk a nap in yer saddle! It's a dhrame ye had.'

'Hush, you fool!' I said angrily, and pointed to

the pool of blood on the road; while the other constable picked up the poor fellow's caubeen.

Well, of course you would like to know how it happened that my dream came true; but that is what I cannot fully satisfy you about. All I can tell you is that Nancy Power was by this time a widow. It was young Jim Brady's dead body I saw lying on the bridge. Jim had been at the shieling before mentioned with others, all the previous night; but towards morning, wind of M'Loughlin's doings at other stills had reached them, and of course they all scattered, eventually finding their way to Brady's farm. But when hours passed and young Jim did not turn up like the others, they got uneasy about him, and ventured out to see after him. They found him as I had seen him, shot through the head. When they returned for a stretcher to bring him home, his wife had run off to him, on hearing the dreadful news, and it was she I had heard bewailing the poor fellow's death after her country fashion. In the interval between my first coming upon the sad spectacle and my return with the two constables, the party from Brady's farm—which was close by—had returned with the stretcher to fetch away the body, which of course accounted for our finding nothing there but the pool of blood and the poor fellow's cap.

Who shot him?—Well, there's not much doubt on my mind. When M'Loughlin came in and made his report, it appeared that the spy Dan Morrissey was missing from the party shortly after they had commenced operations on the first still. M'Loughlin, however, had all the necessary information to proceed with his work without Morrissey, and having his hands full, never bothered about him, believing he had made off, in fear of being recognised. A musket with blank cartridge, had been put in Morrissey's hands when he donned the uniform. Brady, it was found, was killed with a large slug. Putting this and that together, I think if we had caught 'handy Dan,' we'd have twisted a hempen cravat round his neck; but he had planned other things beside the seizure of old Brady's stills that night, and his own escape amongst others successfully.

Old Brady was let off easier, on account of the catastrophe; more especially as his illicit trade was completely spoiled. He lingered on for a few years a broken-hearted man. After his death, Nancy Brady, the young widow, married again, so I heard; but I got my promotion, and left the station long before these latter events. From that day, however, my reluctance to employ informers was greater than ever.

DOMESTIC HARMONY.

HOME, to be a *home*, is essentially patriarchal; not in the sense in which this term is used among tribal nations, but in the necessary reverence for, submission to, and sympathy with the head of the family. On him rests almost solely the responsibility of provision, and to him belongs the right of direction. It is difficult for those who have not yet achieved this headship to realise the sense of responsibility which often oppresses the head of the family. Provision may be so easy to some of us that few clouds cross the sunshine of our lives, and we may smile at or joke away the little domestic troubles which greet

us sometimes when we cross the home threshold. Few of us are so blessed. It is the far more common lot that the business events of the day have been more or less chequered, and the head quits the office or warehouse with the brain more or less perturbed, the heart oppressed, and both needing and longing for the sunshine and the joy of the home and the family circle. To be transferred at such a time from the troubles and heavy cares of business to the petty but often irritating squabbles of domestic life, is a case to make angels weep, and almost enough to drive humanity mad. Let, therefore, but the cares and responsibilities of the head of the family be duly realised, and each member of the household must feel towards him the necessary sympathy, to guard him from all needless obtrusion of little domestic difficulties. It may be—it unhappily is the case—that there are heads of families who are unworthy of reverence; or who are so tyrannical or oppressive in their rule that submission is difficult; or who are so unsympathetic that it is not easy to feel sympathy with them. These are family misfortunes which, however much they may be regretted, lie outside our purpose in this paper, and require a consideration beyond our limits. It is enough for our purpose here, that if there be not reverence for, submission to, and sympathy with the head of the family, there cannot be domestic harmony.

The infinitely slight modifications of form which make up the distinctive external features of mankind are but types of the numberless variations of temperament and character. It is not possible that the family can be constituted without the intrusion of these varieties. Often they are marked, and sometimes so strong and antagonistic as to become a fertile source of domestic disquietude. Often home-loves are enough to smooth down the transient asperities arising from this cause; and some of the most charming instances of the overpowering influence of home-love occur, where differences of temperament and character would otherwise more or less seriously disturb the household. The well-known axiom in civil life, 'that personal right ends where it encroaches on the right of others,' applies with equal or greater force to the closer relations of the household.

The enforcement of selfish claims is often submitted to by the more generous members of the household, for the sake of external peace; whilst the more generous heart bleeds under the enforced wrong. Jealousy of petty privilege is incompatible with domestic peace. The green-eyed monster glares upon all favours in which it does not share. Whatever the apparent sunshine, there can be no real harmony in a household where jealousy influences one or more of its members. For instance, a gentleman once offered a fortnight at the seaside to two of four children forming the family of a widowed friend; but the mother felt compelled to decline this generous offer, because she was afraid that if made to two only, the jealousy of the others would be painfully excited. The instance is one that gravely illustrates the losses often entailed on families by this unhappy feeling.

Jealousy, although a transient feeling, is a fertile soil for the growth of envy, which once possessed, grasps us with more persistency, gives a

deep gloom to the domestic life of the possessor, and often overshadows the whole household. Hatred and malice happily rarely intrude their destructive power upon domestic life; but the instinctive propensities which generate them must needs exist; and it is a powerful antidote to their development that the ordinary courtesies of our homes should be constantly and carefully regarded. If in the external world a due regard for social courtesies is essential to its enjoyable constitution, it is greatly more necessary that the varied members of a household should practise with scrupulous care the softening amenities of family life.

How often have the jealousies and envyings of individual members been calmed down or banished by the sunshiny greeting of its more joyous members! It is said, 'There is a skeleton in every house.' This may be; but a skeleton may be locked up in the strong-room and kept out of sight. With more truth, let us hope, there is an angel in every house. Reader, have you not one in yours? If you have not, then the chances of domestic harmony have indeed fallen hard upon you. If you have, assiduously cultivate it. You have no conception of how the careful observation and tending of this divine element will rub off your own angularities, and tend to invest you with its own simplicity and beauty. Avoid, however, all undue familiarity. As much freedom as is essential to graceful intercourse must enter into our domestic life; but this freedom must at all times be qualified by a subtle delicacy. The most joyous and generous are the most likely to be culpable on this point, and may by a little spontaneous carelessness 'tread on the toes' of their more reserved domestic companions. Nor may we forget that when we have inadvertently passed the boundary of domestic propriety, the truest politeness dictates a ready and graceful apology. The pride which forbids this is the product of selfishness, and is itself often a disturbing element of domestic harmony.

Mutual confidence, oneness, and openness are among the constituents of a harmonious household. 'Cross-purposes' are well known as a disturbing element; but do not cross-purposes come from the concealment and consequent misapprehension of purposes? Difference of purposes must needs arise, and the French provide for this by giving largely to each mature member of the household, liberty to live out the individual purpose without regard to the others. This, however, is wholly uncongenial to the English idea of the home, where the diverse purposes of the members must somehow or other be made to dovetail, or be arranged for their separate working out without interfering with the harmony of the whole. This is scarcely possible where there is concealment and consequent misapprehension. Let the life of every member of a family be transparent in all matters that affect the others; let the wishes and purposes of each be freely talked over; and then a little arrangement by the head or others, and the concession and conciliation which mutual regard will always generate, will suffice to bring all the purposes of the domestic group into harmonious working. If the selfish pressure of a purpose of subordinate character produce a little antagonism, the judicial interference of the head must be accepted, and obedience should be granted

without audible or felt disappointment. The mutual sympathy of a household should make the purposes of all a source of happiness to each.

Much of the provider's troubles would often be lessened by a little free chat at home about difficulties and purposes. A mother's smaller vexations would often vanish under the sunshine of loving discussions with the offending or other members of the family. A brother's or a sister's love affair, which generally has absorbing interest for the individual concerned, is far too often a subject of painful concealment or of rude banter. The propriety of such a love should of course at the first be referred to parental judgments. This point settled, it should be known to every member of the family, be treated with becoming delicacy and sympathetic gravity, or become a subject of pleasant conversation whenever the chief agent so wishes or may need loving guidance in reference to it. 'I do not like Mr Welford, Annie,' said George to his sister; 'and I do wish you would transfer your love to some one I could like better.' 'Well, George, I should very much like to oblige you; but lovers are not so plentiful, and perhaps I should be equally unsuccessful in another attempt to please you. Besides, you see, I am the person chiefly concerned; and as Mr Welford is very much to my liking, and our father and mother have sanctioned his suit, I think, as a loving act of brotherly courtesy to me, dear George, you should try to like him.'

And if Annie did not win her brother by this graceful appeal, he proved himself unable to make the necessary concession to the social harmony of the household, and so far rendered himself unworthy of his place there.

The measure of domestic happiness enjoyed by a household is the sum of its several parts. And the happiness of each of its members is enhanced by the consciousness of the happiness enjoyed by the others. As difficulties and troubles dwindle by sympathetic discussion, so inversely the joys of a household accumulate by that harmony of feeling which prompts us to 'rejoice with those that do rejoice.' So interwoven are family interests, that every severance of purpose detracts from the family sum of joyous life. So sensitive are family loves, that any diversion from family oneness arouses suspicion, and disturbs the harmony of feeling. Mutual sympathy must reign with least possible disturbance; and if disturbed, be restored with all possible speed and grace. Let every member of the household strive to be a source of contributory sunshine, for every ray will be reflected upon the source; and whilst enlivening other souls, that whence it came, grows brighter. Even the sadder spirits cannot fail to be more or less joyously excited under the happy influences of a sunshiny household, where by mutual confidence and loving sympathy, all is known, and each member is a link in the chain of domestic harmony.

ECCENTRIC RETURNS.

MR COWDEN CLARK tells a story of a gentleman whose 'return' of his income to the Tax Commissioners ran: 'For the last three years my income has been somewhat under one hundred and fifty pounds; in future it will be more precarious, as the man is dead of whom I borrowed

the money.' In a similar serio-comic vein did a countryman, not too proud to confess the smallness of his means, respond to the kind inquiries of the Commissioners for the Income Tax, in the earliest days of its imposition. He rhymed; putting in a claim for exemption in this form:

I, John Ware, do declare
I have but little money to spare.
I have,
1 Little house, 1 little maid.
2 Little boys, 2 little trade.
2 Little land.
2 ditto money at command.
Rather too little is my little all,
To supply with comfort my dear little squall,
And 2 too little to pay taxes at all.
By this you see
I have children three
Depend on me.

Sometimes official inquirers get more information than they desire. At the taking of the last census, an enumerator in South Ayrshire received from a miner the following conscientious return. We give it verbatim, only altering the names: 'Thomas Moran boren In ireland county of armaugh Silver Brige eage 303 years. To the best of my nolege i Am that eage, and i am married the secent time the furst wife Mary Conolly be longed to ireland in county armaugh the Secent Wife be longed to County Dereay hur name was elen M'Ghee Now hur name is elen Moran but she run a way From me five years and ten months since and i dont now wheare she is for if she is Dead or not i havent hard from hur since but if she is Dead i think she wood have sent me word before now my father was a Farmer and had a great power of land in ireland and when i came to scotland it was a navey i was working In the Coll Pitt but sure i am not working no place now for i got my lege broken 5 weeks and 3 days since gon to morrow. Rosey Moran my sister be longing to ireland is Married and hur name now is Misses Cross and hur eage is 205 years and she has Fore of a family the oulest Is tomas Cross 7 years of eage and boren in ireland newery County armaugh Mary Cross eaged 6 years gen the sevene day of august Boren in ireland County of armaugh Elsie Cross eaged Fore years gen the 10t May Boren in newcastle england Olety Cross eaged 1 yere and 9 month gen Saturdeay Boren in newery ireland and the father of them is Able Cross boren in england eaged 40 years and was a soger and sarved his Quane and his country 201 years now in the Pit Working and all that sins this paper is catholecks.' Glancing over this extraordinary schedule, the enumerator remarked to the miner that he seemed to have a rather large household, to which the surprised man replied: 'Sure, and there's just meeself!'

That was more than could be said by the honest farmer of Caithness, who, recording the births of his children in the Family Bible, wrote: 'Betty was born on the day that John Cathel lost his gray mare in the moss. Jemmy was born the day they began mending the roof o' the kirk. Sandy was born the night my mother broke her leg, and the day after Kitty gaed away with the sodgers. The

twins, Willie and Marget, was born the day Sanny Bremner bigget his new barn, and the very day after the battle o' Waterloo. Kirsty was born the night o' the great fecht on the Reedsmas, atween Peter Donaldson and a south country drover. Forbye, the factor raised the rent the same year. Anny was born the night the kiln gaed on fire, six years syne. David was born the night o' the great speat, and three days afore Jamie Miller had a lift frae the fairies.'

The Irishman's peculiar method of retaining the nothings is not so uncommon as one might suppose. A census schedule from an English village was dated 'April the 3, 18701,' and purported to give all the necessary information regarding the family of a farm labourer 'aged 305,' whose roof, according to his account, also sheltered a widow 'aged 704.'

An insurance agent seeing a would-be insurer had, in filling up the proposal form, answered the questions, 'Age of father, if living?' 'Age of mother, if living?' by making the one a hundred and twelve years, and the other a hundred and two years old, congratulated him on coming of such a very long-lived family. 'Oh,' said the applicant, 'my parents died many years ago; but if living, would be aged as there put down.'

There is nothing like exactness. An officer having to proceed on duty from one station to another, in making out his claim for travelling expenses put down the item, 'Porter, 6d.,' an item struck out by the War Office. Not being inclined to be defrauded of his sixpence, the officer informed the authorities that the porter had conveyed his baggage from one station to another, and that had he not employed him, he must have taken a cab, which would have cost eighteenpence. In reply came an official notification that his claim would be allowed, but instructing him that he ought to have used the term 'portorage' instead of 'porter.' He was determined, however, to have the last word, and wrote back that he was unable to find any precedent for using the word 'portorage,' but for the future would do so; and at the same time requested to know if he was to use the term 'cabbage' when he meant 'cab.'

The other day, a summons commanding Thatcher Magoin to present himself for service on the jury-box, was returned to the New York Commissioner of Jurors with the information that it had been served on the wrong party. 'Magoin,' said the Commissioner, 'must come here and shew cause why he should not be a juror.' 'He can't come,' was the reply; 'he's too busy. If he did come, he would make things hot for you. Besides, you would have to send a derrick and a truck to bring him; he turns the scales at five thousand pounds.' The Commissioner expressed his belief that the speaker had been imbibing more than was good for him. 'I'm telling you facts, Mr Commissioner,' said the indignant man. 'Thatcher Magoin is a steam-engine, located at the foot of Fletcher Street. Years ago, I was employed by a man named Thatcher Magoin. I named my engine on Pier 19, East River, after him. When the Directory-man came to the Dock to get names, he saw the name on the engine; and thinking it represented the name of the boss [master], put Thatcher Magoin down in the book.'

Of course the engine-owner was to blame for not having the Directory-man's false return cor-

rected, but then the mistake entailed no inconvenient consequences to himself. It was different in the case of the member of the Michigan House of Representatives who found himself set down as a married man in the official list of members. He lost no time in writing to the compiler of the manual: 'In proof-sheet of manual I see you say I am married. Please correct, or send the woman around, and oblige.' He was obliged one way or another. But as a rule, it is difficult to get the official mind to bow to correction; its aversion to owning itself in the wrong being as great as that of the Suffolk clergyman who, misled by a farmer's pronunciation, christened his boy 'Joan' instead of 'John,' and registered the youngster as a girl. On the blunder being discovered some time afterwards by the parish clerk, the vicar was implored to alter the register or perform the ceremony anew. 'I will make a memorandum of the circumstance,' said he; and he kept his promise by writing at the foot of the register: '*Mem.*—The girl baptised on the 10th instant by the name of Joan, proved a fortnight afterwards to be a boy!' A very eccentric return, this.

A MAORI SERENADE.

HE.

'WHEN queenly rides the moon above,
And softly falls the dew;
Across the wave to thee, my love,
I'll steer the light canoe.'

The watchful maid his coming spied;
Into the bark she came;
While drifting gaily down the tide,
He thus avowed his flame.

'How roguish yonder stars, my dear,
Are twinkling in the sky!
Yet none our tale of love can hear
But only thou and I.

'Serenely sails the moon above,
Across the liquid blue;
So, gently down Life's waters, love,
We'll steer the light canoe.'

SHE.

'Man ever was inconstant known.
Should I be called away
To where beyond the stars 'tis shewn
We find eternal day;

'So sure as shines yon moon above,
Thy heart will prove untrue;
To seek some English lady-love,
Thou'lt steer the light canoe.'

HE.

'The beauteous forms who will may boast
Of Albion's favoured isle;
The joy on earth I value most,
My Maori maiden's smile.

'And if in death's repose my love
Retire from earthly view;
To join her then, for Heaven above
I'll steer the light canoe.'

T. C. W.

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LUGGAGE MANAGEMENT.

THE method of managing luggage by the railways of the United Kingdom is about as loose and unsatisfactory as it is possible to be. For it there is only one extenuation, and that is the difficulty of dealing with masses of people who are disinclined to submit to any interference with their freedom of action. Accustomed to so far look after their luggage themselves, they do not like the idea of coming under the obligation of abandoning it wholly to officials. This seems to be at the root of present arrangements; but the time has come when, for the sake of security, better views ought to prevail. It is not saying too much, or saying what is not the fact, to affirm that by the existing system, universal we believe in this country, facilities and temptations are offered to every thievish rascal to make off with luggage at any station he may choose, but especially at the termini. Several cases of this sort of theft have lately been reported in the newspapers, but these represent only a very small proportion of the cases that are daily occurring. Newspapers take note of those only which result in an occasional capture. We noticed some time ago that the Plymouth police had captured a man in the act of making off with a gentleman's portmanteau at the railway station, and found at his lodgings a number of portmanteaus which had been stolen, amongst them one which contained securities for over ten thousand pounds. Now, it is intolerable that such a thing should be possible, and all the more so, as there can be no difficulty whatever in preventing it.

Why should we in this country be in such a matter so far behind our neighbours on the continent? 'They manage these things better.' You hand your luggage to the railway officials before taking your seat in the carriage. It is labelled to the station whither you are going. It is, moreover, numbered; and you receive a ticket with the corresponding number and description of your packages, which is equivalent to a receipt. When you reach your destination, you present your

ticket, and receive your luggage, which is handed to you, or some one on your behalf, only on the exchange of your ticket for it. The railway Company holds itself responsible, and the officials therefore take every care that nothing is lost *in transitu*; and stealth is rendered impossible, unless, indeed, the ticket be first stolen. For this security you pay a small coin, averaging about one penny for each article; a sum no one certainly grudges, to insure his luggage being safe and his mind free from anxiety about it.

Compare this with the system, or rather no-system, of our railways. Arrived at the terminus let us suppose, the porters begin to tear out the luggage—portmanteaus, boxes, hat-boxes, carpet-bags, parcels of every description, and toss them helter-skelter into an indiscriminate heap upon the platform. The passengers whose property is thus roughly handled congregate around, nervous and excited. A general scramble ensues. Ladies are jostled; old gentlemen get their shins bruised or their toes tramped on; young children holding on by their mothers' or nurses' dress, wondering and confused, or terrified by the hubbub and screaming, run no small risk of getting smothered or crushed in the press. The passenger who is able to collect all his luggage in safety has much reason to congratulate himself. Ladies, however, who may happen to have no masculine companion to look after their traps, and who may not be particularly strong-minded and strong-bodied, shrink back, and stand aloof in the outskirts of the crowd, and so run a proportionally greater risk of being robbed. In the midst of the bustle and confusion and crush, a gentlemanly looking individual quickly and quietly gets hold of a portmanteau, adroitly half conceals it with a plaid or greatcoat, and walks off. The chances are he eludes detection and secures his prize. He will certainly do so if the owner has not his eye on his property, for assuredly there is no one else who will interfere. But it is possible the owner, if he is pretty sharp, and happens to be pretty far forward in the crowd, recognises his property thus surreptitiously taken possession of. He pounces

upon the 'gentleman' with a rough challenge: 'Hollo! where are you going with my portmanteau?'

'Your portmanteau!' is the confident reply; 'it is mine.'

'Nothing of the sort,' is the indignant answer. 'My name is on the brass plate.'

The gentlemanly looking depredator thus arrested, affects to be equally sure the portmanteau is his, but cannot escape the challenge of the real owner to prove whose it is by a closer inspection; so he mildly puts it down with a charming air of injured but conscious innocence; and lo! it turns out as the real owner had said. With a genial and deprecatory smile, the gentlemanly looking thief gracefully lifts his hat and makes a most ample apology: 'I beg a thousand pardons; I was perfectly sure it was mine. It is exactly like it. What a stupid mistake!'

The proprietor of said portmanteau is somewhat ruffled, but congratulates himself upon his promptness in recovering his property without any more trouble or inconvenience, never thinking at the moment that in all probability, if he had not been in the front rank of the crowd and keeping a sharp outlook, he would never have seen it again. This is no imaginary case. It is exactly what we once witnessed, and it is what no doubt often occurs.

Another thing certainly also often occurs. The thief is not noticed, and gets clear off with his booty. And what remedy is there? What can you do in such a case as we have sketched? If you were sure the gentlemanly looking depredator was a thief, you would very probably give him into custody. But how can you be sure or prove he was not speaking the truth? Perhaps he was. Perhaps he was no thief. He did not look like one. Portmanteaus are very much alike. A perfectly honest man might have made such a mistake. You shrink from causing a scene on the platform. It might turn out that he is a perfectly honourable gentleman, and of course therefore utterly incapable of doing such a thing as you suspect; and you would in that case be so grieved to wound his feelings by charging him with theft. Whatever your suspicions may be, you are glad enough you have not lost your property, and you do not care to put yourself to the inconvenience of following up the matter any further.

There is another way in which passengers' luggage is in danger of being lost, and often is lost. It may have been properly addressed and labelled to your intended destination; but as every one knows, there is never any difficulty in getting it from the guard at any intermediate station. You say to the guard: 'I want my portmanteau, labelled to such a place, and with my name on it'—giving your name. 'I'm going to wait here till next train.' You look into the van and point out what you want—the label and address just as you said. The guard hands it out to you without hesitation or suspicion. Now, suppose instead of the applicant being yourself—the

owner—it is some one else, a professional portmanteau-stealer, who wants your portmanteau, which he thinks from the look of it promises something worth a little risk. He has set covetous eyes on it at the station of embarkation before it was put into the van, and he takes a mental note of the address and destination. At any, to him, convenient intermediate station at which the train may be stopping, he applies to the guard just as you might have done, giving all particulars of name, address, and destination with the most innocent and off-hand promptness, and as easily as you would have done, carries off your property in triumph.

A few months ago the writer was travelling from Stirling to Edinburgh. His luggage was labelled and addressed to the Waverley terminus. It fortunately happened that he was looking out of the window at the Haymarket Station, where tickets are collected, and was not a little surprised to see a man coolly walking away with his portmanteau. Springing out of the train, he speedily recovered it. The train was just starting, and he had no time to consider whether he should take any further notice of the matter; but he very strongly suspects he made an exceedingly narrow escape of being victimised by a portmanteau-stealer. A lady-friend of the present writer going from Stirling to Glasgow, saw her portmanteau, which was fully addressed, properly labelled at Stirling Station, and put on the railway barrow amongst other luggage in charge of a porter, ready to be put into the van on the arrival of the train from the north. Never doubting that all was right, she did not go to see it put in; but when she arrived at Glasgow her portmanteau was nowhere to be found; and she never recovered it or obtained any trace of it; nor did she obtain any compensation from the Company, being unable to *prove* that it was put into the luggage-van. It was stolen, that was certain; and all the probabilities pointed to its having been 'appropriated' at one of the intermediate stations in some such way as we have indicated.

Now, we say these things should not be possible; and if the continental system, to which we have referred, or the American were adopted by railway Companies in this country, they would not be possible. Moreover, the Companies would, we believe, make a handsome profit out of the small luggage-fees. At any rate they certainly would not suffer loss by such an arrangement, and passengers would be secured against theft and the anxiety and uncertainty they must always feel so long as the present system continues. 'Passengers are requested to look after their own luggage, as the Company will not be responsible for its safety unless booked and paid for as goods.' Such a notice looks exceedingly like grim irony on the part of the Companies, for they render such looking after impossible, by stowing away passengers' luggage in the van, and so removing it from the owners' personal super-

vision. But after all, such intimation notwithstanding, we believe the question of responsibility is not altogether as the Companies represent or wish people to suppose. Should your luggage not be forthcoming at your journey's end, if you can *prove* that it was put into the van properly addressed and labelled, and moreover prove the approximate value of the same, the court, if appealed to, will order compensation up to a certain amount. But these are just things you will find not so easy to prove, and failure of proof in these respects means no redress. But even if you should succeed in recovering the money value of your stolen property, the inconvenience and annoyance and expense to which you are certain to be subjected, are vexations in the extreme. And even that is not all. Very probably your portmanteau contained something, some family relic or keepsake, of small intrinsic value indeed, but to you invaluable, and the loss of which you will never cease to deplore.

The only objection we have ever heard to the adoption of the continental system is the time that it is alleged would be lost before the luggage could be distributed by the officials, and people are generally in too great a hurry to be off, to wait. To this it ought to be an amply sufficient reply, that the difference could not be more than a very few minutes, which surely would be far more than compensated for by the security that would be gained. But further, people who may be travelling with much luggage, requiring it to be conveyed in the van, are not generally in such a hurry as to make the additional few minutes of any consequence; while those on the other hand who are in hot haste—business men for the most part going between their country residences and their offices—have commonly very little luggage, probably only a small hand-bag, which they can always take with them in the carriage.

On the whole, we submit it is full time something were done to protect the travelling public from the depredations of portmanteau-stealers.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER VII.—AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

'He is gone,' he said—'gone without a trace.'

WHAT a charm clings always about the past. It is easy to believe and graceful to proclaim the exceeding happiness of childhood. But I am not at all sure that most men's raptures on this matter are very real, or that they are always based on any very vivid recollection. It is certain that the man who is distracted by the playful noises of children has forgotten his own childhood. A remembrance of early boyhood is a retention of infancy. The juvenile man remembers his juvenility. Looking back, I am conscious of the fact that there is between me and the time I look at, an atmosphere of glamour. The child of my remembrance is partly—or I fear so—the child of my own after-creation. I have moulded and modelled my infant memories; or if I have not, I am indeed fallen. "God help thee, Elia—how art thou changed!—thou art sophisticated! I know how honest, how courageous—for a weakling—thou wert, how religious, how imaginative, how hopeful!"

But if ever I was happy, I know that I was happy then—in the first month I spent in Island Hall. Waking in the morning—I remember now how the wet boughs would tap against the window, and how the late dawn came grayly in between the white curtains—I woke to a sense of luxury in my surroundings which was altogether new and strange and beautiful. Every day's breakfast was an event. Aunt Bertha was president over that simple table; Sally was in invariable attendance; and it was there that Polly and I made our first daily encounter, and my heart had fastened to each of them.

In what other respect soever my after-thoughts have moulded memory, I am quite sure about one matter. Taking leave to regard myself as I was at that time—as indeed, indeed I very fairly may—as a creature altogether differing from my present self, I am inclined to think that the chief part I played in this episode of my life must have been very gracious to the on-looker. I bend over myself now—over that past child-self—in a sorrowful wonder that the chivalrous and tender soul I knew it, should ever have fallen thus away—could possibly have degenerated into that poor creature who wears his name, and who pretends to his adult personality.

I fell in love with Polly. Whether by the pure light of unadulterated instinct, I could have done so, I cannot guess; but I had reading enough to help out my imaginings, and I fell in love. Polly ordered me whithersoever she would, and was as conscious of my enslaved condition as I was myself. She was a sort of female Ahasuerus—I a kind of male Esther, admitted to the royal courts by rare extension of the royal favour, and approaching with an almost sacred awe. The books to which I had access at this time were many and various. In one of them—a certain trashy novel of the Lady Laura Matilda species—I found mention of a *jongleur*. I became a *jongleur*. With the delicate fervour of a minstrel, with the reticence and awe that minstrel might experience in the presence of his queen, I, in happy moments, was permitted to approach the throne of love, and to open up my budget of stories, travelling at times through those lands of grim humour known as The History of the Three Bears—which lands I explored under Polly's formal order—touching at times upon the terror of the Bluebeard Chamber—unfolding, in antres vast and deserts idle the tent of Peribanou—sallying forth in disguise with Haroun Alraschid and the Grand Vizier—whose names, by-the-way, were a terror and a stumbling-block—and rising at times to the tragic heights of Little Red Riding-hood.

The season of the year went against the possibility of outdoor excursions. The greater part of our time was spent in that chamber in which I was first introduced to Polly. Polly would sit enthroned near the fireplace, whilst I, fenced round with books, occupied the corner farthest

from the fire, and prepared myself for my story-telling function. My queen's especial passion at this time was the cutting of scraps of paper into quaint devices—an operation in which Uncle Will at times engaged himself with a splendid adroitness. In her leisure hours, Polly generally sat with a pair of scissors in her hand, engaged in the manufacture of dragons and other wonders; and by a queenly wave of scissors or of dragon I was now and again admitted to audience. My business of amusement over, I was dismissed, being occasionally rewarded with a paper emblem of royalty's approval. At other times Polly would unbend, and would condescend to meet me on an equal footing.

It is easy enough, no doubt, for any adult person who may read this chronicle to laugh at those childish raptures; but I protest that at such times I was filled with a tranquillity of peace, a satisfied hope, such as I have never since experienced, such a soft gladness and chastened joy as might become the mind of some meek angel.

I can remember quite distinctly how, under these influences, the past melted and grew undefined. It was a somewhat hard past, with not always enough to eat in it, and not always enough to wear; a past in which rude and domineering boy-giants, wearing clogs and corduroys, and addicted to the practice of manling such unprotected and inoffensive youth as they encountered, held evil place. I remember how far-off that past came to look; and yet it was always near enough to give an added relish to my security and comfort. I can thank heaven that it is near enough even now for that, and I can think of such as hold a like place with something more of sympathy and kindness than I should probably have known without it. The only fragment of that near past which still remained forcibly with me was the face, and it had welded itself into my life in an altogether inexplicable way. I can only describe the feeling I had concerning it by saying that it seemed always in attendance in some anteroom of fancy, and always clamouring to be let in. It came to haunt me so that it grew into a habit of reproducing itself in other faces—the living faces of people about me. I saw it often, for instance, in Mr Fairholt's face, in Uncle Will's, in Aunt Bertha's. It would flash out at unexpected times, and would disappear again as rapidly as it came, being gone before I could fix it. It was my constant companion when alone, and I often dreamed of it. I suppose I must have been a morbidly fanciful child—as I know that I am now a morbidly fanciful man—but I had a decided joy in the fact of my personal proprietorship of this phantom. As I became more and more accustomed to its exigent presence in that antechamber of fancy, I became also less afraid of being afraid, and often let it in of my own free-will, and extracted a delicious fright from it. This very soon brought about the result which might have been expected, and custom robbed the unwholesome pleasure of its keenness. If it had not been that the events of life began to move for me with somewhat more rapidity, I might have worn it out altogether by this over-use, and so have missed that knowledge of a great life-tragedy to which it led me.

I had been in Island Hall exactly a month when I was witness to a conversation between Mr Fairholt and Aunt Bertha. I was not often

in his room; but was on this occasion carried down by Sally, who had been sent for me. She was evidently much disturbed, and was very defiant of something. As she carried me downstairs she hugged me several times, imprinting her buttons painfully on my frame in the strength of her affection. Tapping at the door of Mr Fairholt's room, and being by him peevishly invited to come in, she entered, bearing me in her arms. I was ridiculously conscious, I remember, of a certain want of dignity in my own behalf in this proceeding; but when I made a motion to escape, Sally only held me tighter; and having been pretty strictly trained in ways of obedience to her, I stayed where I was. Mr Fairholt was seated in an arm-chair near the fire, and Aunt Bertha stood on the rug with one hand tapping a little angrily on the mantel-piece.

'You may set down the child and go, Troman,' said Mr Fairholt.

'Begging pardon, sir,' said Sally; 'but might I make bold to be allowed to stay?'

Mr Fairholt looked up angrily.

'I brought him here,' continued Sally, 'on condition as he wasn't to be took away from me.'

Mr Fairholt looked at Aunt Bertha, casting his hands abroad fretfully, but said nothing.

Aunt Bertha turned and said: 'Give me the child, Troman. Nothing shall be done that is not for his good; be sure of that. I will let you know what we have decided to do, as soon as we have decided anything.'

'Thank you ma'am,' said Sally; and set me down and left the room.

Aunt Bertha took a seat, and drawing me to her side, put an arm about me.

'What possible object,' asked the old gentleman, 'do you think you can serve by bringing him here?'

'There are some people,' said Aunt Bertha, with an angry little laugh, and an angry little shake of her head, 'who can only remember that which is directly under their noses. I want you to remember, Robert,' she continued in a changed tone, 'that you were almost as defenceless, though not so young, when his father helped you, and to refuse now to give *him* house-room, does really seem to me inhuman.' There Aunt Bertha became angry again, and spoke with great decision.

Mr Fairholt raised his eyes for a moment to meet hers, but dropped them hurriedly. 'I told you before,' he said, 'that I would give you a month to think what you would do with him. The month has gone, and you have done nothing.'

'Surely,' said Aunt Bertha, 'you are not insensible to the claims he has upon you?'

'All this,' said Mr Fairholt, rising and walking in that irritated way of his up and down the room, 'is very sentimental and womanly and so forth, I have no doubt. But now what do I propose to do?' He stopped short before her, fidgeting with his hands; and she passed me over to the other side of her chair, and laid her left arm round my shoulder, drawing me to her, as if sheltering me. 'I don't say, turn him out to starve. I don't even say, send him back with his old nurse, that—that woman, Troman.' He spoke of Sally in an angry way, pausing before the

word 'woman,' as if in search of some unpleasant adjective, and jerking it out spitefully when he decided upon it. 'There's nothing inhuman or barbarous in what I propose to do. I tell you that I don't like the child. I tell you that he irritates and worries me. I tell you that I will not have him grow up with my daughter and in my house.'

'Then,' said Aunt Bertha, 'what will you do?'

'I will do anything in reason—anything short of that. What do you ask me to do?'

'I ask you to do what seems to be your clear duty,' she responded. 'The child is fatherless and motherless, and is your nephew.'

'You talk nonsense, Bertha. He is not my nephew; he is not even yours. He is the son of my sister's husband's brother—your husband's brother. His mother I never knew. His father I have not even seen for years. And now you urge upon me the mere fact that I had a business loan from him—which I repaid, mind you, Bertha—which I repaid, honourably and with interest—every farthing. And you bring this as a reason why I should maintain the child, whom I dislike, and in whom I perceive the seeds of—the seeds of—of unpleasant influences—that I should maintain him, not as I like and as it suits me, but in your way; whether I like it or not, and whether it suits me or not—in my own house and in companionship with my child! I have told you already, Bertha, and I repeat it—it is preposterous.' Mr Fairholt went up and down the room in a series of peevish jerks, and was quite white with anger when he concluded. He resumed his seat, and sat in silence, except for a short gasp of incredulous indignation now and then.

'I don't say, Robert,' said Aunt Bertha, persuasively, 'that the relationship is a very intimate one; but still it is a relationship, and it must be recognised. I am sorry to hear you speak about the loan in that way. I think you have forgotten the facts.' There Aunt Bertha again grew very decided. 'It was not a business loan. No business man would have advanced it. You are certainly wrong about the interest. That, I remember, he declined to take.'

'I don't care,' said Mr Fairholt, flushing a little. 'I should have said that I offered it, that I—I pressed it upon him. I will not have the child in my house. He can be just as happy and as well-off elsewhere. Send him to school.'

'The child,' said Aunt Bertha, drawing me a little closer to her side, 'is very young and delicate. He has no home of his own, nor have I. I can't at all understand your aversion to him; and I may tell you, Robert, once for all, that sooner than see him discarded and shut out from home-influences, I will find a home of my own again, and take him with me.'

'I don't mean that at all, Bertha,' said Mr Fairholt. 'You know how glad I am to have you here.'

Aunt Bertha smiled—a hard little smile—and said nothing.

He caught her glance for a moment furtively, and went on in haste: 'Let him go to school, and come here for his holidays. Let him be sent to a good school. I don't grudge him that. But I cannot, and I will not have him here always. He annoys me; he worries me. When you

speak, Bertha, of the claims his father had upon me, you speak ignorantly. Those claims were annulled and more than annulled by his conduct afterwards. You know that I never spoke to him for years.'

'I did not know it,' said Aunt Bertha sadly; 'and I am very sorry to hear it now.'

'Of course,' said he, irritated by her tone, 'the separation, in your mind at least, would be of my seeking. But I tell you that he came here, and in this very room flaunted his favours in my face. I shall not attempt to justify myself.'

'I make no accusation, Robert,' she replied. 'If you are willing to send the child to school, and to allow him to return here for his holidays, I am willing to accept that as a compromise. He is very young and very little.' She looked down pityingly upon me, and in a vague sort of way I was conscious of feeling sorry for myself. And though the feeling was vague, there was such a pity in her face and voice that the tears rose to my eyes. She bent down and kissed me. 'It would be kinder in you,' she went on, 'to let him stay here for a while.'

'I thought,' said Mr Fairholt, nervously interlacing his fingers and snatching them apart, 'that you accepted the compromise. It is no compromise unless he goes at once.'

My aunt rose taking my hand in hers. 'Will you leave me,' she asked, 'to select a school?'

'We can discuss that together,' he answered.

'Very good,' replied my aunt, and so led me from the room and into my own bedchamber, where we found Sally, making a great pretence of dusting and arranging.

'Would you mind saying what's been done, ma'am?' asked Sally, turning round with a duster in her hand.

'Mr Fairholt is very strongly in favour of sending the child to school. I think too that it would be the better course. We must not grow up idle and ignorant; must we, Johnny?'

I recognised this as an appeal to Sally, and answered 'No' as stoutly as I could, for I saw premonitory symptoms of tears in her eyes. Notwithstanding the stoutness of my answer, the tears came.

'O ma'am,' cried Sally, 'I can't let him go.'

'Now Troman,' said Aunt Bertha, 'you mustn't be ridiculous.'

'No ma'am,' assented Sally, amenable to discipline.

'He will not go far away, and we will make arrangements to let you see him as often as you can.'

'Couldn't I go with him, ma'am?' said Sally. 'Couldn't I take a situation in the school?'

'I think you had better stay with us, Troman,' said my aunt, smiling. 'It is scarcely likely that a school can afford to keep a domestic servant for every pupil. He will probably go to school in Wrethedale, which is very close at hand; and you will be able to see him perhaps as often as once a week. And then, you know,' said my aunt, humouring Sally, 'we shall have him coming back quite a young gentleman.'

Sally brightened a little at these fairer promises, and wiped her eyes. At the sound of hoofs in the carriage-drive below, I looked through the window, and saw Mr Fairholt in the act of mounting a horse held by the groom. Aunt Bertha also

looked out, and seeing what I saw, shrugged her shoulders a little. She left me with Sally a moment afterwards, and that good creature, as was her wont on all disturbing occasions, moistened me with her tears. She emptied upon me, as a guard against possible starvation in my as yet unfixed new quarters, the sum of two shillings and threepence-halfpenny in copper. She also gave me a thimble, of which she instructed me to take especial care, since its continued possession betokened 'luck.' Then she sat down on the floor and took me in her arms, and grew quite cheerful, and we had a long, long talk together. I opened my heart to Sally then, as always. I had been very shy about my passion for Polly; but I told her then with a serious fervour, which I have not felt often since, that I meant to come back a great man and marry that young lady. Sally was as much delighted at this protestation as I at her delight, and received it with the utmost enthusiasm. We talked the matter over until I verily believe that Sally was as strongly infected as myself, and accepted it in her simple faith as earnestly as though I had been five-and-twenty, and had propounded it in all manly seriousness.

'And I shall be a man soon; shan't I, Sally?'

'Yes,' said Sally, rocking delightedly to and fro, and leaning on me in her happiness. 'Why, you're quite a man a'ready in them things!' Sally set me on my feet in order to look at me, and chuckled over me in very admiration and affection.

'Do you think, Sally, I inquired—'do you think she'll have me?'

'Why, bless the child!' cried Sally in an ecstasy, 'of course she will.'

Thereupon she made a dart at me and embraced me, bruising my nose against the brazen presentment of a horned Dian who stared from a huge brooch in Sally's collar. That brooch was the gift of a young carpenter who was devotedly attached to her, and whose epistles—occasionally brought by a young urchin in corduroys to the old cottage in the Black Country, and inscribed not infrequently on thin pieces of smooth-planed deal—it had been one of my earliest tasks to decipher.

'And then, Johnny,' said Sally, blushing and chuckling, 'when you're growed a fine gentleman, and you're married and all settled down comfortable, I'll come and keep house for you; and you shall have Bob for groom and gardener.'

I promised earnestly that I would, and there the conversation closed. I heard Mr Fairholt's voice below, and thought how soon he had returned. But the time had gone quickly during my talk with Sally, and the hour for tea had arrived. It was already dusk, and before tea was over had grown quite dark. I was not as a rule allowed down-stairs after dark at all; but impelled by what childish vagary I scarcely knew, I stole down the stairs and through the hall and on to the damp lawn. I ran across with a sense of fear upon me, looked over the bridge into the darkness, and heard the hurrying river moan below. The voice of the river and the darkness of the night frightened me, and I retraced my steps quickly. The hall beyond the open door lay in black darkness, and some one bearing a lamp appeared so suddenly within it, that the quick and unexpected advent of the light came like a blow upon my eyes. The

bearer of the lamp was Mr Fairholt. He caught sight of me as I stood with one foot upon the doorstep, and beckoned me. I went timidly towards him.

'Bertha!' he called.

My aunt came from Mr Fairholt's room, and I noticed that she looked grave and troubled.

'I had forgotten,' said Mr Fairholt, hurriedly and nervously. 'I have made arrangements for him. He goes on Thursday.' He drew a card from his pocket, and read it by the light of the lamp: "'Rev. Charles Davies, The Grove, Wrethdale.'" At six o'clock. Have things ready as soon as possible, and see that he goes.' Then continued Mr Fairholt in a somewhat lower tone, 'I will be back as soon as I can. If I have good news, I will let you know.'

'Do not keep me in suspense in any case, Robert,' said Aunt Bertha.

'You shall hear as soon as possible,' he answered.

'Have you everything you want?' asked Aunt Bertha.

'Yes, yes,' he responded irritably. He struggled into a greatcoat, and paced in his own excited fashion up and down the hall. I heard a sound of wheels upon the drive, and the lamps of the dog-cart gleamed through the darkness. Mr Fairholt put on his hat and went out. The groom came in, and took away a portmanteau and a travelling-rug. Aunt Bertha went to the door and called to Mr Fairholt. He returned, and she said something to him which I did not hear. I had not observed his face till now; but as she stood aside, with her hand upon the door, it came upon me suddenly, with such a horror as I can scarcely name—in every lineament, and in its tone of awful pallor—with its haggard eyes and updrawn lip, the face I saw a month ago. In another second it was gone and the door was closed. I passed up-stairs, and suffered unspeakable nervous terrors until, put to bed, I fell asleep with the pressure of Sally's loving hand still on my cheek, and slept without a dream.

For the next day or two Sally scarcely allowed me to stray beyond her sight. She followed me about like that proverbial hen who finds that she has a duckling for a chicken, and discovers that the scarce-fledged creature is bent on taking to the water. Polly and I had a long and favourable interview on the fatal Thursday afternoon. She had been all majesty in the morning—a gracious majesty, I must confess—frequently waving me from my corner—for it was a holiday, and there were no lessons from Aunt Bertha—to bid the humble *jongleur* recite her favourite stories. At table her majesty was pensive. On the removal of the cloth, she cried, and after a little while retired from the nursery to indulge a royal sulk in private. This over, she reappeared, imperiously and without apparent provocation kissed me, and then rang the bell. This was an act prohibited by authority under heavy penalties, except in cases of great emergency. Sally appeared in answer to the call. Her majesty, whose eyes were still moist, flounced round upon her.

'Poman,' said her majesty, 'I tan't spare him. Tell Aunty Bertha he s'an't go.' With this edict she resumed her throne, and set resolutely to work upon a paper dragon.

Sally shook her head. 'They're gettin' Master Johnny's things ready now, Miss Mary.'

'I don't care,' returned her majesty, with a wave of the scissors; 'I can't spare him.'

'Very well, miss,' said Sally, and went away again.

Childhood sails a tiny craft, upon a very little pool indeed. But the shallows of that little pool are deeps to the child. The little waves that wimple at the edge are breakers. The child-craft suffers wreck as disastrous, or finds passage as happy, as the great merchantman that goes down in the depths, or is brought by fair winds to the desired haven. And I suppose that I was as sincerely joyful at the issue of Polly's childish ukase as I have ever been at anything. I was persuaded that her judgment was final. Her manner carried conviction. She was so convinced herself, that in me a doubt would have been an unpardonable presumption. So for another hour or two, beneath calm skies and over pleasant seas, went the barque of Childhood's Hope with a steady breeze abeam. But at four o'clock Aunt Bertha came upon the scene as cloud-compeller. The horizon darkened—the deeps yawned—the vessel foundered. To drop the metaphor: I was carried away and dressed, undergoing that operation in a condition of mind of the most concentrated misery. To take up the metaphor again: I went down with the shriek of the tempest in my ears. A furious little tempest she was indeed, though rapidly silenced by the cloud-compeller, and put to bed, like other tempests, with repentant moans.

The blazing eyes of the dog-cart were at the door again. I had taken leave of Sally, and was saying good-bye to Aunt Bertha, when a hoarse voice called from the gate of the eastern bridge, and the groom went crunching down the gravel drive. Aunt Bertha stood and listened, with her hands upon my shoulders. I can see now the kindly stooping attitude change suddenly to one of listening fear, the stoop remaining, but its whole expression changed. I can see now the kindly look, which vanished as though a hand had passed across her face and smoothed it out, and left a look of waiting terror there. The groom came crunching back again, and behind him came a cab, the horse in the shafts limping painfully, and throwing off a great cloud of steam. From the cab emerged Mr Fairholt. At the first sight of his face, Aunt Bertha started upright, ran to him, and took him by the hands. He put her away feebly and impatiently, and entering, sank into a chair in the hall. Aunt Bertha bent above him with an air of great anxiety. He shook his head in a slow dazed way from side to side.

'He is gone,' he said—'gone, without a trace. Has been gone for nearly five weeks.'

'Robert!' said Aunt Bertha, and put an arm about his neck.

He rose to his feet, setting her arm aside, and looked round with his gray face drawn into the semblance of that phantom which I knew so well. 'Shut out those people,' he said slowly. He caught sight of me, and stooping above me, patted me on the shoulder; and with a sudden attempt at cheerfulness, which was more dreadful than even the expression of his face, he said lightly: 'So our little man is going to school. Well, well. Be a good little man. Good-bye.'

Aunt Bertha, with a backward glance at him, led me to the door. The groom lifted me into the

dog-cart, and having wrapped me in a thick travelling-rug, took his place beside me and drove me away. As I looked back, I saw the lamplight gleaming through the open door, and the lame and steaming cab-horse standing dejectedly by it.

VICTOR JACQUEMONT, THE FRENCH NATURALIST.

To grasp a few of the truths which make up the wondrous unity of nature, is the vocation of the naturalist; and no man has ever given himself to this noble life-work with a fuller self-abnegation than Victor Jacquemont, a promising French naturalist, who found in 1832 a premature grave in India.

Born in 1801 in Paris, where his father, a man of considerable literary and scientific attainments, filled at one time the office of Director of Public Instruction, he at a very early age evinced a strong attachment to natural history, the practical outcome of which was that he received a letter from the Directors of the Jardin des Plantes in Paris, proposing to him an expedition into India, which should be ethnological, geological, and botanical. After some little hesitation he accepted this offer, and prepared for it at the end of 1827. Before setting out on his Indian expedition, he went to London, armed with a letter of introduction from Baron Cuvier to Sir Alexander Johnston. To the kindness of this gentleman he owed the flattering reception accorded to him by the Royal Asiatic Society, and also letters of introduction to the most influential men in India. With the Board of Merchant Princes in Leadenhall Street, who then swayed the destinies of India, he had rather more trouble; and it was only after several vexatious delays that he succeeded in obtaining from them the necessary credentials. Furnished with these, he embarked on board a man-of-war which was bound for Bengal, with the new governor of Pondicherry on board.

La Zélée was a very slow, and moreover a very noisy ship; and to the studious naturalist, her officers, although good enough fellows, were anything but congenial companions. In due time, however, that is to say in the beginning of May 1829, the vessel arrived in Calcutta; and Jacquemont, scrupulously arrayed in black, armed himself with one of his letters of introduction, and getting into a palanquin, ordered himself to be conveyed to the house of the Advocate-general. Here he was shewn into a large drawing-room, where 'I found,' he says, 'three ladies in full toilet, and a man with gray hair in a light cotton dress; all four being fanned by a complicated machinery of hand-screens.' Prepared only for the grave presence of the Advocate-general, he was taken so entirely aback that he got momentarily confused, and could only stammer out: 'I used to speak a few words of English, but I perceive I have forgotten it all; pray help me.'

This appeal was irresistible; he was helped so effectually that he was soon at his ease, and quickly got rid of all his letters of introduction, including one to Lady William Bentinck and another to the Governor-general. With both these exalted personages he soon became a great favourite, and was a frequent and welcome guest at Government House. In Calcutta he became at once the fashion;

but he had come out to India not to enjoy himself but to work. He had, moreover, for his work a zeal and ardour which urged him irresistibly to give his whole heart and soul to it. He had health and strength, and knowledge sufficient to warrant fresh discoveries in all the branches of science for which he had undertaken to cater; but another requisite was wanting to success—money. He had been sent out with an allowance of six thousand francs a year (about two hundred and forty pounds), and in his inexperience he had considered this sum ample; now he began to see that it had inconveniently narrow limits. He resolved, however, to start at once for Benares; but first he wrote a letter to the authorities of the *Jardin des Plantes*, setting before them the difficulties of his position. Pending an answer to this appeal, he bought for six hundred and fifty francs (twenty-five pounds) a young Persian horse saddled and bridled. This was upon the whole a good investment. 'I read, sleep, and study my plants with a magnifying glass,' he writes, 'all the time I am on horseback, although sometimes he throws me, when I am stupid enough to dispute with a beast without reason.'

When he had fairly set out upon his wanderings, he discarded his suit of ceremonious black, and arrayed his tall meagre person in a long nankeen dressing-gown, over which was wrapped a robe of coarse silk; while his pale spectacled face was shaded by a large straw hat covered with black taffety; stockings he did not wear except at night. He had a little tent with him—'a handsome mountain-tent,' he calls it—of which he was much enamoured; also a bamboo cot, ten servants, and two cars and oxen. 'I have only two plates,' he says, 'and I have a man to wash them. Woe be to him if they are not clean.' His habits when on the march were as abstemious as possible. At four in the morning he breakfasted on a pound of rice boiled in milk, with a little sugar, which was all the food he took until his tent was pitched in the afternoon. Then he dined upon a chicken when it was forthcoming, but more usually upon some scraggy patriarch of the feathered tribe, stewed with rice in rancid ghee or native butter. He had no bread, and his only drink was water, mixed, when his health required it, with a little brandy. When it chanced to be cold at night, or when he had much writing to do, he sometimes treated himself to a cup of tea.

On the 31st of December 1829, he arrived at Benares, having encountered considerable difficulties on the road. 'Where should I have been,' he writes pathetically in one of his letters, 'without my guard? Undoubtedly drowned in the mud at the mouth of some river.' Since leaving Benares he goes on to record: 'I have come to an admirable arrangement with my horse, who suffers me to read undisturbed all day long upon his back, provided I do not thwart him in any of his whims. The magnificent English consider this pace very negligent; but as they know the value of time, my character as a gentleman does not suffer by it. At Delhi, where he arrived in the beginning of March, the Great Mogul held a *darbar* in order to receive him, and solemnly invested him with a *khelat* or dress of honour. This he variously describes as resembling a Turkish dressing-gown, and a worked muslin dressing-gown; and to crown the honours of his life at Delhi, he goes on to

mention for the benefit of his father: 'I never go out either in a carriage, a palanquin, or on an elephant without a brilliant escort of cavalry.' He was, moreover, styled *Sahib Bahadour*, or lord victorious in war, and by this title he was ever afterwards known in the East. In Delhi he left the collection which he had formed during the five or six hundred leagues he had travelled, and in the middle of March resumed his solitary wandering life, travelling towards the mountains.

These Indian Alps seemed to him inferior in picturesqueness and beauty to those of Europe. 'In the highest mountains in the world,' he says, 'there is necessarily grandeur, but it is grandeur without beauty.' He found, however, in their rugged and desolate fastnesses many new plants, and the remains of shell-fish even in the more elevated strata, and considered himself by these discoveries amply repaid for his fatigues and privations, which were many and grievous. He was very poorly fed, and had been compelled by the exigencies of mountain travel to leave behind him most of the few comforts at his command. Boiled rice, while it lasted, still formed the staple article of his food; and when it was exhausted, the compulsory change to wheat and barley made him ill. Then he suffered much from the cold, which was great. One night he camped out at an elevation a thousand feet higher than the summit of Mont Blanc, and several times he crossed passes eighteen thousand feet above the sea. In these circumstances the night cold was often intense, and lying on his hard bed he was many times almost frozen alive, and had to drink a little brandy the first thing in the morning to warm himself. To add to his other discomforts, the rainy season came on; and to escape from the drenching torrents which almost drowned him, he marched towards Tibet, having to carry provisions for twelve days for himself and the sixty men who now formed his party. He was dressed in thick woollen clothes, and wrapped in blankets from head to foot, and yet he suffered extremely from the cold. 'This is a strange climate,' he writes; 'it snows moderately in winter, and there is no thaw for four months; it scarcely ever rains, but blows a violent hurricane every day at three o'clock, which lasts far on into the night. I often awake long before daylight, frozen through my five blankets.' Here he lived upon cakes of coarse wheat, and mutton hams so hard that it was scarcely possible to chew them. At last these hardships told even upon his indomitable energy; one evening, after a march of seven hours, he was seized with such dreadful internal pains that they almost brought on delirium. Fortunately this attack went speedily off; and in eight months he returned from his Himalayan expedition very thin and very brown, but with the appearance of perfect health, and rejoicing in the possession of a rich collection of plants, minerals, and organic remains.

While on the frontiers of Chinese Tartary he had received a kind letter from a countryman of his own, M. Allard, a French officer in the service of Runjeet Singh. On his return to Delhi he found a second letter from M. Allard awaiting him, recommending him, if he wished to travel in Cashmere, to obtain a letter of introduction to Runjeet Singh from the Governor-general. This was readily furnished to him by Lord William

Bentinck; and at the end of January 1831, having left his Himalayan collections at Delhi, he set out on his journey to the Punjab, intending to proceed ultimately to Cashmere. 'I have still the same horse,' he writes, 'which has carried me from Calcutta to the foot of the Himalayas. His temper is as bad as ever, but I am grown more cunning than he; and since I left Benares he has not thrown me once.' Mounted on this much-enduring charger he reached Loodiana, where he was met by an escort from Runjeet Singh, and was presented with much ceremony with a bag of money, as a present from the Rajah. A large basket of fruit and a vase of cream were also placed beside the door of his tent. He was six days' journey from Lahore, and every day until he arrived there this agreeable ceremonial was repeated. When he arrived at Lahore, a charming little palace surrounded by groves of orange trees and jasmines was assigned to him as a residence. Here a splendid dinner was served up to him by torch-light, and he was waited upon by servants richly dressed in silk. 'I had courage,' he writes, 'to take as usual only bread, milk, and fruit.' Next day he had an interview with Runjeet Singh, who took a violent fancy to him; 'but his conversation,' he writes, 'is to me like a nightmare. He is almost the first inquisitive Indian I have ever seen, and his curiosity balances the apathy of the whole of his nation.' In the middle of March he parted from Runjeet Singh, who bestowed upon him a khelat worth five hundred pounds, besides a bag of money containing eleven hundred rupees. He heard at the same time from the administrators of the Jardin des Plantes that his pay was increased eighty pounds a year, so that the sun of prosperity shone brightly upon him when he began his journey to Cashmere. The road, a winding track up narrow mountain gorges, was rough in the extreme; and to add to his difficulties, he was taken prisoner by a robber chief, Neal Singh, from whom he only escaped by paying a ransom of five hundred rupees.

His horse, which had carried him so capitably in all his former wanderings, now became very lame from the loss of its shoes, and he was forced to walk, and to wade through torrents of icy water more than waist-deep. All this made him so ill that he began to spit blood, and in April describes himself as in a pitiable condition. This illness he checked by sending his men to the neighbouring rivers to catch leeches, sixty-five of which he applied to his chest; while to cure the weakness produced by this loss of blood, he had two sheep a day killed, and ate as much mutton as he could. In the middle of May he arrived in Cashmere, and took up his abode in a charming little palace, situated in a garden planted with lilacs, rose-bushes, and immense plane-trees. His table at Cashmere was supplied by the munificence of Runjeet Singh; but he had little relish for the unfamiliar dainties served up to him, and was seized with an intense longing for bread and the light wines of his native France. He began indeed to suspect that a gradual but steady deterioration in his health, of which he first became sensible in Cashmere, was caused by the want of a small daily quantity of wine.

During the summer, which was exceptionally dry, he made excursions of nineteen or twenty days at a time into the mountains, from which he

returned with a large collection of new plants, and what he styles a specimen of a 'very respectable unknown quadruped,' a new species of marmot. On the 19th September of the same year he quitted Cashmere, having with him an escort of sixty soldiers, and fifty porters to carry his new scientific collections. On the road to Umritsir he met Gulab Singh, who gave him a fine white horse splendidly caparisoned, and a khelat with Cashmere shawls. He had also at Umritsir another interview with Runjeet Singh, who offered him the vice-royalty of Cashmere, with an annual revenue of two lacs of rupees (twenty thousand pounds); but this splendid offer he declined, and on the 21st of October took his final farewell of this Indian potentate. Returning to Delhi, he had a few days of pleasant intercourse with his old friend the Governor-general, followed by two months of incessant work in arranging his collections, after which he travelled by Ajmeer and Aurungabad to Bombay.

The island of Salsette, which he visited, after quitting Bombay, in September 1832, was covered with pestilential forests; but in spite of these and of a burning sun overhead, he explored it from one end to the other, taking long and fatiguing marches on foot, and struggling with, instead of yielding to, his increasing bodily weakness. At last, on the 27th of October, he had an illness similar in nature to that which had attacked him on the confines of Tibet. There were the old intolerable fits of pain, which he tried in vain to combat with the old remedies. He covered himself with leeches, but their only effect was to weaken him: he tried the oil of Palma Christi; it was powerless. He grew worse instead of better, and at last had himself conveyed to the hospital for sick officers at Bombay. Here he lay for the whole month of November in great pain, but with hope to cheer him; then his sufferings became less, but the deadly weakness and sleeplessness increased. He knew now that he had abscess of the liver, and strove calmly to familiarise himself with the idea of approaching death.

A few months before, on completing his thirtieth birthday, he had written almost with repining regret, 'the half of life is probably past for me.' And now it was not without a supreme effort that he resigned himself to his fate. Life had been very dear to him. Steeped as it seemed to others in hardship and privation, it was full for him of the keen delight of pursuing and achieving, and sweet with the zest of frequent triumphs. Yet with characteristic self-abnegation he turned from the view of his case that peculiarly concerned himself, to think of some means of comforting his old father and favourite brother Porphyre. 'The cruellest pang,' he writes, 'my dear Porphyre, for those we love is, that when dying in a far distant land, they imagine that in the last hours of our existence we are deserted and unnoticed.' He then goes on to beseech them not to think of him as dying lonely and untended in a foreign land; but rather to picture him as soothed and comforted by the affectionate solicitude of the kind English friends, whose names he mentions the better to reassure their aching hearts. Long before these simple words of consolation had sped across the leagues of land and sea which divided him from those he loved, he had ceased

to exist. He died tranquilly and courageously on the 7th December 1832, a martyr to his beloved science.

As a Frenchman of his period, it was inevitable that Victor Jacquemont should arrive in India imbued with many prejudices against the British; and it is curious and interesting to note how his estimate of the British national character gradually and steadily rose. In his later letters he bears an unvarying testimony to the beneficence of the English rule. 'No other nation in Europe,' he says, 'would do so much for the inhabitants of a conquered country.' And again he speaks of what was formerly a very turbulent district of Rajpootana, 'as being in the highest degree sensible of the immense benefit conferred upon them by the British government.' What he principally objected to in the English were their luxurious habits and their costly refinements of comfort, which seemed to him to make the material side of life all in all to them. It was his fancy even that a special Nemesis in the shape of liver disease dogged in the land of their exile the steps of these insular Sybarites. 'The English,' he is never weary of repeating, 'have liver disease. What causes it? Four immoderate meals a day.' Nor was over-addiction to the pleasures of the gastronome the only shortcoming he alleged against them. 'Oh, how sad it is,' he silyly insinuates, 'thus to see a whole nation afflicted with hydrophobia. For myself, I am safe; I drink water and milk, I live on rice as much as possible, and thus defy the scourge of the English.'

A sad commentary on these words is the premature death, which occurred in 1832, in the hospital for sick officers at Bombay.

STRANGE RECOVERY OF LOST ARTICLES.

MANY anecdotes have been told in our columns and elsewhere, of articles that have mysteriously disappeared, and that have been unexpectedly recovered after a lapse of time. Much interest having been manifested in the instances we have already placed before our readers, we venture to offer a new batch, which have been selected for us by a contributor whose good faith we can guarantee. She writes as follows:

We lived in the country, many miles distant from the town where father's aunt resided. She was a very old woman, and had some strange ideas, one of which was, that no kind of article of recent manufacture was—or ever could be—half so good as what was made in 'the good old times' when she was a girl. She loved everything that was old—old china, old pictures, &c.; but old lace was what she valued most. She had a passion for it, especially 'old point.' It was amusing to see the way she would gaze at it and the tender way she handled it; just as if it had feeling and she were afraid of hurting it. Every summer Aunt Katharine came to spend a few months with us, and we always looked forward with pleasure to her visit; for she was a kind-hearted old lady, and dearly loved us children, which was rather

remarkable, considering that we were not in existence in the good old days of her childhood.

One day Aunt Katharine called me up to her room, and opening her jewel-box, took from it some pieces of her precious 'old point.'

'Katie dear,' she said—I was called after her—'I think you are a careful little girl. I am going to wash these bits of lace; and can I trust you to take them to the garden to bleach for me? Will you watch them all the time, to see that they are not blown away or torn by the dogs?'

'Indeed, Aunt Katharine, I'll be dreadfully careful,' I answered. 'I'll never take my eyes off them till I bring them back to you.' And so I fully intended. But alas! my good intentions came to naught, as the sequel will shew.

I took the pieces of lace out to the garden, and spread them on the grass to dry, and sat a little way off watching them. The sun was very hot; so I thought I could watch quite as well if I went just a little farther away under the shade of a large chestnut tree. How it happened I don't know, but I fell asleep. I was roused by hearing the gong sounding for lunch. I jumped up quickly, my first thought being the precious lace. But where was it? Not where I had left it, certainly. It must have got blown behind the shrubs, I thought; and I searched everywhere, round and round the garden, and in every place I could think of; but in vain. The dreadful truth was only too apparent—the beautiful lace that had been intrusted to my keeping was gone! Never can I forget what I endured when I remembered that I had to go and tell Aunt Katharine about it. My mother was out, or I would have asked her to help me. But it had to be told somehow; so screwing up my courage as well as I could, I went up to her room, and standing opposite to her, a very picture of despair, said in a low sad voice: 'They're gone, Aunt Katherine—I can't find them anywhere.'

'Gone, child! What's gone? Not my bits of old point, surely?'

'Yes; Aunt Katharine. While I was watching them, I fell asleep; and when I awoke, they had disappeared. I have been for the last hour looking for them, but to no purpose. It is very strange what became of them; and I'm so sorry about it, for I know you'll be vexed with me; and indeed I didn't intend to fall asleep; but I could not help it.'

I must say Aunt Katharine bore her loss much better than I thought. Seeing how much upset I was at my carelessness, she tried to comfort me. 'Tis my own fault, Katie,' she said, 'more than yours. I ought to have remembered, "Old heads can't be put on young shoulders."'

No more was said about the matter then; and it was nearly forgotten, when about a year afterwards, one of the chimneys being found to smoke, a sweep was sent for. He found great difficulty in getting the brush up to the top, which was caused by some jackdaws having built their nests

right across it. As the machine was pushed up, it dislodged their nests, and down came such a collection of rubbish as I never saw before. Quite a cart-load of short twigs and bits of sticks; more than a dozen wooden bleaching-pins; old stockings and socks; and three or four thimbles, a silver one I had missed some months before being one of them. Then came an old night-cap and bits of all kinds of old rags. And yes!—in the midst of all this dust, soot, &c.—dirty and hardly recognisable—were Aunt Katharine's pieces of lace, which these rogues of jackdaws must have stolen while I was asleep. At first I was afraid that they were totally ruined; but strange to say, they were almost quite uninjured.

I was standing with a friend one day in a shop where she was making some purchases. Amongst the change which she received was a half-sovereign; as she was putting it into her purse it fell. We both stooped to look for it, but could not find it anywhere. There was no chink or crevice in the floor that it could have rolled into; so we were quite puzzled as to where it could be. We searched our pockets, shook our dresses and handkerchiefs; but all our efforts to find it were useless; so we gave it up at last, and returned home, wondering what became of it.

Some months afterwards, as I was going to church one Sunday, a sudden shower came on, and I hastily opened my umbrella. Hardly had I done so, when I heard some one call my name. I looked round, and saw a friend close behind.

'How fast you are going,' he said, 'I called you twice before you heard me.'

'I was hastening on out of the rain,' I answered, 'as I had no shawl or cloak; and it was by the merest chance I brought my umbrella, the morning looked so bright and sunny.'

'Tell me, Miss Marsden,' he said, 'do half-sovereigns always fall out of it when you open it?'

'I don't understand you,' I replied. 'Half-sovereigns fall out of what?'

'Your umbrella,' he answered. 'When you opened it now, this one fell from it.'

'That is very strange,' I said. 'It certainly is not mine, and how it could have come there is most unaccountable.'

On thinking over the circumstance some time afterwards, I remembered I had this same umbrella with me the day my friend and I were so puzzled about the half-sovereign she dropped in the shop. It must have got between the silk and the small piece of leather which is put at the top inside to prevent the ribs coming through. Why it had not fallen out before, I could not tell; but most likely it was dislodged from its hiding-place by the sudden jerk I gave the umbrella in my haste to open it.

The anecdotes which might be told of long-lost rings are so numerous that I will only select a few.

At a friend's house one evening, a lady present, who was a good musician, was requested to sing. Before doing so, she took off a very handsome diamond ring, saying it was rather large for her, and used sometimes to fall off her finger when she was playing. She laid it with her gloves on the piano near her. She had a beautiful voice, and was asked to sing song after song, which she

did in the most obliging manner. As she rose from the piano, she was going to replace her ring, but it had disappeared. The gloves were there safe enough, under some pieces of music, but no sign of the ring. Search was made immediately everywhere that it was possible a ring could have fallen, to no purpose. Mysteriously it had vanished, but where to no one could tell. Two years went by without any tidings of the missing ring, when one day a strange kind of jingling noise was noticed in the piano. A tuner was sent for; and on the works being examined to see what caused the noise, he found the diamond ring, which had somehow got within the wires when the position of the piano had been changed a short time before.

I had been made a present of a very beautiful half-hoop emerald ring by my uncle, who brought it to me from India, and accordingly I valued it very much, and always wore it. One day, on my return from a morning concert, I missed it. How or where I had lost it I did not know. I remembered perfectly well seeing it on my finger in the concert-room, for I had taken off my glove to arrange the opera-glass. I looked in all directions for it. Thinking I might have dropped it in the street, I had bills printed and posted everywhere, offering a large reward for its recovery. But as weeks and months went by and I heard nothing of it, I gave up all hope of ever seeing my favourite ring again. It was nearly six years after that, noticing the lining of my muff had become rather worn, I ripped it off, to measure what quantity of silk would be required for relining it, when I thought I felt something hard in the stuffing. On taking it out, what was my delight to see once more my much-valued, long-lost emerald ring! Though I did not distinctly remember it, I must have had the muff with me the day I was at the concert, and my glove being off, in some way or other the ring must have slipped in through a rip in the silk lining.

A gentleman sitting at an open window, being called out of the room, left on the window-sill a small gold pencil, with which he had been writing. When he returned in a few minutes no pencil was there. This appeared very strange to him, for no one had entered the room while he was away; so he was completely puzzled as to where it had so quickly disappeared. The window was at the top of the house, so no one could have got to it that way. Next autumn, when the leaves were off the trees, a bright object was seen hanging from the very highest branch of a large beech-tree. With some difficulty it was reached, and proved to be the missing pencil, which had a short piece of black cord fastened to it. As the trees about there were known to be a favourite resort of magpies, it was thought that one of them had snatched the pencil off the window-sill, as they are well-known thieves of any shining objects; and most likely the cord had caught in the branch and held, before the magpie could convey it to his hiding-place.

Strange and unaccountable as it may appear, it is nevertheless a fact that the whereabouts of missing articles have often been revealed by dreams. The following instances have been told to me by persons of undoubted veracity, who could have

no possible motive for stating what was not true.

John Callaghan was a well-to-do farmer, residing in the County Cork. He was a sober steady man, and had never been known to be behind-hand in paying his rent. Though his farm was not very large, still by good management he was able to support his family comfortably out of it. There came one summer, however, that the weather was so bad that nearly all poor John's crops failed, so that when rent-day came he had no money to meet it. There was only one thing to be done under the circumstances—he must sell some of his stock. He regretted much being obliged to do this; but he had no other alternative, if he wished to retain his farm, for the agent was a very hard man, and would soon turn him out if he did not pay punctually. So the next fair day, John took two of his best cows and some fat pigs to sell at the fair. He spent all day there, trying to get a good price for them, and at last he succeeded in doing so. He was very tired on his return, and looked so ill that his wife remarked it to him. Assuring her that it was nothing but over-fatigue, and that he would be all right in the morning, he told her that he had sold the cattle very well, having got fifty pounds for them, which was enough for the half-year's rent, and something over. He went to bed immediately after his supper, and soon fell asleep. Next morning, however, his wife wondered he did not answer her when she spoke to him. At first she thought he was in a faint, and sent at once for a doctor, who pronounced him dead. It was supposed that the anxious state of his mind and the over-fatigue he had gone through the day before had hastened his death, his heart having been affected for some time past.

Poor Mrs Callaghan got such a shock by this sad occurrence, that at first she did not think of looking for the money her husband said he had got at the fair; but as the rent was due, and accounts came in for the funeral, she went to the place where her husband usually kept his money. Her search was fruitless; no money was there! She looked in the pockets of the clothes he had worn, and in every press and drawer in his room. It was all in vain. The fifty pounds could not be found anywhere. Could he have lost it on the way home? Or had he been robbed? Perhaps so. He certainly said he had got the money; but she had not seen it with him. It may have been only promised to him by the parties he sold to; but that was not likely. The poor woman was in a sad way, and spent all her time in searching for the missing money, and could think of nothing else. In a few days the agent was to call for the rent; and if she could not pay, she and her helpless little ones would have to leave their dearly loved home, and either beg or starve. Such was the state of things, when the very night before the agent's expected visit, Mrs Callaghan dreamed that her husband came to her, and told her that she would find the fifty pounds pinned to the paper behind the looking-glass over the chimney-piece in the bedroom. He put it there for safety, he said, fearing the house might be robbed, as it was known he brought the money with him, and he thought it would be safer there than in the press. The moment Mrs Callaghan woke she went over to the place mentioned by her husband

in her dream, and to her inexpressible delight, found the bank-notes in the exact position he had described!

A young lady had a present of a very valuable watch. One day, however, it suddenly stopped; and not wishing to meddle with it herself, she took it to a watchmaker to have it repaired. In a few days she called for it; but it was not done; so she said she would come again in a day or two. That night she dreamed that the watchmaker's shop would be burned next evening; so early next morning she asked her sister to call for her watch, and not to leave the shop without getting it. Her sister said she was sure it would not be ready. 'No matter,' she said; 'get it for me as it is, done or not. Don't come back without it; for the shop will be burned this evening; I know it will—I saw it all in a dream last night.'

Immediately after breakfast, her sister went for the watch; but was told it was not yet mended. 'How long will it take to do?' she asked.

'About an hour,' the man answered.

'Very well then,' she said; 'I will wait for it.'

So she sat down and waited patiently until it was repaired, for her sister was in a most excited state of mind about it, and would have been greatly annoyed if she had returned without it.

That evening at seven o'clock the house took fire, and the flames spread so rapidly that it was impossible to save anything; and had the watch been left there, it would have been destroyed with other valuable jewellery.

A young man, a bank clerk, when making up his accounts one day, found he was short one sovereign. He was puzzled as to what had become of it, and feared he must have paid it away by mistake. Be this as it may, he had to make good the loss, and refund the coin to the bank. One night he dreamed that in a chink of his desk he saw the sovereign. He looked there next day, and found it in the very spot where he had seen it in his dream!

A friend who lived in the country had for some time past been missing various things. That there was a thief in the house could not be doubted, but who it was, it was impossible to find out. Bread, meat, butter, bottles of wine, ale, &c. all disappeared in the most unaccountable manner, and always in the night. That none of the servants left the house at night was an ascertained fact, and it was equally certain that no one entered from without. How then were the articles conveyed away? And by whom? These were questions which puzzled Mrs M—, and caused her a good deal of anxiety. At last she dreamed one night that she was standing in the garden; and looking towards the house, she saw in the moonlight a man's figure glide up the avenue, and stand under the window of one of the servants' rooms. Presently the window was softly opened, and a basket well filled with provisions was let down by a rope. The person below untied the basket, and quickly disappeared amongst the surrounding trees. The rope was then drawn up again, and the window very gently closed. On awaking next morning, Mrs M— told her husband of her strange dream. It made such an impression on

her, that at length she persuaded her husband to watch in the garden that night. So accordingly he and one of his sons stationed themselves in a little summer-house in the garden which commanded a view of the window in question. I may as well mention that neither of them had the least faith in any kind of dreams or visions. What then was their astonishment when they beheld the very figure described by Mrs M— glide softly up the avenue and stand under the window, which was opened and the basket let down, all exactly as she had told them! Before, however, the man had time to make off, they rushed out and seized him. He was brought into the house, and the police were sent for. They immediately recognised him as a very bad character, a returned convict. The wretched woman who was his partner in guilt was his mother. They were both tried at the next assizes, and punished as they deserved.

A CUMBERLAND LEGEND.

ON a fine evening in the summer of 1766, two young women, Maggie Armstrong and Eliza Wilson, met at a roadside well not far from the village of Distington, about four miles from the town of Whitehaven. On the ground beside them were the pails, or 'handles' as they are called, in which they were about to catch the fine spring-water as it fell from a wood-conductor into the stone trough beneath. Each had on a gingham 'bedgown,' fastened tightly at the waist, and covering the plaited top of a comfortable-looking skirt which supplied the place of a frock. A threefold calico hat, closely quilted in diagonal rows of needlework, covered their heads, on the top of which was a round cushion stuffed with cotton or wool, whereon to place the 'handle' when full of water, and which served the twofold purpose of easing the head and steadying the water.

'The celebrated Mr Wesley is in Whitten [Whitehaven], Maggie,' remarked Eliza in an off-hand sort of way, 'and is to speak in the market-place to-morrow night. Will you go with me to hear him?'

[This journey to Whitehaven had nearly proved fatal to the enterprising missionary, as the following extract from his journal shews: 'Tuesday, June 24, 1766.—Before eight we reached Dumfries, and after a short halt we pushed on, in hopes of reaching Solway Firth before the sea was come in. Designing to call at an inn by the Firth side, we inquired the way, and were directed to leave the main road and go straight to the house, which we saw before us. In ten minutes Duncan Wright was embogged; however, the horse plunged on, and got through. I was inclined to turn back; but Duncan telling me I needed only go a little to the left, I did so, and sunk at once to my horse's shoulders. He sprung up twice, and twice sunk again, each time deeper than before. At the third plunge he threw me on one side, and we both made shift to scramble out. I was covered with soft sand from my feet to the crown of my head,

but not hurt at all. Next day I rode on to Whitehaven, where I spent the rest of the week.']

'I will accompany you to Whitten, Eliza,' promptly replied Maggie. 'I've often felt a wish to see the famed man; so, all being well, I'll get ready and go with you.'

'Will you ask Richard to come, Maggie?' put in Eliza with characteristic zeal, as they both lifted the pails on to their heads.

'I judge he will follow when he finds that I'm gone,' quietly responded Maggie.

It need scarcely be observed that the young man referred to was one who had for some time past paid certain attentions to Maggie, or that Eliza Wilson was an ardent Methodist.

Saturday night came, and among the many who were gathered around the enthusiastic little preacher were the two young women we have brought before the reader. They came with sentiments as divergent as possible in respect to the preacher and his preaching. They returned one in mind and heart. The result of this change in Maggie was that she was cold to Richard Brunskill on the way home, and unsympathetic. From that hour Richard was no more to her than any other youth. The first time he went to her home after that night he was told his fate in a mild but firm manner; a decision which he received with anything but complacent feelings.

Up to this time Brunskill had been a comparatively steady man, only now and then indulging freely in drink; but after his loss of Maggie, he was often the worse for liquor, and rushed to every cock-fight and other brutal sport to which he could find access. Maggie Armstrong developed into a most ardent Methodist, so that what with the gravity of her deportment and her subdued conversation, her old friends scarce knew her. Eliza Wilson was her constant companion, nor did any one rival her in Maggie's affections for some time. But summer had not long given place to winter before a change took place. A young man named Thomas Musgrove, who had recently begun to use his gifts as an occasional preacher among the Wesleyans, arrested Maggie's attention. He was a builder in a fair way of business on his own account; and as Miss Armstrong possessed considerable personal charms, her secret preferences for him were soon drawn out by his avowed attachment to her; and before long it was well known by all the brotherhood and others that these two young folks were likely ere long to become man and wife.

Matters were in this condition when midsummer came round. It was again the 'leafy month of June,' when once more the famed apostle of Methodism paid his annual visit to Whitehaven, and every Methodist in Distington was overjoyed at the prospect of hearing his welcome voice on the following Saturday night in the market-place. Amongst those who walked from Distington to hear him were Thomas Musgrove and Margaret Armstrong. A small dog belonging to the former accompanied them. The service did not last much over an hour, as Mr Wesley wished to meet his country officials, that he might aid them by his counsels. As Musgrove was one whose presence was required at this gathering, and as it was not certain how long he would be detained thereat, he desired Maggie to go home with the others, observing that he would not

fail to give her a call on his return and spend an hour or so with her. The dog Viper might go back with her, he said, as it would be awkward to find him a suitable place to remain in while he was at the meeting. So bidding the company good-night, he went on his way. Poor fellow! Little did he anticipate the fate that was in store for him. He had not gone far before, on looking behind him, he saw Viper at his heels, looking shy, for he knew that he had disobeyed orders. Nothing remained, however, but to take the dog with him, and make the best arrangements he could for its safe keeping.

The company from which he had parted went on their way, and as they left Whitehaven they met Richard Brunskill coming into it, the worse as usual for liquor. He saw his old lover in the group which he had stopped to survey. But the people passed on, and Richard was soon left far behind. This was the last they saw of him that night. On went the merry party, singing hymns as they went, some dropping off at Parton, others at Moresby and Sunny Brow, and the residue reached Distington full of satisfaction and pleasure. It was just nine o'clock when Maggie Armstrong entered her house. Musgrove was expected back in about an hour.

When ten o'clock arrived, Maggie began to listen for his footfall. But it came not. She grew anxious; and as the finger of the clock rose towards eleven, she went to the front door and looked down the road. It was a fine, warm, clear night. Now a horseman passed by, then a conveyance rattled past; at intervals a pedestrian went slowly on, her hopes that it might be Thomas giving way with his departure. 'What can have kept him until now?' she said aloud, her uneasiness overcoming her maiden diffidence. It was now fast approaching midnight; still Thomas Musgrove made not his appearance. She sat down before the kitchen fire, vainly striving to think pleasant thoughts; so again rising, with a sigh, she went once more to the door and looked down the road. A long time passed, but never a footfall. Concluding that Thomas had been detained against his will, she was about to re-enter the house and go to bed, when Viper made his appearance, whining dismally. Surprised at this, she spoke kindly to the poor beast, and asked him where his master was. The dog looked up in her face with a scared uneasy expression; and in gazing into his face she saw that he held something in his mouth. 'What have you got there, Viper?' she asked, holding out her hand for the article which the sagacious creature laid in her palm. It was a piece of blue cloth with a brass button attached. She looked at it, wondering where the dog had got it and what it signified. At a glance she saw that it did not belong to any garment that her betrothed had on that night, and so far she was at ease. But on watching Viper, she saw that he became more disturbed and anxious, for he ran about the house and to the door, looking earnestly at her the while, as though he wished her to go with him somewhere.

Excited and perplexed, she awoke her father, and told him the circumstances. The old man dressed and came down-stairs. A consultation was held, which resulted in a resolve to await the arrival of daylight ere they took action. Day would dawn, they knew, soon after two

o'clock, when, if Thomas did not arrive, they would get assistance and search for him, being now certain that some evil had overtaken him. Thus resolving, the pair sat down by the fire and to beguile the time the old man lit his pipe. At last, when day broke, Armstrong aroused a neighbour, and telling him what he knew and feared, the pair set off on the road to Whitehaven, preceded by Viper. They had not gone above a mile before the dog, leaving the high-road, made for an unused stone-quarry a little off the highway, and standing on an eminence which flanked the quarry, set up a loud and dismal howl. The two men followed Viper into the quarry, which they entered by the cart-road which wound around the base of the hillock on which the dog stood. On entering the road, their eyes fell on a partly dried-up pool of blood; and as from thence to the quarry they saw patches of the same ominous fluid, their worst suspicions received strength.

'Something is not right here,' said Armstrong, as he gazed at the blood.

'You may reckon on foul-play,' responded his companion, as he watched the dog, which was creeping down the mound into the quarry.

The men had scarcely turned the corner of the hillock before they saw the object of their search stiff, cold, and covered with blood, his clothes nearly torn from his body. It was evident that poor young Musgrove had been murdered. He had been attacked from behind by some one who had used a heavy blunt implement, by a blow from which he had been knocked down, and then dragged into the quarry, and despatched; the poor dog having doubtless been a helpless witness of the tragedy.

When the sad intelligence reached Margaret, she felt what words cannot describe. Days and nights of agony, which sleep often refused to alleviate, were her lot; and many came to comfort her in vain. Eliza Wilson was the one whose company and words gave her the most comfort.

The murder of Thomas Musgrove produced a deep and wide-spread sensation. Many persons were suspected of having committed the deed, among whom was Richard Brunskill. But as the murdered man had not been seen in his company on that fatal Saturday night—as indeed Brunskill proved that he had left the town alone—and others testified that Musgrove did not leave the town until long afterwards, Richard was allowed to remain at large; and the crime was laid at the door of 'some person or persons unknown,' and left to take rank with undiscovered homicides.

Time is the greatest alleviator of grief. No matter how terrible the event, or how poignant the accruing agony, we gradually rise into our normal condition, and can review the trials of the past with a measure of composure. What a merciful arrangement, of Providence is this! In less than a year Maggie Armstrong had regained part of her former cheerfulness, and was able to discharge her domestic duties with ease. Still her loss, and the way in which it had been brought about, never left her thoughts for long; nor could she help laying the crime in her secret thoughts to the charge of Brunskill. And here it may be mentioned that soon after the verdict of the coroner's jury had been given, he left Distington, and went to live a few miles from Whitehaven, in

an opposite direction. He now drank hard; but it was not often that he took part in public sports, for he was disliked by his fellow-workmen; seeing which, he kept aloof, solacing himself with dissipation, and spending much of his spare time in bed.

It will be remembered that when the dog Viper entered Armstrong's house on the night of the murder he had a piece of blue cloth, with a brass button attached, in his mouth, and which he laid in Maggie's hand. This the girl put into her purse, more with the view of knowing where to find it, if wanted, than for any other assignable reason. But many a time afterwards, when she had occasion to open her purse, and the piece of cloth met her eyes, she imagined that it must have been a piece of the coat of the murderer, dragged off by the dog when its owner was in a stooping posture; and each time this thought arose in her mind, she put the rag back into her purse, believing that even yet it might aid in the solution of the mystery which hung over poor Musgrove's fate. Nor was she misguided in her belief.

Twelve months had passed, when business drew her and her father to the town of Whitehaven. As usual it was on a Saturday night, the pay-time of colliers and others. At the period of which we write, the small stream called Pos-beck, which runs through the market-place on its way from St Bee's Vale to the harbour, was uncovered; and here and there a bridge, consisting of a plank or two, was laid across it for the convenience of foot-passengers. Maggie and her father, with Viper at their heels, had occasion to cross one of these bridges. As they did so, whom should they confront, as they reached the other side, but Richard Brunskill, who was about to step on the planks! The eyes of Miss Armstrong and his met in one stern and earnest gaze; but while they were awaiting the making up of their minds as to what course each should take, their attention was arrested by something that was going on at their feet. Viper, growling with all his might, his eyes ready to leap from their sockets, and the hair on his back standing up like the teeth of a comb, was pulling at Brunskill's trousers' leg, evidently for the purpose of arresting his progress. In a moment Maggie's convictions were confirmed that the slayer of her intended husband stood before her. She remembered the piece of cloth in her pocket. Looking at his coat, she saw that it was blue in colour; and the buttons in front, made of brass, were the same in size and pattern as the one on the rag in her pocket. Stepping behind him, and looking at the waist of his coat, she saw that a piece of cloth had been torn out, and another piece awkwardly inserted in its place, and bearing a button not like the others. Not a shade of doubt now lingered in her mind; the proof which she had in her purse, with the action of the dog, convinced her that the murderer of Thomas Musgrove stood before her. So, seizing him by the collar of his coat, and looking him steadily in the face, she exclaimed in a loud voice: 'Richard Brunskill, you are the murderer of Thomas Musgrove! See, the dog accuses you; and this piece of cloth rises up as a witness against you!' Saying which, she took the rag from its keeping-place, and held it up to his gaze.

Brunskill shook like an aspen-leaf. His face became ashen pale; and falling backwards into

the arms of one of the many who had by this time gathered together, he said: 'God won't let me escape! I am guilty of the death of Thomas Musgrove! I am willing to die!'

A constable, attracted by what was going on in the neighbourhood, drew near just as the wretched man had uttered these words, and took him into custody. On the Tuesday following he was taken before the magistrates. He had no defence to make when the facts already narrated were brought before them, and was committed to Carlisle jail to await his trial. Acting on the advice of his lawyer and friends, he pleaded 'Not guilty' to the charge when placed in the dock; but the jury were constrained by the facts brought before them to convict him, and in due time he was sent to the gallows. Another instance among many before and since this one, that 'murder will out.'

Brunskill made a full confession of his crime before his execution. He said that when he got to know that Musgrove had gained the place that he once believed he had in Margaret Armstrong's affections, and seeing no chance of supplanting him, a deep-rooted hatred was begotten within him. But he never felt tempted to take his life until the night of the murder. Then, when he saw that he was not in the company of those who were returning to Distington, he concluded that he had stayed behind and would return alone. Then it was that the murderous thought arose. So, entering a public-house in Tangier Street, he drank a glass or two of rum, and bought a small bottle thereof wherewith to fortify his courage on the road. He then set off to Distington. As he went along, he resolved that the deed should be effected in the old quarry. On reaching it, he hid behind the stone-stoop of the gateway that led thereto, and in a while he heard the footfall of his unsuspecting victim. Taking a deep drink of rum, and grasping the hedge-stake with which he had armed himself, as soon as the young fellow reached the spot where he was hid he sprang up and killed him by a blow on the back of the head, after which he dragged him into the quarry. The dog, he said, was almost wild with rage; but he was not aware until afterwards that a piece of his coat had been torn away by the animal, nor did he ever suspect that it had been found and treasured up to be a witness against him.

Such is the story of a long-forgotten event, which the writer used to hear an aged relative relate years and years ago—an event which, committed within a couple of miles of where her mother lived at the time, was long the subject of conversation.

LOOK TO YOUR EATING.

A LADY of our acquaintance had lately occasion to visit the shop of a person who deals in hams, cheeses, and other edibles. Looking round the large stock of goods for sale, she made the remark to the shopkeeper: 'You must surely often incur heavy losses by articles getting stale and out of condition for food.' 'Not at all,' he replied. 'We at times lose a trifle by things getting wrong on our hands; but it is not worth speaking of; for whenever hams and other articles get very bad, we dispose of them to small dealers who readily

find purchasers, on Saturday nights, in poor people who are looking about for bargains.' This reminds us of the beneficent saying, 'Whatever is totally uneatable, you may give to the poor folk.' Others than absolutely poor folk are apt to be dosed by, or to dose themselves with articles because they are cheap, or more correctly speaking, low in price, and nearly if not altogether worthless. A ham, or a piece of pork, cannot be called cheap at any price if it be half rotten or any way tainted.

The advice, 'Look to your Eating,' applies particularly to persons who are continually looking out for bargains, and are disposed to run the risk of poisoning themselves by what should be buried out of sight. This remark is suggested by an article which recently appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* (January 14). Reference is there made to an incomprehensible illness that broke out in the reformatory training-ship *Cornwall*, lying in the Thames, off Purfleet. Several of the boys died, and were buried. To clear up the mystery, the body of one of them was exhumed; and the examination revealed that death had been caused by trichiniasis, a disease which arises from eating putrid pork. 'The meat was bought, it seems, as cheap "American pork," and as this description of food is growing in popular favour, it may be as well to warn people that they should be careful in making purchases of it. Not that the taint is confined to pork, or even American pork. It may lurk in all kinds of animal food. The "germs" of the disease—in this case excessively minute, but still, under a lens, clearly visible bodies—which are thrown off by the sufferers, may find their way into drinking-water, and convey the malady to man himself as well as to other animals. When it is clearly understood how the plague originates, it is easy to take simple precautions against its diffusion, and therefore it is fortunate that as to the origin of it there is no doubt whatever. It is now some five-and-forty years since a junior medical student in one of the London hospitals, struck by the existence of strange little yellowish and grayish-white specks on some muscular tissue he was studying, thought of examining them under a microscope. Robert Brown, the eminent botanist, was then among the few scientific men in London who had a good microscope, or indeed any skill in microscopy; and to him, as one notoriously fond of helping aspiring youth, the lad appealed for advice as to the curiosity he had lit upon. The veteran naturalist very kindly set the student on the right road of research; and the result was that they discovered the mysterious specks to be tiny, transparent capsules or cases, inside each one of which lay comfortably coiled up a delicate little worm, not nearly so thick as the thinnest thread of shining gossamer. From the Greek word for a hair—*thrix*—the creature received the generic name "*trichina*." From its being rolled up like a coiled spring, it was specifically distinguished as the "*spiral trichina*," or "*trichina spiralis*." Professor Owen some time afterwards confirmed this discovery of the young medical student and his distinguished patron; but for all naturalists the real mystery then was: How did the parasite find its way into the very midst of muscular tissue in the human subject? It has been at length ascertained that the larvae

of the creature find their way from the stomach to the exterior muscles, where they are developed in millions, and give rise to the disease which proved fatal to the boys in the training-ship.

Though, on a former occasion, we took notice of this disease, the circumstances now mentioned will excuse our return to the subject. We would earnestly caution people to look to the nature of all pork and other kinds of meat offered at a low price for their consumption, particularly cured meat sold in barrels and which has been kept some time. For the sale of diseased meat of every description, magistrates ought to inflict all proper legal punishment without mercy.

HOMEWARD.

From the plane-tree's windless leaves
Breathes the wood-dove's amorous moan;
Round about the cottage eaves
Hangs the rosebush, over-blown.
Meadows dip to where the stream,
Murmuring of the far, blue sea,
Moves, as in a flower-sweet dream,
By the home that waits for me.

And I know one heart beats high
With this joy that gladdens mine,
Underneath that northern sky,
Waiting in her trust divine.
Singing in the sun, sits she,
And her eyes are blue and blithe,
And the maid-child on her knee
Laughs to hear the sweeping scythe.

Seems it, even now, I feel
The hay-sweet scent of English air,
And the lumberous, old mill-wheel
Murmuring 'peace and plenty' there.
Blow, blow northward, eager gale,
Though thou rouse the billowing sea;
Whisper in the bending sail,
Of the love that waits for me.

By Egyptian sand and palm,
By the pillared fanes of Greece;
High amid this cloudless calm,
Sleeping in their dreamless peace,
Drifting, I am longing sore
For the last glad league of sea,
For the roses by the door,
And the welcome kept for me.

D. J. M.

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CENTENARIANISM.

THE believers in the venerable Countess of Desmond, in Old Parr, and in Henry Jenkins, have within the last few years received many rude shocks to their faith. The late indefatigable Sir George Cornwall Lewis—who, amid the turmoils of official and parliamentary life, found time to attend to numerous and varied studies of other kinds—expressed a doubt whether there is any thoroughly conclusive evidence, such as would satisfy both logicians and lawyers, of a person (in post-Biblical times) having overlived one hundred years. He declared that in every case he had examined there was some loophole or other, some necessary link in the chain missing. When this startling bit of incredulity appeared in *Notes and Queries*, it invoked a multitude of communications relating to persons who, in repute at any rate, were very much more than a hundred years old at the time of death; and when similar incredulity was half expressed in the *Times*, it was followed by a renewed series of protests, chiefly from persons conversant with and believers in the literature of tombstones and parish registers. The late Mr Dilke agreed pretty nearly in opinion with Sir George; and Mr Thoms has more recently investigated the subject at great length and with unwearied assiduity.

It is unnecessary, even if possible, to detail or even to enumerate the recorded instances of people who have exceeded the age of one hundred years. They are to be reckoned literally by hundreds. Even now every newspaper reader meets with reported cases; each usually a mere bald statement of the fact or alleged fact that so-and-so had died at the advanced age of 100, 105, 110, or what not, without citing any evidence in support of the allegation.

To shew how numerous are these stories, it may suffice to say that in the early part of the present century a volume was published containing the names of more than *seventeen hundred* persons who had claimed to be centenarians, or for whom a claim was set up by others. The compiler was in

nowise particular; he accepted all the fish that came into his net. He went up to nine-score years in his enumeration, and was apparently quite willing to believe any story of a 200-year old phenomenon.

As before remarked, we have no space to devote to these marvels in the bulk; but there are three already briefly mentioned, concerning whom a few words may be given—namely, Parr, Jenkins, and the Countess of Desmond.

Thomas Parr, according to the popular account, was born in 1483; remained a bachelor till eighty years of age; married in 1563; lost his wife in 1595; married again in 1603; and lived to see the year 1635. In that year the Earl of Arundel visited him, and was so struck by his venerable appearance as to invite him to his town mansion. Parr was brought by easy stages to London, where he became quite the lion of the season. Charles I. requested to see him, and asked whether, as he had lived so much longer than other men, he had experienced and known more in proportion. 'Yes, your Majesty,' replied the old man; 'I did penance at the age of 105.' This penance was for some peccadillo he had committed. The veteran found the excitement of London too much for him; the fatigue, the crowding of visitors who came to see him, and the unwonted luxury of his diet, carried him off at the wonderful age of 152.

Henry Jenkins, according to the popular account, was born in 1501. When a boy, he carried a horse-load of arrows to Northallerton, to be employed by the English soldiers in resisting the invasion by James IV. of Scotland; and he lived to see the year 1670, when he died at Ellerton-upon-Swale, at the marvellous age of 169.

The Countess of Desmond is reputed to have been born about 1464, and to have lived on till about 1604, attaining the age of 140. No other very aged person has attracted so much notice as she. Bacon, in his *Natural History*, said that she 'did *dentire* twice or thrice, casting her old teeth and others coming in their place.' Sir Walter Raleigh stated that she was

married in Edward IV.'s time; and that he himself saw her in 1589. Sir William Temple was told a similar account by Robert, Earl of Leicester. Numerous minor incidents of her life have been recorded.

Though still credited by many believers in extreme longevity, there are others who thoroughly disbelieve in its possibility—or at any rate, probability. Their grounds of unbelief are varied. In the first place, most of the alleged instances occur in the humbler grades of society, where registers and formal entries are but little attended to; the middle and upper classes, among whom authentic records are more plentiful, occupy comparatively small part in these narratives. 'Can actuaries,' it has been pertinently asked, 'refer us to a single instance of an assured person living to one hundred and forty, thirty, twenty, nay, even to a hundred and ten?' If an entry of a birth or a baptism is found in a family Bible, there is usually no proof that it was written in the lifetime or at the time of death of the person to whom it relates. In one case, a clergyman investigating a story of centenarianism, found that the Bible containing the entry was not printed and published until forty years after the alleged birth; and no other testimony was forthcoming. Registers of births were not formally established until about 1830; all such registers before that date were voluntary, and therefore uncertain. Even parish registers are not always reliable, seeing that many of them, giving the year of death, mention the age of the deceased, but not the year of birth, thus affording no means for correcting one date by the other.

Sometimes tombstones are re-chiselled, to restore the half-obliterated inscription; and then the village stone-mason, puzzled by some of the partly obliterated figures and letters, makes a guess at them, and puts in the age or date which seems to him the best interpretation. There is, or was, a tombstone in Conway churchyard recording the fact that Lowry Owens Vaughan died in 1766 at the age of 192; and that her husband William Vaughan died in 1735 at the age of 72. If this were so, the lady must have been nearly 100 years old at her marriage. As the figures on the stone have been found on careful examination to be comparatively freshly cut, it is supposed that 192 was an inaccurate re-cutting of an earlier incision. Some instances of this kind are most ludicrous. A tombstone in Cleve Prior churchyard records the death of a person at the astounding age of 309! This is supposed to have been a country mason's way of denoting 39, that is, 30 and 9—a kind of error, as explained by us in the article 'Eccentric Returns' (Feb. 7), not infrequent among ignorant persons. The *Times* noticed several years ago that the register of Shoreditch parish contained an entry relating to Thomas Cam, who died in 1588 at the age of 207, having lived in the reigns of twelve sovereigns. As Sir Harry Ellis, in his *History of Shoreditch*, put down the age at 107, the register was examined. It was found that 1 had been altered to 2 rather recently, possibly by some wag who wished to poke fun at the antiquaries.

Instances of the following kind are known to have occurred. A young married couple have a son whom they name (say) John, who dies in infancy; twenty years afterwards another son

receives the same name; and then, in neighbours' gossip long afterwards, the one John becomes confounded with the other, and a man really eighty years old figures in popular estimation as a centenarian. Many aged persons, it is worthy of remark, like to be considered older than they really are, on account of the celebrity it gives them. A Methodist local preacher, who had been in turn a farmer, a soldier, and a dock labourer, was wont to claim the age of 'over a hundred years'; he drew great crowds to hear such a phenomenon preach. He was probably sincere in his belief concerning his age, and at his death it was recorded as 108; but a subsequent investigation shewed that he was much less instead of more than a hundred.

In an early paragraph we mentioned the name of Mr Thoms. This gentleman has done more than any one else towards the investigation of alleged cases of ultra-centenarianism. As librarian of the House of Lords he was not much concerned in the subject; but in his capacity of editor of *Notes and Queries* for nearly a quarter of a century, he had to notice numerous marvels of longevity—some in support of popular opinion, some in refutation of it. He spared no pains; he wrote to clergymen and parish clerks, consulted local antiquaries, examined registers and tombstones, and conversed with old persons who were able (or claimed to be able) to give information relating to times long gone by. He found many instances of all the several kinds of fallacy which we have just mentioned; and arrived at a final conclusion that there are some cases of ultra-centenarianism, but that they were very few indeed. He never was so rash as to deny point-blank that such instances do occur; he simply asserted that only a very small number had borne the scrutinising tests he had applied to them. He published the details of his researches six or seven years ago; and his volume is justly regarded as the leading authority on the subject.

The mode of investigation adopted by Sir G. C. Lewis and Mr Thoms, often led them to examine the question: Who was the first person known to have mentioned the alleged fact? In regard to Old Parr, the chief authority was John Taylor the 'Water Poet,' an eccentric character in the reign of Charles I. He published a pamphlet concerning him at the time when Parr was in London; but he gave no *proof* that the veteran came into the world a hundred and fifty-two years before that time. Of Henry Jenkins, the chief informant was one Peter Garden, who died in Aughterless in 1775 at the age of 131, and who said that he had when a youth seen Henry Jenkins, the person that had carried the horse-load of arrows to Northallerton. But there is no guarantee for the exact age of Garden, nor for the correctness of his memory concerning events in which Jenkins was concerned. Similarly in the case of the Countess of Desmond; although it is evident that this venerable member of the Irish peerage lived to an exceptionally advanced age, nevertheless there are links wanting in the chain of testimony. 'They tell a tale,' said one of the authorities concerning the lady's age; but who were 'they,' and how did 'they' know? Raleigh did not name an authority for his statement that she was married so far back as the time of Edward IV.; nor do we know whether Leicester

was reliable in what he told Temple. Several portraits are extant, all purporting to be the Countess; but one is now known to represent some other lady, while the inscription on another is suspected to be comparatively modern. The *Quarterly Review* took up this subject some years ago, and was able to advance additional evidence of her great age, but not of her reaching the traditional 140.

Since the publication of Mr Thoms's volume, he has been regarded as a general referee on all such matters; and he has been asked to investigate many new instances. As usual, he found but few of the statements that could stand against the test he applied. We have not space to give more than a few lines on the subject. Application was made to the Registrar-general, or at least to his valuable annual Reports, for a record of the past experience of the National Debt Office and the various life-assurance Companies. There could be found only *one* case of ultra-centenarianism recorded by the Companies, and only *two* by the National Debt Office; whereas instances were to be reckoned by the score in other quarters. The Registrar-general in one of his Reports said: 'The district registrars have no authority, even if they had materials and leisure for so doing, to investigate the statements as to age made by the informants of death. These informants are alone responsible for the correctness of the statements.' In other words, the Registrar-general must depend upon report and declaration; whereas the National Debt Office and the life-assurance Companies insist upon actual proof of age. Hence the significant fact that the ultra-centenarians figure largely in the Registrar-general's tabulated returns, but scarcely at all in the books of the office and Companies just named.

One account, of quite recent date, led Mr Thoms to suspect a hoax. The newspapers, two or three years ago, stated that an aged gentleman met a circle of friends at the *Star and Garter* hotel, Richmond, to celebrate his 106th birthday. Mr Thoms for some time could make nothing of this story, either good or bad; but at length he stated: 'Information has just reached me that the reported centenarian banquet at the *Star and Garter* has been declared to be a *hoax*!'

Last summer a paragraph appeared in some of the newspapers: 'There is at present living in a Skye bothy old Widow Macpherson, who entered upon her hundredth year last Christmas. She was born there in the same year that Dr Johnson and Boswell visited Skye and met with Flora Macdonald. During the hundred years of Widow Macpherson's life she has dwelt in a turf hut, the smoke from the peat-fire on the hearth finding its way out by every crevice, and giving a lustre as if varnished to the rafters which support the thatched roof. She has survived six Lords of the Isles, the present being the seventh Lord Macdonald who has held this title since she was born. She has never been out of the island, and does not understand one word of English, but converses freely in Gaelic. She has been blind for ten years, but her hearing and memory are both good. She is nursed by her daughter Kirsty, who is unwearied in her attendance upon her old mother. The photograph of this relic of a past century has been recently taken; and as she is in very

humble circumstances, any profit arising from the sale will be devoted to procuring for her such comforts as her extreme old age and declining strength require.'

We have no reason to doubt the truth of this statement, and must conclude with a remonstrance against the practice of setting down all statements of the kind as being exaggerations or inventions. Scarcely a week elapses without a notice of the death of persons who have reached a hundred years of age. To assert that all these notices are false is little short of an impertinence. Here and there may be a mistake, but our belief is that the bulk of the notices are true. Nor is it strange they should be. It is notorious, from medical and statistical observation, that human life is lengthening. Old people are better cared for than they used to be, and there is a better knowledge in the art of preserving health. In fact, we have come pretty much to the conclusion that to die at an age short of eighty, ninety, or even a hundred, is very much people's own blame. With a good constitution to start with, and with exercising due care, man or woman may stretch out the span of existence to ninety, if not to a hundred.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER VIII.—HISTORY.

At the very soul of understanding dwells charity.

FRANK, comfortably conscious of virtue, went back to Montague Gardens. There was something in the fact of having snubbed Tasker which soothed and calmed him. Tasker was the evil spirit of impecuniosity personified, and Frank having done battle with him, felt safe from extravagance for evermore. 'I am glad I insulted him'—so ran Frank's thoughts—'because I shan't be able to borrow from the fellow any more.' Reaching his rooms, he threw himself at full length upon a sofa, lit a cigar, and built castles. Is there anything pleasanter in the world—so queries the poet—than to enjoy delight with liberty? Frank just then combined the joy of stern resolve with the delight of liberty from labour. Happiest of moments, when a man can persuade himself in his laziest leisure that he intends to be industrious, and can draw in advance from the Bank of Fancy the reward of his own high virtue!

'And indeed,' said Frank, drawing a miniature from his breast, and taking it into his confidence, 'it would be really hard to go astray with such a guide as you are. Do you know—do you guess—he went on in a sort of lazy rapture—'how much I love you? Do you think how I will work and hope and plan and endure for you?'

The smoke curled lightly about his head. His eyes followed it with fancies as unsubstantial. Pleasant fairy palaces, too frail for permanent human habitation, he built, and for those brief moments lived in—thinking, like many another, that success is gained by dreaming of it, and that hopes will be fulfilled because he holds them. Still dreaming, after it had grown quite dusk, and the servant had brought in his lamp, he was startled—not altogether agreeably—by the entry of his fantastic friend Hastings, and two companions.

'Of what,' inquired Mr Hastings, airily removing his hat and arranging his hair before the mirror—'of what is the young man thinking, as he dreams on his horse-hair couch? Fairholt! I am in league with the Egyptians—burning with zeal to redress the wrongs of that ancient people, who, as a man of your reading is sure to know, were spoiled of their treasure by the Hebrews. I have taken in turn for them a little revenge in passing, and have spoiled a Jew. The Jew will eventually spoil me, I know; but for the moment Fortune smiles upon the ally of the ancient Coptic race.'

'What is your latest madness?' asked Frank, laughing.

'Great wits,' responded Mr Hastings with a grave flourish, 'to madness often are allied. I am in a gorgeous humour. Do you know—speaking with the utmost seriousness, and with as little egotism as possible—I am really convinced that I am a splendid fellow. To-night I am in more than usual form. I have spoiled that Hebrew, not in any vulgar way, but with an airy grace which is really indicative of genius. I flattered and soothed him. I touched him on his tenderest points. I lulled him into confidence; I led him to places of sweet rest and quiet breathing; and ultimately,' concluded the young gentleman with another solemn flourish, 'I landed him for ten pounds; and there's the money.' Throwing a loose handful of gold and silver on the table, Mr Hastings relapsed into a cheerful grin, and asked for brandy.

Frank bustled about and set decanters on the table. 'Who is your Hebrew?' he asked on his knees and with his head in a cupboard.

'There,' replied Mr Hastings, 'you touch me in a tender part. The Egyptians and I are content with small beginnings. Finally, we shall land the Rothschilds for a million, I have no doubt. At present, we are content to ply for humbler game. I have fished—or shall I say fished, to make the simile completer?—my maiden hook on Tasker.'

Frank, who had not been over-attentive to this speech, started so at the name that he bumped his head violently against the shelf of the cupboard as he rose to his feet.

'A kindred spirit leaps to meet me,' remarked Mr Hastings languidly, and uncorked a bottle of soda-water. 'League yourself with the Egyptians, Fairholt. I pledge you my solemn word of honour that the bait by which this small specimen of the land-shark was secured was my own unassisted note of hand.'

'No, thank you,' Frank responded. 'Egypt is cleaned out already, and Christendom is undergoing a similar process now. I have had enough of Tasker.'

'Do you know,' responds Hastings with an air of profound seriousness, 'I can imagine that to the ordinary palate a very little of Tasker would be eminently cloying? The taste for Tasker is in fact acquired. To be candid, however, I can discover one virtue in him—he can occasionally be induced to part with money.'

'He parts with it on very heavy terms,' responded Frank, going back to the cupboard, and rummaging anew there.

'The wisdom of our ancestors,' returned Hastings, 'is proverbial—at least a good deal of it is.'

In one scrap of that wisdom for which the foggy-dom of past centuries is justly famous, we are told that he who intends not to pay may promise much.'

Frank withdrew himself from the cupboard with a box of cigars in one hand and a bottle in the other, and answered lightly: 'If you were the rascal you profess to be, you might be even a match for Tasker.'

'Referring,' replied Hastings in a forensic tone, and with a forensic wave of his cigar, 'to the works of Thomas Babington Macaulay, I learn that the late Nicholas Macchiavelli was a highly amiable and moral person. Fortified by this judgment, I have looked up *The Prince*, and am humbly striving to carry out its precepts. My natural bent in favour of the conventionalities of virtue is strong, and I still occasionally deviate into candour. Let me be candid now. Tasker lent me this coin wholly and solely upon your account.'

'On my account?' asked Frank.

'On yours. I told him I was coming to your rooms. So far I was truthful. But now mark the Macchiavellian strain. I told him also that you had invited me. I told him further that you had invited several other fellows. When I lie—as I frequently do—I am generally prophetic. I am here, with some other fellows. Since we are here, you can't do less than invite us to stay. I told him further that we were coming for a quiet little game at *vingt-et-un*. You will, I am sure, produce the cards, and oblige me by the fulfilment of that prophecy also.'

'That prophecy must go unfulfilled,' Frank answered.

'Let us waive that point a moment,' resumed Hastings. 'Your friend Tasker, anxious to oblige you, loans the money instantly. Since I am pledged to candour, I will conclude by saying that the said Tasker hates you cordially, and lent me the money in the hope that I might win, and that you might lose.'

'I never quite know where to have you, Hastings,' said Frank, still laughing. 'But do you really mean this?'

'In my moments of candour,' Hastings replied with increased solemnity, 'Truth becomes the immediate jewel of my soul. My bosom is as glass, and the workings of my heart are patent to the meanest observer. When I put up the shutters and—if I may mix a metaphor—tread in the paths of dissimulation, I acknowledge that I am inscrutable. But now the simplest son of the desert may understand and know.'

'Do you mean seriously to tell me,' asked Frank, 'that Tasker was fool enough to express such a hope to a sieve of a fellow like you?'

'Example,' responded Mr Hastings, 'is contagious. My indulgence in metaphor touches that poetic string which ever vibrates in the artist's being; and he lispes in figures, for the figures come. I had forgotten the respectable simile of the sieve, or, despite my leaning to originality, I would have used it. In my candid moments, I am even as a sieve, holding back nothing I receive. I occasionally retain—I may add as an after-thought—a little moisture. Will you pass the brandy?'

'Was Tasker sober?'

'The worthy Tasker reeled—his victor's sport,

and ere I left him lay dissolved in port. On strict investigation—for I mark once more the Macchia-vellian strain—I find that quotation scarcely apt. Tasker remained so far solid as to be able to convey himself to the club door, whence he departed in a cloud of anathemas and a hansom.

One of Mr Hastings' companions, who answered to the name of Bonder, and had evidently been out dining somewhere, bearing the evidences not only in his white tie and ample shirt-front, but in his flushed and lazy face, fell off into helpless hysterics at this statement. Hastings surveyed him with a solemn countenance; and turning to the other, who answered to the name of Brookes, and had also been out dining somewhere, and also bore about him the evidences of that fact in his white tie and ample shirt-front, and in his flushed and lazy face, opined that this game of *vingt-et-un* would have to be confined to three. On this Mr Bonder checked his raptures, and proclaiming himself as sober as a judge, asked Frank for the cards.

'Well,' said Frank, 'it would be too inhospitable to turn you fellows out. But I won't play cards, and I won't see cards played here.'

'Dost thou think,' demanded Hastings, 'that because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale?'

'Come, come,' returned Frank. 'You can spend the evening capitably without falling into this eternal play. Honestly, I have come to the conclusion to give it up. I play no more.'

'His pipe is silent in the vale,' Hastings declaimed with tragic emphasis.

Mr Bonder fell off again, and was carefully brought to by Mr Brookes.

'Now, you know,' said Mr Bonder, looking round and gasping helplessly, 'that's uncommon fine. By Jove, sir, that's good—that's uncommon good!'

'Your appreciation, Bonder,' replied Hastings, 'of my humble efforts to please is not unvalued.' He said it with so serious a countenance, that Bonder fell off again, and was recommended by Brookes, the self-controlled, to go home if he couldn't behave himself.

'But,' gasped Mr Bonder, feebly struggling with himself, 'he's so uncommon rich, you know. Upon my word,' said Mr Bonder, brightening up as though he hailed a discovery, 'I can't help laughing at him.'

'Let him laugh who wins,' said Hastings.—'Mine host, the cards and a flagon of thy rosiest. If you choose to cultivate the ascetic virtues, I am not the man to say you nay. Common courtesy demands that in your own chambers you should be permitted by your guests to adopt what *role* you please. But you will permit me to point out that the calls of hospitality are urgent, and that your guests desire to season life with a little innocuous excitement.'

'If you will play,' said Frank, rising with evident unwillingness, 'I suppose you must. Here are the cards. Amuse yourselves.'

The three drew near the table. Frank lighting a new cigar, left the room, took his hat, and strolled into the gardens of the square. Mr Bonder in his present condition was of opinion that 'this was the richest joke he had seen for ages.' Mr Brookes, on the contrary, grew solemn at the host's departure. Hastings underwent no change,

but remained the same gay, reckless, flippant creature, lost his money with an easy grace, and borrowed it back again only to relapse it. The three played for stakes which, considering their means, were ridiculously high, and became so absorbed in the game as to lose all memory of Frank, though remaining keenly alive to the presence of his decanters. Frank meanwhile, marching to and fro in the square gardens, congratulated himself upon his firmness. It would have been considered 'bad form' in the set in which Frank moved to object to an invasion of this kind, however insolently made; and Hastings was so old a friend, and Brookes and Bonder were such good fellows in their way, that anger would have been absurdly out of place.

'Now really,' said Frank, in communion with himself, 'I should have liked to play with those fellows—I should really have liked it.—I never said a word about it to you, my darling, in your hearing, but I promised it to you all the same. I have surrendered these old ways—I have done with them for ever. How could I be untrue to you, my darling, or untrue to the better hopes you woke within me? Through you, I can be my best—a poor creature even then, I fear—but better, oh, how much better than you found me!'

The moon shone brightly. Frank was in the very centre of the gardens, and quite alone. He drew the miniature from his breast and kissed it again and again. He looked at it—and dimly as he saw it in that dim light—he dwelt on the sweet face with a yearning love and worship. His heart rejoiced within him as he thought that he had escaped to moments so sweet, from that smoke-clouded room and that flippant converse. Following the track of the railway field by field and landmark by landmark, his spirit seemed to wing its way home, past the pleasant summer river, and past the moonlit fields to the park, and through it to the gardens—to the gate where he felt, by an intuition of spirit so strong that he almost knew it must be true, that Maud was standing and thinking of him, with just such a love and such a tender yearning. Ay me! how he thrilled at the thought! How sweet and dear the fancy seemed! He was all but bodily present with her. His whole heart melted and glowed as he stood there.

The highest rapture fails the soonest. Frank came back to himself. The moon was clouded and the night seemed chilly. He tried to project himself again; but Passion would not be whipped and spurred. It lay quiescent and made no answer. So Frank wandered indoors a little disconsolate, and the peal of laughter which came to him as he stood in the doorway was welcome. Hastings at the moment of Frank's entrance was walking gravely round his chair for luck; and since everything which Hastings chose to say or do was full of infinite jest for those young fellows the Messrs Brookes and Bonder, the solemn performance was provocative of much loud merriment.

Hastings with a face of the intensest gloom, and the voice and action of a transpontine Othello, accosted Frank: 'Behold the irony of Fate! Rich with barbaric Tasker's spoils, I enter these gilded halls. Now, how am I dwindled! But—thrice the magic circle wind.' Therewith Mr Hastings

completed his journey round the chair and resumed his cards.

Frank seated himself at the table and watched the game. The cards ran in favour of Hastings, and in a quarter of an hour that young gentleman had quite a pile of gold and silver beside him.

'A star has set, a star has risen,' he quoted oracularly; and turning, addressed Fairholt: 'Sit down and take a hand, like a Christian. Behold'—spreading his money gravely about the table—'behold the booty of my bow and my spear! I dare thee to the joust, thou Paynim knight! Couch, couch thy lance, and gird thee for the fight.'

'I don't care about it,' Frank responded.

If the discerning reader knows anything of the gambling spirit, and has ever looked on at a game of chance, not purposing to join it, he knows how dangerous it is. If the discerning reader knows anything of human nature, he will have observed that there is a kind of man in whom the very fervour of resolve breeds weakness. For such a man to resolve is more exhausting than it is to a man of strong will to act out a resolution. Frank's passionate longing after virtue has left him weakened for its defence. There are many men so constituted, unhappily for themselves. They are mostly souls capable of very ardent longings and very bitter remorse. Their virtue—such as it is—consists in a passionate and spasmodic longing after virtue. Their remorse, until such time as they grow case-hardened, is very terrible; their self-upbraidings and their self-humiliations are very pitiful.

Assuming for the nonce the character of stage-manager, I do not wish to come too often before the curtain to take my poor marionnettes to pieces. I would prefer that you, reader, should learn from their antics and from those simulated speeches which come to them from the wings—and seem to you to come from them—what manner of puppets they are, and what manner of men and women they are meant to stand for. But I wish to come forward with such apologies as may seem needful, to ask your favour on behalf of the puppet Frank. There are some opinions which it is always well to hold about other people, and never wise to hold about ourselves. You sir, shall, if you please, judge me with lenity. When I tumble, you shall be pitiful. When I fail, going back from my promises, revoking my solemn pledges, and breaking down your kindly hopes of me, you shall not be scornful. When I see you trip, I promise not to smile. I pledge myself, when you are at your worst and your stupidest, to think of you gently and hopefully. It is well for a man—it is wise, and good, and gracious in him to be scant in excuse for himself, and plenteous in excuse for others. And I ask you to follow this young fellow's tragic story in this mood. For the fictionist has missed his purpose altogether unless a kindly heart go through his pages with him, and unless the poor shadows he would pass off for men and women meet, at the hands of those for whom they were created, some such kindness of welcome, some such gentle sympathies and hopes, as they would have a right to claim if they were as real as they pretend to be.

There was once upon a time a philosophic king

who knew this world and its ways pretty thoroughly. His philosophy and poetry—for like all true philosophers he was a poet, and like all true poets a philosopher—were buried in a certain well-known old book. His name was Solomon. He is worth study, if only for his knowledge of that vast human family whom he describes as the sons and daughters of folly. That old Hebrew king knew a fool more thoroughly, knew his nature better than any other writer whose works you are likely to chance upon. And in all seriousness, I am disposed to think that Solomon knew the fool so well chiefly from introspection. Each man is in part every other man. The large nature of that old Hebrew potentate had room for much folly in it; but his understanding was able to separate the elements of which he was himself compact. He set himself to know much folly and wisdom. In one of the wise old king's utterances, he says that though you bray a fool in a mortar among bruised wheat with a pestle, yet will not his folly depart from him.

At the very soul of understanding dwells charity. It is an old truth, but none the less worth writing on that account, that knowledge implies sympathy. If I shew you here a man whose hopes are lofty, yet for ever dragged in the mire of failure; whose aims are all born pure, yet always sullied with the smoke of low desires; who with every wish to be generous, is in all things intensely selfish; whose nature perpetually sins against itself; whose life is wrecked by a series of sinful follies, so patently sinful and so openly foolish, that a wayfaring man, though a fool, might escape them easily; and if in spite of all this, I try to shew a man not wholly hopeless or completely lost, I will ask you not to throw me aside too readily as a milk-and-water optimist, but to bring to the understanding of this creature who is, in a sense, the likeness of us all, some memory of your own weakness and your own failure, some sense of the difference which exists between that godlike, possible, ideal *you*, which you do somewhere cherish and hope for and believe in, and the man you know who lives sinfully and foolishly in the place of that ideal.

At three o'clock in the morning, Messrs Hastings, Brookes, and Bonder emerged from Frank's rooms and made night vocal. At ten o'clock Frank awoke to find the daylight pouring in dusty streaks through the Venetian blind, the floor strewn with cigar-ashes and ends of cigars, the table strewn with soiled cards and money and empty bottles, and glasses topsy-turvy, and the lamp in the centre a pale offensive blot against the daylight. Languid and aching, with hot hands and a heavy head, Frank gathered himself together, and began to grope after remembrance. Bit by bit he gathered the fragments of Memory's shattered picture, and pieced them together. Did he lose very heavily? he wondered. What were these? An IOU from Hastings—another from Brookes—another from Bonder. Money too. Much more than he started with, surely? Yes. At least a hundred pounds more. Frank fairly sickened.

And at that moment, pale and penitent, was the youthful Bonder awaiting in the paternal counting-house, and with beating heart, the advent of Bonder senior. To him the honest foolish

youngster made miserable confession, and was, after due severity of admonition, taken back to the fatherly heart and pardoned. Bonder senior could well enough afford to lose the few pounds his son ought to have paid in to the cashier that morning; but the irregularity of the transaction wounded him. For ten minutes or thereabouts the expletives of Bonder senior were sad to listen to, and young Bonder arose, let us hope, impressed for better things in future.

'This especial war-horse,' mused Mr Hastings, as he cooled his head against a marble mantel-piece in his lodgings, 'will no more roll his red eye and rally for the fight. I have digged a pit for my friend, and have fallen myself therein. My bow and my spear are broken, and my arrow is turned aside. I shall have Tasker down on me. Four months from date there will be the Tasker to pay, and nothing to pay him with!'

DIVING.

Few persons, we should imagine, know much about the hazardous work done either by the aid of that old-fashioned contrivance the diving-bell, or with the more modern diving-dress. Marvellous tales used to be told of the exploits of naked divers for pearls, corals, or sponges in the Indian Archipelago. It has even been said that the most skilful of them in early times could prolong their submarine descent for fifteen or twenty minutes. Such stories must, however, be received with great caution, as no one can safely remain under water more than two minutes without some artificial means for the supply of air.

Science has now come to the help of those who go down into the waters, enabling them not only to reach a greater depth than formerly, but also to remain submerged a much longer time. This has been accomplished chiefly by means of the diving-dress, of which, it is said, upwards of three hundred suits are at present used in the Mediterranean sponge-fisheries. But it is not merely in foreign seas, or when seeking the natural treasures of the ocean, that the improved appliances are employed. Such engineering works as the construction of harbours and of bridges across wide rivers have given the art of diving an importance only developed in recent times. Divers also find their services in frequent demand to overhaul the sluices of lock-gates, repair ship-bottoms, or to recover anchors and wreckage. The increased number of men who devote themselves to this singular and dangerous business was shewn by their numerous offers of help, which came from all quarters, during the efforts to recover the ruins of the lost train and the bodies of its unfortunate passengers, after the recent disaster at Tay Bridge; and the intense anxiety with which these brave endeavours were watched by the public from day to day, warrants our giving a brief account of the mode in which such work is carried on.

Although the diving-dress now used has been

greatly improved in our own time, the idea of affording some such protection to divers is by no means new. As far back as 1664, mention is made in Schott's *Technica Curiosa* of an aquatic armour; and at the beginning of last century another inventor describes a waterproof dress of leather in which the submarine explorer might venture out from the diving-bell and walk about, his head inclosed in a kind of helmet, supplied with air by means of a tube. Many of the later improvements were introduced between the years 1839 and 1843, during the operations at Spithead connected with the removal of the wreck of the *Royal George* ship of war. The modern diving-dress sits loosely upon the body, and is worn over the diver's warmer suit of guernsey. It is made either entirely of india-rubber, covered on both sides with tanned twill, or of waterproof lined with a strong solution of india-rubber. It is in one piece, reaching from the feet to the neck; and the wearer's head is covered with a strong metal helmet, having in front three small round windows of plate-glass, guarded with brass frames. The central bull's-eye screws off; and when the diver reascends to the surface, not a moment is lost in removing it, so that he may at once enjoy again the luxury of breathing freely in the open atmosphere. By this means, on coming up he can rest awhile or give orders without removing the rest of his dress. The cuffs are tied round the wrist, leaving the hands bare and free; india-rubber bands being slipped over the lower end of the cuffs, so as to render the joint water-tight.

But the equipment is not yet complete. One requisite, very useful in emergencies, is a strong knife in a sheath at his side. There still remain the weights or 'sinks' by which the diver is prevented from rising involuntarily in the water. In order to enable him to remain down as long as may be desired, his sea-boots are furnished with leaden soles, each weighing fourteen pounds. Two additional weights are attached, one to his back and the other to his breast. On coming up to the surface, it is a relief to get off the heavy air-tight helmet, which has been firmly fastened down with shoulder-pads to his breast-plate; but it is a still greater relief to get rid of the body-sinks, each weighing about thirty pounds.

When the hardy diver is thoroughly equipped for his descent, one end of a strong rope is securely tied round his body under the arms, and to his belt a cord is attached. The first is that by which the assistants above help to pull him up when required. The other is for the purpose of signals; the nature of the message being indicated, according to a simple code, by shaking the cord, or by pulling it a certain number of times. Each diver usually requires three trustworthy assistants. From the spot whence the diver has descended, two of his assistants work the force-pump, by which the prime necessity of air is supplied to him through a flexible tube; whilst the third, besides having to see that this tube is preserved from interference, holds the upper ends of the rope and signal-cord with a firm but sensitive grasp.

Notice one of these divers as, enveloped in his strange attire, he descends a ladder from the boat-side, or lets himself quietly drop into the cruel

waters of the Tay, among the hidden remnants of a dreadful tragedy. Seeing him sink out of sight, an onlooker cannot fail to be impressed with the nerve and powers of endurance required for such a task. In this case, its difficulty is increased not only by the velocity of the current—sometimes exceeding five knots an hour—but also by the nature of the wreck which the brave fellow has gone down to explore. The bed of the river is bestrewn with broken girders and shattered railway carriages, among which there is not only the danger of getting fatally entangled, but also the fear that some sharp edge may chance to cut the tube upon which his life mainly depends. With some anxiety, therefore, on the man's own account, as well as eagerly anticipating his discoveries, spectators await his return.

During this interval of suspense, we can to some extent watch his movements; for a circle of air-bubbles constantly rising to the surface shews, if the water be tolerably smooth, the diver's course as he cautiously gropes his way along. These bubbles are formed by the foul or superfluous air, which escapes at his breast-plate from a patent valve opening outwards, and thus preventing the entrance of water. During high-tide, in calm weather, it is possible to see a distance of several feet at the bed of the channel; but for a week or two after that terrible accident at Tay Bridge, the river was so turbid that nothing could be seen below the surface. It was consequently in perfect darkness that the divers had to work—their dismal search being carried on by carefully feeling any object with which they came into contact whilst 'walking alone in the deep.' And yet, after two or three descents, they somehow become familiar with the ground, and gain confidence from an instinctive acquaintance with the relative position of their surroundings, just as a blind man does in moving about on land. Of the half-dozen divers employed at Dundee, some made as many as six or seven descents daily, varying in duration from five to forty minutes. Considering the weights they carry, the men themselves would be less fatigued and embarrassed with a longer continuous spell of work under water than with ascending and descending so often; but in this instance it was impracticable to remain down long. As it was, some of them on returning looked rather exhausted and faint; but their complexion and features are no sufficient criterion, for most divers, although of strong constitution, are pale. One or two are, however, fresh coloured in feature, as well as of stalwart figure; and none of them own to suffering in health from the peculiar nature of their duties. One essential qualification is that they should be of naturally good health and sober habits.

The depth of the navigable channel of the Tay varies from twenty to forty feet, according to the state of the tide; but whilst the piers were being sunk for the construction of the bridge, some of the divers had to work as far as sixty feet below the surface. At extreme depths the diver loses all sense of weight, and finds it difficult to keep his footing, owing to the buoyancy of the water. At higher levels less inconvenience is felt, beyond the inevitable discomforts of seeking for wreckage or dead bodies in regions of perpetual cold and darkness. So dry are the divers usually kept by their dress, that one of them, finding it raining

when he rose to the upper world, jocularly remarked that he had apparently come from the bottom of the river to get wet; but an opportunity was soon given him of escaping the shower by a return to the watery depths. Another, less fortunate, gladly ascended to the surface on finding that a leak in his dress was not only soaking him, but that the water was rapidly encroaching upon the reserve stock of air usually stored within the ample folds of his professional costume. Whilst referring again to the diving-dress, it may be of interest to mention that a complete suit, with the needful attachments, seldom costs less than a hundred pounds. The most foppish and extravagant of landmen would be astonished to receive a bill to that amount from some fashionable tailor for a single suit of clothes; but diving equipments find few customers, last many years, and are quite unaffected by changes in fashion.

One of the diver's earliest experiences is a disagreeable 'roaring' sensation in the ears for some time after his first descent; but this is little felt after he becomes accustomed to his work. It is caused by the air-pressure, which increases with depth. From the same cause the diver often experiences a sensation amounting to earache, which any one may test for himself by descending in a diving-bell. With regard to the mode of working, it is noteworthy that, instead of moving gradually outwards after reaching the bottom, the diver usually gropes at once to the full 'length of his tether' in the required direction, and then works slowly back to the starting-point. He considers this the safer method, partly because it leaves him at the finish directly at the place whence he has to rise.

The rate of pay for diving, although often high, is not more than is fairly due to the disagreeable and perilous nature of the work. In the case of recovering wrecked cargoes, the diver sometimes enters into an arrangement for the value of a certain share of the salvage as his remuneration; but the payment of a specific and pre-arranged sum is more common. The amount depends upon the depth of water to be explored, the number of descents, and the nature of the work. In casual engagements, a fee of from three to five guineas is claimed for each descent; but considerably less is paid in regular employment or prolonged operations. Few will think the charges excessive in the case of men who, leaving the world of sunlight and sound, risk their lives amid the night-like gloom, loneliness, and silence of watery depths, made still more weird by the grim presence of Death.

Search for the dead does not, however, form the most frequent part of the diver's work. Sometimes, although seldom, it is relieved with just a little bit of romance, as in the case of a Dundee diver who recently related to the writer that on one occasion he was able to recover near mid-channel an engagement-ring which a young lady lost in sailing ashore from the *Mars* training-ship. It was a gold ring, with three diamonds in the setting. As the fair loser of the precious gift was able to shew where it had dropped, the diver went down to the bottom, and—by good luck, he confessed, as much as good guidance—happened to find it in the mud near one of the Tay Bridge piers.

So essential are diving facilities now considered, that all ships in Her Majesty's navy of sufficient

size to be commanded by a captain are, we believe, supplied with a diving-dress, and carry also a certain number of men who can use it when required by any emergency. All sea-going flag-ships and iron-clads on foreign stations carry two sets of diving apparatus, and are allowed a certain number of trained divers.

The length of time during which a diver can remain under water depends very much upon his own strength and experience, the steady care with which the air-pump is managed, and other circumstances. M. Frendenberg states that, in the repair of the well in the Scharley Zinc Mines in Silesia, two divers descended to a depth of eighty-five feet, remaining down for periods varying from fifteen minutes to two hours. Siebe, another authority on the subject, relates that, in removing the cargo of the ship *Cape Horn*, wrecked off the coast of South America, a diver named Hooper made seven descents to a depth of no less than two hundred and one feet, and at one time remained down forty-two minutes; supposed to be the greatest diving feat ever achieved.

THE STORY OF A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE following incidents are narrated as they occurred. The story woven out of them is as follows:

Who's that? Well, I hardly know how to answer you. I do not know her name. I only saw her once in my life, then only for a little time, and the chances are I shall never see her again. Strange that a woman, a perfect stranger, should give me her photograph? It does sound strange. How did I get it? Thereon hangs a tale. I will tell you it. It points a moral, is characteristic of a woman, and furnishes me with a pleasant reminiscence of a too fleeting visit to the Scottish Highlands.

It was two years ago—the summer holidays. I had spent them with my wife's brother, George Nettlefold. We had put into execution a long-cherished scheme, and been up to the Highlands. I shall not easily forget that time, nor how the days flew by, nor the sunny weather, nor the wild scenery which presented itself to us in all its glory.

We were working south after a charming walking expedition, and were still in the wilder part of that glorious country, when one morning as usual we packed up our knapsacks, and continued our southern route. We had dinner at a little roadside inn. It was not much of a repast, and to tell the truth, neither particularly well served nor cheap; and having dined, we went off again, intending to make for a certain village—no matter what its name—which we were told was some considerable distance off. It was a broiling afternoon, and by the time we had walked some miles we began to wish we were near our journey's end. We passed one village, and there they told us the other village was a good step farther on, for which information we were not sufficiently grateful. We were half inclined to put up and stay

where we were; but being an obstinate couple, and desirous of seeing some Falls which were in the immediate neighbourhood of our destination, we pressed on. The sun was setting as we reached the top of an ascent it had cost us some pains to climb. Sitting on the bank by the roadside, under the shadow of a mighty tree, we doffed our hats, so that the gentle breeze might cool our heated brows. On a sudden we heard quite close to us loud cries and shouts, as of some one in distress or danger.

'What's that?' said I to George.

'Sounds as though something was the matter with some one,' said he, getting up and looking over the hedge. I rose and joined him.

'Why,' exclaimed George, 'there's a lad drowning in the pool.'

So it seemed. The bank on the other side of the hedge sank in a sharp descent some thirty feet or more. A little to the left was a stream or piece of water of some sort. Generally it was quite narrow—narrower than this room; you might have jumped across it—but in one place it widened out into a tiny lake or pond, tolerably deep apparently; for somewhere about the centre was a little boy trying hard to keep himself afloat, and making a terrible hullabaloo.

Without a word we got over the hedge and ran down the bank. Calling to the youngster to keep still, I ran into the water to help him. It might have been deep enough to drown him, but it barely came up to my shoulders; and when I had once hold of him, it was easy enough to pull him out, and he was little damaged; for when I had got him out he stood bolt upright on the bank, looking at me with large round eyes.

'You're not drowned?' I said, smiling at his solemn expression.

He shook his head gravely, without a word. He was a queer-looking child, quite a little one, scarcely more than ten years old. So far, I had kept my hand upon his collar, thinking he might fall down, or faint, or something; but relieved of any such fears, I took it away. No sooner did I do so than, without a sign of any such intention, he was off like a dart, up the bank, through the hedge, and out of sight.

'Well,' said George, laughing, 'there's gratitude for you.'

'Yes,' said I, a little nettled; 'he might have said thank you.'

'Or told us how much farther we have to go,' growled George.

'I've got a ducking for my pains,' I continued, thinking somewhat ruefully of my knickerbocker suit—a recent purchase.

'That won't matter,' quoth George unsympathetically; 'you'll soon get dry.'

We climbed up the bank, and continued our journey, talking and laughing over our wayside adventure. Somehow or other, I do not know how, we lost our way; how far we went, or where we got to, I do not rightly know to this day. Matters were beginning to look serious—the evening was closing in; we were in a wild country, hardly a house in sight; no village, or sign of one; we were fairly tired, and I began to consider what had best be done. We were in rather an uncomfortable frame of mind when, turning a corner,

we saw right in front of us, rising from a belt of trees, a column of smoke. The sight was like an oasis in the desert. We hurried to it, and found, to our exceeding satisfaction, it was a charming country inn, shrined in a glorious sweet-smelling frame of honeysuckle and red roses. We entered together. The very sight of the bar was enough to do one good. The shining glass and tankards, the array of bottles tastefully arranged, the general air of neatness and comfort which pervaded everything, filled our wearied souls in anticipation with the sweets of rest. Behind the counter sat a female, looking quite a lady, about thirty-five or so, in widow's cap and weeds. She rose at our entrance.

'We want two beds,' I said, coming to the point at once.

'We can offer you none,' she replied civilly, but anything but warmly; 'we are already overcrowded.'

'No bed!' I said, staggering back; while George's face fell an inch at least. 'But a sofa or'—

'I am sorry,' interrupted she, speaking as I never heard innkeeper, whether masculine or feminine, speak before; 'but we have no accommodation of any sort to give you.'

'Then where shall we find another inn?'

'The next inn is about'—she paused—'eight or nine miles farther on.' She might as well have said eight or nine hundred.

Out we staggered from that delicious bar into the gathering night. There was a man, a labourer of some sort, standing in the bar; and as we went out, I noticed him lean over and whisper to the hostess. It was as though we had been lifted to celestial heights to be plunged into unknown darkness. What we were to do we had not the faintest notion. To walk eight or nine miles over such a country in our then state, was a physical impossibility. It was all we could do to keep ourselves from sinking on the road. As we went, wearily dragging our legs along, some one came running after us. It was a girl, apparently a servant-girl, young, pretty, and neatly dressed. She seemed in a great hurry.

'Please sir,' she said, stopping us, 'I've brought a message.'

I looked at her. 'A message? From whom?'

'From the inn, sir. Mistress says you're to come back at once.'

'Come back at once!' I repeated it after her, astonished. These were odd proceedings.

'She says, sir, she will try to make you comfortable. And she wished me to say she is very sorry, but she did not know you.'

Know me! Of course not. How was she to, seeing she had never seen me before, nor I her? The ignorance was mutual.

'Let's go,' said George, cutting further conversation short.

I remember as we followed that pretty maiden through the dim gloaming of what promised to be an unusually dark night, of half-wondering whether she were having a little game with us. But she was not, and in thinking so I wronged her.

When we reached the inn, the hostess bowed. 'I am sorry, sir,' she said, in a stately way, 'to have sent you away, but I did not know you.'

Did not know me? What did she mean by

she did not know me? Of course she did not know me. How was she to? But I had no time for reflection. The servant shewed us into an inner room, the neatest, cosiest, prettiest little room I do believe I ever saw. George threw himself on the sofa; while I sat on a chair, my feet apart, my hands on my knees, staring into vacancy, feeling a little mystified.

In a few minutes the servant returned. 'Please, will you step this way, sir?' said she to me.

George was asleep on the sofa, and did not notice her entrance.

I followed her up-stairs; we were evidently among the bedrooms. She stopped at a door, and opening it, shewed me in. It was a sleeping apartment, quite small, but so neat and clean and pretty, so unlike the usual thing you expect in hotels and inns, that I looked at the servant in amaze. There were a suit of clothes laid out upon the bed, black, and seeming quite new; and a clean white shirt hanging on a chair; a collar, necktie, and socks on the seat; and a pair of slippers on the floor.

'Mistress,' said my guide, with just enough of the Doric to be agreeable, 'wishes you to change your clothes, or else you will get cold.' This was a fresh surprise. She was really a considerate landlady. Landladies are not in the habit—or landlords either, unfortunately—of offering and providing entire changes of clothing to wet and wearied travellers.

'What,' I inquired, 'is your mistress's name?'

'Mrs Mac'—something in three syllables, but what I could not catch. She then withdrew.

Taking off my drenched knickerbocker suit, I first had a thorough good wash, and then put on the clothes provided. The shirt was perfumed with lavender; and the clothes, if not made by a west-end tailor, were at least respectable, and fitted me surprisingly well, considering. When I was dressed, I am inclined to think I looked like an undertaker's man got up for a funeral. I went down-stairs again, and found my Phillis waiting at the foot to guide me into the parlour, where I found George still sleeping. Without remorse, I woke him up.

'George,' I exclaimed, 'this is a queer set-out.'

'What's a queer set-out?' muttered he, yawning prodigiously.

'This,' I said. 'Look at me.'

He rubbed his eyes and stared. 'Whose undertaker's establishment have you been robbing?' he queried. 'Wherever did you get those things from?'

I told him. 'Well,' said he, 'she's a pleasant sort of landlady. She seems to have taken a fancy to you.'

'Don't talk nonsense,' I retorted, thinking of Kate and my family of seven.

'I hope,' said he, 'among her other kindnesses, she won't forget to let us have some supper.'

The words were hardly out of his mouth when there was a tap at the door, and in came Phillis. 'Please sir,' said that admirable young person, 'mistress says may I lay the table for supper?'

'Give your mistress my compliments,' replied George with assumed dignity—'Mr Nettlefold's compliments, and say with the greatest pleasure.'

She did not give her mistress his compliments, at least not then; but without a word or a smile

laid it there and then, covering it with a snow-white tablecloth, and laying it with that charming air of home-like comfort which pervaded everything.

How they managed to prepare such a supper in such a short space of time, is more than I can say. There were some delicious trout, cooked to perfection, ham and eggs done to a turn, followed by pancakes done to a toss. We had good appetites, and did wonderful justice to the fare. When we had finished, we rang the bell, and in came Phillis, who, having learned our wishes, shewed us to our room. George and I shared one bed, amply large enough for both.

In the morning we overslept ourselves; no wonder, in such quarters and tired out as we had been; but when we got down, there was the breakfast waiting our arrival! It was as good as the supper; more trout, omelets, fresh eggs, butter which melted in your mouth, and fresh home-made scones. After breakfast we began seriously to consider the cost of our entertainment. Hitherto, we had been economical, and had indulged in nothing so luxurious since we had been in those northern regions. We rang the bell, and in came the landlady. We rose as she entered and bowed, which courtesy she gracefully returned.

'We shall be much obliged,' I said, 'if you will let us have our bill.'

'Bill!' she said, drawing herself upright. 'Do you wish to insult me, sir?'

Insult her! 'Insult you!' I said, visions of *She Stoops to Conquer*, and the mistake Young Marlow made, flitting across my mind. 'But surely this is an inn?' Half fearing we had made a mistake like Marlow's.

'Yes,' returned she, with something like wounded dignity; 'this is an inn, but not to you whatefer.'

'Not to us!' I exclaimed, amazed; while George, I fancy, began to take her for a lunatic.

'Do you think,' she burst out, 'I would take money from the man who saved my child?'

Saved her child! In an instant it flashed across me, the youngster floundering in the pool, and how the young rogue had run away.

'Was—that your son in the pool?' I asked, beginning to understand her.

'Ay, it was Alec,' she said—'my only son mifer.'

'But,' I asked, 'how did you know it was I who?'

'Donald Macneil'—or some such name—'told me. He was near by, and saw it all.'

I remembered the labouring man in the bar, and how he had whispered to her when we went out; he, I presumed, was Donald Macneil.

Well, she would not take a farthing, and we could hardly press her. She, such a strange sort of woman, cold and proud as a Roman mother; no wonder her son was such a queer young fish. It appeared she had not only turned out of her own sitting-room, but out of her own bedroom too, to make room for us. Where she slept, I have no idea. In the bar possibly, which by-the-by would not have been so bad after all.

Before we went, we asked her for her photograph, which she gave us; and there it is. It is not a bad likeness; but it hardly does her justice; it does not give you the proud set of her features; and in a photograph you cannot get the full expression of her eyes.

'Is that all?'

'That's all.'

'Where's the moral?'

'The moral is, never neglect to do a good action when you can; you never know how soon you may be repaid.'

'And the characteristic of a woman?'

'It seems to me, sir, the whole thing was characteristic of a woman—especially a Highland one.'

AN OLD KENTISH TOWN.

WANDERING along the east coast of the county of Kent, the tourist who has time to spare, and who is impervious to the noisy attractions of the many watering-places dotted along it, will find a quaint little old-world town standing in a marshy plain a little back from the sea, which will well repay the artist or the lover of antiquity who lingers there for a day or two. The name of the place is Sandwich. If he has ever been in Holland, he will think he has suddenly been transported there, as he sees the flat landscape unrolling itself before him, with only here and there a few cattle grazing; and occasionally a low red-tiled roof touched by the sun, making a bit of warm colour in the midst of the universal grayness. Treeless—save for a few melancholy poplars—and dreary enough it looks, even in the mellow light of a clear autumnal day, as you speed along in the train, a mode of locomotion which seems strangely out of keeping with the scene. A flat-bottomed punt moving lazily along a canal would be the means of progression to be expected in this dim and colourless scenery. Presently you alight at the little station, where the momentary stir and bustle brings you back to the times you live in. But as you shoulder your knapsack, and wander away through the silent and deserted streets in search of a hostelry, you feel as the Professor may have felt in Hans Andersen's story, when he drew on the goloshes of Happiness, and found himself suddenly in the Copenhagen of the middle ages.

The spirit of the place—supposing you to be at all imaginative—will already begin to influence you, and you will probably turn from the more modern inn—though that is quiet enough—and hesitate whether you will locate yourself at the *Fleurs de Lis* or the *Mermaid* or the *King's Arms*, which attract you by their overhanging stories and gables, and the carvings of grotesque wooden figures which support them. Your choice made, you will probably be rewarded by eating your supper in a room where the mantel-piece is composed of Dutch tiles, real Dutch tiles, brought over by real Dutchmen in the reign of Elizabeth, and where the oak-carvings of the ceiling would almost do credit to Gibbons. Your tea, should you indulge in that modest beverage, will be served to you in a pot of real delf; and should you partake of a glass of toddy before you turn in for the night, you may perchance have the spirits brought to you in a square bottle which bears the date 1741, and the name of the then Mayor of Sandwich.

When you stroll forth in the morning, your sketch-book under your arm, in search of some quaint or dainty 'bit' with which to enrich your

canvas, you find that your only difficulty will be in making a good selection from the many pictures you see around you. Here a De Hoogh, there a Van der Heyden, seem to have left their frames and taken up their abode in these silent and grass-grown streets. For silent they are, even in these early morning hours, when the stillness in other towns is broken by the whistle of the labourer on his way to work, by the lowing of cattle, by the factory bell, or the distant hum of machinery. Here no such sounds break the stillness. We presume that, as there are houses, there must be inhabitants; but we come across them only here and there as we take our morning walk, unless we look back over our shoulder, when we see heads appearing at door and window, watching the 'stranger' with curious eyes.

'What is there to be seen in the town?' we ask our landlady, as we prepare to sally forth sketch-book in hand.

'Well, not much, sir,' is the unsatisfactory answer; 'there is the house in which Queen Elizabeth slept [ubiquitous monarch, who seems to have slept in every town in her kingdom]; and St Clement's and St Peter's Churches; and—and—I am afraid that is all.'

Somewhat discouraged, my companion and I start on a voyage of discovery to look for Queen Elizabeth's house. We have not far to go; it is but just round the corner; and procuring the key from a highly loquacious dame, who is much incensed at our rejection of her proffered company and explanations, we unlock the door and enter. Nothing to see! Why, it is worth a journey from town only to spend an hour in the room in which we now find ourselves. A delightful room—all oak carving, dark with age—low and large—grotesque heads looking down on us from the ceiling, from the midst of wreaths of flowers and fruits; panels—sliding panels, perhaps—all round us. An oaken chimney-piece with a hunting scene inlaid in different coloured woods, which stand out well, even now, from the nearly black oak; and brass dogs on the empty hearth. We almost expect to see one of the panels disappear, and some proscribed Jacobite come forth from his place of concealment.

'What business have we denizens of the modern world here?' we ask ourselves as we ascend the stair, treading softly and speaking low, for fear of disturbing the ghosts who surely have their abiding-place in the dim passages. Oak-panelled it certainly is also, though the hand of some goth has painted it a dirty white. My companion scrapes a bit of the paint off with her knife, and, as we see the brown wood underneath, we give a sympathetic groan over the vandalism. But the desecrated stair leads us into the room in which Queen Elizabeth slept on the night of the 31st August 1572; and which, fortunately, sacrilegious hands have spared. It is almost the counterpart of the room below it, except that the very handsome and elaborately carved ceiling is of plaster, and the chimney and mantel-piece carved and not inlaid. From the window we look on to the river Stour and over the flat and dreary landscape, to where the Ramsgate cliffs are shining brilliantly in the morning sun. We learn from *Boys' History of Sandwich* that it was in Mr Manwood's house that Her Majesty lay, 'a house wherein King Henry VIII. had been lodged twice

before.' The good burgesses of the town seem, according to the same authority, to have provided many amusements for the Queen, and in their loyalty she evidently had great faith; for it is specially recorded that, at a banquet prepared for her in the school-house—consisting of one hundred and sixty dishes, served on a table twenty-eight feet long—'she was very merry, and did eat of divers dishes without any assaye.' And she also accepted a silver-gilt cup well-nigh a cubit high.

Nothing to see! Why, let us stroll along Strand Street, bearing a little to our left, until we come to this same old school-house, which was founded by subscription, under a promise from Mr Manwood, afterwards Sir Roger—probably the same in whose house the Queen slept—to endow it with lands of sufficient value to support the building and maintain a master. At one time no doubt, it was a very flourishing institution; but like everything else around us, it partakes now of the silence and deadness of the town. Perhaps it is holiday-time, perhaps the children are away; but at all events the building is here quaint and tall, with red-tiled roof and queer high chimneys, which look as if they might be dangerous neighbours in a gale; and odd out-buildings, and many-pointed gables, and the date, 1564, in relief on the front facing the roadway. We are told that it stood near Canterbury Gate; but though the Canterbury Road is here, the Gate is a thing of the past.

While I am peering over the low wall into the grass-grown court-yard, and moralising over the decay of all human institutions, my companion is transferring the old house to her sketch-book; and when she has finished, I suggest that we should try and have a peep at the churches which our landlady has mentioned as being of the lions of the place. We go first to St Clement's, the square tower of which is one of the most ancient Saxon buildings in England. It is ornamented on each side with three tiers of pillars and circular arches. Boys says that it had formerly a spire and battlements, which were taken down between the years 1670 and 1673. The church is built principally of boulders, mixed with sandstone from Pegwell Bay, with the exception of the tower, which is composed of Normandy stone. The ceiling of the nave is of oak, in panels, like those in Queen Elizabeth's house, with ornaments of flowers and foliage, and angels holding shields. The stalls in the chancel are also oak, of very ancient date, and much worm-eaten. In the pavement are many grave-stones, originally ornamented, as we can see, with figures and devices in brass, which have been removed; and here and there a few ancient tiles still remain.

The day is so clear that my companion suggests that we should ascend the tower and see the view; which we accordingly do, and are well repaid for our climb. It stands in the centre of an almost level plain; and we cannot help thinking how often, in ancient days, the men of Sandwich must have ascended that tower to watch the approach of an enemy. For the old town has been attacked and taken many times, since the Danes, landing in Kent, first pillaged it, according to an ancient Saxon Chronicle, in the year 851. Sandwich is not the least important of the Cinque Ports, and many a fleet has sailed from it against the

French, and many a prize towed into its haven. The town, lying at our feet, looks peaceful enough now in the morning sunshine, with the blue wreaths of smoke hovering lazily in the still air over the picturesque tiled roofs, which vary in colour from yellow, through every shade and tone of red, to the richest brown in the shadows. And the fleet of merchant-vessels lying windbound in the Downs, speaks to wealth and commerce and progress, instead of deadly war and tumult. Wonderfully 'holländisch' the scene looks from this elevation. The poplars, the windmills, the universal flatness—except where, on the horizon, the Reculvers just catch the sun. The whole scene must have reminded the Flemings who settled here in the reign of Elizabeth, of the home and country lost to them.

When we reluctantly descend, the verger, who seems pleased at the interest we manifest, takes us into the vestry and shews us a very ancient register of births, deaths, and marriages, written on parchment, and strongly bound. Among the deaths, I find the following droll entries: In 1622—'Old Mother Chilton'; and a little lower on the same page, 'Old Widow Woollet.' In 1643—'Richard Baker, a very poore man;' and—this strikes us as unkind—'Sybil Muzred, a very ancient maide.' In the same year it is recorded that 'Mr Peeke was very solemnly buried.' We wonder if the solemn ceremonies concluded with a great jollification, and whether all the mourners at the funeral went sober to bed! On the font, as we come out, we find the Cinque Ports arms, and the lions of England quartered with the French fleur de lis.

From St Clement's we wend our way through the quiet streets, past what used to be the fish-market, with its old-fashioned gabled houses, each story overhanging the other, until the topmost one looks as if it would fall into the street below, until we come to St Peter's. Here we are fortunate enough to meet with a most courteous gentleman, who, evidently glad of an intelligent human being to speak to, accompanies us into the church, and shews us some curious old Dutch monuments. From him we learn that in olden times the principal support of the vicar arose from the tithes of fish brought into the haven. It is to be hoped that he does not now depend upon that, or I am afraid his stipend would be but scanty. In the time of the Romans, no doubt Sandwich was washed by the sea, which has now receded fully a mile; leaving between it and the town the low-lying mist-wreathed land, partly marsh, partly sand, of which I have spoken. The name is evidently the Saxon Sandwic, or town on the sand.

It is now high noon; and 'surely,' we say to each other, 'we shall see some sign of life about the place.' But no, it looks as silent and deserted as it did at six in the morning; and it is difficult to realise that in the days of King Canute it was one of the most important of the English ports. We wander into a queer little shop, full of curious old bric-à-brac, and pick up, for a mere song, some rare old Dutch tiles, relics of the Flemish settlers; and one or two old Mandarin China plates, which remind us of the one of which Charles Lamb speaks, on which the little gentleman is handing a cup of tea to a lady two miles off; and, joy of joys, a quaint old bottle, dated 1741, like the one

we saw at the inn last night. If only we could carry them away, we would invest in a bewitching set of brass-mounted 'tall-boys,' and—for here it is—the identical 'old clock on the stairs' of which Longfellow has sung so sweetly. The shopkeeper—though that is far too modern a word by which to describe him—and his wife are chatty people, and evidently proud of the antiquity of their house, built, they tell us, early in the seventeenth century; and they shew us a curious bit of old wall, which seems to corroborate their story.

I ask them what they do in the winter.

'Much the same as in the summer,' is the answer; 'it is equally dull all the year round.'

'Surely,' I say to my companion as we leave the little shop and continue our walk, 'any modern Rip Van Winkle might slumber here for twenty years, and on awaking only read the lapse of time in the silvered hair and wrinkled cheeks of his contemporaries.'

We take our way through Delf Street, Potter and Knight-riding Streets, Butchery, Salutation—what queer old names—to the Fisher Gate, the only one remaining of the Gates which gave egress from the town. It abuts on the river, and doubtless the fishermen landed there with their spoils from the sea. It has a pointed arch, and is in a tolerable state of preservation. Close to it stood the Pillory Gate, and as we look up we see the word 'Pillory' written at a street corner, though there is now only a timber-yard where the Gate used to stand. Let us hope that the pillory itself was done away with, as being of no further use to the virtuous inhabitants.

Going a little farther, we come to the Barbican; but although it bears the ancient name, nothing of the original structure is left. If we go through it, and crossing the Stour, walk a short way along the Ramsgate Road, we shall come to a curious pebble ridge or bit of sea-beach quite inland; but we have not time to-day, and indeed are loath to leave the old walls which still surround the town. So we take a circuitous route back to our inn, coming across many a dainty bit of old carving, many a curious gabled house with low-arched doorway and diamond-latticed windows. One doorway of oak, which appears to have recently been picked out, bears the Cinque Ports Arms and the date 1601; and we pass a square archway, if we may so speak, with a carved wooden beam running along it, through which we get a peep at a delicious mass of quaint chimneys and richly coloured roofs and picturesque gables, among which the warm shadows lie dreaming, which, framed by the ancient arch, make a picture worthy the brush of a Teniers.

At length, tired out, we find ourselves again at our comfortable inn; and waited on by our landlady in person, we dawdle over our supper, talking over what we have seen, and looking at one or two sketches we have made. Our hostess is in the midst of an interesting account of some subterranean passages which were wont to be used by the smugglers, when the sound of a bell comes borne to us through the stillness.

'What is that?' we ask, startled.

'That,' replies the landlady—'that is the curfew.'

That old-world sound seems still to ring in our ears when we close our eyes in sleep, which we do only to dream that we are in the oak-panelled

room of Mr Manwood's house, and that we are being presented to Her Gracious Majesty Queen Elizabeth by her Master of the Horse, the Earl of Leicester.

TALES OF THE TELEGRAPH.

RIDDLE-READING, so popular as a recreation with young ladies just now, is literally part and parcel of a newspaper editor's daily work ; but in his case the puzzles to be solved must be solved immediately they are proposed ; there is no setting them aside for leisure consideration.

Correspondents of the press when they use the telegraph are in the habit, for economical reasons, of dispensing with articles, prepositions, and conjunctions ; while punctuation is perforce out of the question. Their communications, consequently, are not always to be read aright at sight ; and should the telegraph clerk, from haste or ignorance or malice, complicate matters by mistakes of commission or omission, the result is likely to be more exciting than pleasing to the editor, or his sub, who has—at the shortest notice—to make sense out of nonsense, knowing if he should happen to blunder, somebody will certainly let the public know it.

When Mr Reuter, desiring to make the editor of the *Java Bode* acquainted with the fact that Mr Brand had been nominated for the vacant Speakership, put the thing thus, 'Proposed to Brand Speaker,' it is hardly surprising that the journalist, in setting the latest news from England before his readers, gravely stated that it was proposed to brand the Speaker of the House of Commons ; wisely leaving them to divine the object of the operation. The editor of the *Swiss Times* grumbled at his London correspondent's telegram, 'Duke Guise's death caused great gloom thrown Twickenham but sweating moved censure Judge Keogh ;' but pretty well used to dislocated English, he soon resolved it into, 'The Duke of Guise's death caused great gloom through Twickenham. Butt speaking—moved censure upon Judge Keogh.'

Our own *Times* once printed a despatch precisely as it was received. It ran thus : 'Washington, House passed resolution directing committee inquiry into offences president hundred eight ayes thirty eight noes first sept impeachment radicals determined press it president vetoed negro suffrage bill.' The proper reading of which was supposed to be : 'The House has passed a resolution directing a committee to inquire into offences committed by the President, by a hundred and eight Ayes to thirty-eight Noes. This is the first step to an impeachment. The Radicals are determined to press it. The President has vetoed the Negro Suffrage Bill.'

What the *Times* did just to shew how telegraphic news must be adjusted to make it intelligible, was done by another journal out of sheer disgust with a message which defied the united ingenuity of the staff, and in the expressed hope that somebody might hit upon its meaning. It ran thus : 'With rising north decrees late Government for sequester property bading baderg will be mitigated actuated cabinet serious grounds for supposing endangering abroad and among baderg if rising successful some disagreements among ministers

will be pacified until King returns from north this completes former message.'

When the news came of the revolution in Turkey and the deposition of Abdul Aziz, Queen Victoria, it is said, lost no time in intervening in his behalf, by telegraphing to Constantinople and expressing her hope that the ex-Sultan would not be subjected to any violence or ill-treatment. 'Soignez le bien'—Take good care of him—said Her Majesty ; but the cruel telegraph made her say, 'Saignez le bien'—Bleed him well ; and how they bled him all the world knows. The story is not impossible.—In his last annual Report, the Postmaster-general owns that a poor woman, telegraphing to a relative, 'Mary is bad,' had her message rendered, 'Mary is dead ;' and that a pleasure-party wishing to advise their friends at home of their safety by the assurance that they had 'Arrived all right,' scandalised the anxious ones with the announcement, 'We have arrived all tight.'—But many jokes are perpetrated by the wire without receiving official recognition. A lady living near London, whose lord and master went up to town every day, was not a little puzzled by a message from him telling her he 'would bring Sal on for dinner ;' nor was she quite easy in her mind until ocularly convinced that his only companion was a fine salmon.—A gentleman telegraphing to a bookseller at Cambridge to forward him a copy of a book of prize poems containing Johnson's Poem on Plato, was surprised at receiving by the first post a letter from the bookseller, saying he could not find any such work ; but his surprise did not outlast the discovery that by the time his message reached Cambridge the title he had given had become transformed into, 'John Pomens on Plate Money.'

Not so easily daunted by an unexpected demand was an agent at San Francisco, to whom the proprietor of an anaconda on exhibition in Sacramento wired, 'Send two hundred cats immediately.' He was a little taken aback ; but presuming the anaconda was hungry, that rabbits were scarce at Sacramento, and the cats were wanted as substitutes, he sent an army of boys abroad to catch all the stray cats ; and by the afternoon had got seventy-five packed in a crate, which he sent off with a letter promising to forward the remainder next day, although he was afraid if the cats got loose they would eat the anaconda, instead of letting him eat them. Luckily for the feline population of San Francisco, their kidnapper's preparations for a night foray were suspended by the timely coming of another message from the snake-owner telling the agent not to send any more cats, but two hundred 'cuts' wherewith to bill the town.

A young German lieutenant, wounded in the Franco-German war, went for his health's sake to a quiet village in Vaud, where he found a sweetheart. By the time he had regained his health the pair were engaged ; then came a sudden order to report himself at Berlin, an order he of course obeyed. At first his disconsolate Marie was comforted by frequent letters full of protestations of love and constancy ; but as time wore on the lieutenant plied his pen less often and moderated its outpourings. At last he suffered six weeks to go by without a word. He was expecting a reproachful reminder, when a telegram arrived from the faithful girl, which may

be thus translated: 'DEAR FRITZ—I have just received a letter informing me that my uncle, a millionaire in the East Indies, is dead, and that I am his sole heiress.' Fritz felt his love revive as he read. He applied for leave of absence, and was soon exchanging greetings with the Swiss maiden. Though the coming of her lover filled her heart with joy, she could not refrain from gently upbraiding him for his silence.

'Don't let us speak of it, dearest,' replied he. 'There is no longer any obstacle to our union. The unexpected good fortune which Providence has sent us has removed the objections of my parents; a fortune so colossal'—

'Fritz!' interrupted Marie, 'do not make fun of me.'

For answer the lieutenant drew her telegram out of his pocket and shewed her the words: 'My uncle, a millionaire in the East Indies, is dead.'

The poor girl, dropping his hand, said: 'Dear Fritz, I wrote, "My uncle, a *missionnaire*." He has left me all he had, which is just a hundred and ninety-six francs.'

Fritz went back to Berlin, freed from his engagement.

A somewhat suspicious feat of transmutation was accomplished by an American operator for the benefit of a trader, who fortunate enough to overtake an absconding clerk and obtain full restitution from the seemingly repentant thief, telegraphed to his wife: 'Found Galusha, hope better things.' She, reading, 'Found gal shall elope and get her things,' took the next train to the scene of action.—A wiser course than that adopted by the wife of a Boston clergyman, who arrived home just in time to stay her as she was 'going back to her mother,' after reading a telegram to her husband running, 'The little darlings are doing well and looking lovely; send money for their board;' and it took all that clergyman's eloquence to convince her that the little darlings were a couple of rarely bred pups he had bought in New York, and left in charge of a dog-fancier.

The laugh, however, is not always against the ladies. A noble lord, as proud and fond as a man should be of his beautiful young wife, was just about rising to speak in a debate, when a telegram was put into his hands. He read it, left the House, jumped into a cab, drove to Charing Cross, and took the train to Dover. Next day he returned home, rushed into his wife's room, and finding her there, upbraided the astonished lady in no measured terms. She protested her ignorance of having done anything to offend him.

'Then what did you mean by your telegram?' he asked.

'Mean? What I said of course. What are you talking about?'

'Read it for yourself,' said he.

She read: 'I flee with Mr — to Dover straight. Pray for me.'

For the moment words would not come; then after a merry fit of laughter, the suspected wife, quietly remarked: 'O those dreadful telegraph people! No wonder you are out of your mind, dear. I telegraphed simply: "I tea with Mrs — in Dover Street. Stay for me."'

King John of Saxony was prone to dropping in upon officials when they least expected him. One day he appeared at the telegraph office of a small station. The clerk apprised his colleague at the

next station of the unwelcome visit, and before an acknowledgment of the warning came, was called upon to enlighten the inquiring monarch respecting the business of his office. Presently a message came along the wires, and His Majesty desired to be acquainted with its purport. He was told it was unimportant; but was not to be put off, and insisted upon the message being repeated to him; so the stammering clerk had no choice but to regale the royal ears with the German equivalent for: 'The king pokes his nose into everything.' If King John was annoyed by the impertinence, he had to thank himself for it. Such was hardly the case with the late Earl Russell. One evening, when he was the minister in attendance at Balmoral, a little old man, buried in a greatcoat, handed a telegram, addressed to one of the ministers in London, to the telegraph clerk at one of the stations on the Dee-side railway. The clerk, after glancing at the message, threw it contemptuously back with, 'Put your name to it. It's a pity your master does not know how to send a telegram.' The name was added. 'Why, you can't write!' exclaimed the clerk, after vainly trying to make something of the signature. 'What's your name?'

'My name,' said the messenger—'my name is John Russell.'

That clerk was transferred to another office before many days passed.

Writing of the difficulty English engineers experienced in making educated Persians understand the working of the electric telegraph, Mr Mounsey says: 'Much of the time of one of our officers was occupied during several weeks in attempting to enlighten the mind of a provincial governor, who had got it into his head that the wires were hollow tubes, and that messages were transmitted through them, as in the pneumatic post. In vain was the whole apparatus shewn to His Highness; in vain even all its parts explained and re-explained—he stuck to his idea; and it was only by the suggestion of the following simile that he was at last induced to relinquish it, and declare himself satisfied. 'Imagine,' said the officer, 'a dog whose tail is here at Teheran, and his muzzle in London; tread on his tail here, and he will bark there.'

We fear it is not necessary to go so far as Persia to find folk whose notions of how the thing is done are as wide of the mark as that of the hard-to-be-convinced governor. When a brave *voltigeur* of the Imperial Guard wrote from the Crimea to his father in Alsace, asking him to send him a pair of strong shoes and a five franc piece; the father, bethinking himself of the telegraph's speed, put the money into one of the shoes, and hung the shoes upon the wires. An ill-shod fellow coming by soon afterwards, made an exchange; and the old man upon discovering the substitution, went home to tell his wife their boy had not only received his new pair of shoes, but had returned the old ones!—An old lady told an English station-master she knew all about the composition of electricity, and quite understood the secret of sending the messages; there was only one little point that puzzled her, and that was, how the messages got past the poles.

A droll mistake was made by an imaginative old dame who, having permitted a telegraph pole to be placed on the top of her house, waited upon the chief of the Telegraphic Com-

pany concerned to complain that she could get no sleep of a night, being kept awake by the noise made by the messages passing over her head. 'I don't think, sir,' said she, 'you can be aware of all that's said along them wires. There's a deal that hadn't ought to be. I can assure you, sir, that very much that's said there, that I have to lie and listen to, is such as no decent woman ought to hear; and I hope you will put a stop to it.' The amused gentleman was hardly able to meet the accusation with due gravity; but he did contrive to keep his countenance while he informed the old lady that the young men who had hitherto worked the wires were under notice of dismissal; and that in future only young women of great respectability would be employed, so there would be no danger of her propriety being shocked any longer.

RECENT IMPROVEMENTS IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE perfection of light-portraiture seems to have been reached by the latest improvements in the manufacture of dry plates. The contrast betwixt the methods of modern and early photography is very great. In the matter of rapidity alone, the advances lately made are very surprising. In those dark ages when the art was in its infancy, the average exposure for a plate was from three to five minutes—a severe trial indeed for the most patient sitter. But the excellence lately attained both in lenses and plates has reversed this order of things, and made the difficulty now become a want of speed in the operator.

For a long time attention was directed mainly to the improvement of the lens of the camera, as the only method of reaching the minimum of exposure; but as there is a very marked limit to which the perfecting of the lens can go without becoming impossibly expensive, recent experiments have been made upon the preparing of the plate instead, as a means of accomplishing this object. It may be instructive to notice the result of this change of procedure.

The collodionised plate was rendered sensitive by immersion in a bath of nitrate of silver, which transformed the salts contained in the collodion film into a compound highly susceptible to impressions from the solar ray. The power of the lens to transmit light to the surface of the plate, was the measure of the speed of the operation. But there were many difficulties under which the photographer laboured. The introduction of a foreign substance into the silver-bath might neutralise his efforts entirely, and render it both an expensive and tedious process to rectify the disorder. Hence photographers latterly abandoned their endeavours to produce elaborately perfect lenses; and directing their attention to the overcoming of the difficulty in the plate, have succeeded remarkably. Though the dry plate has been in use for a considerable time, it has only lately reached such a stage of perfection as to eclipse its older-fashioned original. Plates are now prepared which are 'ready for use' at once, and will remain sensitive for any length of time if the light be excluded from them. An emulsion of bromide of silver and gelatine is poured upon the glass plate, and when thoroughly

dried, it may be laid away for months and still retain its sensitiveness to light. This fact renders it easy to have wholesale manufactories for sensitive plates; and at once conquers the necessity of the photographer using the silver-bath, save on rare occasions.

Not only is the plate thus rendered portable, but its sensitiveness is very much increased. The mere opening and shutting of the cap of the lens is now sufficient exposure in an average light. Indeed the speed of photographing with a good lens and dry plate is now almost incredible. A photograph was lately taken wherein, by an ingenious arrangement of threads which opened and shut the lens-cap, fourteen different views were taken of a man *whilst in the act of leaping*. Thus, for all ordinary purposes photography may be said to have reached its climax.

SPRING.

SUNSHINE streaming gaily,
Skies of deeper blue,
Crimson-budded woodlands,
Fields of greener hue,
Tell the winter-weary
Spring returns anew.

All is now forgotten,
As the wild-birds sing,
Of the biting north blast—
Winter's numbing sting—
And of weary longing
For the jocund Spring:

For the vernal sweetness
Screens the darksome past;
Light falls where the shadows
Erst were grim and fast:
In the lifeful present
All is joy at last.

Shouts and youthful laughter
Rise from out the dells
Where the runlets babble,
Where the primrose dwells,
Where the cups and daisies
Leave their winter cells.

Over hill and valley,
Through the meadows gay,
By the brimming rivers
Countless roamers stray,
Glad and sunny-hearted
As the sun-bright day.

Age and youth a-level,
Sage and wayward boy,
Feel the sweet heart-throbbing,
All the life and joy
Of bright April's bringing—
Gifts that never cloy.

Sunlight streaming gaily,
Rain in sunny showers,
Balmy west winds blowing,
Groups of infant flowers,
Hearts with pleasure beating
Fill the merry hours.

MATTHEW GOTTERTSON.

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A LADY'S TRIP IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

MISS BIRD is one of the most courageous and enduring lady-travellers ever heard of. She does not, as in the case of Mrs Brassey, make luxurious voyages in her own yacht; nor, as in the manner of lady-tourists generally, trust to public conveyances. As an accomplished equestrian, she prefers to journey chiefly on horseback. Dressed in a kind of Bloomer costume—a wide-awake hat, a close-fitting gray cloth jacket, short petticoats and trousers of the same material, with frill at the ankle, and a stout pair of boots, she is ready to mount and be off for hundreds of miles. Taking with her only a small bag, she is not encumbered with luggage. Able to be her own groom, she needs no assistance, and rides either sidewise or gentleman fashion, according to circumstances. She can gracefully act the part of a lady, mingle in the best society, talk of literary topics, and play on the piano; or if need be, she can acquit herself as a 'hired girl,' black her own boots, kindle the fire, do up the house, wash the dishes, sleep on a rug under a tree, and generally speaking, set all ordinary difficulties at defiance. She might be a female Robinson Crusoe.

For a lady to travel about in this independent manner, no country is better adapted than the United States. There, a lady—she must be white—is treated everywhere with profound respect. The greatest rowdies bow down to her and facilitate her wishes. The best chair, the best bed, the best room are in all places at her service. Wheresoever she goes, although alone, nobody meddles with her. This was therefore quite the country for a lady of Miss Bird's adventurous spirit. After having paid a visit to the Sandwich Islands, of which we gave an account in April 1875, she appears to have proceeded to San Francisco, with the view of undertaking a horseback journey among the Rocky Mountains. Except for the purpose of seeing two or three out-of-the-way places, there was no absolute necessity for travelling on horseback, because there are railway

trains for general accommodation; but Miss Bird preferred to ride in the open air for the sake of health and agreeable excitement, as well as not to be bound to go in particular directions. She accordingly adopted the alternative of 'roughing it,' and ran the risks attending a hazardous journey through high-lying wildernesses covered with snow and with, at the time of her visit, few settled inhabitants.

As regards the time at which this excursion was performed, Miss Bird has for some reason chosen to be silent. In the second edition of her book, 'A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains,' lately issued by Mr Murray, she does not give a single date. It is only seen that in writing to her sister, her letters begin in September and end in December. What was the year, is not stated. It is, of course, against all rule not to give dates in books of travel; but it is peculiarly objectionable in the case of North America, where events march on with such extraordinary velocity, that a place represented as having only a dozen inhabitants, may within a few years be swollen to the condition of a populous and thriving city. On this account, Miss Bird's descriptions must be read with some reserve. Though concealing the fact, there is reason to believe that her excursion took place towards the end of 1875, since which great changes have taken place through her whole route. Apart from this disqualifying circumstance, her descriptions are lively and amusing. With a keen sense of the grand and picturesque, she presents striking accounts of the Rocky Mountains, and the valleys of matchless beauty lying amongst them, at a height of eight to eleven thousand feet above the level of the sea. The dryness and purity of the air in these valleys or plains in the depth of winter, remind us of what is told of Davos in Switzerland, and in a similar way they will no doubt become, if not already so, health-resorts for American invalids.

Starting from San Francisco early in September, Miss Bird travels for a certain distance in one of the railway cars, and is struck with the prodigious

fertility and beauty of California on the Pacific slope. 'From off the boundless harvest-fields the grain was carried in June, and it is now stacked in sacks along the track, awaiting for freightage. The barns are bursting with fullness. In the dusty orchards, the apple and pear branches are supported under the weight of fruit; melons, tomatoes, and squashes of gigantic size lie almost unheeded on the ground; the cattle, gorged almost to repletion, shade themselves under the oaks; superb "red" horses shine, not with grooming, but with condition; and thriving farmers everywhere shew on what a solid basis the prosperity of the "Golden State" is founded.'

Reaching the lower mountain passes, the train winds through ravines dizzy to look at, in one place passing under wooden sheds or galleries, to keep off the snow, for a distance of about fifty miles. Then come grand pine-forests and lakes. Ultimately the 'lumbering town' of Truckee is reached, and here Miss Bird gets out in the middle of the night to find an inn, where 'pistol-shots' in the bar-room are, it is stated, of frequent occurrence. Here she procures a night's lodging. In the morning she hires a horse, after a good deal of trouble in catching it. Off she sets on this unruly snorting beast, exhilarated with the information that she might keep an outlook for some grizzly bears that had been perambulating in the neighbourhood. Caring nothing for the 'grizzlies,' she is enchanted with the magnificent scenery. 'Crested blue jays darted through the dark pines, squirrels in hundreds scampered through the forest, red dragon-flies flashed like living light, exquisite chipmonks ran across the track, but only a dusty blue lupine here and there reminded me of earth's fairer children.' Riding on, she reached Lake Tahoe, a beautiful sheet of water, which never freezes; and here, at a wooden inn, she remained a week, taking sketches of the entrancing scenery. Having finished this side-tour, she returns to Truckee, no one molesting her, and receiving on all occasions tokens of respectful courtesy.

Miss Bird now went by train on a distant excursion to Cheyenne, in Wyoming, which took her through Salt Lake Valley. Cheyenne, which started into existence in 1867, is now a city of five thousand inhabitants, with some thriving manufactories, particularly that of jewellery from the moss agate. Thus settled, it has happily lost its reputation for Lynch-law, for which, we are told, it was once specially noted. From this place Miss Bird gets forward to Greeley, a temperance colony, and there stays a night at an inn. Hot, thick with black flies. Helps the landlady to get supper ready. Goes to bed, and is awoke by swarms of bugs, which are 'a great pest in Colorado.' Gathers herself up, and sleeps on the wooden chairs. In the morning, went in a wagon to Fort Collins. The inn there was freer from bugs, but full of black flies with the addition of locusts. Next she gets on in a hired vehicle to a place where she expected to be accommodated at a boarding-house; but there was no trace of a house, only a semi-ruinous log-cabin occupied by a family of Scotch descent, whose conceptions of religion were of that gloomy description which reckons bodily comfort and every act of courtesy to be sinful. There was

no choice but to ask for lodgings, the boon being sulkily granted. In this den she lives a week, helping in the miserable housekeeping, and sleeping at night on the floor. Her only mirror was the polished inside of her watch-case. The family, which had only one comb among them, bivouacked outside under the trees, which is practicable in Colorado a large part of the year.

Disappointed in not finding her way in this quarter to Estes Park, she purchases a horse, a shifty half-broken animal, from her host, and proceeds to Lower Canyon, where she is kindly lodged by Dr H——, an English gentleman, who was endeavouring to gain a livelihood by his profession, aided by farming operations. Mrs H—— is spoken of as a lady-like person, who makes all the clothes for six of a family. The children very amiable and obliging, which is not at all usual in this part of the world. On this social characteristic, Miss Bird makes the remark: 'One of the most painful things in the Western States and Territories is the extinction of childhood. I have never seen any children, only debased imitations of men and women, cankered by greed and selfishness, and asserting and gaining complete independence of their parents at ten years old. The atmosphere in which they are brought up is one of greed, godlessness, and frequently of profanity.' We were never in the Western States; but from what we saw in the Eastern, we can corroborate this remark to the extent that the children ordinarily found in the hotels are noisy, turbulent, and an intolerable nuisance.

From Dr H——, a good horse, full of spring and spirit, tame and sure-footed, is procured, and on it Miss Bird succeeds this time in finding the right track to Estes Park, by the beautiful canyon of St Vrain. Two young men escort her part of the way. In a wild lofty region, the party approach a hut, near which is a big dog in a threatening attitude, and all about are heaps of peltry and the offal of animals. Who was the inhabitant of this solitary den? A trapper, hunter, ruffian, desperado. Aroused by the barking of the dog, this somewhat terrific person makes his appearance, with a knife in his belt, a revolver in his breast-pocket, and wearing dilapidated moccasins on his bare feet. He has long curling hair, and only one eye, the other having been lost in an encounter with a grizzly. He received Miss Bird affably, saying that he knew from her voice that she was a countrywoman of his. As afterwards learned, his name was Nugent. An English gentleman by birth, he had been badly brought up, took to evil courses, fled to America, and was now known as Mountain Jim, who had long been a terror in this remote district. Procuring some information from this unfortunate being, Miss Bird reached Estes Park, which at one end is bounded by Long's Peak, the American Matterhorn, fourteen thousand seven hundred feet high.

As already mentioned, there are several large Parks or valleys among the Rocky Mountains, and Estes Park is said to be the most picturesque. 'It is an aggregate of lawns, slopes, and glades about eighteen miles in length, but never more than two miles in width. Grandeur and sublimity, not softness, are its features.'

Several streams wind their way through it. Miss Bird states that the snow which falls here in winter does not thaw, but disappears by rapid evaporation. This is the same phenomenon as that said to be observable at Davos. Where not covered by patches of pine, the ground is covered with grass and wild-flowers. The nearest settlement is Longmount, thirty miles distant. In the Park, Miss Bird found a group of two or three wooden cottages, in one of which, inhabited by a Mr Evans and his family, she procured quarters. It was a cabin made of big hewn logs of trees, with the chinks between not filled up. Through these openings the snow drives in, and 'covers the floors; but sweeping it out at intervals is both fun and exercise.' As to her accommodation, she was to pay eight dollars a week, have three meals a day, and at any time home-made bread and milk in abundance. Her bed was in a detached cabin, where she was at first alarmed by hearing mysterious noises beneath the floor. They proceeded from a skunk, which had here made his dwelling. No one dared to root him out, for if interfered with, he emitted an odour that was perfectly awful, and could be smelt a mile off. A pleasant neighbour!

Having lived for a certain length of time in this, 'the most entrancing spot on earth,' helping in the kitchen, driving cattle, and riding four or five times a day, Miss Bird rode away in quest of fresh picturesque scenes, and whatever the fatigue, enjoying herself immensely. Travelling over the mountains, sometimes among the snow, she has the satisfaction of crossing the Great Divide, so called from being the water-shed of the Pacific and Atlantic. In one of her long rides, she for a time shares the hospitality of a hut along with others, and here she once more meets with Mountain Jim, who in a placid mood told the story of his wasted existence. At the close of the sad narration, she says with becoming pathos: 'My soul dissolved in pity for his dark, lost, self-ruined life, as he left me and turned away in the blinding storm to the Snowy Range, where he said he was going to camp out for a fortnight.'

Thus travelling about for months, she is put to some straits as regards her personal equipments. Speaking of her apparel, she says: 'I came to Colorado now nearly three months ago, with a small carpet-bag containing clothes, none of them new; and these, by legitimate wear, the depredation of calves, and the necessity of tearing them up for dish-cloths, are reduced to a single change! I have a solitary pocket-handkerchief, and one pair of stockings, such a mass of darns that hardly a trace of the original wool remains. Owing to my inability to get money in Denver [caused by the stoppage of the banks], I am almost without shoes, have nothing but a pair of slippers, and some "aretics." For outer garments—well, I have a trained black silk dress, with a black silk polenaise, and nothing else but my old flannel riding suit, which is quite threadbare, and requires such frequent mending that I am sometimes obliged to "dress" for supper, and patch and darn it during the evening.' We learn from various remarks that her privations do not cause serious discomposure. On one occasion she breaks out in contemptuous remarks on the frivolities of fashion, speaking almost with disgust of the fan-

tastic style of ladies' head-dress as usually seen in church.

Writing to her sister on the 4th December, Miss Bird says the cold is intense, being eleven degrees below zero, and that she has to keep her ink on the stove to prevent it from freezing. Cold as it was, and with the snow deep on the ground, and still falling, she rode off on her faithful horse 'Birdie,' on a long ride towards the plains. She says everything looked vast and indefinite. 'The fog grew darker and thicker, the day colder and windier, the drifts deeper; but Birdie, whose four cunning feet had carried me six hundred miles, and who in all difficulties proves her value, never flinched or made a false step, or gave me reason to be sorry that I had come on.' Alighting at a house thirteen miles from Longmount to get oats, she adds: 'I was white from head to foot, and my clothes were frozen stiff. The woman gave me the usual invitation: "Put your feet in the oven;" and I got my clothes thawed and dried, and a delicious meal, consisting of a basin of cream and bread.' She was recommended not to proceed; but went on through the terrible wintry scene. Luckily, she reached Longmount, but in such a benumbed condition that she had to be lifted off her horse and carried into the house, to be warmed and wrapped in blankets. Next day she perseveres in going forward, and ultimately suffered no inconvenience from the journey. Exposure to severities of this kind in England would have finished her. In the western part of the United States, the dryness of the air seems to have saved her from injury.

In one of her later excursions, Miss Bird accidentally met her two acquaintances, Evans and Mountain Jim, who appeared to be on good terms with each other, and who parted amicably. Shortly afterwards, however, she received the sorrowful intelligence that on account of some ground of quarrel, Evans on his own door-step shot Jim while he was unsuspectingly passing his cabin. Poor Jim fell to the ground with a bullet lodged in his head, but lived long enough to give his own statement, and to appeal to the judgment of God as to the unprovoked manner in which his life had been taken. What was done, if anything, to Evans for this foul murder is not stated. Miss Bird shrinks from the subject, 'as too painful to dwell upon.' This tragic end of a man in whom with all his errors there was much good, must rouse the deepest indignation at the disregard for human life, as well as at that feeble and corrupt administration of justice in the Western States and Territories of the Union, which leaves trivial disputes to be settled by private and deadly acts of vengeance. We gather from the present narrative of adventure, that the larger number of these atrocities are committed through the influence of drink, usually a coarse kind of whisky, dispensed in bar-rooms and grogeries. It was in such haunts that Mountain Jim had spent his means, and from which he returned with passions roused to madness. Miss Bird earnestly recommended him to give up the whisky which had been his ruin. But he said he could not. In short, he was one among many thousands who, by an uncontrollably depraved appetite, are constantly imperilling all that life holds valuable.

We think that with her acute powers of obser-

vation, Miss Bird might have made much more of her opportunities. Yet, though imperfect in many respects, her book is well worth perusal. Certainly, it offers an agreeable change of reading amidst the mass of trashy fiction daily pouring from the press.

W. C.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER IX.—HISTORY.

The temptation was a strong one—the victory in its way considerable.

'Was I a fool to act as I did?' Will Fairholt asked of himself as he hung over the bridge with a cigar in his mouth, and dropped pebbles into the river. 'If I had spoken months and months ago, she might have said "Yes" by this time. And Frank would never have grown to care for her at all. I have wasted my chances. Had I ever any chances? Why should she care for me? I don't wonder at her caring for Frank.'

There poor Will ceased his musings for a while, and fell into a state of vacuous despondency. He found himself now and again—as people in unhappy moments do—taking a mighty interest in the most foolish trifles—speculating, for instance, as to whether that little fragment of straw would float over that ripple or float round it, or whether that or this bubble would break sooner. He felt sufficiently miserable through it all. He took nobody into confidence. He had nobody to blame. Turning from the bridge, he started disconsolately through the fields with his hands in his coat-pockets and his hat pulled moodily down over his eyes. Coming to a stile, he paused there, and fell again into soliloquy.

'I asked myself if I was a fool just now. I'm pretty sure I am. Now, let me see how this case stands. First of all, Maud and Frank are engaged. Secondly—Well, if I'm an honest man there isn't a secondly in it. No; there's no secondly. I have often said to myself that I would have this aching tooth out. I never had the resolution to pull it out myself; and now that Fate has done it for me, I can find nothing to do but moon about and grumble, and coddle myself with little sympathies. I suppose I am ashamed of myself. I hope so. I faith! I wish something would come of that Eastern Question! I think I'd volunteer and have a slap at the Russians.* I wonder if they'll shew fight, if it should come to that; or whether they'll cave in, as the Yankees say. The only chance for your disappointed swain is battle.' And Will sang with a melancholy little grin at himself:

'I'll hang my harp on a willow-tree;
I'll off to the wars again.'

A big baritone voice took up the song:

'For my peaceful home hath no charms for me,
The battle-field no pain.'

'Hillo!' cried Will, starting from his reverie, and looking up.

* The reader will remember that the action of the story is laid about the time of the Crimean War in 1854, when Nicholas was Czar.

'Hillo!' responded the owner of the big baritone voice. 'Didn't know you kept a harp in stock, Fairholt.'

The owner of the baritone voice was a handsome young fellow of three or four and twenty, with a manner a little too military to be altogether gentlemanly. A little loud and ostentatious in all things was this young man. He carried a fishing-rod, and had a basket strapped across his shoulders, and his dress was aggressively suggestive of piscatorial pursuits. His hat was bespangled with flies, and his wading-boots were of the newest. He wore a huge tawny moustache, and for the rest was clean shaven. His nose might have been the better if it had a little more at the bridge and a little less at the base; and his mouth was a trifle over-large. Nevertheless he was, as I have already said, a handsome young fellow enough. He stood some six feet high in his fishing-boots, and had the shoulders of a Hercules. He was just a thought too well set up to be graceful, and the air of the drill-yard sat heavily on him. This was Lieutenant Hartley, heir-expectant to Hartley Park and Hartley Hall, and to who shall say how many thousands in the funds.

'You are just one of the men I should have wished to see,' said Will, getting over the stile and advancing to him.

'Glad to hear that. What's matter?'

'I was just speculating,' said Will, 'about that Eastern business.'

'Most people are,' responded the other, producing a meerschaum pipe and polishing it tenderly with a bit of crape.

'Will the Russians fight?' asked Will.

'Can't say, 'pon my word.'

'But what do your army fellows say about it?'

'Don't know, 'pon my honour. You see, I don't do much in that way, Fairholt. There's quite a little pile of fellows who hammer away at that until really—don't you know?—a fellow gets sick of it.'

'Well, what do these fellows say?' asked Will, again returning to the charge.

'Don't know, 'pon my word,' responded the Lieutenant, sitting down on the stump of an old tree and smoking lazily. 'What yah so dead-set on the thing for?'

'If there were any chance of a fight,' Will answered, sitting down on the grass beside him, 'I'd join to-morrow.'

'Would you, by Jove?' returned the Lieutenant languidly. 'Get awfully fagged in a fortnight. It's duller game in the world.'

'I don't think I should care about the barrack routine,' Will answers. 'But I should like to have a slap at Old Nicholas.'

'Always thought you a peaceful fellow.'

'Well, I am blood-thirsty enough now for anything.'

'There's the Guvnah,' said the Lieutenant after an idle puff or two, 'knows more about that business than anybody. War with Russia affects the funds, don't you know? Old fellah knows everything about everything that affects the funds.' The Lieutenant looked lazily about him, and continued: 'Sun's too bright to-day. Can't kill anything before evening. Fish won't rise. Come and lunch!'

Suddenly flashed through Will's mind the

thought of Maud. Your lover is your only true poet, and he saw her—actually saw her for the moment—with her fresh clear face and hazel eyes and cool white dress. A shaded room—cool and quiet—with here and there a stray fleck of sunlight in it. A very casket of a room, and Maud, its one jewel, shining there alone. Now Will Fairholt was not an imaginative man by nature; yet if I by means of words could shew you this sweet sight one half as clearly as he, by force of fancy, for the moment saw it, I were a better artist than I am. The vision decided him, and he rose to his feet with a brisk: 'I will; thank you.'

'What's your hurry?' asked the Lieutenant. 'Hungry? Now I come to think of it, so am I.'

Lieutenant Hartley was not a talkative man, and conversation somewhat languished. Will communed with himself once more. 'Is this wise? I don't know. I must get away somehow. If there should be war, I will be in the thick of it. It's every man's duty to help to put down a great bullying fellow like that Nicholas. Yet I doubt,' thinks Will, with a melancholy laugh at himself, 'if I should have thought of the duty if things had gone otherwise with me here. That big barbarian might have eaten Turkey in peace for me, if it hadn't been'—There Will groaned, and cut down a dog-rose with warlike vigour.

'Bit out o' sorts, Fairholt?' asked the Lieutenant.

'N—no,' said Will, with a little uncertainty in his voice.

His military companion looked down on him with a satiric grin, and within himself commented: 'Hit, by Jove, and hit hard.' He said nothing, however; and Will strolled along with his hands in his pockets and smoked in stoic silence.

'You idiot'—so in thought he apostrophised himself—'can't you be quiet. Need you take everybody into your confidence.'

Hartley Hall declared itself at last, and Fairholt turned with the Lieutenant into that gentleman's own apartments for a wash before luncheon. As they emerged again upon the corridor they met Maud, as bright and sweet and fresh and innocent and happy a sight as one might wish to see. She quickened her step a little to greet Will, and shook hands with a glad cordiality. She noticed nothing especial in his shy and reserved manner; and they went down-stairs side by side, she chatting gaily about some garden-party or other to which she either had gone or was going, and he fairly tingling all over at the remembrance of the innocent pressure of her hand.

Here, in the breakfast-room, was Benjamin Hartley, clad in an alarming tweed, and having a white hat on. The white hat was perched at the back of Mr Hartley's bald head, and he mopped his face with a yellow bandana. 'Ah! ain't it 'ot?' said Mr Hartley, puffing upwards at his own glowing countenance, and mopping anew. 'Come to pick a bone along with us, Mr Fairholt? Glad to see you. We shall be a-looking at you like one o' the reg'lar members o' the family now, you know. You've heard o' this young lady and her capers, I daresay?—Let's have some iced champagne, Lieutenant. I've been a-tramping over my grounds till I'm as 'ot as Dan'l in the fiery furnace. Ain't it 'ot?'

'Awful,' says the Lieutenant.

Mr Hartley taking off his hat, laid it upon the table and sat down. The Lieutenant rang the bell, threw the hat to the footman who appeared in answer to the summons, and requested Will to be seated by Maud, who blushed a little still at Mr Hartley's recent allusion. The soldier calmly went through his lunch in silence. The old gentleman flowed on, mellifluous.

'I was up in town last week, and called on that young brother o' yours, sir.'

'Indeed?' said Will, nothing else occurring to him to say.

'Yes, I was. He's a fine young fellow, and I'm proud of him. Now what I like about him is, as there ain't any mistaking him for anything but what he is. He's got "Swell" wrote on him all over. Now that's what I like to see. You can bet your hat on him being a thorough-bred un directly as you set eyes on him. Now, heré's the Lieutenant as won't have it at all, you know, as it takes a lot o' generations to turn out that kind o' pattern. He ain't a bad sort himself—the Lieutenant—for home-mannifyer.—Now, don't you go and flare up afore company, young man. Look at him,' continues the old gentleman in a high state of self-gratulation; 'as savage as if his father was a red rag an' him a bull.—He's a clever young fellow that brother of yours, sir. I found him at work up there painting a picture—a proper picture. Just to see him a-slapping it on was a wonder. It was a work of art, sir, pretty nigh as big as that door. Says he's goin' to make his fortune with it. I don't mind telling you in confidence—now don't you go and split, you know—as I've put a agent o' mine on to that picture, and told him to keep his eye on it. He's a fellow as knows all about everything, that agent, and he's down on a picture like a 'ammer, and talks about 'em like a auctioneer. I don't mean to have anything but good work on my walls. And I said to my fellow: "If that picture's up to the mark," I said, "buy it, and don't boggle about the price." I don't stint in price when I get a good article.' Mr Hartley made his statement in a tone which seemed to demand an answer; and Will awoke from his own fancies in time to reply: 'Certainly not,' at a venture.

'It strikes me, you know,' said Mr Hartley, speaking with his mouth full, and fanning himself with the yellow bandana, 'as one o' the best things about matrimony is, as it makes a man industrious. Now your brother's positively a-slaving. I like to see it.'

Maud, who sat between Will and her uncle, directed an appealing glance to the old gentleman, who gave a hasty gulp and broke into a great guffaw of laughter. Maud blushed to the roots of her hair and dropped her eyes.

'Look yah! Guvnah!' interposed the Lieutenant. 'Leave the girl alone.'

Maud's blushes became if anything a little deeper. The old gentleman burst into a new shout of laughter.

'Ow awful 'ot laughin' does make a man, to be sure.—Pass the clarrit, Lieutenant, and don't be comin' any o' your swell airs over your father.—Why, you ain't eating anything, Mr Fairholt! It's this fiery weather as knocks the appetite to pieces. Though I must confess as mine takes a good deal o' spoiling. I always was a good hand

at a knife and fork. Why, when I was younger, I've sat down to my half-pint o' four half and had a bit o' bread-and-cheese for dinner, with a onion for a relish, and I've enjoyed it as if it had been! There the old gentleman, directing a mischievous glance towards his son, burst into a new guffaw, and found it necessary to get up and stamp about the room. After this he leaned against the mantel-piece, puffing and panting, and mopping his red face and bald head with great ardour, going off into a little explosive chuckle now and again. The Lieutenant solemnly wheeled round in his chair and regarded him through an eyeglass. Will, slightly embarrassed, less by the father's revelations than by the Lieutenant's manner, looked seriously at his plate. Maud—forgetting her own discomfiture—was mischievously merry. The old man having chuckled and panted himself into a condition of composure, took a final mop at his countenance and resumed his seat. The soldier dropped his eyeglass and took up his fork.

'I was just a-saying'—the old gentleman recommenced.

'Guvnah!' said the Lieutenant in a warning bass.

'Sir, to you,' returned his father.

'Stop it!'

The old gentleman went into another roar of laughter, and recovering from it, turned to Fairholt: 'I like to poke him up a bit. Here's a gay young flower, a-springing from the soil. But he don't own no kin with the soil, you know. Bless your heart, he's superior to that. He don't recognise nothing earthy about him. And so I like to rough him up a bit, and shew him where he comes from and who he is. Not afore company, you know,' added the old man with a sudden seriousness. 'But afore the family, what's it matter?'

'I know where I come from,' said the Lieutenant in his laziest drawl. 'I wish I didn't.'

'Now, young un, young un,' said the old gentleman, rising and patting him on the shoulder, 'don't take it to heart too serious. I know it's a blow to your fine feelings, my boy; but you'll overlive it.'

'Dessay I shall,' responded the young fellow gloomily. 'But I don't like it.'

The old gentleman, still patting the Lieutenant on the shoulder, turned and addressed Will: 'Come to the billiard room and knock the balls about a bit, Mr Fairholt?'

Will was just about to answer 'Yes,' when catching Maud's eyes, he saw her make a signal of dissent, and hesitated.

Noticing this, the old gentleman said: 'Well, I don't know as it isn't pleasanter out o' doors on such a day.'

'Oh, much pleasanter,' said Maud. 'Come into the gardens.' With that she tripped away, returning in a minute with a sunshade. Mr Hartley had already disappeared, and the Lieutenant was lounging after him when Maud returned. She placed herself at Fairholt's side, and they went out together. When they reached the garden, she laid a hand upon his arm, and prepared for confidential chat. Will and she had been close friends for the past five years, and were as intimate as brother and sister. The touch of her hand and the rustle of her dress beside him, her

fresh young face turned up to his, the sister-like confidence in which she seemed almost to nestle by him, the serene quiet of her manner—all these things were bitter to the young man's heart—were bitter because they might have been so sweet. The broad sunlight flooded the garden—the shadows cast here and there were very cool and pleasant to the eye. The arbour in which Maud and Will sat down was deliciously shady. The distant landscape lay folded in silver haze. The swallows were astir upon the river. A little wind touched the leaves of the arbour now and again, and died. So sweet—so sweet, so framed for love the time. So fit the place for lovers' whisperings. So glad the lazy summer afternoon!

For a long time after that day, when Will Fairholt thought about it, he looked upon himself with a kind of wonder, and thanked heaven that he held back the words which would have done his own conscience and his brother wrong. Let us confess that it was hard—that the temptation was a strong one—that the victory was, in its way, considerable.

'Will,' said Maud, leaning across the arbour-table, 'I want to speak to you very seriously. I know I can trust you.' She blushed a little, and looked the prettier for it. 'I am a little anxious about Frank. When uncle came from town the other day he dropped a hint about Frank's money-matters. Uncle has things to do even now with a great many people in town, and he has found out somehow that Frank has been borrowing money. I know nothing about it beyond this—that he told me when I next saw Frank to warn him against having anything to do with a man named—Tasker, I think.'

Will nodded.

'Do you know him?'

'I know of him,' Will returned. 'Frank was a little careless some months ago; but that is all over.'

'You know,' pursued Maud nervously, 'that uncle is not always very delicate. He doesn't see how unkind it would be in me to speak to Frank about such a matter. And so—Poor Will went down altogether before her appealing eyes—and so I thought I might ask you to speak for me.'

'I have spoken already,' Will replied; 'and if Frank is at all the man I take him for—and I know that a better fellow doesn't exist—he has done with that kind of thing for ever. It's very natural, you know,' pursued Will, gathering strength as he went on, 'for a young fellow like Frank to be careless about money-matters, so long as he has no definite aim in view. But now'—and there Will tried to smile—'he has an object in view, Maud, and will do better, I am sure. I had a letter from him this morning. I think I have it with me now. Yes; here it is. Listen!' 'I have made up my mind finally for work and economy. For a week past I have been slaving. If I go on at my present rate, I shall die a millionaire. I am spending next to nothing, and hope to be in a position to offer Maud a home in a year at the outside.' Then further on he writes again: "I paid Tasker on the day of my return, and quarrelled with him of set purpose."—So I think,' said Will, putting the letter into its envelope and returning it to his pocket, 'that you need have no fear.'

It was not in offering this defence for his brother that the loyal young fellow found any difficulty; but he longed, with an indescribable longing, to say how he loved and how he despaired; how impossible he felt it to be thus near and to make no sign; and then to go away somewhere for ever and bury his pain among strangers, or fight in some great cause on some far battle-field, or—He kicked out those longings, as became a man; and they returned again and again, as became his passion.

'You need fear nothing, Maud,' resumed Will, after a little silence. 'I know Frank well. I am rather glad you have heard, because it will give you the greater confidence in him afterwards. And when you see how well he can fight in a good cause, you'll not like him any the less for it, you know.'

Maud rose to her feet, not caring perhaps to have the springs of love laid bare after this fashion. The old gentleman strolled up to the arbour. Will, half glad and half sorry to escape from conference with Maud, seized his opportunity, and plunged into politics.

'Fight?' said Benjamin Hartley in answer to his queries. 'You mark my words, sir. There's heaps o' fellows going about as think they know a lot, trying to persuade me as the Rooshans 'll back out. Now I don't mind telling you—regarding you as one of the family—and knowing as you don't meddle in money-matters, and won't spoil my game— Now it's in confidence, mind you.'

'You may rely upon me,' answered Will, a little stiffly.

'Don't rough up,' said Benjamin Hartley, drawing him aside. 'There'll be war in another three months. Mark my words. And I'm a-standing to win or lose half a million on it. That's what I'm a-doing, Mr Fairholt. So anyhow, I back my opinion pretty strong; don't I?'

(To be continued.)

CURIOUS STORY OF A DOVE.

FROM a lady contributor we have received the following pleasing narrative:

My attention having been drawn to the incident related in your *Journal*, November 15, 1879, under the heading of 'A Welcome Guest,' I thought it might interest those to whose recollections it was specially addressed, and any others of your readers who may have been struck by it, to hear of a somewhat similar visitation which, under very sad circumstances, happened to a relative of my own. The lady in question had just sustained the greatest loss that can befall a woman, in the death of her husband under circumstances that rendered the blow a more than ordinarily crushing one. So sudden had it been, that no time for preparation or farewell had been vouchsafed; and the sudden rending of such a tie, after over thirty years of ever-increasing affection, left her singularly desolate, as she was childless and without any very near relations. The house in which she lived was completely detached, standing in a large old-fashioned garden, with an extensive lawn, planted with shrubs and large fruit-trees, some

of which came close to the windows. A veranda ran round the back of the house, its sloping roof being just under the windows of the sleeping-rooms.

One night, while in the first freshness of her sorrow, she went to her bedroom at the back of the house at her usual hour, ten o'clock. It was in the month of December, and curtains were drawn and a fire burning in the grate. Half mechanically she walked to the dressing-table, which stood before the window, and was in the act of laying her watch upon it, when she heard a low sound, that seemed to her half a moan of pain, half a plaintive appeal, and altogether such as she had never heard before. With suspended breath and greatly startled, she listened. It came again, louder and more prolonged. With nerves so shaken as hers were by her recent sorrow, she found it impossible to remain alone in the room with the noise unaccounted for, and with a feeling of something like terror hastened to an adjoining apartment, summoned a friend who was staying with her, and brought her back to the room. The sound continued; and her friend being unable to account for it, the servants were rung up. The room was carefully searched; drawers were opened; every article of furniture that could contain any living creature or give any clue to the origin of the sound, was examined. The noise all the time continued, sometimes louder, sometimes softer, but never quite ceasing; and all that could be decided was that it was most distinct in the neighbourhood of the window where the lady had first heard it.

The servants, seeing how much affected by it their mistress was, and unable to find any cause for it, had tried to persuade her it must be the wind in the chimney or the trees outside; but the night was calm; and the sound was altogether so strange, and it seemed to all so unlike anything they had ever heard before; the most ingenious theory failed to account for it. More and more the belief that it must be something supernatural impressed the lady's mind; and though eventually it ceased, and silence succeeded, even the presence of her friend who remained with her at night did not reassure her sufficiently to induce sleep.

In the morning the mystery was explained, so far as so strange an incident was capable of explanation. The gardener had observed the day before a white pigeon in a large pear-tree that grew close to the window of the room the lady was occupying. He was much surprised, for there was no pigeon-cot near, and he had never seen the bird before in the garden. As the day wore on, finding it still remained in the tree, he made several attempts to catch it; but it always eluded him, pertinaciously returning to the tree.

When he told his story, no doubt could be felt that, breaking the silence of the night in that retired spot, it was the voice of the pigeon that had sounded so strange and unaccountable; but the lateness of the hour, when birds of its kind have as a rule long gone to roost, and the possibility of a dove being there at all never having occurred to any one, none had recognised it at the moment. From the distinctness of the note—for all present had fancied the noise might be in the room—it was evident the bird must have been on the roof of the veranda immediately under the window. In the morning it had vanished, and was never

seen again; although the lady, desirous of ascertaining if it were really a pigeon, and with some idea, if it could be found, of keeping it, gave orders that it should be traced and, if possible, secured. Dismissing from our minds, as untenable, anything that here savours of what is termed the supernatural, one is bound to admit that it was a strange and touching coincidence that brought a bird so familiar to all minds as an emblem of wedded love, in apparent loneliness and distress, to utter its plaintive lament at so unusual an hour under the window of one grieving under such a bereavement as hers.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN EQUESTRIAN MANAGER.

BY C. W. MONTAGUE.

SECOND PAPER.

THE building we had engaged for our performances at Cardiff had a curious history. Some few years previous there had been a waste tract of land bordering on the harbour, which had been a constant source of trouble to the authorities, in consequence of its lying low and being flooded by the tide. A market-gardener named Matthews, at the neighbouring village of Crockherbtown, set his heart upon this desolate waste, and saw a possible bargain to be got out of it. After some little negotiations he obtained a lease of the entire tract for ninety-nine years, at the nominal rental of one hundred and fifty pounds per annum. Scarcely was the ink of this document dry, when the energetic gardener erected a conspicuous notice-board announcing that 'Fourpence a load was given for dry rubbish.' In a wonderfully short time Father Neptune was driven back a considerable distance, the land was levelled, building was in operation, and terraces and streets laid out where lately the wash of the tide had left its daily deposit of loathsome mud. A sea-wall was built, which still further secured and enlarged the reclaimed tract; and in the midst of this new-born town there shortly arose the imposing edifice known as 'Temperance Hall,' the neighbourhood itself being called 'Temperance Town.' 'I made my first bit o' money,' said the now wealthy Mr Matthews, 'through being a temperate man myself; and I mean to spend some of my money in promoting temperance in others.' In this he has no doubt been successful to a large extent, as far as zeal can insure success.

The first incident connected with our stay at Cardiff which occurs to my mind—and probably it is the first to strike me because of its extremely ludicrous nature—happened during the performance of an equestrian spectacle entitled *The Tournament, or Kenilworth Castle in the Days of Good Queen Bess*. For the processional portion of the entertainment we had to engage the services of a large number of supernumeraries; and of course it was highly desirable that the Virgin Queen, who naturally constituted a chief attraction in the piece, should be worthily represented by a handsome woman of good presence and self-possession bearing. Walking down Rute Street one day, I chanced to espy, serving in a fruiterer's shop, a good-looking woman, who, judging from her faultless style

whilst engaged in supplying her customers with the luscious fruits around her, seemed to be well qualified to sustain the regal dignities I had at my disposal. Entering the shop, I made a small purchase, asked a few casual questions, and then, as adroitly as I could, introduced the subject which lay uppermost in my thoughts. At first the maiden was coy and required a little rhetorical pressure. So I pictured to her the beautiful costumes in which the lords and ladies of her retinue would be dressed, and finally described in glowing colours the gorgeous apparel that she, the Maiden Queen, would wear. My sartorial appeal proved successful. The lady consented to take the part—though, quietly speaking, I thought it was the 'part' that had taken her! She attended a rehearsal, was highly gratified at the stage homage she received, and seemed carried into a seventh heaven of delight when seated on her throne surrounded by her attendants, ready, like so many slaves, to do her queenly bidding.

On the first night of the piece everything went well until the close. I had already passed out of the ring towards the front of the final procession, and had retired to my dressing-room to prepare for the next portion of the entertainment, when suddenly Mr Ginnett, the proprietor of our circus, rushed in greatly excited, and exclaimed breathlessly: 'There's that stupid fool of a woman still sitting on her throne!' I immediately hastened to the ring doors, when to my consternation and dismay I saw the Queen seated composedly on her throne; not a soul with her, and the boys in the gallery pelting her vigorously with orange-peel. I beckoned to her to 'come off;' but she seemed to have lost all presence of mind, and sat stolidly there, occasionally dodging some of the larger pieces of peel which threatened the integrity of her wonderful headgear and the enormous ruff round her neck. My endeavours to attract her attention being fruitless, I sent one of the grooms to fetch her off her throne; and then, amid roars of laughter and with greetings from all parts of the house, Her Gracious Majesty gathered up her royal robes about her and made an undignified bolt out of the ring.

An explanation of the 'hitch' was afterwards forthcoming. Harry Ginnett—the brother of my employer—whose duty it was, as the Earl of Leicester, to lead the Queen off the throne and retire at the close of the procession, had, for a joke, whispered to her that she was to stay there till sent for!

I have already mentioned that Mr Matthews, the owner of the building in which we performed during our stay at Cardiff, was an earnest disciple of temperance principles himself, and anxious to encourage the practice of those principles by others. Amongst the various means adopted or patronised by him, frequent lectures were given in Temperance Hall; and in consequence of this, we had agreed to an arrangement to use the Hall for five nights only in the week, each Friday evening being left free for the purposes alluded to. On the other hand, by way of concession to us, Mr Matthews had come to an understanding with the conductors of the temperance meetings that at the close of the proceedings on each Friday night, Mr Ginnett's manager—myself—should be allowed to address the audience and 'give out' before them all, our

programme of attractions for the ensuing week. For about six or seven weeks this arrangement was carried out to the letter, with no small benefit to ourselves. It was in fact a most direct and telling advertisement, more powerful even than the columns of a newspaper; for the building was on these occasions invariably crammed, and a personal appeal is by many degrees more forcible than an appeal in print. When the last speaker at these meetings had subsided into his seat, the chairman himself, or perhaps some other gentleman on the platform, would blandly state that 'Mr Montague wished to engage their attention for a few moments in order that he might announce to them the nature of the forthcoming performances in that building;' sometimes a good-natured eulogium to the effect that our entertainment was 'of a most innocent, instructive, and interesting description, and deserved the hearty support of all present.' What could be more favourable to us than this?

Thus introduced, I stood up and 'gave out,' as the phrase goes, all the novelties and attractions of the next week's programme, and did my best to secure a goodly number of recruits from the crowded benches around me. This amicable arrangement was, as I have already said, continued without let or hindrance for the space of six or seven weeks. But when the next Friday night came round there had arisen a new chairman who knew not Matthews; or who, at any rate, regarded not the sensible arrangement which that gentleman had made with us.

It was a strict teetotalers' meeting. Of this I was fully aware beforehand; and had I not been apprised of the fact, the uncompromising tone of the speeches would have informed me that I had to deal with people of extreme views. I had certain misgivings, but put them aside and awaited the issue. At the close of the last speaker's address I prepared myself for the usual request to be permitted to make my appeal. Alas! my expectations were in vain. No one paid me the slightest heed. But I was not going to allow matters to remain thus. Standing up boldly from my seat at the side of the platform, I commenced to address the audience. The chairman, nonplussed by this unexpected addition to his programme, hurriedly inquired who I might be; and having ascertained that I was the manager of the circus that held its daily performances in that building, he was apparently struck with amazement to find me on my legs addressing *his* meeting. I pretended to be unconscious of the dilemma in which the chairman found himself, and proceeded with my opening words, until some one sitting near me pulled at my coat-tails, and drew my attention to the fact that the chairman wanted to speak to me. Yielding instant obedience to his official authority, I proceeded in a low tone to explain matters to him, assuring him that it was all correct, that I was doing precisely what I had previously done for the past six or seven weeks, and that Mr Matthews himself had agreed to the arrangement. But explanations were useless. I was duly informed that this was a strict teetotalers' meeting, and that none but those who were members of the body and had taken the pledge could be allowed to address the audience. I was therefore out of place and must not speak. So decided the chairman; but I could not submit to be snuffed out

in that style. What would Mr Ginnett and the members of the company have thought of my capacity as a manager had I proved unable to 'manage' a little hitch like that? An idea struck me, and without further thought I immediately acted upon it. Turning to the chairman I said, in rather a confident manner, as though satisfied that I had solved the difficulty and would be allowed to proceed: 'Sir, I have taken the pledge.'—

Without another question, or even another word, the good gentleman stepped quickly to the front of the platform and exclaimed triumphantly: 'Ladies and gentlemen—I am happy to say that we have got the thin edge of the wedge in; the manager of the circus has taken the pledge!'

A perfect tumult of applause greeted this unexpected announcement—a most fortunate matter for me, as it gave me time for reflection. After quiet had been restored, the chairman added, with a gesture and tone of voice which seemed to welcome me into the brotherhood: 'Mr Montague will now address you!'

Another burst of applause greeted me as I again stood up. How to go on with my speech I did not know; however, I began: 'Ladies and gentlemen, I have taken the pledge.'—Loud applause than ever—more time for reflection. 'I have taken the pledge to produce in this building, to-morrow night, the very best performance we have given this season.' Amazement was depicted on every face, and exclamations began to arise from the platform and from other parts of the house. But without the slightest pause, and paying no heed to the gathering storm, I went on at the top of my voice: 'It will be the grand romantic equestrian spectacle entitled Dick Turpin's Ride to York, or the Death of Bonnie Black Bess, that famous steed being represented by the most highly trained mare in the world.'

I could not proceed. A deafening storm of hooting and yelling and hissing drowned my last words, nor would the audience be induced to listen to me again. I therefore quietly sat down, and soon afterwards the meeting terminated.

I have not yet forgotten the comments that were made by the local press upon the foregoing proceedings. A column or more in each newspaper was devoted to a humorous account of the affair; and it was noised abroad and commented upon in a manner not altogether pleasant for these worthy people, whose zeal in an undeniably good cause had somewhat outrun their discretion.

The mention of our performance of *Dick Turpin* reminds me of a little incident arising out of it. Mr Ginnett had been absent from Cardiff for several days, in consequence of the death of his father; but after the funeral was over he had returned to his duties, and on the following Saturday took the part of Dick Turpin, while I appeared as Tom King. On the following morning, Mr Ginnett wished to go to church, and desired that I should accompany him thither. A little before the service commenced, we entered the sacred edifice, walking up the side aisle, which was skirted on either hand with free seats, already occupied by the Sunday-school children and the humbler classes. As we passed these, a lad, in a voice loud enough to be heard for some distance round, exclaimed to a

companion sitting near: 'Look, 'Arry! there goes Dick Turpin and Tom King!' Our feelings, after being thus pointedly alluded to, can be better imagined than described. I know that I felt decidedly hot and uncomfortable, and wished myself somewhere else.

When, at the close of our stay at Cardiff, the occasion of my benefit drew nigh, I thought that the introduction of a good song or two would be an acceptable addition to the programme. Happening to mention my desire to Mr S—, a tradesman with whom I was well acquainted, he said he knew of just the person for the occasion—a young lady of considerable acquirements, who could sing beautifully, and who, though at one time in good circumstances, was now poor, and would be glad of a little money. An interview was arranged, at which she gave a specimen of her vocal powers. Terms were agreed upon, a rehearsal gone through, and eventually the evening came round. I had announced her name in the advertisements and placards as 'Miss Louisa Vinning, from London.' The song she had agreed to render was *Beautiful Star*, with another in reserve, in case of an encore. When the supposed 'star' arrived at the hall, the ladies of our company were of course alive with expectation, not unmixed with envy, of the interest centred in the new-comer.

The song was given most satisfactorily, the singer being rewarded with a rapturous encore; in response to which she sang another song, the title of which I now forget. Again the audience applauded, and the fair songstress withdrew. At the close of the performance, Mr Matthews, who had honoured my benefit with his patronage and presence, came round to me. 'Don't you know,' asked he, 'who that young girl is that sung to-night?' 'Not the slightest idea,' I answered. 'S— introduced her to me. Who is she?' With a gesture and look which made me suppose that I had made some outrageous mistake, he replied: 'Why, it's "Polly Buttonhole!"' In answer to my plea of ignorance, and the desire I expressed to know who Polly Buttonhole might be, Mr Matthews then gave me her history, by no means an exceptional one: A happy childhood, a heartless lover, disgrace, distress. That is the epitome of her sad life, as narrated to me by Mr Matthews.

During our stay at Cardiff, the American circus of Howes and Cushing arrived in the town, bringing with it Tom Sayers the famous pugilist, who had joined the company some time previously, and was now travelling with it from town to town, causing a great attraction, and filling [the proprietors' pockets. The agent in advance having advertised a 'one-night stay' in Cardiff, I felt sure that our house would be empty, unless I adopted some plan to avert so undesirable a result. Mr Ginnett being temporarily absent, I had to use my own discretion as to the proper course to pursue. I determined to issue free orders, for that night only, to all parts of the house except the reserved seats. Ten thousand of these tickets were printed, and promptly distributed from door to door, street by street, until the whole number were delivered. Special attractions were announced by placards; and when the momentous evening arrived, enormous

mobs, twice as many as the hall would hold, besieged our doors at an early hour; the excitement and anxiety to get in being so great, that it would have been a hopeless task to attempt to take the tickets of the people as they passed through. I therefore ordered that the doors should be thrown wide open, and the crowds allowed to pass inside until all the seats were full. Feeling convinced that a large number of those still outside, being bent upon witnessing the performance, would rather pay to come in than go away again disappointed, I went out to them, and expressed my regret that so many were unable to obtain entrance. I explained that every part of the house was full except the reserved seats, and that the price for admission to these was two shillings each. Very many more than we could accommodate came forward with their money, and these were passed in until every seat was occupied. Upwards of seventeen pounds was thus taken; while it is probable that, had we not adopted the steps above described, we should not have taken any money at all.

Before the close of the performance, Sayers came across to pay us a visit, their entertainment being over before ours. Looking round with evident amazement at our crowded benches and reserved seats, he exclaimed: 'By Jove, you're doing a rare business here!'

Talking of Sayers reminds me that while our company was performing at Greenwich in 1860, we were the first to introduce Sayers into the circus ring. Shortly after his fight with Heenan the American, Sayers went to Liverpool to visit a relative of mine, Mr Stent, one of his principal backers; and whilst there he was invited to meet at dinner the members of the Stock Exchange, by whom he was presented with a purse of a hundred and fifty pounds. It would have seemed incredible to any one at that time, that during the comparatively short space of nineteen years—this is written in 1879—public opinion upon the question of prize-fights could change so quickly as it has. Such, however, is the case, and a happy change it is.

Having suggested to Mr Ginnett that it would be a great draw if we could get Sayers to appear in the circus, he agreed with the idea; so I immediately telegraphed to the champion, making him an offer. This was accepted. On the day fixed for his appearance, I set off in good time for his residence in Camden Town in a light carriage, drawn by a pair of ponies. On returning, the vehicle contained Sayers and his son, Harry Brunton, and myself. All along the route south of the river there were plenty of people on the look-out for us, who had by some means heard that we should pass. But when we arrived at Deptford, the crowds were immense and the cheering continuous. Here the mob, having taken out the ponies, drew the carriage with its occupants at a fair speed through the crowded streets the whole distance from Deptford to the *Greyhound* hotel at Greenwich, outside which, while we were taking some refreshment, an immense concourse of seven or eight thousand people assembled. At 7.30—the time at which our performance ought to have commenced at the circus—not a dozen souls had entered the building. Ginnett, with all his experience, was puzzled to account for this, and

came in hot haste to the *Greyhound* to learn where I was and what I was doing. With great difficulty he managed to make his way through the dense crowd—the sight of which quite accounted to him for the emptiness of the circus—and entered the hotel. The next problem was, how to get Sayers to the circus. It was decided to harness two powerful horses to a brougham, and drive through the crowd as best we could. This succeeded. The people followed us, and the circus was soon filled to overflowing; and the evening's performance, including a friendly encounter with the gloves between Sayers and Brunton, was in every way a success. As an illustration of the extraordinary popularity of Sayers at that time, I may state that numbers of people gave half a sovereign apiece for the simple honour of being allowed to shake hands with him!

I am here reminded of one or two other curious incidents connected with our stay at Greenwich. One of the clowns we had there was rather addicted to his glass; and sometimes, when under the influence of potent liquor, would indulge in practical jokes without stopping to measure the consequences, or even trouble himself about them. On the day in question, being somewhat the worse for what he had taken, he had been lying on a couch for some time, groaning occasionally as though in pain, and frequently exclaiming: 'O dear! I feel as though something were going to happen in this house to-day!' This strange foreboding was repeated many times, but no one paid him any heed. Presently, however, just as footsteps were heard in the room above—noticed by the clown, though not by us—he repeated his curious prediction with greater emphasis than ever: 'I'm *sure* something's about to'—He had not finished his sentence when an awful crash and clatter were heard overhead, as though the house itself were coming down about our ears. Every one except the clown himself started to his feet, and rushed out and up-stairs, to endeavour to learn the nature of the terrible catastrophe. In the room whence the noise had proceeded a pretty scene presented itself. On the floor in front of a chiffonier, whose two doors stood wide open, was a confused heap of china and glass—cups and saucers, vases, and other ornaments, and 'miscellaneous effects'; all thrown together and mostly broken. Close by, and in tears, stood the unfortunate servant who had been sent to the chiffonier. The landlady had already entered the room, and was in great distress at the damage done to her property, but still more so at the connection which the occurrence had with the drunken clown.

As it transpired years afterwards, the clown had been at work at this chiffonier, and had so arranged and piled up its contents, that the moment the key was turned and the one door opened, the other would fly open also, and precipitate everything on to the floor.

On one occasion we were preparing for our promenade through the streets, when a kind of 'hanger-on' to our company, who, through his invariable politeness of manner, had been nicknamed 'Sweet William,' was deputed to ride a highly trained black mare, one of whose tricks consisted in undoing her girths with her teeth and removing her saddle. Sweet William was the last to leave the stables, the others having

passed out before he had mounted. Suddenly loud cries of 'Murder!' were heard to proceed from the stable, and I shouted out as I went towards the spot: 'What's the matter? Who is it?' 'It's me,' replied the agonised voice of Sweet William. 'Make haste—the mare's got hold of my toe!' And sure enough I found the man on the mare's back, writhing and twisting about, his face describing the most painful contortions, and his toe in the mare's mouth! The more he struggled, the harder she pulled at what, through some misadventure, she mistook for the girth-straps. Perhaps also she mistook his shouts for the vociferous cheers of a pleased audience, and thought it was 'all right'; and at it again she went with redoubled vigour. By some means he must have made some slight movement, which the mare thought to be her signal to perform the trick, and went to work accordingly. However, the man was speedily released from his awkward predicament, and the cavalcade proceeded on its way; but it was a long time before the incident itself ceased to excite a good-natured laugh at the expense of Sweet William.

ARCACHON AS A HEALTH-RESORT.

It is for the doctor, no doubt, to decide what invalid should be kept at home, and what invalid should face the real or imagined difficulties of a foreign sojourn; but we cannot help thinking that there is often too great a repugnance to going abroad, and that the opinion of the man of skill may occasionally be somewhat biased by the feelings of the patient. Could any anticipators of evil and discomfort have had a glimpse at our comfortable little colony in the pine-woods at Arcachon; could they have seen us in spring breathing the sweet balmy air of the forest, or have felt the genial glow of our wood and coal fires when the evening drew on; could they have visited our market and seen our fish, our flesh and our fowl, above all our mutton, that much-thought-of desideratum for the invalid—they would have been convinced there was no great hardship in spending a time among our foreign neighbours at Arcachon.

The pretty little French town of Arcachon is generally better known for its oyster-beds than as an approved sanatorium. It is situated about thirty-five miles south-west of Bordeaux, on a little inland sea called the 'Bassin d'Arcachon,' an offshoot of the Bay of Biscay, whose great swelling waves are heard roaring in the distance. It is surrounded on all sides by extensive pine-forests, which seem to act in the twofold capacity of guardian angels in shielding against all the cold breaths from without, and as angels of healing in spreading their resinous aroma all around. Arcachon is an exceedingly prosperous little town. Its fishing is extensive, and its numerous oyster-beds are a source of well-paid employment to the women as well as the men. There are rich and constantly increasing gleanings to be gathered from its winter visitors; but the summer months are its rich harvest-time. Then its rows upon rows of pretty villas, running along the shore of the Bassin for several miles, as well as those situated in the forest, are inhabited for the most part by folks from the city of Bordeaux and from the north of Spain, but with a sprinkling of visitors

from many other towns and countries. The town is divided into two parts, the *Ville de Mer* or *d'Été* and the *Ville d'Hiver*—Summer Town and Winter Town. The *Ville de Mer* has in its season many charms. When fleeing from the cold and the rain of the summer of 1877, we arrived at one of its large hotels in the beginning of September, every house seemed full to overflowing; and its trim houses with their shady porches and gardens, its avenues of stately trees, its placid little sea, studded with hundreds of little white sails, its beach and its bathers, its bustle and its lively French chatter, made up a very enlivening scene. But the season over, those villa-streets are all but deserted. The *Ville d'Hiver* has also been deserted; but there—its bathers and summer visitors being gone—the villas are put through a transition state, and come out in order and winter array, ready for a different class of visitors—principally those who as refugees from more inclement spots come to winter amid the mild air of the forest.

For it is the *Ville d'Hiver* that is the winter and spring home of the invalid. To reach it you mount northward up a pretty steep ascent from about the middle of the *Ville de Mer*, and pass round or through the beautiful gardens of its Casino, turning at every few steps to admire the little town and its calm little sea beyond it; and all at once, on reaching the summit, you find yourself in an enchanted ground, a region of still beauty and peace. It is not gorgeous; it is not like the Riviera, with its glittering sea and variegated heights. It is the land of peace, not of glory; a mass of dark forest, lit up by the sun, and embowering the scattered houses which constitute the town. The height on which the *Ville d'Hiver* stands is no more than a sand-hill, or rather a series of sand-hills, on which is set a labyrinth of villas of every size and every shape, all surrounded by their little gardens, and these all and everywhere surrounded by pines. Yet is it in very deed a city built upon sand. Up banks of sand, down hills of sand, through cuttings of sand, you go; and perched on the top of sand-banks, nestled at the bottom of sand-banks, looking into yawning gorges of sandy forest, those lovely villas stand. Some there are in unconnected rows; others all alone but in friendly proximity; facing every point of the compass, up high overlooking the sea, down deep buried among the pines, everywhere villas. There is no order, no stiff formality; in shape, size, and architecture, each differs from its neighbour; but the effect of the whole is a scene upon which the eye delights to rest.

In regard to the virtue that may exist in this little city of the pines, we uninitiated have but to look at the results. We do not think any one could spend a winter at Arcachon and become acquainted with those who are resident there, or who return to it year after year, without being forced to the conclusion that the results of a sojourn in Arcachon have often been wonderful. How those results have been brought about, is a question too profound to enter on. Sufficient for us that we see them. And it needs seeing to bring forth believing; for the climate of Arcachon is not what is usually called perfect. We have no certainty there of the sun beaming on us from morning to night. At Arcachon we cannot fix our picnics a week before the time and feel certain

that the day will be dry and cloudless. But it does not suit every one to be roasted; and it may be that the climate being more akin to our own than that in many of the more southern health-resorts, does not tell against its influence on the British constitution. We are not in this respect transported into foreign soil; we have not the hard dry heaven of brass above us, but an excellent share of clouds, which do not hesitate to discharge their watery elements at will. And there are calm, mild, sweet cloudy days when rain does not fall, which, though the sun in his glory is withheld, constitute one of the charms of the place. In this respect it will be seen how much Arcachon differs in climate from so many of its brighter southern compeers, where the very strength of the sun makes certain peculiarly constituted folks feel a chill in removing from his presence. At Arcachon the rays of the sun seem to permeate all through and beneath the pines, there to be retained and linger when Sol himself withdraws. The absence of wind is another characteristic of the forest. Tempests may roar without, Atlantic billows may be heard in the distance, and even the little Bassin may rise suddenly in treacherous little storms; but the peace of the forest is seldom disturbed.

But it is its spring-time which is the peculiar glory and beauty of Arcachon; for then the pines redouble their healing powers. Then, too, are the little tin cups or earthenware pots hung up below the newly cut slit in the trunk, to receive its resinous outpourings; and the mass of blossoms shakes over everything its yellow powder. This powder is a peculiar feature: let the least wind stir in the forest, and it descends in clouds. It enters the open window; it covers the clothing; it floats down to the *Ville de Mer*; and covers the very sea. If it is true that a healing virtue resides in pine-trees, that virtue must certainly be had in perfection at Arcachon.

With regard to the manner of life at Arcachon: there are several *pensions* well reputed for kindness and consideration to the invalid; but the usual drawbacks to a boarding-house cannot be surmounted; and to the confirmed invalid a comfortable house, with the home hours and the home ways, must ever be the most desirable mode of life, when it can be attained. There are many excellent houses to be had, well furnished and replete with comfort, so that, to those of easy means, we do not think there should be much difficulty in the choice of an abode. Still, precautions need to be taken. The situations differ. A breath of the sea-air may be desirable for some, whose abode may therefore be chosen among the heights overlooking the sea; while it is perhaps altogether undesirable for others, who must accordingly retire to the bottom of some protecting slope. To those of more limited means, the choice of a temporary home becomes more difficult, as small comfortable villas fit for winter habitations are not very numerous. But the number of houses of all sizes is increasing rapidly, so that this want will probably soon be supplied. We think the houses in several ways superior to what can be rented at home for the same money.

The commissariat of Arcachon is in nearly every respect ample. As in all French towns, groceries and English luxuries are dear; and so are vegetables, which have all to be brought from Bor-

deaux, but are generally very good. Fowls are cheaper than at home, especially turkeys. The beef is good, the veal equally so and abundant, and the Pyrenean mutton it would be difficult to excel. There are many kinds of fish, amongst which we may mention soles. Oysters are to be had at half a franc the dozen, and are greatly relished, though not in the state of richness they attain to after transportation and a few months' feeding on the fat things of the Thames.

Fuel is an item of expenditure which many find unexpectedly dear. Abundance of it is a necessity, and therefore must be procured at any price; but there are ways and means here which it is well to consider. Many have the idea that no heat can come from the low French fireplaces we are so accustomed to in our health-resorts. It does not come out very willingly certainly, or at the moment of kindling; but dry wood and an *unstinted hand* will make a warm fire in spite of adverse circumstances. Coals from Bordeaux were our resource, a few families joining in taking a truck-load; and a couple of little grates, with a few fire-bricks round them, formed no great additional outlay.

The resources of Arcachon in the way of recreation and amusement, if not numerous, are at least good. Who could think it otherwise when we mention boating and riding as the principal? In the winter-time, riding is the great resource. Horse-hire is about half the home-price, and the paths through the forest are numerous. During our stay, mounted paper-hunts and similar innocent amusements were got up for the young people, while the older and weaker part of the community went to see the start. In spring, boating becomes perhaps the most popular recreation; and a tour through the oyster-beds is a thing to do in Arcachon.

Arcachon has one great advantage for the invalid, that it is easy of access. The long weary railway journey, and the trying stoppages incidental to foreign travelling, need not be encountered. A couple of days' sail from Liverpool in one of the fine 'Pacific' steamers takes us almost to our desired haven. And Arcachon once reached, we need be in no hurry to leave it. There, we are not turned adrift either by burning sun or melting snow, and forced again to become wanderers at the very season of the year which is often fraught with such danger to the invalid. For when April sheds her influence around, and the pines are pouring out their resinous virtues, if we find the forest air oppressive, we have but to bundle up our few belongings and move a mile or so down to the refreshing breezes of the *Plage*. There we have the sea on one side, with its sandy beach and all its life of boats and bustle, and oyster-women in their picturesque costume. On the other, the rows of chestnuts in their pyramids of pink, and the little town all astir with the Easter-holiday-making Bordelais, afford a change which, when evening comes, makes us sleep the sleep of the just.

In regard to the medical resources of Arcachon, an English doctor has been a winter resident there for a good many years. There are also several French doctors in the place, one in particular thought good at diagnosing all lung diseases, and who is frequently called in as consulting physician.

The Ville d'Hiver of Arcachon is rapidly in-

creasing in size. It is about twelve or fourteen years since a remarkable cure, attributable only to the pines and to no exterior comforts, brought the locality into notice; and Dr Hudson of Dublin was the first to send his patients to it. His example is now being followed by other physicians both in England and Scotland; and since the Franco-Prussian war, it is also becoming popular with the Parisians. As it increases in size, changes may come over it, and improvements be made in supplying what is found wanting; and those who now complain of its dullness may find more gaieties to distract their winter evenings. But gaieties are not conducive to cures, nor will they compensate in the eyes of many an invalid for the kindly sympathetic feeling which is at present so strong in the little community.

It is not for us to enter into the question what may or may not be the fitting place for those threatened with that sad disease which makes migration from our raw and foggy atmosphere so desirable at the approach of winter or spring. The effects of climate and atmosphere, and the constitutions and symptoms to be considered, are so varied, that skill to the utmost is needed in making the choice.

Most fervently do we wish that those who fly either to sunny shores or Alpine heights may find all their hopes realised; but for a spring resort, even if not thought of for all the winter, they might do worse than try the effects of the sweet pine-forest of Arcachon.

DESTRUCTION OF BIRDS OF PREY.

THE following remarks upon the systematic slaughter of hawks and other birds of prey—communicated by Mr Hugh Turner of Ipswich—appeared in *Land and Water*, a journal which has repeatedly advocated the cause of our persecuted *raptorial*. Being so consistent with our own views on this important subject, we do not hesitate to quote the paragraph in full. It is as follows:

The great destruction of the noblest species of British birds, the *raptorial* (birds of prey), which is taking place, and threatens in course of time, if nothing is done to prevent it, to exterminate them in England, is a matter to be deplored not only by ornithologists but by the community at large. Nature has provided spheres of usefulness for all her children; each has its appointed work to do, and if we destroy one, many must suffer the consequences. Yet this is what is being done in the case of our native hawks. That evil to the land, and one of the many burdens the farmer has to bear, the gamekeeper, one of the most disturbing elements in the relationship of landlord and tenant, and the author of the many abuses relating to the game-laws, indiscriminately destroys all bird-life save game, and it is to him we owe in great measure the gradual extinction with us of our native hawks. The gamekeeper in his crass ignorance believes that hawks in gaining their legitimate living prefer game to other food, as though they knew of the arbitrary distinction made only by the laws of man; and this is his sole reason for destroying them, because, perchance, they may kill a few of his young pheasants and partridges, which he is rearing only to be slaughtered by the degenerating battue system.

Mr F. W. Dealy, writing in *Science Gossip* for

November last, in an article on the Sparrow-hawk, gives the following curious calculation: 'Suppose there is one pair of sparrow-hawks to every twenty square miles of the British Isles—which is a very moderate calculation, far below the number—there would then be twelve thousand one hundred and fifty birds. Again, suppose each of these to consume three birds—sparrows, we will say—per day, they would destroy upwards of thirteen million per year. What a holocaust offered up at the shrine of agriculture, and yet it is rejected.'

The Rev. F. O. Morris, in his well-known work on British Birds, speaking of the kestrel, another of our commonest, or rather least rare, hawks, says: 'It does infinitely more good than harm, if indeed it does any harm at all; and its stolid destruction by gamekeepers and others is much to be lamented, and should be deprecated by all who are able to interfere for the preservation of a bird which is an ornament to the country.'

It is a great pity that the *raptores* were not included in the Wild Birds Protection Act, for it is in the breeding season, when the hawks resort to the woods, that their systematic and senseless slaughter by gamekeepers takes place.

In the winter, birds of prey leave the woods for more open country, and at this season of the year may be seen hovering over farm premises and corn-stacks in search of their food in the shape of rats, mice, sparrows, &c.; thereby ridding the farmer of those tiresome pests, which undermine his buildings and destroy hundreds of coombs of corn annually, besides doing other mischief; yet here again they are thoughtlessly shot at by any and every one carrying a gun. Can the increase of vermin in farm homesteads be wondered at when the very means Nature has given to remedy the evil is being wantonly destroyed?

As an instance of the war waged against our native hawks, I may mention that during last month four rough-legged buzzards—a large and, with us, rare species of hawk—were killed in the neighbourhood of this town; two of them had been shot and one trapped by gamekeepers. I would ask all lovers of Nature to try their utmost to prevent this wholesale destruction of our native *raptores*, or they will awaken when too late to the fact of the loss of many of the most beautiful and useful of our feathered friends.

THE MONTH.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

At the first meeting of the Institution of Civil Engineers in the present year, Mr W. H. Barlow, the President, in the course of an address, gave a summary of the progress of engineering since 1828, the year in which the Institution obtained its royal charter. Then there were a few tramways for the transport of coal in the mining districts, and a railway from Stockton to Darlington. In 1830 the railway from Liverpool to Manchester was opened. Now, the railways of the world measure more than one hundred and sixty thousand miles, in which the invested capital amounts to more than three thousand two hundred millions sterling. And considering that the greater part of the world is still unprovided with railways, the civil engineers look forward to a

very long period of active work in railway construction. Not less remarkable is the increase of steam-navigation; but with the number of steam-vessels there has been an increase of wrecks. These disasters may be to a large extent obviated by the improvement of ports and construction of harbours of refuge on both sides of the Channel. So much thought, scientific knowledge, and unremitting perseverance have been bestowed on perfecting marine engines and the build and endurance of ships, that the losses by wreck appear doubly deplorable.

The telegraph was then mentioned. In its present form it had no existence in 1828. In 1875, the total length of wire in operation was estimated at four hundred thousand miles. Lines have since been extended to the Cape of Good Hope and Zanzibar, and two cables laid between France and America. By means of the 'relay' (an instrument for calling a local battery into play, and thus increasing the electrical current), messages can be sent to distances formerly regarded as impossible. Calcutta and London, seven thousand miles apart, have been frequently put into direct communication. The prospect of the extension of telegraphs is not less encouraging than that of railways.

Another instance is found in the enormous growth of the use and application of gas. The sum of the investments in gas-works throughout the kingdom now amounts to forty million pounds, of which twelve million pounds represent the capital of the London gas companies. In 1878 the length of gas-mains in the metropolis was two thousand five hundred miles; the street lamps numbered fifty-eight thousand; the quantity of gas manufactured was seventeen thousand five hundred million cubic feet; and the residual matters produced in the manufacture were worth seven hundred and forty-five thousand pounds.

The telephone, Sir Joseph Whitworth's process for compressing instead of hammering steel, general improvements in the manufacture of iron and steel, and bridges and tunnels were mentioned as illustrative examples of the advantage derived from a better knowledge of physical science. Mr Barlow will find many to agree with him where he says: 'Obviously it is most essential that engineers should be acquainted with the principles which lie at the foundation of mechanical science, and with the nature and properties of the materials employed in works.' It remains for the engineers to avail themselves of the abundant means which now exist for the study of applied science; and the more they study materials, especially iron, and find out their limit of endurance, the better for all concerned.

It has been shewn that the rise and fall of the tides all around our coasts might be made to work machinery to compress air, and that this compressed air could be applied to vehicles of all kinds, private as well as public, to do the work of horses. In New York, a tramway system is already worked upon this principle. Reservoirs of compressed air are situated at certain street-stations where the cars are charged. They can then run for two miles or more before the air-supply becomes exhausted. It is also suggested that

compressed air might be laid on like gas, for the performance of domestic work.

Water-power for household purposes has been brought into use at Zurich. Firewood, for example, is to be sawn into convenient lengths for burning. A small sawing-machine on wheels is drawn by two men to the front of a house. They connect it by a flexible tube with the nearest hydrant; the water flows to the machine; the saw dances, and cuts up the wood with surprising rapidity. The quantity of water used is shewn by an indicator affixed to the sawing-machine. A portable turbine has also been invented, and employed in many places in the city, in driving a Gramme machine for the production of electric light. Water is sold very cheap in Zurich; but there are perhaps other towns in which this, so to call it, domestic water-power could be advantageously introduced. A turbine of American origin, about four inches in diameter, has for some time been sold in London. Its office is to work a sewing-machine. An india-rubber tube is attached to the ordinary water-supply—a similar tube acting as waste-pipe to the nearest sink.

A French captain at Oran, Algiers, has invented a hydraulic apparatus which, by dilating and contracting itself under water, produces an up-and-down motion which might be utilised for mechanical operations.—A hat-maker at Paris claims to have invented an aspirating or exhausting cloth, which obviates the inconveniences occasioned by perspiration.

Dr Schwendler, the electrician-general of India, as he may be called, has shewn that the cumbersome galvanic batteries which now produce the currents used by telegraphers for messages and signals may be done away with, and advantageously replaced by a current from a dynamo-electric machine. A machine of this kind, as is pretty well known, converts mechanical power directly into magnetism and electricity. The current thus produced can be employed in various ways: as light, and as a mechanical helper in domestic and official work. It can be set to swing punkahs, raise lifts, ring bells, drive a wheel, impel currents of air, and to other useful employments; and at night it will light up a telegraph office, a railway station, or a street. While the main current is thus busily employed, it may be tapped, so to speak, and weak currents drawn off for telegraphic purposes. Experiments tried at the government telegraph-works Alipore, India, proved completely successful, for messages were sent by the weak current to Agra, eight hundred and fifty miles distant, without any diminution of the light by which the works were illuminated. Not less successful were experiments made in the office at Calcutta, where fourteen telegraph lines terminate. Messages were sent along each of these lines at the same time, and not more than 5.0 per cent. of the main current was required. The employment of a magneto machine in lieu of a battery for telegraphic purposes, is of itself by no means new, for the ABC Telegraph of Wheatstone, so common on private lines, has always been worked by this means. But we may infer that dynamo-electric machines, capable of multifarious purposes, will some day be more generally employed.

Professors Houston and Thomson of the Central High School, Philadelphia, have devised a way of

storing up electricity in convenient receptacles for scientific purposes or ordinary work. They make use of a cell or suitable vessel containing a saturated solution of zinc sulphate in which are two copper-plates connected by a wire. A current from a dynamo-electric machine is then passed through the cell from the lower to the upper plate, and is continued until metallic zinc in considerable quantity is deposited on the upper plate, and a dense solution of copper sulphate overlies the under plate. The charge is then complete, and may be applied as required. The cell may be covered or sealed, to prevent evaporation; and since no addition of new material is needed, a restoration to an active condition is at any time possible.

As the Professors remark: 'The most obvious application of a storage battery furnishing a constant and lasting current, is to replace the ordinary telegraphic batteries; the objections to the direct use of the dynamo-electric machine being mainly the necessity for continually sustaining the driving-power and preventing variations or intermissions therein, to adapt the current generated to the work to be done; and to sustain a uniform electromotive force in said current. By the use of a storage battery, the dynamo-electric machine may be run at suitable intervals to produce and maintain the charge.' Storage batteries, as they point out, could be made use of in lighthouses, to work alarm signals, to drive small machines, and for many other obvious purposes.

The long-vexed question as to the cause of the unfortunate accident to the *Thunderer* gun has at length been definitely set at rest. The committee of inquiry reported that the cause of the gun bursting was, that it had inadvertently received a double charge both of shot and powder. This theory was called in question by many, and more particularly by Colonel Palliser, who instituted a series of trials upon a smaller gun, which, in result, certainly went to uphold his views. The sister-gun to that which burst has, however, now been put through a similar series of experiments—the last of which consisted in the ignition of a double charge, which shattered the gun to pieces. Although this experiment has cost a large sum, it has restored confidence in our big guns, for it shews that they will only give way under circumstances which should never be possible.

A portion of the history and results of the *Voyage of H.M.S. Challenger*, containing zoological descriptions with plates, is published. The whole work will comprise fourteen or fifteen quarto volumes, presenting a general account of the voyage with charts and landscapes, the magnetical and meteorological observations, the nature of recent deposits at the sea-bottom, their bearings on geology and petrology, on the general chemical and physical results of the expedition, besides full details of zoology and natural history. This is an important scheme, and we may assume that the work, when complete, will be a not less important contribution to science.

The publication of an important book has been commenced in Melbourne: a description with coloured plates of the various eucalyptus trees of Australia. As a work of reference for tree-cultivators, this work will be eminently useful in all countries.

From the Geological and Natural History Survey

of Canada, which takes a wide sweep into surrounding regions, we learn that on the east coast of Hudson's Bay the sea-level is falling at a comparatively rapid rate, from five to ten feet in a century. Certain bays and mouths of rivers, once resorted to by ships, cannot now be approached; and that which was formerly covered by the tide, is now several feet out of the water.

Lord Walsingham has placed at the disposal of the Entomological Society two prizes of fifty pounds each: one for the best and most complete life-history of the parasite supposed to produce the so-called 'gapes' in poultry; and one for a similar history of the parasite supposed to produce the grouse disease. The inquiry cannot be termed strictly entomological, but good may come from it nevertheless.

In a communication read to the Geological Society by Dr Wallich, interesting particulars were given of the origin, mode of formation, and cause of the stratification of the chalk flints, following them from the period when the chief portion of the silica of which they are composed was eliminated from the ocean water by the deep-sea sponges, to the period in which they became consolidated. The silica is derived mainly from the sponge-beds and fields which exist in immense profusion over the areas occupied by the Globigerine or calcareous ooze. Sponges are the only really important contributors to the flint formation that live and die on the sea-bed; and flints are just as much an organic product as the chalk itself. Dr Wallich is of opinion that the substance to which the name *Bathybius* has been given is in reality sponge protoplasm; and that no valid lithological distinction exists between the chalk and the calcareous mud of the Atlantic, and that therefore the calcareous mud may be, and in all probability is 'a continuation of the chalk-formation.'

It is frequently said that uncivilised people have an advantage over the civilised in their exemption from unsoundness of teeth. Among the civilised, the 'wisdom-teeth' are very apt to become impaired, and these with other defects are looked on as results of civilisation. But Professor Flower, of the Royal College of Surgeons, in a discourse to the Odontological Society on abnormal dentition, accompanied by examples from all parts of the world, shewed that 'defective condition of the wisdom-teeth is no monopoly of the most highly civilised races, but may also be found among the most abject and degraded of the whole human species.' In the Eskimos and other Mongol races, the instances of entire absence of wisdom-teeth are numerous.

'Phthisis,' says Dr W. Thomson of Melbourne, 'continues to be the most fatal disease in Victoria. Deaths from phthisis (consumption) in 1877 numbered one thousand and eighty-eight, which is a larger number than was ever previously recorded in any year.' He has visited many parts of the world, has resided some years in Australia, and has set forth his views upon the malady, supported by cases observed in actual practice, in a book entitled *On Phthisis and the supposed Influence of Climate, being an Analysis of Statistics of Consumption in this part of Australia*. By medical practitioners and persons intending to visit Australia in pursuit of health, the book may be read with advantage.

In a paper read before the National Academy of Sciences at Washington, Mr Le Conte states his views on the 'Glycogenic Function of the Liver,' and the way in which it disposes of waste. 'It seems to me,' he says, 'that physiologists do not even yet sufficiently appreciate the function of the blood as a reservoir. The blood must be regarded as a reservoir not only for oxygen and carbonic acid, but also and still more for food, for fuel, and for waste. The tissue-food of to-day is not used for building to-day; but the blood is drawn upon for materials for this purpose, and resupplies itself from albuminoid food. The amyloid food of to-day is not burned to-day; but the blood is drawn upon for fuel, and resupplies itself from the liver; while the liver in its turn resupplies itself from the amyloid food. So also waste tissue of to-day is not mainly burned and eliminated to-day; but the blood is again drawn upon for fuel from this source, and resupplies itself from the liver, and the liver from the tissues.'

According to Mr Le Conte, the three sources of vital force and animal heat are (1) the combustion of the whole of the amyloids; (2) the combustion of the combustible portion of albuminoid food excess; and (3) the combustion of the combustible portion of waste tissues. Therefore, he observes, the function of the liver is to prepare all the fuel of the body, and this fuel is only liver-sugar.

LINES ON PORTOBELLO.

WRITTEN AFTER A VISIT OF TWO MONTHS IN 1877.

The lines are a reply to the old song, beginning 'By Pinkie House off let me walk, to muse on Nelly's charms.' For a suitable rhyme to 'Nelly,' the name 'Portobello' is given as 'Portobelli,' such being the ordinary pronunciation by certain classes in Edinburgh.

THOUGH Pinkie walks are wondrous fine,
For musing on your Nelly,
I much prefer for change of air,
The walks in 'Portobelli.'

I'll ne'er repine for charms divine
You find in lovely Nelly;
The charms that last, are to my taste
The charms of 'Portobelli.'

The yellow sands, with mirthful bands,
And nought to e'er repel ye;
That beach so rare, beyond compare,
Which fringes 'Portobelli.'

A beauteous scene, the air serene,
Ah! what can e'er excel ye!
The sum of health, above all wealth,
You'll find in 'Portobelli.'

A choice retreat, with dwellings meet—
Fit home for any Nelly;
They're to be blest who take their rest
In pleasant 'Portobelli.'

Where'er I roam and far from home,
I'll not forget to tell aye,
Of happy summer days I spent
With friends in 'Portobelli.'

W. C.

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ENCOURAGEMENTS TO UNTHRIFT.

THE public discussions that have lately taken place with a view to promote the cultivation of thrift, would seem to indicate a belief that things have gone a little too far in the way of mis-expenditure of means and want of foresight. Possibly there may be some adventitious object to serve in these oratorical displays; but at all events they are the echo of what we have been endeavouring to inculcate for a long course of years—a reasonable thriftiness in living, along with the pleasant consciousness of self-reliance. Unfortunately, everything that can be said by the press or by public speaking in this direction is largely neutralised by a vast organisation of charitable aid in all great centres of population. Through the well-meaning but heedless operations of philanthropists, the humbler and other sections of the community are systematically depraved by offers of succour under the pressure of such difficulties as happen to overtake them. The persons so operated upon may very fairly say: 'What is the use of being thrifty? When the worst comes to the worst, we have hundreds of charities to fall back upon. For every disease that may afflict ourselves or our families, medicines and medical attendance can be had for nothing. Trying to save would deprive us of our comforts, and be ridiculous. Carry on! It will be all the same a hundred years hence. As the old song goes:

When the house is running round about,
It is time enough to flit;
For, we've aye been provided for,
And so will we yet.'

There, in defiance of Solomon's proverbs, of the apothegms of Franklin, and admonitions without end, lies the whole philosophy of the thriftless. They know they will be provided for somehow, and give themselves no concern about the future.

Among all the public charities that are habitually abused, those dedicated to the alleviation and cure of disease are the most conspicuous. Whether these charities are supported by endowments or

by voluntary contributions, the result is the same. They are shamefully taken advantage of. While beneficently rendering aid to those who from no fault of their own are unable to pay for medical treatment, they offer an encouragement to unthrift and pauperisation. This we pointed out a year or two ago in an article entitled 'Mischievous Philanthropy'; and it is made more abundantly evident in the recently published work on 'Pay Hospitals,' by Mr H. C. Burdett (Churchill, London), in which the facts rest on unchallengeable authority. The matter has become so flagrant, that propositions are being made to set on foot Hospitals and Dispensaries for the benefit of which a reasonable sum is charged. We shall select a few from the many instances of abuse in the free hospital and dispensary system as presented by Mr Burdett.

The first important case is that of the Royal Free Hospital, London, where 'it has been shewn that the out-patient department is abused to the extent of seventy-four per cent., if we include the whole of those patients who are able to pay to a provident dispensary. In other words, out of six hundred and forty-one cases investigated, one hundred and sixty-nine, or twenty-six per cent., were found to be fit objects for the charity.' This was the hospital which George Moore, the philanthropist, so strenuously promoted. What would he have said to the facts just quoted? 'Everywhere,' says Mr Burdett, 'the number of patients applying for free medical relief has increased to the extent of nearly fifty per cent. in our large towns during the last ten years. Thus, in London at the present time, one in four of the whole population receives gratuitous medical relief when ill.' In the space of ten years in Birmingham, the number of patients treated gratuitously rose from sixty-six to a hundred and four thousand. In Liverpool, in 1877, one in two of the population relied on medical charity. 'It thus becomes evident that the present system of medical relief must be remodelled. It injures all classes. It demoralises the patient, deprives the poor of their lawful inheritance, defrauds the

medical profession, and hampers the hospital finances. It is hopeless to expect that people will put aside even a penny a week for medicine and a doctor's attendance when they can get as much for the mere asking. As long, therefore, as the hospitals give their relief so freely and indiscriminately, we must expect that the people will use this stepping-stone to pauperism, and be deprived of that happiest of results, the healthy feeling of self-help and independence, which belongs to those who do their duty in providing for the necessities of life.

It is curious to observe how some large towns make enormous efforts to increase the size of their free hospitals, and encourage all and sundry to frequent them, as if they were performing a great work of beneficence, when probably a half or a third of all who are received as patients are able to pay for medical attendance. The boast of some hospitals is that no applicant who on examination requires to be medically treated will be turned away. In one sense, it is a noble principle of action; but closely considered, it includes a disregard of how many persons in decent circumstances are pauperised. That people who are tolerably well off are admitted to these free and easy hospitals, is obvious from the newspaper obituaries. As if signifying a break-down in independent principle, families do not seem to think there is anything derogatory in announcing that one of their members died in a hospital supported by charitable contributions. It may be presumed that in such cases the feelings have been so blunted, that medical treatment for nothing is taken not as a charity but as a right.

There is a certain drollery in these misconceptions; but they go beyond a joke. The rearing of huge hospitals to meet the increasing demands of patients forms a heavy though voluntary tax on the community, and not less onerous is the annual expenditure. Lately, a very grand new Hospital, styled the Royal Infirmary, was opened in Edinburgh. It was built, and will be supported, by private contributions. According to a public statement, the buildings have cost three hundred and forty thousand pounds. The number of beds that can be provided for patients is six hundred. Reckoning the interest on the cost at four per cent, and the cost of maintenance, the outlay on each bed will be about seventy-eight pounds per annum. If fewer than six hundred beds are fitted up, the cost of each will be proportionally increased. Any one, therefore, who remains in the Infirmary for a month costs the public at least six pounds; without reference to the value of medical attendance, which in the interests of the medical school is gratuitous so far as patients are concerned. Facts of this kind should lead to some sobering reflections.

With a view to limit the number of applicants for gratuitous board, lodging, and medical attendance, the plan of charging a registration fee of one shilling has been tried at several free hospitals; but it is found to introduce fresh evils. Idlers go about begging for money, under pretence of procuring a shilling to pay the fee. This plan has besides the demerit of excluding the absolutely poor, who ought properly to be the recipients of the charity. Everything considered, it comes to this, that the right thing to do is to set up Pay Hospitals and Pay Dispensaries on the plan of Provident

Societies. That is to say, by paying a small sum per week or month, a family would receive medical succour in the event of any ailment. Any such scheme properly worked would encourage thrift, and be the means of relieving the public from enormous claims now made on them for charitable contributions. It is mentioned that Provident medical schemes, varied according to circumstances, have proved successful in France, Spain, Italy, Norway, Sweden, Germany, Austria, America, and the Colonies. Schemes of this kind are in operation in some parts of England, and it would be satisfactory to see them more generally extended.

Other economic plans commend themselves for support. As, for example, attaching Pay-wings to free hospitals. An excellent Pay-wing has been attached to a free hospital at Montreal. Wherever they have been rightly begun, hospitals of this useful description have proved to be of immense use to isolated individuals who have no dwelling-house of their own, and who sensitively shrink from encroaching on a charity. In some quarters, objections may be raised to Pay-wings. It may be urged that they are not sufficiently detached from the charity departments, and would prove a failure. In that case, let Pay Hospitals of moderate dimensions and of different varieties to suit the means and tastes of applicants, be tried. In this species of minor hospitals, under the name of Sanatoria, Paris and its environs offer good specimens, generally, we believe, the property of physicians. They are in fact private boarding-houses for medical treatment; the accommodation and the charges made being adapted to the different classes of persons who take advantage of them. In some cases, the inmates of Pay Hospitals are not excluded from employing their own medical attendant. Mr Burdett's book may be consulted as to experiments of one kind or other that have been made respecting schemes of payment both for hospital treatment and for the dispensing of medicines. To our mind, the subject is involved in no material difficulty. Where there is a will there is a way. The chief obstacle, as we apprehend, to the introduction of any such schemes for lessening dependence on charities, may be expected to come from existing institutions. Over a long course of years, interests and prejudices have grown up, and are tenacious in their vitality. We happen to know a case where an energetic attempt in a large city was made, for the sake of economy in management, to coalesce the public charities into kindred groups. The idea met with general favour; but it also incurred formidable opposition. Interests in charities were viewed as trade interests. The attempt was worse than a failure. It ended only in a fresh organisation.

It would be absurd to affect an ignorance of the progress of thrift, notwithstanding the many powerful influences exerted in an opposite direction. The tokens of improved habits meet us in all directions. The vast sums now deposited in the Savings-banks. The numerous instances of workmen buying and inhabiting neat and salubrious dwellings, a circumstance largely owing to Provident Building Societies. The diffused taste for reading. A higher style of dress among both sexes. The universal culture of the young by means of compulsory education. We would add, the greater leisure to think, and disposition to

inquire. On the bare surface of society, the change for the better is at once manifest in comparison with what we remember two generations back. The human being, so to speak, is of more value. On the whole, things are going on very well, though they might be better. We still observe, especially on the occasion of holidays, a prodigious mass who, delivering themselves up to idle and mischievous habits, seem not to have advanced one iota. They have relatively gone back. In their rough looks and ragged wretchedness, their vacantly staring about with their hands in their pockets, their pouring in streams into public-houses, their fights and brawls, of which we hear enough in the daily newspaper reports—in all this, and in more that could be mentioned, we have the flagrant proof that society is yet a good way from the millennium. In plain terms, in the midst of a higher civilisation there is a conspicuous stratum of barbarism, that as a heavy drag retards everything.

If let alone to experience the consequence of their improvidence, this dark mass might possibly be diminished; but on the contrary, it is pampered and kept alive in all its hideous recklessness by the meddlesomeness of philanthropists, who cherish it as a choice field of operations for their crotchets. Misery is rendered perennial instead of casual. We hold that as long as every species of misexpenditure and bodily ailment is liable to be succoured by charitable associations, there will, of course, be Encouragements to Unthrift.

W. C.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

BY D. CHRISTIE MURRAY.

CHAPTER X.—AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

It was a conscious smile, which recognised its own charming existence.

WHY do I always think of Wrethedale as I knew it in the summer-time; and why am I quite baffled now that I try to recall it as I first saw it on that dismal winter-night? An old west-country friend of mine, hunting me up the other day, found me inwrapped in fog within two hundred yards of Temple Bar, and his very mention of the place created in these gloomy chambers a sense of sunshine and green fields. You may seek in vain for Wrethedale now. The quaint cross-timbered houses with their thatched eaves and diamonded windows have disappeared, and trim villas line the road. The lilac's bloom and the laburnum's dropping gold no longer overhang the dusty, crooked, little highway. The swinging tavern-sign has at length taken the flight which on gusty days it used to meditate of old, and the tavern has followed it. The big tree on the green—the green itself—they are as clean gone as that by-gone self of mine who knew them. I sometimes feel so regretful over these changes, that I mourn for the little village as though for a friend departed.

The place is opulent and new-fangled. A line of railway with sides of bare earth intersects the lovely landscape, and shapeless bridges offend the eye. The sweet quiet is broken by hoarse screams and pantings. Rural silence has fled from the very heart of its home, and if you would be in

the country, you must leave Wrethedale behind you. I have a right to be aggrieved at all this.

In my Black Country home I had had but little chance of falling in love with Nature, whose countenance was so torn and scarified as to be scarcely lovely. Not even there, of course, could the heart of a child go without some recognition of the brightening of the sky, and the softening of the air in spring-time, some gladness in the languor of the summer afternoon, some welcome for the solemn peace of autumn's skies. But here Nature wore the loveliest of faces always, and most lovingly wooed me.

My schoolmates for the first week or two were just of the average caste, exciting neither special likings nor dislikings. I discovered to my own surprise on one occasion that I could be roused to fight in self-defence; and having fought and conquered, and established my footing, lived in tolerable peace and comfort. The Rev. Charles Davies was a good little man of consumptive tendencies. He was eminently painstaking and pious, and for the rest, commonplace. A good little man who did his work dutifully according to his lights, which were not brilliant. He had a good little wife, who coddled him and us, and spent herself wholly—the good little soul!—in kindly offices for all about her. But they are phantoms here, and have no purpose to fulfil in this story. The good little clergyman's good little wife took a natural interest in my forlorn condition. Sally's first visit was made on a Saturday afternoon, and she was admitted to see me in the schoolroom, at that time deserted by its usual occupants, who were romping and shouting to their hearts' content in the gravelled ground outside. While Sally and I were in the full flow of mutual confidence, Mrs Davies came into the schoolroom, and entered into talk with Sally, and drew from her my little history. This was a subject over which Sally always cried; and Mrs Davies, who was not a strong-minded woman, cried a little with her, and told her she was a good kind soul, and said she should always be welcome to come and see me. I also cried a little, I remember, and was a good deal petted and generally made much of. I missed Sally heavily at first, but grew gradually reconciled, and found a friend in the manageress of our childish affairs. Life glided along smoothly enough for a while in this quiet place and under these happy auspices.

It was the first of May, and we were promised a half-holiday. The Reverend Charles and his two ushers were in the best of earthly humours; and I, with some half-dozen others, was lazily reciting the products of Madagascar, when Mrs Davies entered the little side class-room in which we sat and summoned her husband from the school. When he returned, as he did in a few minutes, he brought a new boy with him. 'This, young gentlemen,' he said, 'is Master George Gascoigne. You will learn the names of your companions, Gascoigne, by-and-by.'

The new boy was a slim and pallid youth, with long golden curls and handsome blue eyes and a girlishly beautiful face. He was quite self-possessed, and inclined his head towards us at this introduction. I, remembering my own awkward advent, and the painful shyness which overmastered me when the Reverend Charles delivered

himself of his little set speech on the occasion of my introduction to the school, was almost awed by the pleasant and easy smile of this new-comer. The smile was a genuine bit of sunshine, and gave the face, for the moment that it dwelt there, both warmth and colour. Perhaps I mix my memories here once more, and confuse first and later impressions; but I have often thought since then, that any grown-up creature, looking at that lad's face, should have seen what great things lay within him, and how easy it might be to turn them all to evil. Any grown-up creature with the slightest faculty for observation might have gained some knowledge of the boy's character from his smile, and having gained the knowledge, might have used it for his good. For as I knew afterwards, he was keenly susceptible to all opinions, and as ductile-hearted as a girl. But nobody saw or cared, and he, my best and dearest friend, and my worst enemy and his own, grew up; to fulfil his destiny perhaps.

I have spoken of his smile. Let me try to say what I observed in it then—child as I was—and noticed in it many a time afterwards. It was perfectly frank and spontaneous. But it was a conscious smile, which recognised its own charming existence, and recognised your appreciation of it; and in its pleasure in itself, and in your pleasure at it, lived a little moment longer than it would otherwise have done. It captivated me at once, I know; and that afterlight in the face which seemed to recognise my sensation and to gladden in it, was sweeter than the smile itself. He was five years older than I, and was tall for his age. It was significant of the best and the worst of him that he signalled me out for friendship from the first. It was significant of the best of him, because he was always kindly to the weak, and disposed to cheer such as were alone. It was significant of his worst, because half of all he did was done for the sake of admiration and applause, and because he chose me mainly for my unreasonable worship.

There are men who have forgotten that they were ever children, and who seem to fancy that boyhood is an almost characterless age. In such cases an appeal to memory would be useless. Let them give themselves for an hour to the study of a group of school-boys, and discover to their astonishment that the finer marks of human nature are there developed as well as those broad and simple lines of characterisation, which have alone accredited themselves to their unobservant eyes.

The fashion after which the Reverend Charles Davies treated his pupils to a half-holiday was about as significant of him as the term by which our small diversion was known was significant of it. The pupils were duly marshalled in orderly military fashion, were told off by fours, wheeled into fours, and solemnly marched through some three or four miles of country road, which led nowhere in particular, except that the circuitous windings of our march always landed us at the school-gates. I had already made three of these stiff and monotonous excursions, and looked forward with no great joy to the fourth. Yet, as became the first of May—which is not always so sweetly smiling as in justice to its poetic fame it should be—the fields were thick with flowers, the hedges were already giving sign of that fair bloom which bears the name of the month it owes its life

to, the skies were clear, the wind was fresh and balmy, and things generally were vastly more inviting to the school-boy soul, outside the school than in it. Even in one of those foolish rows of four, it was possible to taste the sweetness of the air. Even if forbidden to dash at large through those floral fields, one could look at them. There was a certain jolly old blackbird who in the course of our last walk had flittered after us, and taunted us with our want of freedom, along a good quarter of a mile of road, keeping himself carefully behind the hedge meanwhile. Surely his society was worth something, though one shared it as a close-bound unit in fifteen monotonous rows of four.

We were all marshalled in the playground and arranged in order when the Reverend Charles emerged from the house accompanied by Gascoigne. We stood there in solemn row whilst the meek little clergyman walked along the rank and inspected us front and rear, like a general among troops on a review day. Gascoigne followed him; and when the little man had completed his inspection and had come round to our front again, the new boy slipped his hand into the master's and stood there by his side. The Reverend Charles looked down upon him with an air of rebuke, as I fancied; but Gascoigne met his glance with a smile of such confident affection, that the small man patted him on the shoulder and smiled in return.

'With whom will you walk, Gascoigne?' asked the Reverend Charles. 'You may choose your own companion for to-day.'

It was a little thing perhaps, but it won my heart at once. Gascoigne left the master's side and took his place by me, and touched me lightly on the shoulder. It was a little thing, but I had been busy with fancies concerning him, in my imaginative childish way, and he was so much older and stronger and taller and handsomer than I; and altogether, as I have said, the action won my heart. I looked up at him with a shy gratitude; and he looked back upon me with that splendid aspect of affectionate protection which I learned afterwards to know so well, and to take so much delight in. Our ways are differently ordered now, and wide apart; but if I could undo the past—his past and mine—and stand beside him again with that unquestioning acceptance of his worth, how gladly I would do it!

We were the chief institution of Wrethedale, and the village was proud of us. It is just possible that we robbed here and there a garden now and then, and that we were upon occasion a nuisance. But on these public days of holiday display the village turned out and audibly admired us; and one or two of the oldest of Wrethedale's inhabitants used to bid God bless us as we passed. They were unused to processions in Wrethedale, and a very small show excited the good folk's emotions. So we tramped with fair regularity of step through the winding village street. The smith and the landlord of the *Wrethedale Arms* took off their caps to the Reverend Charles, and old crones courted at the cottage doors. The children ran after us and before us and beside us, and turning suddenly round upon us, stared shyly and ran on again. The waggoner, gay in honour of the sweet month's advent, touched his tanned forehead as we filed past him, and drew his ribboned team

aside to let us go by in unbroken order. The road was firm beneath our feet, and neither damp nor dusty. The hedges were green on either side; and now and again, where a gate broke in upon the hedgerow, we had glimpses of the pleasant western country right or left.

I suppose the May weather touched the juvenility which was certainly still vital in him somewhere; for just as we reached Old Bunn's strawberry gardens—a favourite resort of the people of the little country-town hard by—the Reverend Charles halted and addressed us. 'Young gentlemen,' said the Reverend Charles, 'you may now walk out of rank.'

There was a rush and a yell. The mob of young gentlemen went headlong down the lane.

Let me recall the place and the time. Beyond Old Bunn's gardens run three or four cottages, each with its pleasant little plot in front. On the opposite side of the lane, a pond full of tadpoles and young frogs, and strange creatures neither tadpole nor young frog, but in various intermediate conditions. I remember them keenly because of Gascoigne's lecture. Then beyond the pond a gate, over which one mild young heifer pushed an inquiring head, as if to ask what all the noise was about. Beyond that a barn at a corner of the highway, all ivy from base to roof, except for the great oak-doors. Beyond the barn, a dense mass of willows, white in the May-day wind. And over all the May-day sunshine, and the sense of liberty, and the freshness of the spring; and over even these the exultant gladness of the school-boy heart. Round the corner to the left, hidden until now by the thick-blossomed hedges, an old farmhouse—rackety, tumble-down, picturesque. A broken gate opening on a littered fold-yard. To the right that dense mass of willows, white in the May-day wind, feathering off gradually, with glimpses of the country between. And then a sudden swerve, and a brook with a fallen sapling across it, making its silver wavelets brawl a little; and beyond the hay-meadow on the other side such a stretch of country as you may seek in vain elsewhere. And over all the May-day sunshine and the sense of liberty and the freshness of the spring; and over even these the exultant gladness of the school-boy heart.

I write this after midnight, on a cold March night. The sound of London's latest traffic is in my ears. A market-cart goes rumbling towards Covent Garden. Yet a minute ago I was back in those glad fields. The brook rippled and the birds sang again. My old schoolfellows were calling one another round about me. My new friend was by my side. I shall take his hand no more; but, O Gascoigne, before I lay my pen down for the night, let me sit awhile and fancy that you too are back in those old scenes, and that you think of them and of all the broken history which followed them, with such repentance as matches my forgiveness.

I dwell upon that day because it belongs to him and has grown for me to be a part of him. We spent the whole afternoon together, and he charmed me. Even in those early days he charmed everybody, and exercised a subtle influence over all with whom he came in contact. Below the fallen sapling an old wooden baulk ran across the brook, accompanied half-way by a

decrepit hand-rail, which failed just where it might have begun to be of service. At the far end of this baulk rose a magnificent elm, which overshadowed the water, and mixed its boughs with those of the willows on the near side. The Reverend Charles had given up his scholars for the moment, and had resigned himself to the situation. He was peacefully walking along the road which ran by the brook-side. He had his hands folded behind him, and his hat very much at the back of his head, and he was evidently giving up his good little heart to the serene enjoyment of nature. Gascoigne pointed to him laughingly, and fell into so ludicrously accurate an imitation of his gait that I laughed in return. Mimicry I soon discovered was one of Gascoigne's special faculties. We sat down on the bank together at the water's edge, and fell into conversation. To speak more accurately, Gascoigne cross-examined me and drew me out, and most skilfully and pleasantly manipulated me.

'You and I,' he said, 'are going to be friends. What's your name?'

I told him.

'I shall call you Jack.'

I was really honoured beyond measure. I told him my little story. I described Sally and the little Black Country cottage; and told him of the young carpenter, and of Aunt Bertha and Mr Fairholt and Uncle Will and Polly. There was a feeling of freshness and even a little feeling of daring in making these revelations to a stranger. He had put his arm about my neck with a caressing protection which was natural to him, and as he had said, we were friends. I quite despair of conveying to any reader who may not have a similar remembrance the strength and rapidity with which my affection for him and my admiration of him took root and grew. He listened with such an unaffected pleasure; he questioned with so delicate and natural a tact, and with such a kindly interest, that my story was told quite easily and without embarrassment.

He returned my confidence, and told me all about himself. I gathered as the result of it that his parents were not wealthy, but that he was an only child, and had great expectations from somebody, who meant to send him to college and to make a man of him. He told me that he meant to be a clergyman. Like Mr Davies? I ventured to ask him. No, he answered laughingly; not at all like Mr Davies.

There we left the brook and wandered back a little, and he told me all about the frog and tadpole metamorphosis. We gathered wild-flowers, and he knew the names of all—the scientific names of some. His father, he told me then, was a scientific man; and amazingly clever. He had written books, and knew a great deal more than Mr Davies. This last in answer to my queries. Then he led me on to literature, and listened with a smiling friendly interest while he drew me out on that point. One of his chief charms then and always was that he had in perfection the art of putting an inferior at ease. In after-days, when his wish was fulfilled and he took his first curacy, I have seen him exercise that art with farmers and farm-labourers and the dull mechanics of the village. They were all charmed with him; as indeed how could they have been otherwise?

Our talk went on until the Reverend Charles had

gathered his strayed flock together, and was continued as we marched in military order home. He gave me a lift over a rough bit of Valpe's *Latin Grammar*—on whose mazes I had just entered—that evening; the first of many. To my infinite delight he took the spare bed in the room I slept in. Circumstances conspired in favour of our friendship. School-hours parted us of course, for he was far ahead of me, as was only natural. But in the playground we came together again, and in those games in which I was unable to join I had at least the satisfaction of seeing him outshine all our companions. He was an Admirable Orichton, and as good as he was clever and handsome. Some of the meaner spirits envied him; but even Envy was shortly silenced. He took and kept a place among us from the first which seemed to have been either reserved or created for him, and in our young republic he was president. His popularity never weaned him from me. From the promise made on the first afternoon of our acquaintance he never deviated. We were friends.

The holidays came at last, and with the groom came Sally to escort me home. Gascoigne and she had grown to know each other long before this, of course. Sally was in love with him; and he, as much for her own sake as for mine, was quite impressed with Sally. We parted most affectionately, and met again much sooner than we had hoped. For it turned out that Gascoigne's father was an old friend of Mr Fairholt's, and that after having left him unvisited for many years, as old friends will, he came over one day in the first week of the holidays, bringing Gascoigne with him. I was by this time—the first shyness of our reunion having disappeared—reinstalled as *jongleur*, and Polly had again assumed her regal state. A wild legend, into which I had pitchforked Gascoigne as knight-deliverer, and which I regret to say was afterwards imperiously set aside by Polly in favour of The Three Bears, was interrupted by Sally, who ran up to tell me that Gascoigne had arrived. I blush to admit that love and fealty were alike forgotten for the moment, and that I fell precipitately down-stairs to greet my friend, leaving Polly lonely with that weird and incomplete legend.

The house and its inmates alike seemed changed since that misty winter-night on which I had left for school. Mr Fairholt, who never noticed me, now went about in a slow, listless, broken way. Uncle Will was less cheerful than of old; and a settled melancholy had fallen on Aunt Bertha. Even Sally was saddened in some way that I could not understand. When I reached the hall, Mr Fairholt was greeting his guest, and Aunt Bertha was talking to Gascoigne. Uncle Will entered at the same moment, and with a momentary cheerfulness took my companion and myself in charge, and shewed Gascoigne the stables and the dogs. When we returned to the house we found that it had been arranged that the visitors should stay until the following evening, and Gascoigne and I settled down thereupon into talk. In the midst of it I remembered Polly, whom I straightway produced and introduced. He took her up in his arms and kissed her—a proceeding at which she feigned to be displeased. She over-looked Gascoigne's error shortly afterwards, and trotted after him everywhere, with a wondering

admiration of the things he did, and an admiring wonder at him, which satisfied me completely.

In consideration of Gascoigne's presence, I was allowed to sit up a little later than usual. We sat together as it grew dusk in the little room commonly used by Aunt Bertha, and I was relating the story of the first appearance of the face. Gascoigne had his arm about my neck as usual, and I was looking up at him as I spoke, when I noticed that he had ceased to listen, and was peering into the dusk with a somewhat alarmed expression. I stopped; and he pointed through the window, asking in a whisper: 'Jack, what's that?'

I looked out also, and saw the figure of a man, who came silently and with a stealthy crouching run across the lawn. I was just about to cry out in fear when I recognised the crouching figure as that of Uncle Will. But almost before I was assured of this I was again frightened. A hand was laid upon the window-sill, and a head slowly rose above it. The head turned from side to side, as if in suspicious watchfulness.

'A burglar!' whispered Gascoigne.

Uncle Will came nearer, with a slower step and with still greater caution, until he was near enough to lay a sudden hand upon the shoulder of the man who crouched beneath the window. At the touch the man started to his feet, and I fell back from Gascoigne's hold with a shriek. 'The face!' Horrified as I was by this sudden apparition of my phantom, I saw all that happened outside and heard the one word spoken. All that happened was that my phantom, turning round, threw his hands upwards and backwards and recoiled. In a flash of time he recovered himself and fled, and melted like a shadow in the shadows of the night. Uncle Will's first gesture was the same. He also recoiled with his hands thrown back and up, and so for the merest fragment of a second they faced each other. As my phantom turned to fly, the other precipitated himself towards him as if to seize him. He was too late, and lost his footing. Recovering himself, he followed that flying shadow with a cry:

'Frank!'

THE QUEEN'S GUARD.

THERE are many ancient customs still kept up in London which are more ornamental than useful, and amongst them we might class that which provides military guards to certain portions of the metropolis, despite the existence of a police force which is more than sufficient for all ordinary purposes.

In the days when regal splendour was deemed to be part and parcel of the life of a nation, such guards as were placed over the various palaces of the sovereign were really necessary to impart a martial and imposing appearance; but in these times of comparative simplicity in the matter of court ceremonies, and in the midst of loyalty so universal, their real usefulness has in a great measure departed.

Whether the sovereign is in or out of town, however, the visitor to London is absolutely certain of witnessing a military spectacle on any day of the week in the usual 'Guard-mounting' which

takes place at St James's Palace. This, as our readers are aware, is the old palace of the kings and queens of England, and the building in which official receptions, such as 'levees,' 'drawing-rooms,' &c. are frequently held.

As the clocks chime half-past ten in the morning the sound of martial music in the distance warns us that the 'Queen's Guard' is approaching; and presently one can descry the tall bearskin caps of the 'Household Brigade' towering above a motley crowd of onlookers, to many of whom the enlivening strains of the band are as good as a breakfast. Indeed it is averred that amongst the crowd there are persons who have never missed one 'Guard-mounting' for many years past, and who are as conversant with the military customs of London as the most veteran Guardsman.

As the 'Guard' comes nearer, we are able to tell which of England's famous regiments it is whose turn of duty has again brought its members along the 'Mall,' which has been trodden and re-trodden by them or their predecessors for more than two hundred years past. In fact, as we gaze upon the present scene we may very easily picture to ourselves another of a similar character, by substituting for 1879 the year of grace 1679, when the 'King's Guard' in its cavalier costume and large standard, marching along surrounded by a crowd of dainty courtiers, presently halts and lowers its colours as the Majesty of England passes by with its accompanying *spaniels*! The Park itself is very much changed since then, and in its present beautiful aspect would scarcely be recognisable to the noble loungers of the Restoration period, though perhaps the sturdy soldiers who are now treading its malls are not one whit different from those who fought at Worcester and Dunbar.

The Queen's Guard consists nowadays of five officers and about one hundred and forty rank and file. This is divided into three portions, or to use a military term, sections—namely, the St James's Palace Guard, or 'Queen's Guard' proper, which numbers three officers, four fifers and drummers, three sergeants, and sixty rank and file. It bears in its charge for twenty-four hours one of the colours or standards of the regiment; the Queen's colour on royal birthdays or if Her Majesty is in town, and the Regimental colour on ordinary days when the Court is absent.

The other sections form the Buckingham Palace Guard, and the Tilt Yard Guard—now called the 'Horse Guards' Parade,' the site of the tournament ground in olden times—each consisting of an officer, a bugler, and about forty rank and file. At one time there was also a number of smaller guards, which used to be posted on the British Museum, the National Gallery, the Duke of York's School, and other places of minor importance. The police have, however, long since been substituted for the military in these places, to the evident relief of the latter, and without detriment to the public welfare. In summer-time, and more especially on the day when Her Majesty's Birthday is kept, an impressive ceremony takes

place on the Horse Guards' Parade previous to the mounting of the guard, which is called 'trooping the colours.' Then the State colour of the regiment whose duty it is to furnish the Queen's Guard that day, is brought out of its hiding-place in the regimental orderly-room, and given over, with much pomp and circumstance, to the custody of the Queen's Guard for the next four-and-twenty hours; after which it is generally cased and returned to its former resting-place by the drum-major, escorted by two duty-sergeants.

At the Birthday parade some members of the royal family are usually present, the Prince and Princess of Wales having been there on nearly every occasion since their marriage; while the Duke of Cambridge, as Commander-in-chief, is always surrounded on this day by a numerous and distinguished suite, including all the foreign military *attachés*. The bands of the three regiments are brigaded together; and as the troops present on the review-ground consist of the picked men of the famous brigade of Foot Guards, together with the Life Guards, and their band in its State dress, the military spectacle is exceedingly imposing.

After the ceremony, the musicians—many of the members of which are celebrated artistes—march with the Queen's Guard as far as St James's Palace, playing all the way; and performing opposite the Prince of Wales's residence, some of the choicest *morceaux* from their musical repertoire, the programme commencing with the performance of the National Anthem. While this is being played, the two guards which are relieving and being relieved, present arms and lower their colours. The regiments take their new clothing into wear on this day; and the drum-majors don their State uniform, the costliness and gorgeous character of which we mentioned in the article on 'Drummers and Fifers,' in our number for 30th September 1876.

The officers of the Queen's Guard consist of a Captain (ranking as Lieutenant-colonel); Lieutenant (ranking as Captain); and a Second Lieutenant. We have already explained in these columns how it is that the officers of the Guards bear a double rank—that is, an officer who would be simply a lieutenant in the line, would be in the Guards a 'lieutenant and captain,' and so on through the other ranks. This strange custom is, under the Warrant of 1871, abolishing the purchase of commissions, to be allowed to die out. It was an anomaly which has frequently caused confusion and jealousy.

In the old days prior to the Crimean War, the Queen's Guard used to 'mount' in the Old Palace Yard of St James's; and when the old guard had marched away, the colour of the new guard was placed in a post in the centre of the yard, where it remained flying till sunset, under the charge of a sentry. It was then removed into the officers' messroom, and brought out again in the morning. The post stands there still, but its 'glory has departed,' as the colour is seldom displayed except at levees. On 'Waterloo Day,' a surviving veteran from Chelsea Hospital used to attend at the Palace and tie a bunch of laurel on the colour with a piece of the Waterloo medal ribbon; but the later battles of Alma and Inkermann having eclipsed the splendour of Waterloo, the custom was discontinued.

On royal birthdays, every member of the

guard under the command of the captain, is allowed a sum of money—to drink the health of the Prince or Princess whose birthday it is—which averages about fourpence per man. The officers receive a guinea each. On Her Majesty's birthday the sum is doubled. Every officer on mounting guard for the first time, and on promotion, is expected to pay his 'footing' in a sum which is distributed among the non-commissioned officers of the guard. This, however, is an old custom, which is now sometimes more honoured in the breach than the observance.

Within the precincts of the old Palace stands the Guard-room, the former discomfort of which has now been partly remedied by certain improvements; and here the rank and file have to make themselves as comfortable as they can under the circumstances, through a long dreary day and night, each man taking his turn every four hours to do two hours' 'sentry-go' on some dull and lonely post in the vicinity of the Palace and Park. On mounting guard the senior sergeant reads aloud the standing orders for the guard, and the orders for the sentinels on the different posts; and this reading is repeated by one of the other sergeants to the first batch of sentries when they have been relieved. Each sentry before being relieved from his post is supposed to repeat to the new sentry *verbatim* the orders of the post; and some amusing incidents often happen in this way, especially when the sentry is a recruit, and being uneducated perhaps, is unable to remember the exact terms in which the order is couched.

Next to the privates' guard-room is that of the officers—or speaking more correctly, the officers' mess. Here the officers of the other sections of the Queen's Guard, and the officers of the Cavalry Guard, which also mounts at the Tilt Yard every morning, come to dine in the evening; the government allowing an annual sum of about two thousand pounds for the purpose of keeping the mess up. The luxurious fittings of this place and the comfortable bedrooms are in strange contrast with the cold passages and dreary walls of the privates' guard-room. The only duty which these officers have to perform is to inspect a batch of sentries once or twice during the day, and to go the 'rounds' once during the night, the remainder of their time being passed in lounging to and fro between the 'Guards' Club' in Pall Mall and the guard-room mess.

The 'rounds' take place at eleven o'clock P.M., and at one and three o'clock A.M.; the officers going in the order of their rank, the captain of the guard (the colonel) being first. The eleven o'clock rounds are called the 'Grand Rounds,' when the colonel is accompanied by a sergeant, a drummer carrying a lighted lantern, and two privates; the sergeant bearing the keys of the Palace gates. The officer certifies the next day in his guard-report that he personally visited the sentries at such an hour and found all well.

Upon their approach, the sentry challenges, either by word of mouth or a stamp of the foot. The sergeant replies in the same manner, and the sentry presenting arms says: 'Advance, grand rounds! All's well!'—the word 'grand' being omitted in the case of the one o'clock and three o'clock rounds.

People were once in the habit of endeavouring to frighten sentries who were posted in a lonely

spot; and not only were these silly jokes practised by civilians, such as domestic servants and others, who imitated the tricks of the notorious 'spring-heeled' Jack, but by some of the officers themselves, who should have known better. The conviction of an officer for an unmanly offence of this kind, put an end to all such foolish proceedings.

One of the most curious 'guards' in London is that which is termed the 'Bank Piquet,' and which proceeds to take up its nightly quarters inside the Bank of England every evening at seven o'clock all the year round, remaining there until seven the next morning. It is an officer's guard, and consists besides of a drummer, two sergeants, and over thirty men. Each man receives a shilling from the Bank authorities immediately on his arrival, the sergeant's share being two shillings. The officer is allowed a dinner, laid for two, with three bottles of wine, and is permitted to invite a friend. The guard or piquet is comfortably housed, each man being 'served out' with a watch-coat and a blanket; and sentries are posted during the night at the bullion vaults and the counting-house parlour.

In the Opera season, a small sergeant's guard is posted at Covent Garden, for which duty the men also receive a shilling each, although they are there not more than four hours. At the magazine in Hyde Park there is also a sergeant's guard, where the sentry 'paces his lonely round,' prepared for anybody who molests him at his post or attempts to injure the building.

With the exception of the Opera guards, which are more for ornament than anything else, these military guards are the relics of turbulent times; though none can deny that the 'Queen's Guard' is to a certain extent useful as well as ornamental; for it gives amusement to the country visitor, and a free musical entertainment to the idlers of the Parks; while the sentries themselves impart a certain liveliness to the many gorgeous though empty palaces which adorn the busiest city in the world.

JACK QUARTERMAIN'S VISION.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART I.

'You will remain my friend, Val; won't you; and if anything should turn up, you will let me know, old fellow?'

'Of course, Jack. You may rely upon me. But is it really necessary for you to go? Can't we patch up a peace somehow, old boy?'

Jack Quartermain shook his head sorrowfully. Things had gone too far for an honourable compromise. Mr Verschoyle had openly said, in the presence of all the clerks, that he considered Mr John Quartermain culpably negligent, if not actually guilty of the loss of several valuable deeds and papers from the inner office of Verschoyle and Saunders. These papers all related to the property of Jessie Hamilton, Mr Verschoyle's niece and ward. And what made it hardest of all on poor Jack was that he and Jessie had quarrelled a short time before; they had had hot angry words about Val Saunders, Jack's 'guide, philosopher, and friend,' and fellow-clerk.

Jack Quartermain was Mr Verschoyle's nephew,

his only sister's only son. A poor, friendless, delicate, orphan baby, he had been left with the wealthy solicitor, and brought up by him as his own child; and Jack repaid the care and kindness he had received, with the warmest gratitude and esteem. Love, where Harry Verschoye was concerned, seemed out of the question. Even Jessie Hamilton, with all her sweet winning ways and tenderesses, could awaken no stronger feeling than tolerant affection in the grim, stern old man whom she called uncle, and who was her sole guardian.

Lawyer Verschoye's life was an unusually sad one. In his young days he had loved and married like other men, and his wife was the very idol of his existence. A sweet, gentle, timid, home-loving little woman was Ella Verschoye; a woman who found all her happiness in her husband, her children, and her home, and had no thoughts, hopes, or ambitions beyond. One great nervous horror of Mrs Verschoye's life was water; she could not bear either to go on it or walk by it. She had been born at sea in the midst of a raging tempest; and a deep-rooted aversion to ocean and river seemed a part of her very nature. Harry Verschoye thought it would be a famous thing to cure his sweet little wife of her childish nervousness. They lived at Putney, in one of those pretty houses overlooking the river; and in the long pleasant summer evenings, Harry and his fellow-clerk and chum, Tom Saunders, used to thoroughly enjoy a pull up the river to Richmond, or down to Battersea. Sometimes Ada Leslie—an aquatic young lady from Hammersmith, who not only loved the river, but could handle an oar dexterously, and who was engaged to Tom—joined them; and it used to be a real grief to Harry to leave his young wife standing on the shore looking wistfully after him.

'Ella, I'm positively ashamed of you,' he said one evening as Tom Saunders and Miss Leslie pulled past. 'How jolly it would be if you could handle an oar like Ada. Do, darling, come for a little row with me, just as far as Hammersmith.'

'Do you really wish me to, Harry?' Ella asked with a nervous little shiver. 'I have such an unconquerable horror of the water!'

'Yes; and it's so childish, dearie. I'm on it every evening after evening, and nothing happens. And look at Ada Leslie and lots of other girls. You don't think I would willingly take you into danger, Ella?'

'No, Harry; but I feel so frightened at the river.'

'Then you must try and be a little braver, for my sake, little woman. Let's follow Tom up the river; he'll be so surprised!'

'Very well, darling, since you wish it,' Ella replied. 'But may I take the children, Harry? I shall feel braver if Madgie and Bob are with me.'

'Certainly. They'll enjoy it immensely. Madgie will put you to shame, I'm sure; and Bob is a regular young duck. But wrap up well; for though the evening is so fine, it's rather chilly. Put a thick shawl over your head, darling; and

tie something round Madgie's neck, while I get out the boat.'

In a few moments Mrs Verschoye and Madgie—a sturdy, sunburnt little body of four—and Bob, a daring mischievous lad of six, took their seats; and Mr Harry Verschoye was pulling vigorously up the Thames. It was a glorious evening, late in September, with a clear purple sky, dotted with a few faint silver stars, and a great yellow moon climbing lazily up the dusky arch. The boat glided along smoothly, for Harry was an accomplished oarsman; and little Madgie fairly screamed with glee as she leaned over the side and held her tiny hand in the clear cold water.

Before they had been on the water half an hour, a fog began to rise, and in a few minutes everything was obscured by one of those thin floating gray mists that come and go so capriciously on the Thames. Harry turned back at once—he knew the river thoroughly, and was not in the least nervous; but his timid little wife fairly trembled with terror, and folded little Madgie close in her arms. Bob, in the bow of the boat, was singing in careless childish unconcern the refrain of a song he had often heard his father and Mr Saunders sing; and occasionally Mr Verschoye himself would join in Bobbie's chorus of:

Row, brothers, row; the stream runs fast;
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

About half the return journey was accomplished in safety, when suddenly, without a moment's warning, the boat came into violent collision with another boat and—capsized; and in an instant Harry Verschoye, his wife and children, were struggling in the dark cold water. After the first moment of panic, Harry recovered himself, and struck out in search of his wife, calling her and his children by name, but without receiving any reply. At last, through the gloom—for the fog had grown denser—he thought he saw his wife's form rise to the surface; and seizing her in one arm, he struck out boldly for the nearest shore. By the time he reached it, he was too faint and exhausted to perceive that the woman he had saved was not his wife, but Ada Leslie. Ella, Madgie, and her brother were at the bottom of the river; and Tom Saunders, whose boat had run into Harry Verschoye's, was picked up lower down more dead than alive.

Verschoye never quite recovered that tragic occurrence. For many months he was so ill that his friends despaired of his recovery; and when his physical health began to improve, his reason seemed to be seriously impaired. Time, however, that does all things well, brought physical and mental strength; but even that great healer failed to bring back the sunshine and joyousness to the prematurely aged, broken-down, remorseful man. At seven-and-twenty he was gray and grim and hard, a cold, stern, almost repulsive man of business. His pleasant house by the river-side was sold, and he went to live over the office, in which he became junior partner, in a great dark silent house, in a gloomy street near Westminster Abbey. Ten solitary weary years passed away, and he became senior partner, head of the firm where his father had worked for thirty years; and Tom Saunders, his old chum, was first his head-clerk, and then his junior partner. They had a steady, intensely respectable business; and

Harry was unremitting in his attention to it, and made the names of Verschoyle and Saunders a synonym for honour and integrity.

After ten years' utter isolation, spent in toil and care and loneliness, Mr Verschoyle received into his house the only surviving sister of his wife, and her little daughter Jessie; but for nearly two years Mrs Hamilton failed to effect any change in the stern, austere life of her brother-in-law. He kept to his own apartments, and took no part in the domestic concerns of the little household. Then his late sister's husband, Lieutenant Quartermain, lost his life while with his regiment in India; and his little boy Jack, now an orphan, was left to the guardianship of his uncle and the motherly care of Mrs Hamilton.

For a few years things were brighter; the ring of childish laughter echoed through the house. Jack's unblushing face would greet Uncle Harry at the hall-door every evening, and his hands drag him into the drawing-room. Jessie, demure and modest, would slyly smile approval and encouragement through her thick auburn curls, or from behind her sampler, and almost unknown to herself. Lawyer Verschoyle was becoming domesticated, and almost affectionate; when, to his renewed grief, Mrs Hamilton was smitten with a fever, which carried her to her grave; after which the lawyer relapsed into his stony solitude. The children went to school, and only at vacation-time did they visit the office at Westminster, and not always even then, for both Jack and Jessie made personal friends amongst their schoolmates, whom Uncle Verschoyle always gladly gave them permission to visit, though he sternly forbade their ever inviting any one home.

And so the years passed away till Jessie was seventeen and declared 'finished;' and Jack Quartermain sixteen, and thinking seriously of a profession. Then Mr Verschoyle offered him a stool in the old established office, a home in the house, and a partnership in perspective; a post which Jack accepted gratefully. The routine of the lawyer's office was not at all distasteful to him. He had a good deal of application and a fair capacity for business, and gave very general satisfaction to his employers.

The years that had passed since Mrs Hamilton's death had confirmed Uncle Harry in his grimness and taciturnity. It was almost impossible to draw him from his dingy study and unceasing labours. The cheerful sound of Jessie's piano and Jack's well-cultivated baritone only caused him to lock his door impatiently, and drove his thoughts back to Madgie and Bob and his never-forgotten wife. He allowed his niece and nephew to amuse themselves pretty much as they liked—a liberty which had resulted in a closer tie than mere friendship between the two young people—and in the long winter evenings Val Saunders was a frequent visitor. He was the younger son of the other partner of the firm, and had a post, not of great trust or pecuniary value, in the outer office. Val did not love the law, or anything else which required work or thought. He would have made a capital butterfly; for the only thing he seemed fit for was to flit joyously and brightly through existence, sipping every sweet as he went—lingering over every pleasure, and skipping over every disagreeable with the most enviable ease and unconcern. A frank, happy disposition, a hand-

some face, a manner in which merry, boyish audacity and frank, eager confidence were happily blended, made Valentine Saunders a favourite wherever he went. His laugh was musical, his smile pleasanter still, his voice soft and sweet like a woman's, and he had a way of looking up at you when he spoke which was altogether charming. Nothing could exceed his good-humour except his good spirits; and his stock of both seemed unfailing.

Jack and Val were close friends in spite of the fact that the latter's thoughtless magnanimity and generosity not unfrequently got the former into pecuniary difficulties; but Jessie Hamilton, who was the repository for all Cousin Jack's secrets and troubles, didn't quite believe in Val. It was not altogether clear to her lesser intelligence why Jack should do the greater part of Val's work, and Val spend, or rather squander the greater part of Jack's money. Besides, Val's behaviour to herself was not at all satisfactory. He knew that she and Jack were long since pledged to each other; still he paid her the most ridiculous compliments, wrote sentimental verses in her scrap-book, and sent her valentines, which she put in the fire; and otherwise made himself objectionable, in spite of his handsome face and fascinating manner. Once Jessie ventured to question the prudence of Jack in having such an expensive, inconsiderate friend; and he flew into a fine temper, as a young man sometimes will when the young lady of his heart presumes to see a fault in the friend of his youth.

Jessie, he reasoned, was like all the rest of her sex, jealous, suspicious, and unreasonable! She hated his friends, and was intolerant and overbearing; and Val Saunders was the best, the dearest, the jolliest fellow on the face of the earth; and forsooth, it was rather soon for Jessie to begin to find fault with his friends yet! This, and much more to the same purpose, Jack blurted out in the heat of his wrath; and then he rushed off and told Val all about it; and that young gentleman innocently let Miss Hamilton know, and then was dreadfully sorry for having done so. Jessie was angry, of course—angry with herself, with Jack, with Valentine Saunders; and though incapable of sulks in a general way, she was certainly very cold and haughty, and a little scornful in her treatment of Mr John Quartermain for a few days. At the end of the week the climax of poor Jack's troubles was reached. Mr Verschoyle missed some papers from his office relating to the very modest fortune of Miss Hamilton. No one had access to the safe in which they were kept but Jack and the junior partner, Mr Saunders. But as the latter denied all knowledge of them, Mr Quartermain alone was held accountable.

'Perhaps Jack has hidden them for a lark,' Val said to Mr Verschoyle when he heard of the loss. 'He and Jessie have had a rumpus, and he may have done it to tease her.'

Mr Verschoyle puckered up his eyebrows into a very ominous frown. Val's suggestion formed itself into a certainty in his mind; and before he even questioned his nephew about the missing deeds, he felt quite convinced that he had abstracted them, for fun or for malice, as the case might be. Jack indignantly denied having

done any such thing. He was a man of business, and never carried practical jokes into the office. He knew nothing whatever of Miss Hamilton's papers; and as his uncle seemed to mistrust his words, and accused him of culpable negligence before the whole office, he then and there resigned his situation.

Jessie did not believe him guilty. She was very sweet and tender and sympathetic; and wept copiously when Jack spoke of going abroad; but after a little she saw that it was really the best thing he could do. Mr Verschoyle accepted his nephew's resignation in grim silence. It was in his opinion another proof of his guilt. He made no attempt at reconciliation, offered no advice or assistance; in short, simply ignored John Quartermain's existence from the day he left the office till the day he started by the *Scotia* for New York en route for California, where he was going to make his fortune and come back for Jessie.

Miss Hamilton was not a very demonstrative young lady; she did not make frantic vows of eternal constancy, or promise impossibilities in the way of correspondence; but there was a quiet earnestness about her that was reassuring. She said she would surely let Jack know if the deeds were discovered or if Uncle Harry relented. She bade him be of good courage, faithful, loyal, honest, and persevering, and he would command success. For herself, she could wait. Besides, she could not think of leaving Uncle Harry for years and years.

Jack went away more hopefully and cheerfully than might have been expected. Poor in purse and character—for many of those who had known him all his life more than half suspected him of having abstracted the deeds—friendly, and almost aimless, his prospects were not very bright; still he started hopefully, resolved to conquer the most adverse circumstances, strong in the consciousness of his innocence, and fully satisfied that he left behind him the truest love and the truest friend ever man had. With Jessie and Val to watch over his interests at home, he had nothing to fear; and so he set off one dismal November evening, with the unalterable resolution of returning to London a rich man, or never returning at all.

'Good-bye, old fellow. I'll write every mail and tell you everything,' Val said, dashing away the tears that kept brimming up in his eyes. 'Whoever fails, you may rely on me, Jack!'

'Good-bye, old fellow. God bless you!' returned Jack huskily. 'I never had a brother, Val; but if I had, I couldn't care more about him than I do about you. Take care of yourself—and of Jessie. And don't forget me in my exile, Val. And mark my words—the deeds will turn up all right yet.' And then they had a final hand-squeeze, and then the train which was to convey Jack to Liverpool, withed slowly out of the station, and was gone.

Valentine Saunders gave himself a shake, buttoned up his ulster, thrust his hands into his pockets, and walked away from Euston Station. But presently the mud underfoot and the fog overhead became too much for him, and hailing a hansom, he jumped in, and desired the man to drive to Westminster. 'Poor Jack! What a wretched night for travelling,' he mused. 'He'll be half-dead, super-ultra frostified before he reaches

Liverpool. I'll miss him. But after all, he's better away. And now to tell Jessie.'

But to Mr Val Saunders's intense amazement, Miss Jessie Hamilton refused to see him.

THE METAMORPHOSES OF INSECTS.

AFTER many centuries passed in observations, the words of the poet Ovid are confirmed by modern science: 'Our bodies are transformed; what we were yesterday, what we are to-day, we shall not be to-morrow.' Living beings only exist under the conditions of perpetual change. Put an animal or plant into the scale, and carefully determine its weight; very shortly after, the equilibrium alters, the body becomes lighter as the result of life and living, and until new matter in the shape of food be received, the original condition of matters cannot be reproduced. From the time when the egg is broken, the functions and forms of the young creature are ever varying. In the marvellous edifices which we call organised beings, that rush of life-giving principle which animates nature is perpetually demolishing and reconstructing.

Among new-born insects there are two distinct groups—those which resemble their parents, and those which differ materially from them. The first have only to grow; the second are to be changed in almost every respect, and to submit to some very curious transformations. These have been watched with the most patient care by well-known naturalists; and we propose giving a few instances among familiar insects, such as the Coleoptera or beetles; the Libellulæ or Ephemera, dragonflies and dayflies; ants, &c.; the Hymenoptera, bees and wasps; the Lepidoptera or butterflies. The eggs of these, as a general rule, pass through three metamorphoses—the state of the caterpillar, the chrysalis, and the perfect insect; but in some the changes are much more marked than in others.

Let us take one of the species which, thanks to the extreme apparent brevity of their lives, seem to exist but one day, and are therefore called Ephemera or Dayflies. On the banks of rivers, just above the level of the water, small round holes may be noticed, generally grouped two together. They are the entrance and exit to winding galleries, which are inhabited by the larvæ or caterpillars of the *Ephemera albipennis*. Two very large eyes, a pair of strong mandibles with which to dig, and jaws fit for grasping the smaller fry which serve them apparently for food, are Nature's provision. The abdomen is terminated by three long leaflike organs, bristling with hair, and covered with wide fringed layers, which the little creature agitates with great velocity. They are the organs of aquatic respiration leading to the tracheæ or air-tubes which extract oxygen from the water and carry through the body the air necessary for the life of the insect. For a lengthened period, varying in duration, the ephemeron thus lives as a larva; then passing to the state of the chrysalis or nymph, it inhabits the same home, and differs only from the larva in the appearance of rudimentary wings. But every year at the same epoch, unless the variation of temperature exercise a very marked influence, from the eighth to the eighteenth of August the ephemera undergo their great meta-

morphosis. Between eight and half-past eight in the evening some nymphs leave their galleries; as soon as they are on dry land the skin breaks in two, and the perfect insect throws off its envelope as rapidly as we do a dress. In a moment it flies away, leaving its organs of aquatic respiration attached to its skin, to be replaced by others of a different kind. Soon joined by myriads of its companions, the air is filled with them; from nine to half-past they form great clouds, surround the passer-by, and fall over the earth and water like a deep snow. At ten o'clock, scarcely any are to be seen; for in one hour these insects, which had been grovelling in mud for many months, have been changed into sportive flies provided with four wings of fine network, have laid masses of from seven to eight hundred eggs, and then died; fit emblem of the life of man, to which they have often been compared.

We have all seen the white cabbage butterfly, yellow beneath and spotted with black, on some fine August day flying with its mate, waltzing, pursuing, and careering together. The dance lasts but half an hour, which counts for much in a butterfly's life. When it is ended, the female chooses a leaf, upon which she lays many hundred eggs, and then dies. The eggs are artistically arranged beside each other, carefully glued at the base, and left to a thousand chances. The greater number perish; but some always do well, and are in due course hatched into small green caterpillars.

The egg is like a very small seed; and the young caterpillar when hatched is of a proportionate size; but the rapidity of its growth is really enormous, and does not seem to be gradual, like that of other insects. It eats with voracity; but after a few days its appetite is gone; it languishes; the colour fades and dries, and it seeks a shelter. Watch it in its retreat, and it may be seen pinning its feet to the ground, contracting and swelling its body for hours together. After these fatiguing exertions, the skin breaks about the fourth ring; the caterpillar first pushes out its head, then emerges the rest of the body, and the being finally appears in a new and bright-coloured dress. At the same time the size is greatly increased, and it would be an impossibility to return into the envelope just cast aside. This phenomenon of the change of skin is repeated many times, until the caterpillar has reached its full size, which is about October or November.

Then is the time to prepare for its first metamorphosis. The voracious caterpillar ceases its operations upon the gardener's cabbages, and seeks the hollow of a tree or a hole in a wall, where the place seems to be suitable to begin its preparations. There is apparently no necessity for it to spin a cocoon like the silkworm, but it lays a platform of fine strong silky threads, crossed in every direction, upon which its feet can fasten. Then bending its head and body to the middle of the back, like an acrobat, it attaches a thread to one of the sides, spins it out to the opposite one, and continues this work until it has formed a kind of girth composed of fifty strands. That ended, the skin is cast for the last time, and what a change ensues! The creature that now emerges is no longer a caterpillar, but a chrysalis, which, supported by the hooks of the tail and the silken girth, is suspended horizontally in its retreat,

very much as fishes and reptiles are hung in museums.

Who would believe that under this form we could trace the butterfly? The skin is quickly dried; it is like a horny coating, of an ash colour, spotted with yellow and black; and though it has gained in thickness, it is shortened by one-third. Yet knowing what this inert mass will eventually become, it is possible, as development proceeds, to distinguish under the covering the traces of organs such as the wings, antennæ, and proboscis; just as the form of the mummy may be perceived in its swathing bands. The final metamorphosis begins about the middle of spring; then the covering cracks down the centre; the imago or perfect form emerges, and the butterfly in its beauty appears. Yet in the first moments of the new life the soft feet can scarcely bear the light weight; the wings, folded in microscopic zigzags, refuse to act; and the trunk extends in a straight line. But soon, under the vivifying action of the air, the superabundant moisture evaporates, the legs grow strong, the wings spread; and the insect, once an egg, then creeping as a caterpillar, then immovable as the pendent chrysalis, flies to the nearest flower, to enjoy its first honeyed repast.

To the Hymenoptera belong the family of the Ichneumons, which render the most important services every year to our gardens, fields, and forests, by feeding on their most redoubtable enemies and destroying other insects and their larvæ in myriads. Among these little creatures we will choose one because its history is so closely allied to that of the butterfly whose metamorphoses we have been describing. The *Microgaster glomeratus* resembles a small fly, with four wings, a black body, yellow feet, hairy round the eyes, and antennæ or horns which move without ceasing. Every female is also provided with an apparatus, formed of three pieces, the use of which will be soon apparent. When one of these flies wishes to lay her eggs, she starts in quest of a caterpillar belonging to the tribe of the cabbage-butterfly. As soon as it is found, she darts down upon it, fastens herself firmly to the back, pierces the skin with her ovipositor (egg-layer), burying the instrument deeply in the flesh, the jointed pieces forming a kind of canal. An egg is then detached from the ovary, and gliding down the tube, is laid safely in the tissues of the caterpillar. The ovipositor is then withdrawn, the insect advances a few steps, and continues the operation.

Vainly does the poor caterpillar try to free itself from its ruthless enemy by twisting the body in every direction; the fly calmly pursues her work of egg-laying until all is finished, and from forty to fifty eggs have been placed in safety. That done she flies away, and her life is soon closed. After her departure, the caterpillar betrays no sign of suffering; the wounds heal, the skin is changed at the usual time, and the first metamorphosis takes place as if nothing had occurred. But her life is never prolonged to the second change, for there issue from the chrysalis not a butterfly, but as many small larvæ as the ichneumon laid eggs. Prior to this, and with wonderful instinct, these larvæ have fed upon the caterpillar, avoiding the essential organs at first with great care, and only attacking the fat which envelops them. Then

becoming stronger and more voracious, when their unwilling nurse has reached her full growth and is transformed, they soon devour the whole, after which they emerge from the now empty chrysalis case, and spin for themselves little cocoons. In these homes they pass the winter without change of form, becoming in spring so many nymphs; reappearing after a few days as winged ichneumons. About half are females, who soon set about to sacrifice as many caterpillars for the sake of their future brood. Réaumur calculates that at least nine-tenths of the cabbage-butterfly thus perish; and in some years, of two hundred watched by M. Blanchard, three only arrived at the butterfly stage; the other hundred and ninety-seven having been eaten by the terrible fly. Gardeners owe an immense debt of gratitude to this little insect, which saves their plots of vegetables from the destructive jaws of the butterfly-larva.

Among the Coleoptera, the cockchafer will afford a good specimen of the various changes passed through. About the end of April, just after sunset, the female flies in search of a plot of light ground, sown and well manured, a piece of market-garden being preferred, in which she digs a hole, lays about thirty eggs, and dies. In a month there issues from every egg a little white maggot, armed with a powerful apparatus for mastication; the soft oblong body divided into twelve rings, and eighteen very apparent stigmata or breathing apertures. At first they live as one family. The dead vegetables buried in the ground, and the roots of plants that are growing, suffice for the requirements of the young brood during the first season. Nor does the cold separate them; they dig down still deeper, where a spacious apartment shields them securely from the frost; and thus they pass the winter. Spring finds them, like all larvae, stronger and more voracious; so that when they cannot get support in one place, they separate, and each hollowing its own special gallery, approaches nearer to the surface of the soil towards the young roots.

It is now that they become the terror of gardeners, ravaging their grounds as well as fields of wheat, and even killing shrubs by injuring the roots; an invisible enemy, but none the less dangerous when the results appear. Happily, England is free from great numbers of them, but France and Germany suffer severely. As soon as the cold weather returns, they bury themselves again, to recommence the following year a life that is prolonged for three years or more. Having at length reached their final growth, each larva hollows for itself a last gallery, deeper than the preceding ones, constructs an oval space plastered with earth, well worked by a viscous substance; and in this nest it is transformed into a nymph or chrysalis.

For five or six months the cockchafer rests benumbed in its new form. Towards the end of February, it awakens in its lair, but not yet ready to meet the perils it may encounter outside; for still soft and colourless, it remains in the earth until its integuments are strong, and ventures—a perfect insect—into daylight only in the middle of April. It immediately flies to the nearest tree; and now that it has become a perfect insect, it begins to eat leaves just as voraciously as it did roots when a larva. Hundredweights of these pests are in some places gathered into sacks by

women and children, and burned in immense fires.

The order of Diptera or flies forms a kind of transition between those insects which we have noticed as going through a complete metamorphosis and some which shew an incomplete one. Take one of the flies upon whose history Réaumur spent so much study, the *Stratiomys chameleon*. It is a beautiful insect, a little longer and larger than a bee, of a yellow colour, the abdomen brown spotted with white. The fleshy proboscis which serves to draw honeyed nectar from the flowers, is hidden when at rest in a cavity in the brow. Such is its perfect state. Let us look at the larva, which we shall perceive is a kind of flat worm, brown in colour, divided into twelve rings, without any trace of feet, and a rough pimpled skin, which strongly resembles wet parchment. Roaming previously through the air, its home is now in stagnant pools, where it moves about much like the leech; but obliged to breathe the free air, it is provided with a curious piece of mechanism. The last ring of the body, much lengthened, ends in a tuft of silky hair like feathers. These surround an orifice communicating with the two large breathing tubes extending from one end of the body to the other. The insect usually keeps this orifice closed and the hairs well together; but when it wishes to breathe, it mounts to the surface, spreads out its bouquet of feathers, and supported by it, remains suspended head downwards, whilst the air freely enters, penetrates into the trachea, and spreads through the whole body.

About the beginning of summer, some of these worms have become immovable and stiff. If they are cautiously opened, the fully formed nymph will be found. At the moment of metamorphosis the *Stratiomys* has burst its skin like other insects; but instead of emerging from it, it remains within, thus sparing itself the trouble of hollowing a nest or spinning a cocoon. The skin is in fact a very large habitation, which is far from being fully occupied; for in changing its state, the body has shrunk, until it scarcely occupies the space corresponding to five of its rings. On the other hand, the proboscis, the eyes, feet, and wings have pushed to the outside; and not less considerable changes have taken place in the interior. Thus lightened, the skin of the larva serving as a shell, it floats on the surface of the water. In about five or six days the awakening nymph stretches herself in her coffer, bursts open the upper part, and disengaging her limbs one by one from the enveloping crust, issues from the floating cradle. More fortunate than many aquatic larvae, it fears no shipwreck; and walking on the water as on dry land, it frees its body from the last folds that imprison it.

The Orthoptera—which include locusts, crickets, and grasshoppers—undergo a series of imperfect metamorphoses, since on leaving the egg they already possess most of the distinctive characters of the perfect state. The larva of the locust leaps, and eats grass like its parents; the organs of locomotion and digestion have their definitive forms and proportions; the future female has a kind of two-edged sword at the extremity of the body, which is nothing but a dibble, destined to dig a hole in the earth where her eggs are to be buried and safely sheltered. Nothing is wanting for the

perfect insect but greater size and wings. At each casting of the skin it increases in bulk, and the organs of flight soon shew themselves under the form of rudimentary folds. Even when it assumes the state of the nymph, nothing changes in its way of life; development goes on, and when the last coat is shed, the wings have reached their full size.

There is one remark which may be made in conclusion as to the increase of weight and size, which goes on in the earlier stages with such extreme rapidity, gradually lessening as the insect reaches the final type. In twenty-four hours, as Redi tells us, the larva of the flesh-fly (*Musca carnaria*) becomes from a hundred and forty to two hundred times heavier. Lyonnet, drawing his conclusions partly from direct experience and partly from calculation, says that the willow caterpillar (*Cossus ligniperda*), when ready to assume the chrysalis form, weighs no less than seventy-two thousand times more than when it issues from the egg. On reaching the imago or perfect stage, insects in general cease from growing, and are often smaller than the larvæ. But the larva of an insect before changing into the chrysalis has laid up all the materials necessary for growth; an abundant fatty tissue surrounds the organs, of which no trace remains in the perfect state. It has all been used in the rearrangement of the various parts; and when the crisis is passed, the worthless remains are cast out. In some butterflies this matter is coloured red; and when issuing from the cocoon, the spots it leaves on walls, stones, or branches are so numerous as to make the observer fancy that there has been a shower of blood.

As a last reflection on the meaning of these curious changes in development, we may add, that one sees in such phases a clear proof of that uniformity of structure, and probably of origin also, which connects all the jointed animals or *articulates*, from the worm upwards to the lobster, in one great type or series. Such uniformity is a fact of nature, and it seems nowhere more clearly shewn us than in the fact that an aerial insect begins its existence as a crawling worm inseparable from the lower orders of the great group of animals just mentioned.

AN INCIDENT OF WAR.

THE war I refer to was not one of those which we have lately had upon our own hands, but that which a few years ago raged so long, so fiercely, between the Northern and the Southern States of America. It was my fortune to serve on the medical staff with a portion of the Northern army during most of that terrible struggle; and it is needless to say that many personal incidents came under my notice, which will never leave my memory. Not one of them, however, made so painful an impression upon me as that which I am about to describe.

Towards noon on the day after one of the fiercest of all the war, a young soldier was brought in from the battle-field, where by some mischance he had been overlooked and abandoned, while comrades of his far less grievously wounded than he, had been sheltered and tended before

nightfall. The poor fellow had lain all night and during the long scorching hours of the morning, amid heaps of dead, both men and horses, suffering from the loss of an arm, and other wounds. An army surgeon is not as a rule a man prone to undue sentiment or to feminine softness at the sight of physical suffering; and I am not conscious of any weakness that makes me an exception in this particular. There was, however, in this youth's expression of countenance something which struck me irresistibly, and with the strong glance of his large bright eye, fixed my attention and awakened my eager interest. He was a slender youth, tall, yet gracefully made, with a head which, as the novelists phrase it, would bring ecstasy to the soul of a sculptor; and every feature moulded to the true type of manly beauty. A single glance gave me this summary outline of my patient before I had time to ascertain the nature or extent of his injuries. A very brief examination soon told me that the life which for hours had been ebbing so painfully away, was well nigh spent; and he must have read the awful truth in my face, for he whispered to me faintly and sadly as I rose: 'Is there, then, no hope?'

Alas! there was no hope; but I had not speech to tell him so; for something was rising into my throat and choking me, and a moisture in my eyes was blinding me; and the only reply I could give him was a shake of my head. The brave spirit which had nerved him through the fight had kept him up till now; but now, when the dismal truth had broken upon him, there passed over his pallid face a look of mingled disappointment and resignation which it was painful beyond expression to witness. I lost no time in giving him such surgical aid as his desperate condition called for and his waning strength could bear. I had hardly done so when an unexpected voice addressed him: 'My own dear boy! my brave heroic boy!' The tone was of cheery encouragement, yet feebly disguising the woe of a breaking heart; for it was his mother's voice that spoke, and her lips that kissed his fevered brow. Gently she turned back his disordered and blood-stained locks, dissembling with evident effort the mother's anguish, lest she should add another sorrow to the pangs of his dying hour.

'My mother!' he cried, with almost frantic delight. 'Is it you, my mother? How came you here? Is it you, or am I dreaming?'—and as he spoke he threw his only remaining arm around her neck, and kissed her with all the rapture of a child. 'Thank God!' he continued in snatches, as his failing strength allowed him—'thank God for this blessed joy, that I see your face once more, my mother. All last night, as I lay amid the dreadful sights around me, I prayed one prayer in all my pain, and only one. I prayed that I might look once more upon your face, my sweetest mother, once more hear your voice. I seemed to pray in vain, yet still I prayed.'

'My poor, poor boy,' she said; 'a curse upon the hand that has brought you to this!' and her tears at length broke from her control.

To the amazement of all, there appeared to be something in this exclamation of his mother that

stimulated the dying youth to a final effort of speech and motion. He half raised himself from his bed, and with that unaccountable energy which sometimes marks the closing moments of life, he said: 'No, no! don't say that. Don't say accurst. You know not the words you are speaking. Oh!' he cried after a moment's pause, 'how shall I tell her the horrible tale? How can I smite her down with such a blow, at such an hour?' and he fell back exhausted upon his pillow. The effort had been too much for him, and for some moments we doubted if the spirit had not fled. It was only a passing weakness, however, and before long he rallied again. Again he spoke, but with a kind of dreamy half-consciousness; at one moment gazing into his mother's eyes, at another seemingly forgetful of her presence.

'Truly it was a bloody field,' he said. 'I had been in several hard-fought fights before, but they were all children's pastime compared with that of yesterday. No sooner had we come in sight of the enemy, than the ringing voice of the General was heard: "At them, my boys, and do your duty!" What happened after that I know not. "Know not," do I say? Oh, would it were true that I knew not! Begrimed with dust, each man was confronted with his own individual foe; and if there be fighting among fiends, then surely did our fighting resemble theirs. I was myself wounded, when a fair-haired man bore down upon me from the opposing line, if line it could then be called, and I received his headlong onset with a terrific bayonet-thrust, and as he fell I thought of Cain, and of that deed which has made the name of Cain a name of malediction for ever. I know not why, but I felt myself compelled to halt in the midst of the *melée*, to kneel beside that fair-haired man and look at him. I turned him over, and looked upon his face—his dear dead face. Ah! mother, it was—it was my brother's face, and my own arm had slain him!'

The scene at that moment it would not be easy to describe. In an instant the weeping mother's tears were dry and her face became passionless as marble. My own emotion, which I have already acknowledged, I took no pains to conceal. Rough, hard-favoured soldiers standing by listened with bated breath to this more than tragic narrative, while big tear-drops welled from their eyes unchecked and undisguised.

'Yes,' he continued, soliloquising, 'my own arm had slain him. Dear darling brother Fred! I laid my face upon his, and it was cold—that face which in our boyhood seemed but the mirror of my own; ever near me—at home, at school, at meat, at play—which laughed when I was glad, and wept when I was sorrowful. Oh, would we both had died in those fresh bright days of innocence. I kissed his pallid lips; I looked into his eyes, but in them was no responsive glance. He was dead. I had slain him! The very thought was a burning madness in my brain. I heeded not the carnage around me. I thought not of my own wounds. I even knew not when my arm was gone. Oh, the arm that had done such a deed deserved to perish. Forgive me, O my brother! How gladly would I give my life to bring back thine again!—Stay, friends; do not shut out the blessed light. Let in the light. I cannot see my

mother.—Fred, sweet brother, put up your sword, and let us play with flowers once more upon this pleasant grass.'

And so he passed away—to join his brother, let us hope, in a land where bloom the flowers that never fade, where strifes and wars are unknown, and where the mysteries and misunderstandings of our present state are dispelled by the light that never dies.

Reverence for the childless mother's grief, as well as the many-voiced call of duty, prevented my making at the moment the inquiries which thronged my mind both as to the history of this strangely sorrow-smitten family, and the means by which the poor mother had come to know of her son's condition and whereabouts. I have often since tried to trace her; but the search has always been fruitless. They certainly belonged to the better class of society; and I think it likewise certain that they were Southerners. The younger brother—which I took him to be—whose sad narrative is here given, had probably resided for some time in the North, and becoming imbued with the sentiments and opinions which charged the atmosphere around him, found himself eventually in the ranks. In a word, I look upon the whole episode as one of those awful coincidences of fate which are generally thought to take place only in the pages of romance, but which a pretty wide experience has taught me to believe are by no means infrequent among the unrecorded realities of life.

STRONG JAMIE, THE CENTENARIAN STUART.

In an article under the title of 'Centenarianism,' we gave an account of the remarkable tests which experienced men have recently applied to the well-known stories of persons who have lived not only to a hundred years, but to a much more advanced age. We wish to add a brief supplement or appendix relating to a man who unquestionably survived to an exceptionally great age, and was withal a very notable character.

There have more than once been claims put forward for certain persons, each as having been 'The last of the Stuarts.' These claims, however, are not of much value, unless taken simply in reference to the *direct* line of descent; seeing that those in the *indirect* line must of course be more numerous and less interesting.

One of the statements or reports of this kind is under date 1844, when the Scottish borderers spoke of the 'Last of the Stuarts' as having just died. The man was in every way remarkable, let him have had blue blood or not in his veins. James Stuart, according to the account which he was accustomed to give of himself, was born in 1728. His father was General John Stuart, reputed to be a near relation to the elder Pretender, son of James II.; his mother was a daughter of Lady Airlie. The parents having gone to America, the child was born at Charlestown in South Carolina. The father dying in 1733, the child was brought by his mother to her native Scotland. Landed in the old world, James Stuart commenced his chequered career. He received his education at Aberdeen. According to his own story, told in later life, he recollected

having been present at the battle of Prestonpans in the year 1745; witnessed the death of Colonel Gardiner, and the flight of that Johnny Cope who has been so unmercifully quizzed in Scottish song; been a spectator of the triumphal entry of Prince Charles into Edinburgh; and seen if not joined in the battle of Culloden. In 1748 he enlisted in the 42d Highlanders, and went to Canada, where he fought at the battle of Quebec, and witnessed the death of General Wolfe. His good conduct earned for him an ensign's commission; but when he returned to England a few years afterwards, he sold out.

We next hear of James Stuart as a seaman, perhaps a petty or warrant officer, under Admiral Rodney. Next he became a sailor in the merchant service; then a midshipman. At last, about the age of sixty, he left off warlike adventures by land and sea, and became a wandering fiddler, which he continued to be for the remaining fifty or sixty years of his life, picking up a living in the country districts of the south-east of Scotland, but making Tweedmouth his general home. He and all admitted that he was a wretched fiddler, a mere scraper; but as he was honest and truthful, never begged, and never got tipsy, he was everywhere welcome. When George IV. visited Edinburgh in 1822, Sir John Sinclair fitted out James Stuart (at that time aged ninety-four) with a new uniform, in which to be presented to the king as a real veteran—possibly also as the 'The last of the Stuarts.' Stuart was far from being a Malthusian; he married in succession five wives, and had twenty-seven children, of whom as many as ten sons were killed in battle by land or sea.

The Berwickshire journals in 1844 gave much information concerning this remarkable man. Though short of stature, he possessed prodigious strength, which earned for him the familiar cognomen of 'Jamie Strang' or 'Strong Jamie.' A writer in the *Berwick Advertiser* said: 'We have heard him state that the greatest weight he ever lifted from the ground was one hundred and five stone, and that he had lifted eighty-five stone with one hand. When the Forfarshire militia was encamped at Eyemouth, he went to see an acquaintance among them. While there, a dancing-master was boasting much of his strength; whereupon one of the soldiers, knowing Stuart, engaged to provide a drummer who would lift more than the boaster could. Stuart, dressed as a drummer, was brought in. A piece of ordnance was lying before them, which the dancing-master raised to the perpendicular, and then allowed to fall. He asked the drummer whether he could do that? Stuart pretended that he was not very sure that he could; but placing his arms round the cannon, he raised it entirely from the ground, and carried it to some distance. At another time, when at Velvet Hall, near Berwick, some countrymen were labouring to get a cart laden with hay out of a miry hole into which by some accident it had stuck fast. Stuart was appealed to for assistance. He desired them all to stand aside, and going underneath the cart, removed it with its load to the opposite side of the road.'

This extraordinary man (it is averred in many quarters) actually went fiddling about the country till nearly one hundred and fourteen years old. A small sum was then collected for him, towards which the Queen and the late Sir Robert Peel con-

tributed. Stuart declared that he 'hadna been sae weel aff this hunder year.' At length his career closed. He died at Tweedmouth on the 11th of April 1844, and was buried on the 14th in the presence of a vast concourse of spectators. The *Berwick Advertiser* a few days afterwards contained an advertisement relating to statuettes of the veteran.

Probably none of the critical investigators of centenarianism would absolutely deny the truth of the assertion that James Stuart lived to the advanced age of one hundred and fourteen; they would simply suspend their belief until corroborative testimony had been brought forward—testimony supporting the verbal statements of the old man.

WHERE SHALL WE ROAM?

WHERE shall we roam, O maiden mine?

To North, to South, to East or West?

Raise but thine eyes, and give the sign;

Where shall we roam?—which way is best?

See! to the North the clear, cold star

Would lead us, where the icebergs rise;

Where Silence reigns, and from afar

The snow-flakes falling shroud the skies.

No, no; the North is bleak and bare:

Too cold the wind, too chill the sea;

The sun itself is icy there.

The North is not the land for me.

Then seek the South, where skies are bright,

Where flowerets kiss the wand'rer's feet,

Where whisp'ring zephyrs woo the night,

And but to live and love is sweet.

Or turn thee to the dawn of day,

Land of Romance and sacred tale;

Fair is the scene, nor far the way.

Thither, O loved one! let us sail.

Nor South, nor East? Then turn thee last

Where evening star-girt doth appear.—

Ah no! the evening fades too fast;

The night beyond is dark and drear.

Then, maiden mine, we will remain,

We two alone; no need to roam,

Nor ever wander forth again

Afar, if Love but stay at home.

R. C. LEHMANN.

Just Published.

Price One Shilling and Sixpence.

NEW ZEALAND:

ITS RESOURCES AND PROSPECTS.

By JOHN BATHGATE,

District Judge, Dunedin.

Illustrated with Map and Wood Engravings.

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JUDGE BATHGATE'S EXPERIENCES OF NEW ZEALAND.

CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

JUDGE BATHGATE, to whose Experiences of New Zealand we referred a few months ago, has since been lecturing on the subject in different parts of the country, and now issues from the press a cheap and handy compendium of information concerning 'NEW ZEALAND; ITS RESOURCES AND PROSPECTS,' which will go a great way towards satisfying the wishes of intending emigrants. The interest which is felt in New Zealand has, it seems, been exemplified in the number of letters of inquiry addressed to Mr Bathgate in consequence of our articles. He informs us that he has received and answered as many as six hundred letters, from different parts of the United Kingdom and from foreign countries—a fact to which he adverts as affording a striking proof 'that CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL penetrates everywhere.' In accepting the compliment, we are happy to think that, through our means in the first place, Mr Bathgate has been able to address such a widely scattered audience, and is therefore likely to realise an important object of his mission, namely, that of making New Zealand as thoroughly known as it deserves to be.

As the book, which may be called the sum and substance of Mr Bathgate's Lectures, is accessible for a trifle in every bookseller's shop, we do not need to do more than point out a few of his more emphatic remarks. In all cases, as we understand, he has declined to recommend any one to emigrate to any part of New Zealand. His duty has consisted in giving all needful details, and leaving every one to judge for himself. This is exactly the policy we should have expected from a man of his prudence and sagacity. People must think for themselves. Among those who think of emigrating with a strict regard to farming operations, there will probably be some hesitation in making a choice between Minnesota and Manitoba in Western America and New Zealand. To the

agriculturist with capital, either Minnesota or Manitoba offers a wide scope for enterprise. But the misfortune of these extensive western domains is that the climate is in extremes. Cold in winter far below zero, which one shivers to think of, and a degree of heat in summer that is equally intolerable, for with the heat comes the plague of insect life, of which it is difficult to form a just estimate. There is something more than professional success to be thought of in this world. We have to think of bodily comfort. What signifies immensity of crops, when everything about you is covered with swarms of black flies that do not give you a moment's peace? Matters of this kind may seem trivial at a distance, but they are not to be neglected in weighing the pros and cons when making a choice of a new home for life. As shewn by Mr Bathgate's explanations, the climate of New Zealand is mild and equable, with nothing in the form of insects or reptiles to give us personal uneasiness. For an enjoyable life all the year round, we should certainly prefer New Zealand, selecting more particularly the northern part of the South Island, which in point of temperature resembles the south of France.

That New Zealand is a comparatively small country, is quite undeniable. It must soon be filled up. By-and-by, it will be well populated, and then its land rising in value will be tenaciously held in property as in old countries. These are circumstances, however, that do not concern the proposing emigrant, further than as regards the future increased value of land. No man, we suppose, emigrates to the United States because of the vastness of that country. As far as regards personal considerations, a small country may be as good as a large one to go to. We should think rather better, for the less would be the chance of being swamped by numbers, or tormented by political factions.

Mr Bathgate holds out no hope of successful emigration to barristers or any of the learned professions; and he says that the ordinary shop-keeping classes are already well represented in

the colony. He proceeds to say: 'Any young man without means, and who has not been trained to some special employment, must therefore be prepared to undertake the ordinary duties of a farm-labourer, and expect to be treated as such. If he be fit for honest labour of this kind, he will be well remunerated, wages being a pound a week and board. From this he may, by industry and sobriety, save in the course of a few years several hundred pounds, with which he may start farming on his own account. There is no road to success for such youths but by dint of sheer hard work in the humblest capacity. There is no "getting on to a farm," or being employed "on a run," and becoming a manager, or riding about as overseer. In early days, when hands were scarce, young men were often taken on a run, and a few of these obtained situations of trust. But as a general rule, the majority did not succeed in becoming masters. At present, settlers and run-holders are chary of employing strangers who have not been thoroughly trained for their work, and who are not prepared to take their place among the ordinary hands working on the farm or station. It is next to impracticable for a youth to get on to a farm or station for the purpose of learning his business, unless it be in some places where a high premium is charged. It should never be forgotten that, even when a youngster has learned his business, there is little hope of his advancement afterwards unless he has capital to purchase and stock land on his own account. Two classes only in general do well—those who have sufficient capital to enable them to occupy land advantageously; and the hard-working labourer who is frugal, sober, and industrious. We wish to impress on youthful aspirants after colonial life that, unless they are physically and morally fit for the work of a labourer in this country, they are not fit for similar work anywhere else. Division of labour is fully carried out in the colony, and every man is expected to be fully qualified for the special duties he undertakes to perform. As we previously stated, working-men in the colony work harder than their fellows at home. The advantages on the colonial side are, that they are generally better treated, better paid, and better fed, and the working time is limited to eight hours a day.'

Ladies with a limited income have asked him what might be their prospects. 'A lady by birth, education, and position, speaking French fluently, musical, cheerful, domesticated, and skilled in housekeeping, has expressed her willingness to take a situation as "governess-housekeeper," or any place of trust. Several equally accomplished have made similar inquiries. In our opinion the colony is scarcely sufficiently advanced to offer many openings of this kind. Ladies who have had boarding-schools in England find their success affected by the new educational system. The same difficulty exists in the colony. In several instances, ladies' boarding-schools have been very successful; but now that there are numerous

public and some private schools in the colony, at which the highest education for young ladies can be obtained, we fear much that the success of any new adventures would be somewhat doubtful. For female domestic servants there is an unlimited demand. Young women who are able to use their hands in house-work, or have a moderate skill in cookery, need never fear of obtaining a good place where they will be well paid, well cared for, and much respected. Many an educated girl in Britain who finds it hard to make headway here might with advantage enter into service in the colony. After a short experience, she will be able to secure a situation where she will be comfortable and feel herself on a higher platform than if she were to go into service here. The demand in New Zealand is continually increasing, along with increasing settlement; and the ranks are also constantly being thinned by marriages.'

Mr Bathgate can offer no encouragement to incorrigible ne'er-do-weels. 'A word of caution must be added to parents and guardians in reference to young men who, owing to some fault of behaviour, imperfect education, or mental weakness, are unable to make their way in this country. Such youths are often sent to the colony to get rid of them, or in the hope that by some unknown process they will succeed better there. In general, these unfortunates sink to a lower depth than they would have done at home, where friends operate as a check to a certain extent. Many fall to the lowest position, and not a few become inmates of our jails. The career of one may be described. An ex-officer of dragoons came out in the same ship with a friend of ours. Of good family, having a university education, and of fair ability, he might have risen in the army; but he was poor, and had not the moral courage to resist rivaling his more wealthy comrades in their expenditure. His debts were paid twice over, and at last he had to sell out. His relatives paid his passage to New Zealand, hoping he would find something to do there. Our friend recommended him to study book-keeping on the voyage, to qualify himself for the situation of a clerk. He thought the idea a good one, and resolved to do so. One month, two months passed away, and the rollicking and card-playing amongst the other young men on board were too strong for him. Our friend was vexed to see the precious time slipping away unimproved, and said to Mr Sabreur: "You have only a month left. Don't you think you should be seeing to your book-keeping?" "Book-keeping!" was the reply; "what's the good of it?" He was left to his fate, and when last seen, the accomplished militaire filled the situation of billiard-marker in a colonial public-house, his highest enjoyment smoking a short pipe.'

So rapid has been the progress of New Zealand as an attractive place of settlement, that already

within the space of forty years it begins to assume the character of an old country, and to hold out temptations to others than those who are pushing about in search of a livelihood. It has towns with elegant mansions in the environs, where capitalists may settle down in as much comfort as in the neighbourhood of London. There are roads as well adapted for carriage-driving as any one has been accustomed to. Well-appointed steam-vessels carry passengers with precision from one point of the coast to another. Railways are now widely ramified and extending. For travellers and tourists, excellent hotels offer every desirable accommodation. Mr Bathgate pictures a run to New Zealand and back again as a pleasant variety in the life of those who are at ease in their circumstances, or who desire to benefit by change of air and scene.

The traveller, he says, 'may rusticate at Waiwera hot springs, where his rheumatism, and many other ills which flesh is heir to, will bid him farewell. He may turn aside to witness the industry of the Thames gold-field. He may be pulled along in a Maori canoe to see the wonders of the pink and white siliceous terraces at Rotomahana, and revel in the luxury of a bath in the tepid waters of the lake. He may spend a day or two at each of our chief cities with advantage, and judge for himself of the manners of the inhabitants, as well as experience their hospitality. Everywhere he will find comfortable hotels with an excellent *cuisine*. If he has a friend to introduce him to the clubs, he will be sure to be well entertained, and to make agreeable acquaintances. He may ramble through the South Island, and relax himself in the dreamy gardens of Nelson, be refreshed by the cheeriness of the truly English city of Christchurch, and be stirred up by the commercial activity of Dunedin. He may explore the grandeur of the glaciers of Mount Cook, towering untouched as yet by the alpen-stock of rambling Club-men, fourteen thousand feet high. The river and forest scenery of both islands is in many places of exquisite and unusual beauty. The umbrageous tree-ferns, the tall and graceful fronds of the nikau palm, the towering pines, the delicately foliaged mapau, and the glossy-leaved broad-leaf, will reveal to him new features of silvan loveliness. He can get by rail to Lake Wakatipu, and take a seat on board its steamer, to be arrested with the view of the majestic and rugged peaks which environ its dark waters. The glorious landscape at the head of the lake, with its wooded islands, its romantic hills, and the dazzling snow-clad summit of Mount Earnslaw in the background, will imprint itself as a brilliant mental photograph never to be obliterated. He can finish his explorations with a summer trip to the fiords or sounds on the west coast, and be wonder-struck at the precipitous grandeur of the Mitre, ascending sheer from the sea to an altitude of several thousand feet, and descending to an unfathomable depth. These and many other objects of surpassing interest will be a source of permanent gratification, in the pleasing recollection of them, to the traveller, who will carry home with him lively ideas of the impressiveness of the scenery he has visited, and of the kindness and intelligence of the frank and vigorous people among whom he has made his short sojourn.'

We conclude by quoting from Mr Bathgate's

last paragraph. 'With a climate which renders life positively enjoyable, with a fertile and grateful soil to cultivate, with a country having all the elements necessary to build up a free, a prosperous, and a happy nation, the labours of the colonist are a pleasure to him. There is no vista before him shrouded with the dark shadows of an overgrown, under-fed population. There are no political animosities rending friendships asunder. On every side he perceives manifold signs of the rapid development of the varied resources of his adopted country, and he is nerved for greater exertions by the knowledge that the fortunes of himself and his children must advance with its increasing progress. There is no strife, no crowding out, from the multitude of competitors in the struggle for existence. There is room for all comers of the right sort for many generations. He rejoices in his independence, and in feelings previously unknown to him. Much as we love the land of our birth and manhood, numerous as are the kind friends there to whom we are attached, prickly as some of the thorns in colonial life we have had to encounter have been, we candidly declare we have never regretted for a single instant the choice of New Zealand as a new home.'

We understand that Mr Bathgate designs to return to his duties as District Judge at Dunedin in the course of the approaching summer. It will be unnecessary for any one to write further to him letters of inquiry. His book, as we have said, gives all requisite information on New Zealand that can be sought for, along with a number of practical hints regarding the best methods and cost of transit.

W. C.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER XI.—HISTORY.

A good safe vengeance in the way of business.

MR TASKER, seated at his table in his own private room in Acre Buildings, communed with himself. No great amount of Mr Tasker's energies were at any time absorbed by the actual transaction of business. The spider's little affair with the fly is rather a matter of pleasure than of business—to the spider. It is in the spinning of his web that that wary creature expends his powers. So it was with Mr Tasker. At this time he was spinning most warily, and he did his work with a relish also. It was a pleasant summer afternoon. Acre Buildings were so far back from the main thoroughfare that the hum of traffic came soothingly and pleasantly upon the ear. The sparrows chattered about the roof and in the trees and on the pavement. Things had a rural look and sound and scent thereabouts. There was a long box of mignonette on the ledge of Mr Tasker's window. That window was open, and the exquisite perfume of the flower filled the apartment. The sunlight fell in broken flecks upon the floor and danced on the roof, reflected thither by a carafe of water which Mr Tasker had just laid down. A glass of brandy-and-water stood at his elbow. He held a big Havana between his finger and thumb, and lost in reverie, forgot to light it.

'We shall see,' said Mr Tasker with his pleasant smile. He roused himself, lit his cigar, placed his feet upon the table, and with the tumbler in his hand, lolled there, a picture of careless ease. Yet

the brain of Mr Tasker was busy, and its theme was vengeance. Not vengeance after any tragic fashion, for to such height Tasker was too prudent to rise, having a soul to save and a neck to take care of; but vengeance in a good safe usurious profitable way, and in the way of business. And his thought was: 'Can I get Mr Frank Fairholt in my hands again, and grind him down, and make him ask for time, and flout him and expose him to his friends?' The answer just then to this amiable inquiry was 'Yes,' and Mr Tasker evolved his plans, and enjoyed his victory in anticipation. Those outspoken allusions to Shylock and his pound of flesh rankled in Mr Tasker's mind. They were displeasing allusions, apart from their personal application, because they bespoke a good game played in vain—a checkmate to a compatriot. Tasker, half enveloped in smoke, looked through the window into the thick-leaved branches of the nearest tree with half-closed eyes, and sipped his liquor relishingly. A note lay upon the table, and Tasker dug at it with his heel as he leaned back there. 'You shall help me,' said he with a chuckle. 'And I will throw you both into the same boat, and you shall both sink or swim together.' He lay back again and chuckled enjoyingly over his own reflections; then sipped again and resumed his cigar. 'He is little better than a fool,' he continued, following out his own train of thought—'he is little better than a fool, that Hastings. I shall use him as I like when he comes here. We shall see—we shall see.'

At this moment Tasker's boy knocked at the door and announced a visitor. Tasker took his feet from the table, and turned round to welcome, with a nod of the head and a left hand outstretched sideways, Mr Hastings. That young gentleman sauntered in languidly, and put a little finger into the proffered hand. 'And how is Egypt, my chosen Israelite?' he asked, seating himself on the table.

'Egypt is fat and well and flourishing,' responded Mr Tasker with a gay good-humour.

'Is Israel well and fat and flourishing?' asked Hastings.

'Pretty well—pretty well,' answered Tasker, in the best of tempers and the most charming of good spirits.

'Pretty well is very well,' the other responded, with a solemn languor of manner. 'I'll take a weed, Tasker. Yours are always good, I know.—Thank you.'

'You have come,' said Mr Tasker, smilingly holding forth his cigar-case, and speaking with that little effort to be clear and sharp about his Cs and Ss, which shewed him most keenly watchful of himself—'you have come most punctually. You are here to time, Mr Hastings, like a clock.'

'I am here punctually, as you observe,' returned Hastings, lighting his cigar and speaking leisurely as he does so. 'I am, I regret to say, less like a clock than a clock-case—empty.'

Tasker was in admirable spirits. 'You will have your little choke, Mr Hastings.'

'I deserve my little choke,' said Hastings, accepting Tasker phonetically, 'for coming here at all.'

Tasker did not understand. But Hastings had said so many things which Tasker did not understand, that one more or less made little difference.

He knew that this flippant and careless and impudent young man used him and despised him. But he knew also that he used and despised the flippant and impudent young man. There was a little balance of hatred on Tasker's side, though he scarcely cared to shew it. A man who will one day have twenty thousand a year, was not to be insulted lightly, though he had something less than nothing now. Tasker knew that the allowance of the young gentleman before him was eaten up for the next three years; but he knew also that a single quarter's income from the paternal estate was just equivalent to these responsibilities, and that Hastings senior was old and frail. It was Tasker's cue to be astonished at the fact that his client was unable to take up a bill which fell due next day. In order that his astonishment might come with natural force, he took it for granted that business would go smoothly.

'If all my clients was so punctual,' said Tasker, 'my business relations would be quite pleasant.'

'Say "relatives," Tasker. Your business relatives are always pleasant. Pleasantry is the badge of all your tribe.'

'I forget at this moment,' said Tasker, with a lifting of his arched and heavy eyebrows, 'what it is that you have got to pay.'

Hastings answered lazily: 'I am not about to remind you too rudely of the amount, by any payment of the money.'

'Goot heavens, Mr Hastings! I hope you are not in serious earnest?'

'Set your mind at rest. I never *am* in serious earnest.'

'I do not comprehend,' said Mr Tasker, rising. 'I hope you do not mean to say that you cannot buy me?'

'Unto that end, most valiant, am I come,' Hastings answered, thrumming lightly on the table, and regarding his companion with a look of solemn gravity. 'By the way,' he questioned with a passing gleam of interest, 'was that a quotation or an inspiration?'

'It was a bill at four months,' groaned Tasker.

'He is like the dyer's hand,' said the other, in abstracted soliloquy, 'subdued to what he works in.'

'You must not dalk in this way,' exclaimed Tasker with energy. 'I have debended upon you, I have engagements.'

'You remind me,' replied Hastings, taking out his watch, 'I also have engagements. Let us get our business over.'

'I have had too much of this,' said Tasker, with well-simulated wrath. 'I have ztood it too long. I will not ztand it any longer. I must be paid, Mr Hastings—I must be paid.'

'When the irresistible encounters the impregnable, what happens?' asked Hastings with an air of peaceful calm. 'It is an unfortunate conjunction of circumstances—unfortunate, but interesting—deeply interesting. Allow me to ask you to notice the situation. You must be paid. That is an absolute necessity? Very good. I cannot pay you. That is an absolute fact. Positive need on the one hand. Positive incapacity on the other.'

'Do you mean to zwindle me, Mr Hastings?' asked Tasker with an aspect of increasing anger.

'I am not accustomed to analyse my motives; but at a rough guess, I should be inclined to

answer "Yes." But I am so perfectly convinced that in the end you will swindle me, that my intentions are of little moment.'

It was a little curious that Tasker in simulating anger grew really angry. The gibes of his flippant client scarcely touched him, but his own presentment of wrath awakened wrath within him. Like a good actor, he threw himself into his part with thoroughness, and became that he seemed. It took him trouble to calm himself and bring himself down to the mere acting condition again. It would have been so pleasant to rend somebody, that it was dangerous to his interests even to play at doing it in this case, lest he should yield to the temptation to do it in good earnest.

'I do not want to quarrel with you; I do not want to take extreme measures, Mr Hastings,' Tasker resumed, having succeeded in mastering himself. 'There now!' He threw himself into his chair again, and relighted his cigar. Then with his glass in his hand, he leaned back and set his feet upon the table. 'I will be calm and quiet; I will listen to reason.'

'Your resolve is laudable,' returned the other, with the same imperturbable face and voice. 'When you say that you will listen to reason, you mean that you will listen to me. I accept the implied compliment. I think I may venture to assert that I am prepared to converse with equal ease and elegance upon any topic which may be introduced.'

'Aha!' laughed Tasker, the corners of his mouth a trifle tigerish—'it is all your good-humour. It is all your English fun. Now we will talk about this bill. I am tied up for money. You are tied up for money. Now what shall we do?'

'Let us toss up for it.'

'Dors up for what? Dors up for nothing?' asked Tasker, resolutely good-humoured. 'Now, what can we do? Can you pay me in a week? In two weeks? In three weeks?'

In answer to each of these inquiries, Hastings shook his head. 'Renew for three months.'

'Impossible!' returned Tasker, still smiling through his cloud of smoke. 'I tell you I do not know where to turn. Yet I am not a poor man. I have money enough, but it is all out. And now I am galled upon to pay away money to-morrow, and I have not got it. It is all out. Gentlemen *will* not pay. They all come here and say "Renew," as if I was Cæsar.'

'Now listen and perpend,' replied Hastings. 'Three months from date I pledge you my honour either to pay or—to renew again.'

'I should like to keep my demper, Mr Hastings,' returned Tasker, 'if you will be so good.'

'I don't know what value you may set upon your time,' the other answered, 'but mine is valuable. Will you come to a conclusion?'

Tasker haggled for a while, and then came down with the proposition for which he had paved the way by all this manœuvring. 'It is in your power, Mr Hastings, to do me a favour. It is a favour very easy for you. A gentleman in the country, who is my very good friend, employs me to buy his bigturs. He has heard of a bigture which is to be great. He wishes to buy it. He instructs me. But my hands are tied. I cannot disoblige my very good friend in the country. But I cannot buy the bigture myself because the artist will not

do business with me. We are not on derms with each other. Will you go and see the work and make an offer for it? Will you so far oblige me, my dear sir, if I renew the little bill?'

'I don't mind,' answered Hastings. 'Who shall I say wants the picture?'

'Ah!' said Mr Tasker, smiling once more, 'my good friend in the country is vond of mystery. He does not wish it to be known that he is bur-chasing this work until it is his. Then he will say: "You have come too late, you people. The work is sold. I have been before you, and the work of the year is mine for a zong."'

'Does it occur to you, most ridiculous Tasker, that an artist might decline to sell to me for an unknown patron?'

'That is once more your fun,' Tasker responded, still smiling. 'You will go to your friend and say: "You are zending this work to the Winter Exhibition? Very goot. Will you sell it for four hundred guineas? Very goot. The money will be paid one week after the bigture has been hung. Very goot again." That is all to do.'

'Who is the artist?'

'The artist is Mr Fairholt of Montague Gardens.'

'I will execute your commission, my Tasker, with joy.'

'My name must not appear, you know,' said Tasker, with his tigerish smile in full play. 'He has guarrelled with me, and will not have anything more to do. We had a great zhindy—as you call it—in this very room. He was angry, and we guarrelled. I most have the bigture, Mr Hastings, for my friend in the country.'

'Your friend in the country shall not be disappointed, Tasker.'

Mr Tasker, smiling, renewed the bill; and Hastings went his way to mystify Frank. The usurer left alone once more, threw himself back into his chair; and again setting his heels upon the table, held inward communion. Mr Tasker thought in German, but his thoughts translated ran thus: 'Mr Benjamin Hartley intrusts me with this commission. I accept it, as in duty bound; and I accept it gladly, because it opens up a way to a sly and mean vengeance after my own heart. I will plague this impertinent artist by this means. I know how he was able to pay me last time; and I think he has pumped that well dry for a little while. If I could only get him into my hands again! If I could get him for a bill he could not meet, and could hold back the price of the picture, and plague his proud heart for a week or two. If I could have him here begging for time, and knowing all the while that he was independent of me if he only knew it, and knowing that he did not know it. I could keep Hastings from speaking. I could have out half-a-dozen writs against him, and send him over to Boulogne for quiet. Fairholt should not guess where he had got to. He should not know the purchaser of his picture. He should be waiting for money, and hoping for it every day; and he should tremble under my hand. He should beg my pardon. He should pay me such interest as was never paid before. He should cringe and sue to me; and then I would apply to his father for payment, and then I would send him Mr Benjamin Hartley's cheque. He should be humiliated, and exposed, and tortured with hope, and his hope should drop into

his hands an hour too late.' Thus thought Tasker, until his own pleasant imaginings became too tantalising for him. 'Himmel!' said Tasker with a sigh, 'it is too goot to be drue.' He rises and paces up and down the room. 'But it shall not vail because I do not try it. I should like to ruin him, to break him down and bring him into beggary. "My pound of vlesh." I can try for it at least.'

Dr Johnson liked a good hater, but he would have been enamoured of Mr Tasker, who was a decent hater as times go.

TONTINES.

TONTINES are a species of lotteries, now generally exploded. They take their name from their inventor, Tonti, an Italian, who arrived in Paris early in the reign of Louis XIV., and was countenanced in his scheme of raising money for the state at a time when the finances of France were in a considerably depressed condition. Tonti proposed that a fund of twenty-five million livres should be raised by subscriptions of three hundred livres. The subscribers were to be divided into ten classes according to age. To each class a certain fixed annual amount of interest was to be assigned, which should each year be equally divided among the members of the class who were alive. In this way, while every member should at first get a fair annuity for the capital he invested, the profit that would come to the survivors as years went on would gradually grow larger, until at last the sole survivor would receive the whole annual rent of his class.

It was a scheme appealing to the confidence most men have in their own length of life, and one of which the advantages appear much greater than they really are; yet probably owing to the great unpopularity of Mazarin, the proposal could not be carried out. The Cardinal warmly adopted his countryman's idea; but the parliament refused to register the edict establishing the tontine, and the matter had to be laid aside for a time. Tonti had got a pension of six thousand livres in 1648, which he told Colbert he drew till 1660; during this time he appears to have spent the life of an active 'promoter' both of tontines and of such projects as a new East India Company, a national association for rearing silkworms, &c. He got the young king Louis to sanction a tontine in 1656, which he called the Banque Royale, to raise capital for a bridge across the Seine; and another shortly afterwards for a fund to pay the debts of the clergy; but so unpopular did Mazarin make everything Italian, that the French would have nothing to do with any of the schemes of Tonti's fertile brain. At length he got into disfavour at court, and was consigned to the Bastille, where for some years he was allowed to correspond with his friends; but suddenly the curtain dropped upon his life, and nothing is known of its end.

Fifteen years after Tonti's last appeal from the Bastille, Louis XIV. grievously in want of money, bethought him of the Italian's plan, and by royal

patent in 1689 established the first tontine which ever had a practical result, though only a part of the fourteen millions he wished to get was subscribed. The remainder of this sum, however, he got a year or two afterwards from another tontine, which like the first was to exist for forty years. In 1726, Charlotte Bonnemay Barbier, widow of Louis Barbier, a Parisian doctor, was sole survivor of a class in each tontine, and was, at the age of ninety-six, drawing an annuity of seventy-three thousand five hundred livres; an excellent return for an original payment of three hundred livres to each tontine.

Though Louis XIV. was the first to set a tontine in working order, he was very nearly anticipated by Dr John Houghton, F.R.S., a contemporary of Evelyn and Pepys, who record their high opinion of him. In 1683 Dr Houghton proposed to raise a large sum on a 'Subscription on Lives,' on the same principles of survivorship as Tonti's. In this proposal, addressed to the City of London, Houghton brings forward many curious reasons why all sections of mankind with five pounds to spare should put it into his tontine. Ill-treated wives would find themselves objects of tender care to their husbands as they went on towards the goal of sole survivorship; old people would be made much of; poor relations kindly looked after; for the longer they lived the more they would have. Landed gentlemen would find it a perfect provision for younger children; 'for if they die quickly, the estate will be free to the heirs; if not, it will be a considerable provision, and the estate shall not need to be clogged for maintenance.'

Houghton's reasons were not sufficient to float his tontine. Indeed such schemes never have been so popular in Britain as on the continent. However, several tontines were established both in England and Ireland during the eighteenth century, of which the most notable was that established in 1789 by the government. It was for a million, in shares of one hundred pounds each. The subscribers were divided into ten classes, according to age, and it was stipulated that the payment to each person should not exceed a thousand pounds a year, however few the survivors should be. Little more than half the shares were taken up. In *Notes and Queries* for 1872 it was stated that a life had dropped in August of that year at the age of ninety-three, whose last year's dividend had been two hundred and thirty-eight pounds, and it was estimated that there were about eighty survivors of the tontine.

In 1799 Sir John Sinclair of Ulbster wrote a pamphlet advocating the formation of a joint-stock company with a tontine capital of sixty thousand pounds to establish experimental farms in different parts of the country; but no practical result followed his suggestion.

About the same time, and in the early years of the present century, a number of tontines were set on foot, chiefly for the purpose of building hotels where they seem to have been required, and where no individual capitalist was inclined or able to go into such ventures. We have some personal recollection of one of these tontines having been

set on foot in Peebles in 1807 to build a hotel, since known as the Tontine Hotel. The number of shares subscribed was a hundred and forty-four, the price of each share being twenty-five pounds. The principle acted on was that each subscriber was at liberty to name an individual on whose life he risked his share in the concern. The individuals so named were called the nominees, and had no interest in the affair, so far as nomination was concerned. Some, with a fancy that they had prospects of longevity, named themselves. Some named the Princess Charlotte, not only on account of her youth, eleven years of age, but that her life would be well cared for. As the Princess died in 1817, these shares were at once lost. The greater number staked on the lives of young children within their knowledge. It was thought to be a great day for Peebles when the foundation-stone of the proposed hotel was laid with all solemnity, and received the benediction of Dr Dalgliesh, the town minister, a reverend divine of the old school, with cocked-hat, powdered wig, buckles at his knees and his shoes, and frills at his wrists. As a little boy, the present writer was permitted to be close beside him on the occasion.

After a space of seventy-three years, it is interesting to inquire how the project succeeded, and what is its present position. The hotel throughout has been fairly managed by a succession of tenants, who have paid rent to a factor for those who claim an interest in the concern. As regards nominees, the original number of one hundred and forty-four had diminished to seventy-four in 1855. That is to say, about one-half had died out in forty-eight years. In 1864 the number had sunk to fifty-three. Now, at the beginning of 1880, all that remain are eleven. Each of these must of course be at least seventy-three years of age; and it might be assumed that the question of who is to be the last survivor cannot remain long undetermined. Looking, however, to the circumstance that individuals now occasionally live to a hundred, or at least to be upwards of ninety, it should not excite surprise if two or three of the eleven nominees keep up the game till the twentieth century.

From these explanations it is obvious that the holding of property on the tontine principle is to the last degree unsatisfactory. The parties concerned and their heirs cease to feel any interest in the result. The property staked for becomes a bad investment. It cannot be dealt with as a marketable commodity. If a hotel, it falls behind the requirements of the age; and as no one has any particular interest in it, fresh capital cannot be employed to enlarge or materially improve it. After reckoning cost of repairs and other expenses, it yields but an insignificant sum for division per annum. For these and other reasons the tontine system of holding property is about the worst ever invented. The idea of sinking money in a purely hazardous result some eighty or ninety years hence, almost goes beyond the wildest dreams of folly. In some instances, when only two nominees are left, a compromise takes place, and the affair is wound up. Of late years, attempts have been made in London to get up tontines on the principle of speculating on lives of persons not less than sixty years of age, or of dividing the property among survivors at not a very dis-

tant date. As far as we have heard, none of these projects has succeeded. Like everything in the form of a lottery, they do not commend themselves to public approbation.

JACK QUARTERMAIN'S VISION.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART II.—NEBRASKA.

'DAN, Dan! Wake up, old man, quick! I say, Dan!'

Dan rolled himself over lazily, raised himself on one elbow, and glanced round the apartment; then sunk back leisurely on his pillow with a long deep sigh of gratitude.

'I say, you everlasting sleeper, will you rouse up!'

'Too soon, Jack—hours too soon; not near mornin'. All right, old fellow; I'll turn out presently,' murmured Dan drowsily.

Jack Quartermain jumped up from the rude couch he had been sharing with Dan Kennedy, and proceeded to dress himself by the light of the fire, which still smouldered on the hearth; then he piled on more logs, and throwing himself on a rug, looked steadily at the blaze, which leaped and danced and flickered as the fierce wind swept down the wide chimney. For fully an hour Jack mused by the fire; then he gave a long loving look round the rude Nebraskan cabin he shared with his chum, glanced at his tattered, battered, travel-stained leather portmanteau, which had been for nearly six years his faithful travelling companion, and calculated its capacity for yet another voyage; gave a passing look of regret and complacency at Dan's gorged, unwieldy, calf-skin trunk which contained their united savings; and then he heaved a deep sigh as his glance fell on the stalwart form of Dan himself sleeping peacefully on his hard bed.

Another half-hour was passed in study of the glowing logs, and then Jack produced from an old rosewood desk, which stood on a ledge in one corner of the log-hut, a little packet of letters, and read them over carefully by the light of the fire. Two of them were from Jessie Hamilton; tender, loving, womanly letters, full of trust, affection, and encouragement. They were written during the first few months after his departure, and were the only ones he had ever received. The others were from Val Saunders, cheery, chatty epistles, full of vows of world-without-end friendship, and gossip about their mutual friends and the doings at the office. The last of these was dated just a year after Jack Quartermain had sailed for New York, and contained the startling intelligence—told with evident reluctance and much sympathy—that Jessie was false. She had given her exiled lover up, and was engaged to be married to his successor at Verschoyle and Saunders's. This intelligence, coupled with Jessie's long silence, in spite of his earnest entreaties for a single line, convinced Jack that something really was wrong. So he had written one more letter, freeing his cousin from her engagement with him, and asking for the return of his letters, his carte, and other trifling mementos of their unfortunate affection. But even that brought no reply. And Val, to whom he had also written and poured out all his despair and

misery, was silent too. They would not even write and tell him if the deeds had been found, or if his uncle were alive and well.

Six months of utter misery and suspense followed; and then in a fit of sheer desperation, Jack had joined a band of daring adventurers bound for Nevada, and went in for gold-digging. He had been, from the time he had landed in the United States, a clerk in a great store in Jersey City, and was working his way into the esteem and confidence of his employers, when the gold-fever seized him, or rather the fever of discontent, and he rushed off to the West without a moment's consideration in search of wealth he did not want, and of peace he was certain not to find. A week of the wild lawless life at the Diggings was quite enough for Jack. A week was enough for another of the party also. These two, by a sort of natural selection, made friends with each other; and one night they left the camp without 'beat of drum' or saying farewell to anybody.

Dan Kennedy led the way in the retreat from gold-land. He proposed a sheep-walk in Australia, and peace and solitude, instead of the bowie-knives and braggadocio of 'the Roaring Camp' at Nevada; and so they sailed from San Francisco to Sydney, and were soon lost in the Australian Bush. For three years they had lived a not unhappy or uneventful life. They were not growing enviably rich, nor thinking of retiring from their labours. On the contrary, they worked hard late and early, and put what they could in the calf-skin trunk. Summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, these two men lived together in their cabin, their chief occupation their sheep; their amusement a skirmish with a band of natives or a few bushrangers; their intellectual food a Bible, a Shakspeare, and a copy of Burns, which Dan Kennedy always carried in his pocket. Then a sudden whim seized Jack; he wanted to go back to America; he was sick of Bush-life, and sheep were an abomination to him. Dan—the most complacent of men—counted the hoard in the trunk, and thought that they might manage it. Then he disposed of the farm and stock; and once more they crossed the sea and set out on their rambles.

After roving from state to state, and from city to city till their finances were almost exhausted, Dan resolved to settle in the territory of Nebraska; obtained a grant of land, built a log-hut, and declared that he had settled down for life. He was happy at last. Bound in by forests; out of the track of settlers; far from civilisation; a magnificent country, which supplied game in abundance; a noble river, teeming with fish; fruit and flowers in profusion. Surely 'Kennedy's Clearing' was an earthly paradise; at least so it seemed in the summer, when the trees were laden with fruit, the air with melody and fragrance. But in the autumn, when the rainy season set in, it was not quite so like a paradise; and in the winter the cold was intense. For a little while Jack was contented in Nebraska; but suddenly he was seized with the spirit of unrest again. He wanted to go somewhere he had never been, to do something he had never done—in short, he wanted a change. But Dan was deaf to his insinuations and hints, and turned a most unsympathetic ear to his murmurs. He was settled for life, he said, with his Bible, his Burns, his calf-

skin trunk, and his Shakspeare. He had taken 'Kennedy's Clearing' for better or worse; and he meant to stick to his bargain.

'Yes, my boy; I'm planted here, and took root I have,' said Dan, upon a certain cold December night. 'It's no use your putting out feelers. I ain't a-goin' to go off half-cocked again. So long as the clearing sticks to me, so long I stick to the clearing. You can move on if you like!'

'Why, you Turk!' Jack cried reproachfully, throwing more pine-logs on the fire, 'do you think I'm going to leave you here all by yourself, like Robinson Crusoe? No; old fellow; I'll stick by the clearing too; only, it's a melancholy consolation to grumble a little now and again—a Briton's privilege, you know!'

'Bad practice,' Dan remarked. 'Does no manner of good, any way.—I say, Jack, do you know what night this is?'

'Yes; Thursday. Why?'

'It's New-year's Eve, lad, and I've made provision for a jollification,' Dan replied. 'I gave one of my best axes and a pair of woollen stockings in exchange for five cigars and a bottle of Schiedam. What do you think of that, my son?'

'I think it was recklessly extravagant of you, old man. But as the temptations to that vice are so few, I think you may be pardoned. We'll smoke the old year out, and drink the new year in; and better luck to all of us!'

'Better luck! What better luck do we want?' exclaimed Dan. 'Ain't we as happy as kings here? Plenty of work; plenty of fun; enough to eat, drink, and wear. No master to serve; no servants to scold; not too many visitors to bore us; and besides, we're making money!'

'Yes; all that's very well. But a fellow is apt to get tired of his own inestimable society sometimes, you know,' grumbled Jack.

'I never do!' and Dan gave a tremendous stretch. 'I make it a point of always being on friendly terms with myself; there's nothing like it, lad. Jack, my boy, I wish you were married. Go down east, and bring back a missis for the clearing, and I'll play second-fiddle *di-rectly*!'

Jack shrugged his shoulders, knitted his brows, and bit his somewhat ragged moustache, as he invariably did when matrimony was mentioned. But he made no retort. It never entered his head to ask Dan why he didn't bring a 'missis' to the clearing himself, though Kennedy was the most thoroughly bachelor squatter in the territory, though the sturdiest, healthiest, handsomest young fellow, within a hundred miles. Dan had a dead-and-gone love affair, and he told Jack Quartermain all about it in the early days of their friendship; spoke tenderly, reverently, of his lost love, just as he might speak of his dead mother. Just once he gave his churn a peep into his heart, let him see below the surface for a moment; and Jack's honest eyes filled with sympathetic tears as he saw what a deep, raw, aching wound his friend so bravely carried and concealed. Once, and once only, did he attempt a little rough commonplace consolation; and he never forgot the look of agony which swept across Dan's face, never forgot the mute appeal of his eyes, and how he raised his strong right arm, as if to ward off a blow. Ever after that, Jack spoke many a time of his own love-affairs; but neither in jest nor in earnest

did he ever allude to Dan's—it was the one solitary forbidden subject between them.

It was, as we have said, New-year's Eve—the fifth since Jack Quartermain had left home and love and friends, and gone forth to seek his fortune, resting under the shadow of unmerited suspicion. For more than four years he had not heard a single word from England—not a line from his uncle, from Jessie, or from his old friend Val Saunders!

'I can't make it out, Dan,' he said, from the midst of a cloud of fragrant smoke—all that was left of two of the five cigars. 'I can't understand it, old fellow. Val must be dead, or he would have answered my letters. I'm not so surprised at Jessie—all women are false and deceitful; it's their nature. But Val was such a good-hearted, good-natured sort of fellow! He must be dead.'

Dan growled out something which might be taken for an assent, or might not.

'What do you mean by that?' exclaimed Jack a little impatiently. 'Do you think he's dead, or do you think he isn't, Dan?'

'Well—really I have no pleasure in conjecturing,' replied Dan slowly, as he puffed away at the last cigar, for which they had drawn lots. 'Mr Val Saunders ain't any particular friend of mine, you know; but it's my private opinion that if he is dead, it's a good riddance of bad value!'

'You're as bad as Jessie; just as jealous and unreasonable,' Jack retorted crossly. It did seem very hard that the only two people in the world he really cared about should each have an unreasonable prejudice against the person he liked next best.

Dan, however, replied good-humouredly to his fretful grumbling, laughed at the idea of his being jealous of an individual he had never seen; and then after drinking farewell to the departing year, and a merry greeting to the new one, which was ushered in by a lusty north wind, which promised plenty of snow, the two men stood for a few minutes looking into the glowing embers on the hearth, wrung each other's hands with a hearty grip, and laid themselves down to rest with a none the less fervent because voiceless prayer.

Jack was the first to fall asleep. The unusual dissipation of Schiedam and cigars, added to the fatigue of a hard day's work and the genial drowsy warmth of the cabin, sent him off into a heavy slumber, from which he awoke with a sudden start, to find himself bathed in cold perspiration, and great drops of moisture standing on his forehead. His first impulse was to rouse up Dan; but that was very much easier proposed than done. He was a sound sleeper at all times; and his answers to Jack's repeated calls came dreamily and irrelevantly. Then, as was narrated at the beginning of this chapter, Jack got up, dressed himself, sat by the fire, read over his old letters, and then studied the fire again; and when Dan did open his eyes with the first gray dawn of the morning, he saw his chum staring steadily at the dull red embers. 'You up first, old fellow!' he exclaimed in amazement. 'Why, what on earth is the matter?'

'Oh, nothing,' Jack said, starting like a man who had been roused from an unpleasant dream. 'Nothing the matter, Dan; only I'm going back to England!'

'Back to England, Jack! When? Why?'

'When—to-day. Why—because, because I have

seen a vision, Dan. Don't ask me anything more about it, old boy, for I can't tell you; only I must go home at once!'

'Why, goodness bless my soul, Jack! have you seen a ghost?'

'Worse than that—ever so much worse' than that. What I saw was a reality, Dan. I'm sorry to leave you, old fellow; but it will be only for a time. I'll come back to the clearing, if I live long enough; but I cannot put off my departure for a single day.'

'Look sharp, then, and rout up Abram, and tell him to get out the buggy. We'll have a sharp drive of it; and there's every promise of a heavy snow-fall!'

'But you're not coming, Dan?'

'But I am, though. You don't suppose I'm going to let you start on such a journey by yourself? If you *will* go to England, I'll go with you. But I think, you know'—

'Gently, old fellow. Don't offer an opinion till you know the circumstances,' said Jack gravely. 'It's awfully good of you, Dan, to offer to accompany me; but I cannot consent to your doing it. I know you love this place, and don't want to leave it.'

'No more do I. But I don't want to leave you either, or rather let you leave me. We can find another clearing, old boy; but there's only one Jack Quartermain—that Dan Kennedy knows of, and he has no intention of losing sight of him. —Drag out the old calf-skin, lad; he and I'll cross the herring-pond once more. So say no more about it. I'm not naturally superstitious; and dreams and visions and such-like I set down to simple indigestion; but I do feel the most extraordinary sensation in my head this morning, just as if Bow Bells were whispering: "Go back to England, Dan! Go back to England!"'

CAVIARE.

'THE noble sturgeon from a distant sea,' which is occasionally caught in British waters, and sometimes exhibited by our fish-merchants as a curious monster of the deep, is a Russian fish, and used to be taken in the various seas and estuaries in that country in almost fabulous numbers. Caviare—the name given to the roe of the sturgeon after it has been prepared for the market as an article of commerce—is, as many of our readers doubtless know, frequently offered, especially in the absence of oysters, as a whet before dinner; on which occasions it is eaten raw, spread upon toasted bread, and seasoned with oil, vinegar, or lemon-juice, according to taste. Caviare is profusely used in all the hotels and public eating-places of Russia and Germany, as well as in private houses. In his celebrated *Ride to Khiva*, Captain Burnaby mentions that, a little pressed or fresh caviare, and a glass or so of Russian vodka, taken before sitting down to dinner, give a wonderful stimulus to the appetite, and are a strong provocative of thirst. The Captain says of the sturgeon itself that, when served in cold slices with jelly and horse-radish sauce, it is by no means to be despised. Some centuries ago, when a sturgeon was caught in British waters it was claimed by the Crown, and made into a pie, or otherwise dressed to grace the royal dinner-table.

The flesh of this fish deserves the good char-

acter given to it by Captain Burnaby. It is highly susceptible to the arts of the cook, and may be prepared in a hundred ways; moreover, it is both nutritious and digestible. A celebrated Venetian chef once told Soyer that with a large sturgeon at his command he required neither flesh-meat nor fowls. He could purvey a dinner from the fish alone; he could obtain his veal from the upper portion of the fish, and his pork from the under; whilst a fowl could be cut with the greatest ease from any part of the body; and a few pieces of the flesh were all that was necessary for the preparation of a delicious soup. When well stewed and eaten with shrimps pounded in anchovy sauce, the fried flesh of the sturgeon is excellent; whilst the fresh roes eaten with apple-sauce—this on the authority of M. Soyer—form a rare dish.

In the northern basin of the Caspian Sea the sturgeon is thought by the fishermen to be inexhaustible. More than one hundred thousand nets and fifteen million hooks are employed in its capture, these being worked from thousands of fishing-boats. The weight and value of the various kinds of sturgeon captured in the Caspian Sea have been roughly estimated at thirty-five million pounds, worth a million sterling; whilst the total annual income from the fisheries of every description carried on in the Caspian Sea has been set down at two and a quarter million pounds sterling.

On the banks of the Volga may be seen many excellent examples of the *votaga* or fishing establishment of that part of Russia. A *votaga* comprises within itself all the people who are necessary for the carrying on of a large business, as well as the various requisites for the capture and cure of the fish; such as a dwelling-house for the proprietor, cottages for the various inspectors and labourers employed, likewise covered sheds and warehouses for the storage of such fishing-gear as is not in immediate use. There are also in the *votaga* ice and salt stores, and ranges of buildings devoted to the dressing and salting of the various kinds of fish and to the preparing of caviare and isinglass. These erections stand partially over the water, being built upon piles; a mode of construction which renders it easier for the unloading of the fishing-boats, some of the very large fish being hauled into the warehouses by machinery. On the shore, all about may be seen boats of various sizes, as well as great breadths of netting, rows of fishing-lines, and other apparatus of capture. A *votaga* is a busy place; there is life, motion, industry within its boundaries. There is a perpetual round of work, the industry of the fishery being so distributed as to last all the year round. The proprietor is ubiquitous—has a keen eye to the main chance, and having a considerable amount of capital at stake, is naturally anxious to obtain a good return for his money. The duty of the inspector at a *votaga* is to receive, count, measure, and register the fish which are taken, and for the capture of which the fishermen are paid according to size on a given scale of prices, which is nearly the same on all the *votagas* of the Astrakhan district.

The money arrangements of some of the fisheries are not unlike those of the Scottish herring fishery, the actual fishermen being paid according to the number of fish which they capture, receiving also earnest-money in advance, and

likewise loans to equip their boats. Many of the journeymen fishermen of the Russian *votagas* are 'well to do'; generally speaking, they are the owners of their own houses, and sometimes of a horse and cow, as well as a boat, or part of a boat, and its fishing-gear.

The round of work at a Russian fishery is not a little laborious, but is rendered as light as possible by the division of labour. As soon as a fish is received, it is measured and recorded; quickly cut open and disembowelled by labourers with a skill and rapidity beyond the belief of persons who have not witnessed the process. The large sturgeons are rapidly decapitated, as also deprived of their tails, a portion of the abdomen being likewise removed; the roe, swimming-bladder, and dorsal cord being carefully laid aside for further manipulation. The fish are then salted and hung up, by women, who are employed in large numbers—it being not an uncommon day's work for one woman to pass as many as two thousand small fish through her hands.

Sturgeons, of which there are several kinds, are measured from the middle of the eye to the beginning of the tail. The larger are often seven feet in length, and the smaller ones two feet four inches, there being various intermediate sizes. It is on record that in the year 1769 a specimen was caught not far from the mouth of the Ural which weighed two thousand five hundred and twenty pounds, and contained nine hundred pounds of roe; and it has been assumed by many writers in consequence, that a female sturgeon will yield roe to the extent of a third of her weight. But another very heavy sturgeon which weighed two thousand eight hundred and eighty pounds, contained only three hundred and seventy-six pounds of roe; so that the ova in the first specimen must have been developed to an abnormal extent.

With reference to the different kinds and qualities of caviare, it may be stated that the roe of one species, the *belouga*, is the most highly esteemed, because the berries are larger and finer looking than those of the common sturgeon or of the *sévriouga*. The best of all caviars, however, is made from the roe of the sterliad, but it is generally kept for private use. It does not at any rate form an article of commerce. This particular kind of caviare is used by the royal family of Russia; and quantities of it are likewise sent to various royal and noble personages, by order of the Emperor, as a high compliment or especial mark of regard. The condition of the roe which is contained in the sturgeon varies from time to time. All roes are not alike well formed or fat, the summer-caught fish generally containing the fattest roe. The caviare of commerce is brought to market in two forms—the one fresh or grained caviare, the other pressed or hard in cakes or lumps. There is another kind of very inferior quality, which is formed from soft or spoiled roe. In preparing the superior kinds, the eggs of the fish are thrown upon a very fine and tightly stretched net fixed on a wooden frame, through which the grains are lightly pressed. The grains—which are usually black or very dark brown in colour—fall into a wooden receptacle placed below the net or sieve, and are at once liberally sprinkled with very fine salt, being at the same time carefully stirred with a many-pronged fork. The caviare is known

to be ready for packing when, upon begin stirred, the grains begin to jingle or to emit a slight metallic or glassy sound, which never occurs till the whole mass has been sufficiently impregnated with salt. In preparing the pressed caviare, the grains are squeezed through the net or sieve into a tub of brine of a greater or lesser strength, according to the season. The whole mass is constantly stirred with a wooden fork, always turning the same way till the roe is thoroughly and evenly impregnated with the brine, after which the stuff is taken out with fine sieves, from which the brine is allowed to drip.

The next part of the process is that known as bagging the roe, which consists in putting it up in rough sacks made from the linden-tree bark, each large enough to contain one hundred and eight pounds. These bags, when well filled, are placed under a press, in order that all the brine may be thoroughly squeezed out and the roe crushed into a solid mass. The caviare is now ready for packing, and is taken from the sacks and placed in large casks containing thirty pounds, which is equal in British weight to ten hundred and eighty pounds. The reason why this kind of caviare is called *caviar à la serviette* is because of the casks being lined with fine linen. *Caviar à sac* is composed of the finest of the pressed stuff. It is packed for the market in long linen bags of a cylindrical shape. Some kinds of caviare are also made up in tin boxes, which are hermetically closed. Large quantities of the best caviare are annually contracted for by dealers, who send it to Berlin, Dresden, and Vienna, where it is much used. In some years half a million of pounds-weight will be so disposed of.

The price paid to the dealers in caviare at Astrakhan is from four to five pounds sterling per *poud* (thirty-six pounds) for fresh, and three pounds sterling for the same quantity of pressed stuff. At all the votagas the desire is to prepare grained caviare, which is done with less trouble, and pays better than the making of the pressed kind.

Other portions of the sturgeon are also carefully utilised for food-uses. Indeed, the whole body of the fish is used for some purpose or other; capital isinglass being made from the bladder, while the sinews are converted into whips or goads to urge on the oxen which are kept at every votaga. As an article of food, the sturgeon, being still plentiful, is of course very valuable, seeing that no part of it need be wasted, and that the fish is of great size, some specimens weighing as much as two thousand pounds!

LA SERENISSIMA.

A TALE OF VENICE.

How much has been written and said about Venice—how many authors have tried to describe it; and yet how little can the richest word-painting convey to the reader a correct idea of this wonderful city! It is so unlike any other; the conditions under which its inhabitants live now, and have lived since its foundation, are so different from all others, that they have given to its pleasures and to its troubles, to its past history

and to its future hopes, a special colouring of its own.

Whilst all other capitals have gradually increased, and are increasing every day in every direction, Venice, surrounded by its inland sea, attained several centuries ago its present size and shape. The Piazza San Marco has been since then its Forum; successive generations have daily repaired to it in quest of news, of sunshine, or of friends; and will continue to walk under its arcades, to cross it and recross it in every direction, as long as the Duomo and the Procuratie wall it round, as long as the golden angel on St Mark's Tower shines far above the silent city. Its glory and its power have disappeared; the Queen of the Seas is now only a small provincial town. But however fallen from a diplomatic or commercial point of view, Venice has still and will always have a peculiar thrilling interest for all whose souls rise above the commonplace events of our daily life. The mysterious silence that constitutes the most striking feature of this 'Italian Dream,' as Dickens so happily called it, seems specially apt to foster and preserve the innumerable legends of its past history, and they accordingly abound. Every stone has its own legacy of romance; every dark gate is haunted by its familiar ghost; every recess, every cranny, whispers its old weird story.

The official annals of the Most Serene Venetian Republic contain innumerable instances of secret arrests, secret trials, followed almost always by still more secret executions; but besides these, many a terrible drama has taken place within the stone walls of the state prisons. Conveniently situated under the Ducal Palace, and with their floors slightly under high-water mark, these 'wells'—as they were called on account of their dampness—very seldom gave up a victim except as a corpse. Silent and dark as the grave, they were a fit instrument for a stern and mysterious tribunal. The severity of the Council of Ten, the swiftness with which it reached both high and low, the secrecy of its nocturnal sittings and of its sentences, created a universal feeling of awe, that has not yet completely disappeared.

Amongst the poorer classes there are many who still believe in the existence of the Secret Council, and who expect it to reappear some day; they abstain therefore from any direct allusion to it, mentioning it, only when absolutely necessary, by the vague term of *La Serenissima*. We may smile at this childish fear; but it proves very clearly the terror it must have inspired. The following legend, that was whispered to me a short time ago by an old gondolier, will shew by what means this result was obtained. Though I cannot vouch for the accuracy of every detail, there is no doubt in my mind as to its general truth, because the grandfather of my informant lived at the time it occurred, and would not have dared to repeat any tale against the *Serenissima* unless he was sure of it. With this proviso, I will now relate the legend as I heard it whilst I was quietly lolling in a Venetian gondola.

It was towards the end of 1700, when one night an English king's messenger reached Mestre, wanting to cross over to Venice. Sir John Hawser

—such was his name—was young, brave, and very highly connected, and as such perhaps, he had been chosen by the ministry to convey some trifling message to King George III.'s representative in that town. After a delay that would seem enormous to our modern express-train travellers, a gondola was manned, his luggage loaded in it, and at last it began to glide towards the city. He reached Venice just before dawn; and after a hurried toilet and a still more hurried breakfast, Sir John delivered his packet, and began exploring the lanes and alleys of this incomprehensible town. Being tolerably proficient in the language, he soon found his way to the Piazza San Marco, and was duly astonished by its peculiar aspect. Then, as now, the Piazza was the heart of the city; laws and edicts were promulgated in it; sentences were pronounced from the Balcony of the Ducal Palace; whilst beggars, singers, and others of a similar caste gave it a strange animation.

Thoroughly enjoying the freedom of walking after his long journey by coach and gondola, Sir John indulged his rambling propensities to the full extent. Whilst he was doing so a crowd collected in front of the Ducal Palace. Naturally curious, and having nothing else to do, he hastened to the spot, and elbowed his way to the centre. By the red pillar of the Balcony an usher was reading out the sentence of some unknown felon, with all the pompous circumlocutions so much in favour in those days. The wretched prisoner, just brought out of some dark cell, seemed scarcely to realise the scene, as his eyes, unused now to the light of the sun, gazed vacantly on the excited mob that surrounded the low scaffold on which he was standing. The sentence having been read, the prisoner was taken away to the jail where he was to undergo the term of imprisonment to which he had just been condemned; and the crowd, the sight being over, gradually dispersed.

This incident was in itself very trifling, and Sir John would probably have forgotten it within a week had it not been for its strange consequences. Whilst pushing and elbowing his way in the crowd it seems that some clever pick-pocket had robbed him of his lace handkerchief. It is certainly very unpleasant to be robbed even of a valueless article; but in this case the thief had obtained a valuable prize; and besides, there was for Sir John Hawser the additional sting of having been robbed by an Italian. He would have been less angry if it had happened in London; the pickpockets there were so clever that there was no shame in being their victim; but to have been plundered by a clumsy Venetian was too much for his equanimity, and he burst out in a torrent of abuse. Speaking mostly in Italian, but mixing a few English anathemas in his speech, he related his loss to a few by-standers, and was advised by them to complain to the police, or rather to those officials who under the Serenissima fulfilled the present duties of the police. Though without great faith in this plan, he followed it, and gave notice to the authorities. He was assured by a very stately official that he need have no fear, and that his property would soon be found and restored to him. Forced to be content with this vague consolation, he went home to his supper and bed.

For three or four days afterwards he continued visiting the principal monuments and churches, but without receiving any further information about his lace handkerchief. I have said that Sir John was young and brave; as a consequence, he was impetuous and fiery; whilst being born and bred in a free-thinking, free-speaking country, he was apt to express his thoughts as they came to his mind without reflection and without fear. It is not surprising therefore that one night, under the arcades of the Procuratie, while relating his loss to a few friends, he should have said what he thought of the vaunted secret police of Venice. They were, he said, a lot of stupid fools, very pompous and very stately, trying to hide their ignorance and incapacity under very high-sounding phrases; but the meanest London detective was worth the whole lot of them. As to the Secret Council, he did not believe it existed at all; or if it did, it was no better than the rest.

Ah, Sir John! if you needs must speak so irreverently of the Serenissima, why did you not use your own language? Why did you express your rash thoughts in Italian? Did you not know that walls have ears, and that every stone of Venice is a spy?

His friends astonished by this sudden outburst, attributed it at first to those last glasses of *vino santo* they had been drinking together; but knowing full well the jealous care the Serenissima had of its reputation, they instinctively shrank from him, as from a dangerous man. Availing themselves of favourable opportunities, they disappeared round dark corners, down side alleys; and very soon Sir John found himself alone.

Alone! At least so he thought; but a silent figure had been following him for some time, and was now eagerly and stealthily dogging him. So carefully it walked, so noiselessly it stepped, that for a long time Sir John did not notice this unwelcome shadow, and even when he did, he attached no importance to it. But at last he began to feel some doubts about this follower. Nothing could be guessed from his appearance. Completely wrapped up in a dark cloak, and with a wide hat shading and concealing the upper part of his face, the man would not have been recognised by his own brother. It was only the peculiar way in which he followed, and the ability with which he availed himself of every nook and corner, that implied a danger.

Fearless still, but somewhat annoyed, Sir John pursued his way through the maze of alleys that led from the Piazza to his temporary home. Determined to try to throw off his masked companion, he quickened at first his step; but at the next turning, a glance back shewed that it was no use. Having by this time reached the Ponte San Moise—one of the innumerable bridges that cross the minor canals of Venice—he stopped on its steps to see what his shadow would do. Astonished at first by this new ruse, the man hesitated a second, but a second only, and then disappeared in the shadow of the church. Our hero vainly strained his eyes in trying to find out whether he had really gone, or whether he was only hiding behind the columns and watching. He certainly began to feel an intense interest in this new chase, in which he seemed to be the game hunted down. Then, convinced that he had seen the last of his

silent friend, he decided on continuing his way home; and was just going to move, when a cloak was thrown over his head and chest, completely gagging him, whilst several strong arms entwined themselves round his body and effectually pinioned him. Before he could recover his senses, a voice whispered in Italian, in his ear: 'You are a prisoner of the Serenissima; resistance is of no use.'

Even after these words, the import of which he dimly guessed, Sir John would have tried to strike one blow at least for his life or for his liberty; but the cloak in which he had been wrapped up was so artistically and so securely fastened that he could not move a muscle nor utter a cry. There was no help for it, and he doggedly awaited his fate. The voices round him seemed to hold a short conference, and then they lifted him from the ground, and carrying him a short distance, deposited him in what he felt to be a gondola. The journey was not long, though to him it seemed an age, and very soon the rocking motion ceased. They evidently had reached their destination. A few seconds more and he was landed in the same unceremonious manner.

After depriving him of his sword and securing his hands, his captors released him from the folds of the mantle in which he had been almost choked. He found himself in a very small passage, dimly lighted, and intensely damp. The low ceiling, the strong stone walls, the massive iron doors that lined it, reminded him at once of all he had heard and read about the state prisons of Venice, and his heart sank within him. Without, however, giving him much time for reflection, or asking him any questions, his captors opened one of the cells, thrust him in, and bolted the door. Left alone in the most absolute darkness, our friend groped about as well as his tied hands would allow him until he found a stone bench, on which he dropped, completely unmanned by the novelty and the horror of his position. He had heard of prisoners being kept in these state prisons for months, even for years without light, with just enough of the coarsest food to keep them alive, and without the shadow of a judgment. Others had been tried and executed within these dark walls, and their friends outside had never known their fate. Was he too going to disappear without a struggle from this world? Was his body going to be dropped into the 'Canal grande?' Or was he to linger in his cell until his youth, his strength, and perhaps his mind were gone, to be released only a wreck of his former self, as a warning to others? There were many in Venice, poor shattered beings, heart-broken, half-crazed, shunned by everybody, who had once been the leaders of fashion, of science, of politics, until an anonymous note dropped into the Lion's mouth had caused their arrest, and their trialless detention in the underground—or rather under-water—prisons of the Serenissima.

But then, who could have denounced him? Who could have an interest in destroying him in this cowardly fashion? All the people he knew were above suspicion; and yet even the Serenissima would not have arrested an Englishman, a king's messenger, without some good reason. In that dreadful silence, broken only by the quiet plashing of the water on the stone walls in which he was imprisoned, his memory was particularly vivid, and recalled to his mind all the incidents of

his stay. At last he remembered those few hot foolish words he had used that very night; they, and they alone could be the cause of his present condition. This, however, brought no relief; it aggravated only his fears and his despondency, since he well knew what awful punishments were inflicted on those who, to use the Venetian phrase, 'blasphemed the government.'

Having settled the cause of his arrest, he gradually fell into a dull, drowsy state of half-unconsciousness, staring blindly in the darkness, listening vacantly in the vain hope of catching some sound, however faint, of that outside world he had so recently left. The silence was as complete as the darkness that surrounded him, and hours passed without bringing any change. Now and then a muffled sound reached his ears. Was it a footstep in the passage? Was it a wave a little higher than the others? Was it only the plaintive cry of the seamew? Or was it the dying gasp of a fellow-prisoner? He could not tell. After a very long time, of which he could not even guess the length, he distinctly heard a noise as of bolts and keys at his prison-door; suddenly it opened, and a flood of light illuminated every corner of his dismal cell. Dazzled at first by the glare of the torches, he could not see the men by whom they were carried; but gradually, as his eyes grew accustomed to the light, he saw they were all armed, all masked, and all dressed in black. In the meantime his hands had been released of their fetters, and his guards had quietly surrounded him. Without a word, without a sound, they led him on in their midst. Through dark halls and narrow staircases, through crooked passages and low beetling doors they marched as noiselessly as a group of ghosts surrounding a mortal man. At last their goal is reached; a door is flung open, and Sir John is ushered into a spacious room. At one end, on a raised platform sit ten judges, all masked, all draped in large black cloaks. By their side, but a little lower down, are the scribes of this silent tribunal. Judges and scribes as motionless as if they had been statues, and not human beings. The first glimpses of dawn struggling through the painted windows, powerless as yet to supersede the wax candles, gave to the whole scene the most weird aspect. Outside, all was sleeping; and no sound reached the inmates of this hall to remind them that a powerful city, a numerous population, surrounded their silent abode.

As soon as the several actors in this strange scene had reached their proper places, a man still masked, and dressed in the same dark hue, began in a monotonous slow tone to give his evidence. Though muffled by the folds of his mask, his voice was peculiarly distinct and clear, and Sir John at once knew it as being the same he had heard when he was arrested. Cold and pitiless as steel, without a tremor and without a pause, the voice repeated all the words used by the culprit when, in his rash burst of passion, he had derided and mocked the knowledge and the power of the Serenissima. Slowly and regularly the words followed each other as the links of a lengthened chain, as steadily as the drops of rain on a winter's day. The pens of the scribes, creaking as they hurried over the paper, made a fit accompaniment to this recital. Except for them, all was as motionless, as still as if no human hearts were beating under those black silk mantles. It ended

at last; and with a sense of relief Sir John strained his senses to see, to hear what would follow.

After a short pause, the judge who sat at the centre of the table stood up and addressed him in these terms: 'You have heard the evidence against you; now follow us and hear your sentence.'

No cross-examination, no defence was allowed by the laws of this Council. Rising together as if moved by a single mind, the funeral procession followed its leader, and left the hall by the door through which Sir John had entered it. Again through the same winding passages, again down the same narrow steps, silently and noiselessly they glided like ghosts returning to their graves. Surrounded by his guards, Sir John followed immediately after the last of the judges, wondering all the time what was to be his fate. When they had reached the lowest floor of the building, and were nearing again the loathsome cell from which he had so lately been taken, the cortège divided, and Sir John was brought face to face with the senior judge.

'You have insulted the Serenissima; you have denied its power of punishing crime, because you had been robbed of a paltry handkerchief, and it had not been immediately found and given back to you. Now look!' As he said these last words, the masked judge stepped on one side and directed Sir John's gaze to a darker corner of the dark passage. There, hanging against the wall, the rope that encircled his neck disappearing through the stone, was the corpse of a man.

Entranced by this sight, and thinking that perhaps he also was going to be hanged in the same manner by an unseen hand, Sir John felt rooted to the spot.

After a short silence, the judge continued: 'This man was the thief; in his right hand you will find your handkerchief. Take it. As for you, we ought not perhaps to be so lenient; but in consideration of your youth and of the high position you hold in your country, we will overlook your fault. You are forgiven. Outside this gate a gondola waits for you; it will take you to Mestre, and thence you will be conveyed to the frontier. Go! But remember always what you have seen to-night.'

Seizing with a trembling hand the lace handkerchief that had been the cause of so much trouble, Sir John wanted to speak, wanted to thank his unknown judge; but before he could recover his voice, the phantoms had disappeared, and two jailers only were by his side. Without a word, and apparently without an effort, these two men opened a secret door leading to the canal, and helped the now liberated man into a gondola that was moored to the steps, and in the forepart of which lay his luggage. No word was said, no order was given; the two gondoliers seemed to know their duty, and they silently paddled away from the palace in which Sir John had spent that dreadful night. At Mestre a coach was waiting for him. In a few hours the frontier was crossed. Then only did he begin to breathe freely. But for a long time afterwards he avoided any allusion to his Venetian adventure; and for many years he could not bear to speak of it.

Now the Serenissima is gone, the cells have been sacked by an infuriated mob, and innumerable tourists visit the hall where the Secret

Council held its nightly sittings; but even now I cannot help feeling relieved when I have left behind me Venice, its dark canals, and the darker memories that cling to them.

TAKEN AT THEIR WORD.

To be taken at one's word frequently leads to droll and unexpected results, as the following instances will shew. Once upon a time a young man wooed and won a fair damsel. The trousseau was provided, the ring bought, the preparations for the wedding completed. But a little while before it should have come off at Liverpool, the bridegroom-expectant was called to Ireland on important business. There he was detained by uncontrollable circumstances, and the intended marriage morn found him still in Cork. He telegraphed that the wedding must be put off for a day or two; the unwelcome message reaching his lady-love as she was donning her bridal gear, nothing doubting he would come up to time. As mortified as Petruchio's Kate 'to wait the bridegroom when the priest attends,' the angry girl wired back: 'The marriage must take place now or never!'—her unreasonable ultimatum being put into the laggard's hand as he was stepping on board the steamer for England.

Seeing something was wrong with him, the kindly captain inquired the cause of his moody looks, and was quickly enlightened. To cheer him up, he introduced him to a lady occupying the state cabin. After a little chat, she challenged him to a game of chess, and over the board he told his sad story a second time. His fair opponent did her best to console the disconsolate swain; and being young, pretty, and every way charming, consoled him so effectually, that before the English coast was sighted he had proposed and been accepted. On landing at Liverpool he was greeted by the friend who was to have acted as best-man with the information that the bride was anxiously awaiting him. Great was that gentleman's surprise on being told he was mistaken—that 'the bride' was the lady on his friend's arm; and if he had any doubts, they were dispelled by the speedy marriage of the pair by special license.

When a man is liable to be cross-questioned, it behoves him to think twice ere speaking once, if he would not trip over stumbling-blocks of his own creating. A gentleman giving evidence before a Parliamentary Committee, said that in some districts the number of crows upon a farm would average at least fifty; that the birds were of great service in destroying wire-worms; and where they did not exist, the farmer was obliged to hire boys to do the work of the crow, paying them at the rate of three-halfpence per hundred worms. Mr Bright inquired how much a boy could earn worm-killing, and was told ninepence; but when asked, if a boy made ninepence a day at the rate of three-halfpence a hundred wire-worms, how many of those noxious creatures he destroyed in a day, the witness, turning restive, replied that he did not come there to answer arithmetical questions. Mr Bright, however, was not to be put off in that way. He asked if a boy did the work as well as a crow. 'A

crow is worth fifty boys!' was the rash reply. Then quoth Mr Bright: 'If a boy is worth ninepence a day, and a crow worth fifty boys, how much is the crow worth to the farmer in money?' Not unnaturally, the gentleman lost his temper; but in vain. Paper, pen, and ink were handed to him; and after battling with the figures awhile, he announced that a crow was worth just thirty-seven shillings and sixpence a day to the farmer. He was then asked to inform the Committee what, at that rate, was the yearly value of the bird; and of course could not make it less than six hundred and eighty-four pounds seven shillings and sixpence. His persecutor next reminded the badgered man that he had given fifty as the average number of crows on a farm, and desired him to find the aggregate annual value to the farmer of his proper quota of these useful aids; thereby eliciting the startling information, that the farmer must be a gainer of over thirty-four thousand pounds per annum by his half-hundred crows! Thus was the gentleman taken at his word, with a vengeance!

Makers of seemingly absurd assertions do not always get the worst of the deal. Two urchins sitting on a doorstep with their slates in their laps, were heard by a passer-by saying: 'Two from one, and one remains.' He at once challenged them with: 'I'll give you a sixpence if you can prove that, my boys.' They took him at his word and into a kitchen where their mother sat nursing twins. In a moment each boy had a baby in his arms, and was pointing at the wondering matron as a proof that their novel arithmetical proposition was correct. They had taken two from one, and one remained; and honestly won the reward.

Midshipman Marryat, a veritable chip of the old block, serving in a ship off Singapore, got into disgrace with his captain, and consequently found himself left out in the cold when his brother-middies were revelling in the delights of a ball on board ship. The next day, all the glass and crockery hired for the occasion was packed for re-conveyance on shore, and the young scapegrace told off to command the boat. He came to his duty so slowly that the angry commander shouted: 'Run sir; jump!' 'Ay, ay sir!' responded the midshipman; and then jump he did over the ship's side right into the midst of the fragile freight, much to its damage and Marryat's pretended dismay.

As wickedly anxious to obey orders to the letter was a Mexican taking the stand in a New York police court as a witness in an assault case. Having informed the judge that he spoke English, he was told to state what he knew of the affair in question. Thereupon the prosecuting attorney, an Irishman by birth, quite unnecessarily intervened with: 'Ye understand, sor, that ye are to go on, and state to the court what ye know about this case in yer own language.' 'You want me to tell the story in my own language?' asked the witness. 'Yes sor, I do,' replied the lawyer. The Mexican began: 'Este mujer venia a mi casa'— 'What is that ye're saying?' exclaimed the attorney. 'I am speaking in my own language, as you requested me to do,' was the reply. 'I didn't mane for ye to spake yer own language when I said for ye to spake yer own language,' explained the legal gentleman. 'Can't ye spake to me as I am spakin' to ye?' 'I can try, sir,' said the Mexican;

and he went on with his story thus: 'Well thin, yer Honor, this man and this woman kem to my house, and sez the man to the woman, sez he: "I want to spake wid ye," sez he.' Here the indignant examiner broke in with: 'What do ye mane, sor, by spakin' in that way?' 'Shure sor, responded the witness, 'ye axed me to spake in the language ye use yerself, an' shure I'm after thyrin' to oblige ye.' Then the judge thought it time to interfere, and bade the Mexican to talk English. 'With pleasure, your Honour,' said he. 'I should have done so at first; but the learned gentleman seemed rather particular in regard to the language in which he wished me to give my evidence.'

It now and again happens that the ire of the Bench is excited by the obtuseness and perversity of the gentlemen of the jury. Such a thing came to pass upon a certain occasion at Westminster, when, singularly enough, the judge himself brought about the delivery of a verdict not at all consonant with his idea of justice. The action arose out of a dispute between a Water Company and some of its customers, and the evidence in favour of the defendants was so irresistible that the judge expressed his wonder that the jury should want to retire to consider their verdict. Retire they did nevertheless; and upon returning after a long absence, the foreman announced that they had all agreed, with one exception. The judge was surprised and indignant, and made some very unflattering remarks on the intellectual capacity of the minority of one. He, however, upon the jury again retiring, was proof against criticism, and obstinately holding to his own opinion, the jury had to be discharged. Then it came out that the obstinate man had taken the same view of the evidence as the judge himself, while the eleven refused to adopt what the Bench thought to be the only reasonable conclusion to be drawn from the facts. When his Lordship was made aware of the state of the case, he very considerably altered his tone.

A speaker whose auditors 'take suggestion as a cat laps milk,' may well be proud of his power of arguing; yet Mr Stenson was not altogether happy when, upon sitting down after strenuously urging upon his fellow-councillors of Derby the necessity of immediately appointing a town-crier, one of them rose and gravely moved that the vacant office be conferred upon Mr Stenson himself; the motion being seconded, put, and carried, and the crier's cloak and bell presented to the newly made official almost before he could realise the situation.—In the same predicament of being hoist by his own petard was a certain worthy high-sheriff who, presiding at the opening of a fancy fair, counselled the ladies to be active and energetic in pressing their wares upon those who had money, but who had had neither brains nor time to make anything worth exhibiting. He had hardly ceased speaking before one of the fair stall-keepers dandled a little doll before his eyes, and insisted upon his giving her half a guinea for it. He was rather taken aback at his advice being so promptly acted upon; but the lady was so pressing and so energetic that he saw there was no help for it but to take the doll and part with his half-guinea.

Both of these victims to their own eloquence gave their advice with honourable intentions,

believing it to be good. As much could not be said for Dr Mason, a Californian mine superintendent, who, when a ragged fellow asked: 'Kin ye tell whar there's a good place to prospect?' after looking him well over, responded: 'You look like a lively industrious man. You see that oak-tree on the hill-side. Well, under that tree will be a good place to prospect; besides, it's nice and shady, and you can lie down and rest comfortably when you are tired.' The stranger went to work with pick and shovel at the spot indicated by the practical joker, replying to the 'chaff' of the miners that he guessed the superintendent knew what he was about; but nobody was more astonished than the Doctor when, at the end of a week, the confiding man was able to shew fifteen hundred dollars' worth of gold as the result of his labour—an upshot undreamt of in his philosophy.

The heroine of a comical Circassian legend had more faith in her own prescience, and with very good reason. The story runs thus. A man was walking along one road, and a woman along another. The roads finally united into one, and reaching the point of junction at the same time, they walked on together. The man was carrying a large iron kettle on his back; in one hand he held the legs of a live chicken; in the other, a cane; and he was leading a goat. They neared a dark ravine. Said the woman: 'I am afraid to go through that ravine with you; it is a lonely place, and you might overpower me and kiss me by force.' Said the man: 'How can I possibly overpower you and kiss you by force, when I have this great iron kettle on my back, a cane in one hand, a live chicken in the other, and am leading this goat? I might as well be tied hand and foot.' 'Yes,' replied the woman. 'But if you should stick your cane in the ground and tie the goat to it, and turn the kettle bottom-side up and put the chicken under it, then you might wickedly kiss me in spite of my resistance.' 'Success to thy ingenuity, O woman!' said the rejoicing man to himself. 'I should never have thought of this or similar expedient.' And when they came to the ravine, he stuck his cane into the ground and tied the goat to it, gave the chicken to the woman, saying: 'Hold it while I cut some grass for the goat;' and then—so runs the legend—lowering the kettle from his shoulders, he put the fowl under it, and wickedly kissed the woman, as she was afraid he would.

TO A BLACKBIRD.

BIRD on the bough,
Why singest thou?
O wherefore that redundant song?
Dost long to pour,
As heretofore,
Thy flute-like music from the leafless tree,
And herald Spring (ere storms have ceased to be)
With silver tongue?

Upon mine ear
Fall loud and clear
The sweet notes of thy minstrelsy.
Blow wind! Beat rain
Upon the pane!

Yon bird of mellow throat and dusky feather
Warbles, unmindful of the wintry weather,
Now chilling me.

O joyous bird!
My heart is stirred—
My weary heart is comforted.
Thy vesper hymn
P the twilight dim,
When earth is tristful, and when skies are sobbing,
Has quelled the pain that sent my pulses throbbing
With anxious dread.

Bird on the bough!
Say, mindest thou
The day when all the world was white?
When from my sill
Thy yellow bill
With sweets I ravished? When 'mid frost ferns peering
I watched thee, joyed with thy presumptuous nearing,
Nor scared to flight?

Say, is the song
That floats along
From airy regions to my heart,
For soothed sense
A recompense?
Dost wish to chase my grief by rapturous singing?
To teach me how to live—by lofty winging
The clouds to part?

Or dost forget
Thy paltry debt,
And ring out liquid notes for joy?
Ere yet the earth
Has given birth
To nascent buds that blossom into flowers—
Ere yet the spring-tide raineth genial showers
Of sunlight coy?

O sweet! O rare!
Beyond compare!
Dost dream of rose-flushed apple-tree?
Of the coming day
When laughing May,
Will shake her magic bells to give thee pleasure,
And spread her balsamed leaves to guard thy treasure
And shelter thee?

Bird on the bough!
Enough, that thou
In thy glad pean to the skies,
Hast lifted me
From apathy—
Hast bid me vanquish pain, be brave and cheery,
Even in unblissful hours, when days are dreary,
And doubts arise.

S. E. T.

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CONVICT LIFE.

PERSONS who are not very old can remember the time when crimes such as highway robbery, burglary, and forgery were punishable by death on the scaffold; and when crimes of a less aggravated kind were visited by transportation to penal colonies for life. The punishments were severe, but in a sense they were effectual. Society got rid of its torments. With milder views came the present system, which aims at the moral and intellectual improvement of offenders through the agency of penal discipline for longer or shorter periods. Without wishing to go back to the old merciless practices, one feels that the new and humane methods of punishment are far from satisfactory. In some cases, they may fulfil the desired reclamation; but it is too clear that for the most part the criminal class is not lessened, if it be not increased, in numbers. The penalties fail in deterrent influence. Obviously, large masses of people prefer a life of habitual crime, interspersed though it be with imprisonment. In short, a prison is viewed as a pleasant place of retirement, instead of being the terror it ought to be. Society would need to think over the whole subject. The present state of things cannot with decency go on much longer.

That our penal system signally fails in the manner we have summarised, is the accusation made in a volume before us—the personal experiences of a convict (*Convict Life*, by a Ticket-of-Leave Man, London: Wyman & Sons, 1879). The writer is a man of education, and his work bears frequent evidence to his discernment and judgment. He narrates his story perspicuously, and with an unaffected sincerity of tone that carries conviction with it.

After reaching middle life in the character of a gentleman, and with the reputation of an honourable man, our author confesses that he was weak enough to enter upon a course of dissipation at the advent of a terrible domestic calamity. On this supervened crime; and one 'who had never

before darkened the doors of a police court,' was sent 'to herd with professional thieves in penal servitude for seven years.' In these words on the first page of the book is struck the keynote of the book. It is a protest by a criminal it is true, but yet for the most part a law-observing member of Society, against the system which levels to one common standard of degradation him who has once lapsed and him who is a declared and persevering marauder upon Society. He has no sympathy with the criminal class, nor with those who pity the thieves on account of the hideous dress they wear, or because their hair is cropped, or their beds hard, or their beef tough. He is quite right. Judging from the minute personal reminiscences, the physical comfort of criminals is far greater than most seamen enjoy; they are more daintily treated than the miners of Lancashire and Wales; their food is more nourishing and their bedding more luxurious than of the ordinary agricultural hind in English rural districts. Poor honesty has therefore every reason to complain that murderers and felons have more than their deserts of this world's enjoyments given them out of honesty's hardly paid taxes.

The free criminal population in England is a vast army, usually estimated at about one hundred thousand in number! These men are wholly destructive consumers; they live on the fruits of other men's labour; and their misdirected skill in filching is an art which each thief is eager to teach to any one who will listen. The Long Firm is an association of the most tenacious vitality; and amongst the main sources of its strength is the association of thieves in convict prisons, with free opportunity for elaborate schemes of predatory enterprise. The prisons are good cages, but bad reformatories; and outside, the police system is an excellent detector of crime committed, but the worst of preventives. Consequently, nefarious practices are neither prevented nor repressed. To sustain a charge, not to prevent a crime, seems to be the main object of the police-officer. A case in point occurs to mind. A policeman at the Liverpool Docks saw a suspicious character prowling

about. Ensconcing himself close at hand, Policeman X waited and afforded the thief full opportunity to declare his intentions. At length he did so by making off with, we think, a quantity of cotton, large quantities of which find their way to the dishonest receivers at that great entrepôt. Now, if Policeman X had wished to reach the fountain-head of crime, he would have followed the stolen goods to their destination, and bagged two birds with one stone. With such an object in view, his connivance—for it was nought else—in the theft would have been explicable. As a matter of fact he arrested the thief as soon as he had left the Dock Estate; and we suppose the 'clever capture' was lauded in the local press, and gained for him the approbation of his chiefs.

Comparatively few instances can be pointed to by the police, of the prevention of crime. Hundreds of examples they can adduce of captures more or less clever; but even this detection of crime is far from being satisfactorily performed. And it is a sad subject for reflection that the government prisons are perfect schools of crime, in which laziness is encouraged, leisure for conversation and conspiracy afforded, and a merely perfunctory course of education and of religious teaching all that there is of pretended reformatory effort.

Ingenious methods of depredation have not infrequently been disclosed in these columns, to interest and, if possible, safeguard our readers. Some of the tricks exposed by our author are extremely clever devices of the enemy. Officers of Excise, for example, might profitably turn their attention to such public-houses as make a practice of receiving leather portmanteaus, these seemingly innocent articles of baggage being often skillfully constructed bottles, containing up to two gallons of new spirits from illicit distilleries. Nor are these places always in poor or suspected neighbourhoods. The clever criminal knows a better trick. He takes a respectable villa, and under cover of this irreproachable exterior, pursues his nefarious craft. The only real difficulty—and it is but a slight one after all—is the procuring of the raw material. Another rascal was in the habit of 'earning' a good living by the sale of sapphire rings. These are set in gold, with eight real brilliants, easily recognisable as genuine. But the centre stone is but two pieces of colourless topaz, joined with Venice turpentine, and with a bit of blue glass sandwiched between. The topaz resists the file, the diamonds are genuine, and the pawnbroker is thus easily victimised.

One fellow served an eight years' 'lagging' on pretty easy terms. In thieves' language, 'he did it on his head.' His sentence was on account of a notorious diamond robbery in the now well-known style. Fashionable lodgings in Mayfair, horse and brougham, West-end jeweller, wife desirous of inspecting four thousand pounds-worth of jewellery, assistant chloroformed, escape of the thief—these were the elements of the adventure. His wife was watched, and the thief trapped when he returned to England to take her off to America; but the money was gone. And after a lenient and utterly incommensurate punishment, this rascal was discharged to continue his practices. He said that he had perfected a scheme to defy detection,

and by which he intended to make a fortune out of New York bankers.

Another phase of convict life quite as pernicious as the facilities offered for conspiracy and instruction in the thieves' art, is the never-ending lesson of laziness inculcated there. Indoor labour is of the lightest description, and the work of the outdoor gangs is by no means comparable in severity with the ordinary work of coal-miners or agricultural labourers. The dock porters who in our sea-port towns earn their four shillings a day, labour much more strenuously than the hardest-worked convict. And here we must insist upon the fact that the honest artisan and labourer in England is condemned by the very nature of his position to hard labour for life. The death-rate in the open world ranges up to forty per thousand in some towns. In convict prisons, despite the fact that the criminal classes are abandoned wretches, given to the commission of the most disgusting crimes, and that they bring with them into prison constitutions sapped by excess and debauchery, the rate of mortality, we are told, is only thirteen per thousand. Hence the grim joke of one of the comic papers which depicted a doctor and his patient, to whom the former ordered the novel prescription of a month's sojourn in jail as a cure for the effects of overwork. For the convict there is almost complete immunity from risk. Outside, the sailor risks his life for two pounds a month; and the miner dares the perils of the earth for wages not very much more liberal. But light as is the labour required from criminals, they use all kinds of artifices to shirk it. 'The most earnest prayer,' says our author, 'of the professional thief might be thus translated: "From the sacredness of work, and from all other sacredness, good Lord, deliver me."' The first object in life to this end is to 'fetch the farm'—that is, to get into the infirmary. Concerning the means employed to this end, the thieves compare notes, and evolve the most complex systems from their perverted imaginations by which to 'best the croker,' in other words, cheat the doctor. In the infirmary, a prisoner gets a good bed, and the close association of many other thieves in a large warm dormitory. 'He gets nice food, and he gets what every thief in England adores above everything else except drink—I mean entire laziness. He can lie on his back, eat, chat with his neighbour, and plot future villainy. The infirmary is the convicted thief's paradise.'

Other methods are also successfully employed by those old hands at crime who wish 'to do their lagging on their head,' that is, with as little discomfort as possible to themselves. Old thieves in for a second or third term are particularly adept in making themselves easy. They are treated almost like comrades by the warders, and curry favour with them by keeping watch for the advent of superior officers, or by assisting them in detecting minor infractions of the rules by novices, ever the scapegoats of others' delinquencies. Moreover, though the possession of tobacco is a heinous offence, severely punishable, and though only through the warders tobacco can enter a prison, yet the old hands frequently obtain this luxury. It is alleged, we cannot tell with what truth, that warders receive black-mail from the friends of convicts. These are matters which will doubtless be inquired into.

There is an utterly fallacious idea abroad that convict labour must not be allowed to compete with free labour. Against this we merely say, that if it be just that the honest man should labour for his bread, it is no less just that the criminal also should labour for his livelihood. If any man will not work neither shall he eat, is even yet a good principle to teach those who presume to live by depredations and not by work. Provided always that the products of convict labour are only sold at the market price, no injustice whatever is done to free men working in the same kind. We cannot force criminals to earn their bread when at large; we can at least punish them for getting it dishonestly; and common-sense teaches that whilst in confinement, they should be habituated to the hard, really hard labour of the average working-man, and not be allowed to make a mere play of working, as is stated to be often the case.

Out of doors the evil is even worse. Not the most ignorant hind would find fault with convict labour applied to the reclamation of bog and waste land. But although this is the theoretical aim of the outdoor labour, nothing has as yet been done worthy of notice. The men have similar freedom for plotting villainy, for degrading talk, and for proselytism in crime, as in the shops. And one general lesson is taught indiscriminately to all, taught not orally and weakly by precept, but forcibly and permanently in practice and example. That general lesson is 'the doctrine, that time and labour are of no value.'

What is most urgently needed in our penal system is a short sharp system of dealing with the casual offender, and entire separation of him from the contaminations of the other class. The habitual offenders should have their deserts—severe labour. What they have voluntarily shirked when free, should be forced upon them when confined. And if brave men risk their lives—say in the mines—surely we need be under no compunction in condemning the criminal to that kind of labour. We shall be glad to hear that the subject in all its bearings is carefully reconsidered. Present arrangements, the outcome of heedless philanthropists and crotcheteers, are little better than a scandal. A remedy must be found somehow.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

HASTINGS pursued his leisurely way to Montague Gardens, untroubled and light of heart. He beguiled the way by self-satisfied reflection. Yet he was in his way a philosopher, and valued himself pretty accurately at times. 'There is a little demon inside you, my friend,' he told himself, 'who overmasters you upon occasion, and clouds your finer faculties.' Having nobody else to chaff at this juncture, he chaffed himself, laughing at his own incongruities of character and of speech, and looking on at himself like a quite disinterested spectator, and enjoying the spectacle. Life had been so far an uninterrupted series of passages of light comedy. He was leading comedian and audience in one. He looked on at himself, admiring his own *sang-froid* and

impudence and jollity. He talked as much to himself as to others, and in the same strain. He was sufficient audience to himself, and perpetually aired himself behind the comedy footlights for his own delectation. He admired himself beyond measure, and thought himself at bottom one of the humblest men in the world.

Arriving at Frank's rooms, he found the artist hard at work, and jovial. At the sight of the picture, now nearly completed, Hastings stood still in genuine admiration. The artist had struggled after a very difficult and subtle effect, and had all but perfectly succeeded in catching it. An autumn corn-field, with shocks of corn here and there. A level country melts gradually into the distance. The late sunlight is so faint and dim that only the faintest shadows lie upon the ground. They are made the fainter by a pallid gleam of moonlight, which struggles for supremacy with the light of the fading sun, and will gain it before long. It is this delicate blending of light which makes the beauty of the picture. Perhaps the *technique* of the work is not altogether perfect. Over that let the critics quarrel if they will. But the poetry of the work is pure and strong. Its grouping is beyond all cavil. The ideal at which it aims is high, and only missed by the merest trifle. Only missed by that mere trifle because the painter has not yet arrived at the complete artistic mastery of himself. You feel somehow a suspicion of juvenility in the worker. You may see the picture now if you choose—at any time when the family is in town or abroad—by a journey to Chesterwood Castle. It is one of the gems of my lord's almost unrivalled collection. It has taken its place, and is pointed out now as the work of one who was the most promising artist of his time. The housekeeper will make a vague shot or two at the mystery which this story for the first time clears. She will tell you, if you care to listen, that she knew the young gentleman who painted it, and will describe him to you, and will relate further that a niece of hers was upper housemaid in the household of the artist's father. She will dwell on the respectability of that old county family, and on the melancholy enigma of the handsome and gifted young artist's fate.

'Fairholt,' said Hastings, laying a hand upon his friend's shoulder, 'this is noble; this is great; this is worthy of you.'

'It will sell, anyhow,' returned Frank, taking his friend's enthusiasm for badinage.

'My dear Fairholt,' said Hastings, 'I mean it, every word. It is my fate to be believed when I desire to be discredited, and doubted when I would be believed. This is a great work, Fairholt.'

'Be serious for once, and tell me what you really think of it.'

'I am about to give you practical proof of what I think of it. I am here on business. Wait until I have finished, and then tell me I am incredible. I am commissioned to buy this work; I am commissioned to offer you four hundred guineas for it. Now, I advise you—put another hundred on it. I advise you as a friend. Put another hundred on it. Do now—to oblige me.'

'You look serious,' said Frank, standing before him pipe in mouth.

'The Rhadamanthine gloom which veils my

brow,' returned Hastings, with an airy cheerfulness of explanation, 'is but an earnest of the soul within.'

'Do you really mean that you have a commission to buy this picture?' Frank asked, pointing at it with his maul-stick.

'I am painfully reminded of the statement of Dr Watts, where, with a profound philosophy which was a real credit to him, he remarks: "A liar we can never trust, though he should speak the thing that's true."'

'I don't think you would have the execrable taste to do this in jest.'

'You do me honour,' replied Hastings.

'Doubt that the stars are fire;
Doubt that the earth doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But never doubt

that I have a commission to purchase this work of art for the sum of four hundred guineas.'

'Then I have done work for the day. Come out, Hastings, and dine somewhere. Who's the purchaser?'

'There, I regret to say, I am forbidden to speak. The purchaser folds himself in mystery.'

'This is too absurd,' said Frank, a little angrily.

'My dear boy,' answered Hastings, 'but that I am forbid to tell the secrets of my prison-house, I would a tale unfold. Don't get angry, Fairholt. Now am I serious. The fact of the case is this, I am deputed by a gentleman who does not wish his name to appear, to offer you four hundred guineas for this picture. If you accept, the money will be paid within one week of the opening of the Winter Exhibition. If you refuse, the envoy retires discomfited.'

'Refuse! I have no intention that way, I assure you. Come. Is it your father, Hastings?'

'It is not my father, nor any relative of mine, or friend of mine. I am simply the agent. Am I to say you accept?'

'Yes. By Jove, sir, this is a fortunate hit! Do you know, Hastings, that I sold yon daub at the Academy last week? Got two hundred for it. I am like that jolly old fellow the village blacksmith, and can look the whole world in the face, for I owe not any man. Paid all my debts. Deposited coin to meet the bill which dear old Will backed for me only a week or two ago. Free of all responsibilities. Five-and-forty pound to the good. Four hundred in prospective, and a quarterly allowance due in a fortnight.'

'I believe you dropped a hint just now about dining somewhere?'

'Which I did,' responded Frank. 'Which I will demean myself by standing treat to the commercial party wot negotiates.'

With a laugh, Frank flung himself out of the studio, and in a few minutes returned radiant in his pet artistic costume. Booted and gloved as delicately as a lady, his air was elate and sprightly. The well-browned meerschaum—Bohemian emblem—sent forth clouds. Removing the pipe from his lips, he roared forth scraps of the *Marseillaise*, and made tragic passes at Hastings with his walking-cane. Next seizing that impassive young gentleman by the arm, he sallied forth into the street with such a beaming pleasure in his handsome face, that people positively turned to

look after him. His spirits were at fever-heat, and he chattered incessantly. The streets were growing cool after the heat of the day; and when a man is happy, even the streets of London may be pleasant to him. The shadows were growing longer; there was a soft, hazy languor in the air. In these prosperous quarters, the window-gardens looked charming. The variegated blinds did something towards destroying the monotony of the streets. The very 'cooe' of the milkman was pleasant. Who cannot remember such times? I remember that London has been beautiful to me. But it was years ago.

If you are travelling from Montague Gardens to Pall-Mall, your pleasantest way is through St James's Park, though when hurried you may find a shorter route. Frank and Hastings were not hurried, but the contrary. Is there any beauty in a manly face like that given by unaffected gaiety? I think not. The young artist looked like a veritable sunbeam—so bright, so jovial. Nursemaids turned round and looked upon him with undisguised admiration, and their charges brightened at his merry, noisy laughter. Youth and high spirits sparkled in him like champagne, and flushed his face, and gave light to his eyes. His laugh rose like a bubbling fountain of wine. He and Hastings strolled through the park, and out of its sunlight and freshness into the shadows of Pall-Mall; dusty despite the one ribbon-like streak of moisture which the recent watering-cart had left behind.

Entering Pall-Mall, and taking the first turn to the left, you may find the site of the club at which these two dined that day. The club has vanished. Its members are distributed through the four quarters of the globe. Some are dead and buried long ago. They were all young fellows then—mostly followers of the arts. Very gay, very noisy, very untrammelled, very happy they were. The club system was a younger and a fresher thing then than now, and all the more enjoyment was therefore to be extracted from it. There are no clubs like it nowadays. The piano in the smoke-room—the nightly songs and speeches and discussions—the select section, a club within a club, which called itself the *Claret Conclave*, and whose members drank that wine alone within the club confines—the chorus wherein all men then present nightly joined—the moustached and olive-complexioned gentlemen of the Royal Opera, who came down late at night and sometimes stayed until early in the morning, making the walls sweetly vocal—the eminent old tragedian who spouted there, 'mouthing his hollow oes and aes' in sonorous dissertations upon *Hamlet*—the eminent old comedian who told his droll stories with so droll an air—where be all these things and people now? They are dead and gone, lady—they are dead and gone. Let the turf be green and light above them, and the stone of remembrance not unkindly graven.

The culinary resources of this establishment, though not at that pitch of perfection which satisfies Young England now, were not to be despised. Over the mysteries of the *cuisine* no Parisian *maitre d'hôtel* presided; but was not old Nicholas trained in the very citadel of cookery, and was there his equal in any of the stateries clubs hard by? The club bragged of Nicholas, not without justification. At Frank's special command,

Nicholas went beyond himself. It was another charm of this old club, that when you went to dine there, you held a special consultation with the cook, and arranged your dinner with as much deliberation and care and forethought as you chose to exercise. Nicholas took his clients—let me call them by no meaner name, for his sake—into his confidence. Sure of his resources, and eager and proud to please, he yet advised and persuaded, offering with a humility the more charming for the greatness of him who displayed it, gentle and suasive counsel, not often rejected. Would they give Nicholas but half an hour? Would they not? And at the end of it came such an atonement for delay as few men find in this unsatisfactory world.

All enjoyments come to an end. 'Ethereal, flushed,' these young gentlemen left the table and adjourned to the smoking-room. They were hailed boisterously. It was Music-night, and every man who entered these precincts must sing if the assembled members willed that he should sing. No plea of inability to sing—no excuse of hoarseness would avail. So long as the Gigantic Native sat at the piano, no lapsus of memory could serve as a loophole for escape. For the Gigantic Native knew by heart every song of Europe, or thereabouts, and would roar you the words, line by line, whilst those enormous but facile hands of his went flying over the keys. Now Frank was the swell vocalist of the club, and Hastings was its special singer of comic songs. With what a tragic fury the latter warbled the many-tuned ditties of Sam Cowell. In what a tremendous bass he declaimed 'Behold me! You told me,' and the rest of it. In what *debonair* fashion he related that Alonzo he was handsome and Alonzo he was young. How exquisitely and in what a soft and tender falsetto he trilled forth the protestations of the young lady. And could the Great Sam himself approach him in that exquisite fidelity to the Cockney style and accent which was one of the special features of his presentment of the story of Young Susan and the Ship's Carpen-tee? The varying emphasis of that charming chorus:

Singin' doddle, doddle, doddle, chip, chum, chow,
choora, li, la,

now given with martial fire, and now with melting feeling, and now with scathing sarcasm, who—if not the Great Sam himself—should presume to strive to equal?

And was not Frank poet as well as singer—and had not Herr Broekenjack set his last to music, and was not the fame thereof bruited abroad? Herr Professor was absent; but the Gigantic Native was there with a blotted manuscript, undecipherable by any man save himself and the Professor, and with it he seated himself at the piano; and after preliminary settlings of his coat and arrangements of his wristbands, as though preparing to tear the instrument in sunder, instead thereof, kissed its keys most delicately with his finger-tips, and tripped through the dainty prelude. Frank stood at the piano, flushed, confident, handsome—a tender sentiment in his heart; for the words were of Maud, and reminded him of her. He closed his eyes for a second, and was back at the gate in the gardens again, and the evening sunlight was tranquil on the tranquil

fields. But the note of preparation sounded, and he sang this song:

Her spirit dwells about me like a thought;
I know her far, yet feel her near the while;
For me all rapture of delight is caught
In her remembered smile.
And London's wintry evening, mirk and gray,
Is fair as summer's fairest, when the skies
Fade into one pure azure, and the day,
Worn out with pleasure, dies!

Great applause followed; for they were generous and genial young people all, and proud of their comrades and of their achievements, and they had a sublime belief in each other, and were bound in the bonds of an enduring brotherhood. So, with rattling of glasses and rapping of tables, and hearty *bravos* and *vivas* in his ears, Frank resumed his seat. We affected whisky-punch here, observe you, we who were not of that cold Claret Conclave. 'Whisky-punch, sir? Yessir.' The very waiter was proud to wait on Frank. Hastings had disseminated the story of the sold pictures. The Academy success of the year was already assured. Frank was the hero of the place and the hour. Hastings had of course told each man privately, and in confidence; and by the time each man felt disposed to impart the confidence to some one else, almost everybody knew. But they all came—to the number of five-and-twenty perhaps—and congratulated Frank in private, and shook hands with him gladly, and told him how pleased they were at his successes.

'Fairholt,' said Hastings, 'this is growing dull and noisy. Dullness is unpleasant, and noise is unpleasant. Combined they are unbearable. Come away.'

'I'll tell you what I'll do,' said Frank gaily. 'I'll give you your revenge. On one condition—that you never ask me to touch a card again. But I won heavily from you last time, old fellow, and I can afford to play to-night, eh?'

'Your star is in the ascendant to-night,' Hastings answered. 'But I like to go where the fight is hottest. Come along. Not here. Let us get away where we can be quiet.'

The time is an hour after midnight, the place the card-room of the club in which you first met Hastings. There are four men playing at *vingt-et-un*. Two of them we know; the other two you would probably not care to know.

'Cleaned out?' says Hastings, looking up at Frank.

'Cleaned out,' responds Frank with an idiotic laugh, and a lurch forward at a tumbler.

'Wait here a moment,' Hastings answers, and rising somewhat unsteadily, leaves the room.

There is an exultant light in Mr Tasker's eyes as he enters, with Hastings, a minute or two afterwards. A smile flickers at the corners of his mouth.

Frank comes to meet them.

'No, Hastings,' he says with an air of stern determination, 'I have no more to do with this fellow.'

'Why, Mr Fairholt,' says Mr Tasker cheerfully, 'you cannot surely bear malice for a hasty word. I am very sorry. I apologise with all my heart.'

Frank looks upon him for a moment, and relaxes. 'You're a good fellow, Tasker. I'm afraid I have been very unpolite. Excuse me.'

They shake hands, and the foolish young fellow laughs again. They retire to a table at the far end of the room.

'In your name, Mr Vairhold?' asks Tasker, sitting there with a pen in his hand.

'Of course,' Frank answers. 'Be quiet, Hastings—Hastings is hard-up, you know,' he tells Tasker with another idiotic laugh.

'It is lucky,' says Tasker in a low voice, 'that I have gash about me. It is all a jance. I have seventy-five. Will that do?'

'That's enough,' says Frank lurching at the notes.

'Zhall I zay at three months?' asks Mr Tasker. 'I will not zay a hundred. I do not like level figures. Zay ninety-eight pounds ten; for value received. Thank you.' Mr Tasker puts the promissory-note into his pocket-book, shakes hands, and goes. Frank calls him back.

'You'll forget all about that, you know, old fellow. You're a good fellow.'

'O yes!' says Mr Tasker with genial good-humour. 'I am a good yellow. We are all good yellows.' As he goes down-stairs he rubs his hands gleefully. 'What a sdroke of luck!' He pauses beneath the lamp-light at the foot of the stairs, and looks at the note again. 'At three months—Ninety-eight pounds ten.'

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN EQUESTRIAN MANAGER.

BY C. W. MONTAGUE.

THIRD PAPER.

I HAVE already spoken at some length of our stay at Cardiff in the winter of 1860-61, and related a few of the incidents connected with our performances there. At the close of the season we started on a tenting tour through South Wales, at about the time when the fresh, warm, cheering days of early spring were making us forget the rigours of the past winter months. At such a time, and passing through scenery so romantic as that of Wales, a journey of this description has many attractions; and in spite of the really arduous work of the constantly recurring performances, the members of the company have a very pleasant time of it. This is more especially true in any well-appointed concern under efficient management and well established in the popular favour. But with some of the small strolling companies that traverse the kingdom in every direction and at all seasons of the year; the life they lead is, to say the least, anything but romantic. Having used the words 'tenting tour,' it occurs to me that my readers may perhaps be desirous to know more fully the meaning of the expression. I therefore propose to describe briefly the manner in which these undertakings are conducted, and the kind of life a travelling company of recognised standing leads.

It may be well to explain that there are two distinct kinds of circuses—firstly, those that perform in permanent buildings only; secondly, those that 'tent' in the spring and summer, and occupy buildings in the winter. Of the first kind there are at the time of writing (1879) five companies in the United Kingdom—namely, Newsome's, Hengler's, Cooke's, Adams', and Keith's. These never perform in tents. Of the other class, there

are eight recognised circuses; their proprietors being Messrs Sanger, Myers, Pinders, Batty, Powell and Clarke, F. Ginnett, G. Ginnett, and Swallow. These are the 'tenting' companies, giving their performances for the greater portion of the year in the tent which they carry about from town to town. Besides the names given, there are a few other small companies; but these are carried on by speculators only, who as a rule last but a few months, or even less than that. It is a well-known fact that none but those who are trained to the work from their youth, can ever properly manage a company or insure its financial success.

A matter of the first importance in projecting a tour is to prepare beforehand a plentiful supply of novelties, to be produced at the various performances, in order to serve as an additional attraction to those who perhaps would not favour us with their patronage, did they think that we were always grinding away, like a musical box, at the same old themes. There must be something new and good. Some unusually graceful or daring rider; some clever conjurer or mirth-provoking clown; some rare equine specimen, beautifully marked and wonderfully trained—all or some of these; and added to them, a variety of entirely new pieces for the company in general must be secured, brought together, and worked up into an attractive programme; proper steps being taken to let the public know in good time what treats there are in store for them. In order thoroughly to attain this latter point and to make other timely arrangements, each company sends forward an 'agent in advance' along the identical route to be followed by the circus, and arriving in each selected town some days, or even weeks before the date fixed for the performances. This agent's duties are multifarious and of a responsible nature; and indeed upon his shrewdness and experience not a little of the success of the tour depends. His first duty is to make prompt arrangements for thoroughly 'billing' the town—that is, displaying the large coloured pictorial and printed announcements on all the available hoardings, dead-walls, bridges, and other conspicuous places in the town and immediate neighbourhood. Then a suitable site has to be chosen on which to erect the tent with its adjuncts. Lodgings for the principals must be secured; and what is of no less importance, good stabling for the stud of valuable horses. All conveniences in fact in any way necessary for the comfort of the company are arranged beforehand, and are ready for them when they arrive. The agent in advance is to a travelling circus what scouts are to an invading army; with this difference, that he is the herald of a peaceful host which seeks no triumphs but those of Art, and strives to secure its conquests by leaving behind it in each town a strong garrison of pleasurable recollections.

To complete his round of duties, the agent sends back by post to the proprietor, copies of all contracts made by him, particulars of the lodgings secured for the company, full information for the stud-groom as to which are the best stables for the more valuable horses, descriptions of the road to be traversed; and in short, places the proprietor on the same footing as though the latter had himself visited the town and made all the arrangements. It is easy to perceive that by following out this methodical system, all chance of confusion when

the company arrives is entirely avoided. The agent having thus fulfilled his task, passes on to the next town, and leaves us at liberty to turn our attention to the coming guests.

I will suppose, for the sake of illustration, that a performance has been given in the town of A., and that it is intended to repeat the performance the next day at the town of B., say fifteen miles distant. Before the company separates for the evening, the hour of departure on the following morning is fixed and announced, and other necessary arrangements made. When long distances have to be traversed, the circus is often on the road as early as four in the morning. But for the distance above stated, the vans would start about six o'clock, and reach their destination, under average circumstances, at or a little after nine. Upon their arrival in the town, all sections of the company have their duties to perform, and not a moment to lose in setting about them. The vans having been driven straight to the chosen ground, and left there until required for 'parade,' the stud-groom sees that the horses are taken to their stables to be thoroughly groomed and fed. The principal members of the company seek out their lodgings and take a slight repast; while the tent-master and his assistants, having unloaded from each van its share of the tent, commence at once to erect that ephemeral structure, and to arrange within it the boxes, pit, and gallery for the spectators, and the ring for the performers. By noon the tent is complete—the tent-master being liable to a fine if not then ready—and the company begin to assemble in time to dress for parade. All the horses but a chosen few are gaily trapped in what is called their 'dress harness,' and are attached to the different caravans that are now relieved of their loads. Some of the company are mounted upon the choice horses of the stud—magnificent, proud-spirited, high-stepping creatures these animals are—while others, representing various allegorical characters, such as Britannia, Victory, Peace, Plenty, &c. are prominently enthroned on the vehicles. At last all is ready; the signal for the start is given, and the band going first, strikes up a lively air: the drummer having a lively faith in the power of his instrument to attract a crowd, plies his sticks vigorously—Plenty and not Peace being the goddess of his choice—crowds of ragged urchins and well-dressed children, and grown-up people no less plentiful, appear as if by magic on the scene, and elbow each other about in their endeavour to obtain a good position to see the 'cavalcade' go by. Thus the principal thoroughfares of the town and suburbs are paraded until towards 2 p.m., at which time the pay office is opened for the morning performance, and the audience begin to take their places in the tent.

At 2.30 the performance commences; the clown comes tumbling into the ring, and having brought himself somehow to a momentary stand-still, opens the proceedings with the original remark, at which every one laughs for the thousandth time, 'Here we are again!' after which he goes on with his tumbling, or carries on a wordy passage-of-arms with the polite and forbearing ring-master, until the equestrian business begins. The performance is usually over about 4 p.m.; and soon after this the company partake of their principal meal—their dinner. A word or two on the all-important

subject of dining will furnish a natural close to the day's proceedings and to this short description of them. The company forms itself into what are called 'catering parties,' usually consisting of six or seven persons, one member of each party—who is called the 'caterer'—being appointed to superintend the commissariat department. It is his duty, whether the stay in a town be long or short, to arrange terms for his party or 'mess' at some hotel or other establishment, and to see that the catering is good in quality and style. These messes usually have nicknames given them, according to the status of the members, or their character for lavishness or economy. Thus perhaps in a single company you may find such names as the 'Royal,' the 'Champagne,' the 'Quisby' mess—Quisby being a synonym for 'cheap,' and a word that has got into use in other quarters besides the ring and the stage. The mention of these two institutions together reminds me of another nickname common to both. The proprietor of a circus or lessee of a theatre, instead of being spoken of familiarly as the 'master' or 'governor' or 'gaffer,' frequently goes by the euphonious title of 'the Runcell.'

I will now return to the individual tour of which I had commenced to write. After completing our pilgrimage through South Wales, we found upon entering the Midlands again, that our American rivals, Messrs Howes and Cushing, were playing sad havoc among the English proprietors by the wholesale manner in which they had gone into the business. Their company had been so greatly increased in strength, that it had been divided, first into two distinct companies, then into three; and ultimately there were four American companies belonging to this single proprietary, competing keenly against us for popular support. As it is quite useless for two circuses to perform in the same town at or near the same time, this multiplication of rival establishments had the direct effect of limiting our field of operations, or rather, I should say, of compelling us to extend our operations into fresh fields and pastures new. For this reason, then, we 'took the fairs' at the various towns on our route; so that by offering special attractions, we received, in spite of the not very good state of trade in the district through which we passed, a fair share of support, and had no cause to complain of the pecuniary results. A few incidents connected with the remainder of our tour may be worth relating here.

A laughable but to me unpleasant incident happened at Eccleshall, in the following manner. I was staying at the *Royal Oak*, the landlord of which had formerly been a commercial traveller in those parts, had 'used the house,' had seen and loved the widowed landlady thereof, and finally had become her husband and landlord of the snug little inn. As a guest at the house, his welcome had invariably been cordial; as a suitor for the hand of the disconsolate widow, he had found little cause for complaint at the manner of his reception; but after the nuptial knot had been tied—Well, I will relate the incident; merely remarking that the Goodman was always loath to lose a cheerful guest, and to have to fall back upon the resources of the family circle for good company. I had arrived on Saturday, had completed my business, had spent Sunday with mine

host and his spouse, the hour for my departure on the following morning had arrived, and my groom had driven round to the door with my dog Lion, a fine Newfoundland, at his heels. 'That's a fine dog of yours,' quoth the host, who had already shaken hands with me.

'Yes,' I replied; 'he's a handsome creature; and what's more, he's as clever as he's handsome.'

'Is he indeed now? Well, I know of a most extraordinary dog close by; didn't think of it before; you *must* see it before you go—won't take five minutes.'

Though pressed for time, I felt obliged to humour the man, and accordingly accompanied him down the street until he stopped at a high pair of gates leading into the yard of a large tannery. Being intimate with the proprietor, my host passed through the small door and bade me follow. The yard was full of pits used for the various processes of preparing and tanning the hides; the edges of these holes were level with the ground, without any protection, and each pit was full of hide in pickle; the liquid in which they were immersed having acquired a most vile and fetid smell of decomposing animal matter. Now for the dog.

'Look yonder,' said my guide; 'there's the dog. Isn't he a fine creature?'

I looked. A hideous monster met my gaze—a great bull-dog of the famous Spanish breed, with a head big enough for three, and the most formidable pair of jaws that one could wish to behold. I shrank back instinctively.

'Don't be frightened,' said my companion in reassuring tones; 'he's as quiet as a lamb when he knows you.'

'Very possibly,' I rejoined; 'and until he *does* know me, I prefer keeping at a safe distance,' saying which, I retreated another step or two backwards, and fell plump into a tan-pit! How I managed with my friend's assistance to scramble out again, is more than I can tell. The smell from my soaking garments was atrocious and well-nigh unbearable. However, there was nothing to be done but hurry back to the hotel and make the best of a bad business. Arrived at the door, I told my man to follow me up to my room with a complete change of clothes, which I always carried with me, and then I entered the house. Drip, drip, drip! Every step I took along the well-cleaned floor and up the neatly carpeted stairs into my room, a little stream of the horrible stuff ran freely down, spoiling everything where I went. As for the landlady, at first she witnessed all in silent horror; but after she had 'got the scent,' she 'gave tongue' with a vengeance! I stripped and washed from head to foot, put on my clean clothes, had the others stuffed into an empty corn-bag to be washed at the next town, and was soon on my way. But unpleasant as my adventure had proved, it must have been far preferable to the pickle in which my poor friend the landlord would find himself when the guest had quitted the scene!

As just explained, it was the presence of my dog and the landlord's admiration of him that led indirectly to my unsavoury adventure. But I am unwilling to dismiss my noble Lion from these pages without putting it on record that he

was capable of better deeds than getting others into trouble through his good looks.

We had been performing at Allston, a solitary little town surrounded by the Cumberland moors, where human habitations are few and far between, and where, in the winter, travellers have lost their way and perished in the snow. When we started across Allston Moor on our road to Keswick, the ground was covered deeply with snow, which was still falling; thus adding an element of difficulty and even of danger to our journey, considering the scant and imperfect character of the roads, which in some parts had no existence whatever, the direction being indicated by poles placed at long distances apart. When we arrived at Keswick, the tent-master, not having noticed my dog during the morning, came to ask if he was with me. I had not seen him, but felt no anxiety on the matter, as the dog would often roam about and find his way to us again. Presently the property-man came to me to say that he could not find the pulley-blocks and rope—specially constructed for hoisting and straining the tight-rope, a clever performance upon which, by two sisters of the name of Bourne, had been announced beforehand, and would form an important feature in our entertainment. A further search was made, but still the missing articles could not be found. As without these appliances it would be impossible to give the tight-rope performance, I had horses put to a light carriage and drove as rapidly as possible back towards Allston. Arrived near the town, a man informed me that a large dog, which he believed belonged to our company, was sitting in the field a little farther on, where our tent had lately stood. I soon reached the spot, and there sure enough was Lion standing breast-deep in the snow, in the middle of the field. I called to him; but he only wagged his tail and gave a little bark of satisfaction at seeing me, but would not stir from the spot. Jumping out of my vehicle, I crossed the field to where he stood; and beheld, half buried in the snow, the missing blocks and rope! The intelligent and faithful creature knew that the articles had been wrongly left behind, and I do not think it too much to say that he knew or hoped that some one would come back for them, and thus find them and him together. If any one should think I am claiming too much power of thought or insight for my dog, let him study the following incident, for the exact truth of which I vouch, and in corroboration, give the names of the persons and places concerned.

I was driving from Redhill in Surrey to the village of Mersham, about three miles away. When I had proceeded some distance on the road, it began to rain rather fast, and I discovered that I was without my umbrella. The last call I had made in Redhill was at the shop of Mr Kain the chemist, and I felt sure that I had left my umbrella there, standing against the front of the counter. Pulling up under a tree for shelter, I began to consider what I should do, and at the same moment Lion came suddenly round to the front of the trap, as though to learn what we were stopping for. The thought struck me that I might perhaps make Lion my messenger in the matter. If I could only get him to go back to the shop, Mr Kain would probably understand why he had been sent, and would put the umbrella in the

dog's mouth to carry to me. Having engaged Lion's attention, I waved my hand with an onward sweep along the road towards Redhill. The dog's eyes followed my hand readily enough, and then he looked in my face with a puzzled air. Again and again I repeated my gestures, the poor animal looking more perplexed each time, and thinking perhaps that his master was making a ridiculous exhibition of himself. However, I persevered with my efforts; and as I made one vigorous and expressive sweep of the hand, the dog pricked up his ears, the puzzled look vanished from his face, and then, with a little toss of his nose towards me, as though he would have said: 'All right, governor!—I know what you've been driving at,' he started off towards Redhill at the top of his speed, and was soon out of sight round a distant bend of the road. After this intelligent interpretation of my meaning, my readers will scarcely be surprised to hear that before long—in an incredibly short time, I thought—Lion reappeared round the curve carrying in his mouth my missing umbrella, which he delivered up to me with all the demonstrations of satisfaction and pleasure of which a dog is capable.

But the best has yet to come. Up to that moment all I knew, or could know, was that my dog had brought the umbrella for which I sent him. When I returned to Redhill in the evening, I called upon Mr Kain, and thanked him for his trouble; adding, before he had time to speak: 'You managed to understand him, then?'

'Managed to understand him!' he replied, with a curious look on his face. 'O yes; he didn't leave me in doubt very long. Confound the dog! And I've got a nice little bill against you for damages he has done.'

'Why, how's that?' said I in amazement.

'Well, I was standing near the door when your dog came bounding in at the top of his speed, nearly knocking me over. He began sniffing about; and then it struck me that you were returning for your umbrella, which I had found and put behind the counter, and that the dog had got here first. I was just going round to get the umbrella, so as to have it ready for you, when the great animal, after standing up against the counter and sniffing over it, made a spring on to the top, and was down at the back before I could get near him, breaking a lot of bottles and measures and upsetting others in his course. He took your umbrella in his mouth, and tried to jump on to the counter again. But the umbrella kept catching, first one end and then the other; and the space was so narrow that he could not make the leap. As soon as I dared, I took hold of the umbrella, to take it off him; but he held on tight, and would not let me have it; so partly by coaxing and partly by dragging, I got him round to the trap-door, and pulled him through. Then without stopping even to say "Thank you," he bolted through the door, and was off down the street like a shot out of a gun.'

Before quitting the subject of dogs, I will relate the following amusing anecdote. While our circus was at Brighton, a person whom I will call Mr Spill, paid frequent visits to our performances, and soon made himself at home behind the scenes. This gentleman had earned a name for curing numberless disorders that affect dogs and cats,

more especially dogs; and among these again, most especially lapdogs and other petted species so highly treasured by elderly single ladies. One day said Spill to me: 'Mr Montague, I should like you to come and see my infirmary.' (It must be understood that his cures were effected upon his own premises, and that he had adopted the high-sounding title of 'Dog and Cat Infirmary' for his far-famed establishment.) I accepted his invitation with pleasure, thinking that it would prove interesting to inspect the internal arrangements of his peculiar hospital. Arrived at the house—I beg pardon, the infirmary—I expected to see some signs or hear some sounds of Mr Spill's canine patients. Failing to do so, however, I asked my host if he kept his infirmary upstairs. 'O dear no,' he replied. 'Come this way, and I'll soon shew you all about it.' I followed him out into the garden; and there, ranged around the stump of an old tree, I beheld a number of broad shallow tubs, bottom upwards, and pierced with holes for ventilation. Under each of these tubs was a dog, the collection of tubs constituting the 'infirmary!' But how about the medicine, the dietary, &c.? Mr Spill's answer to my string of questions was so characteristic, that I will give it in his own words.

You see, said he, I suit the treatment to the disorder. Well-nigh every dog I am sent for to look at is suffering from the same thing—too much to eat and too little to do. They're pumpered and messed with and overfed; and when they get here, I just give them a opposite treatment. Only yesterday, I took a little King Charles home to Lady G—. Well, her case is just about like the lot; at least in the main it is. When she first sent for me, I was ushered into her Ladyship's presence, and there was the dog lying in a basket that was stuffed with a feather pillow, and stuck right in front of a blazing fire.

'Ah,' sighed her Ladyship, 'I'm so glad you've come. My little dog seems much worse; he can hardly breathe, poor little darling!'

Well, I hoisted the poor little darling out of the basket—very carefully, you know, and put him on my knees. Dogs never snap at me; we understand each other.

'His nose is very warm, marm,' I said.

'Is it indeed?' said she.

'His eyes aren't at all bright, marm,' I said.

'O no, my good man; they're not like they used to be,' said she.

'And your Ladyship,' I said, just a bit sad, 'his little 'art beats very irregular.'

'Dear me!' said she.

'I assoom,' said I, 'that he is suffering from general nervous debility.'

'You don't say so!' said she.

'There's no doubt about it, marm,' I said; 'though most people as profess to understand dogs would think he'd got the distemper, and would a'most kill him in trying to cure him. But I know just what treatment he wants, marm; for he ain't no worse than the Duchess of B—'s dog, and I cured it.'

'O did you really?' said she. 'Well now, are you obliged to take dear, dear little Floss quite away? Couldn't you pay him daily visits and give him his medicine?'

'O no, marm,' I said. 'This case is far too serious for that; he wants constant treatment. I

can do him more good in a week in the infirmary than in a month out.'

'Well, my good man, if he must go he must. But be sure and take very great care of him.' And then she gave me a long list of things I was to give him to eat, things for breakfast and things for dinner and things for tea and supper. And said she: 'The dear little creature is that poorly, he will scarcely touch the daintiest morsels.'

'Yes marm; most probable,' I said. 'But when I bring him back to you, his 'ealth will be so restored and his happitite so satisfactory that he'll eat dry bread with a relish.'

Well sir, she agreed to pay me a very liberal sum for curing him; and I brought the dog home here and clapped him under one o' them tubs, and left him there all night with nothing to eat, but plenty of clean water. Next morning I threw a lump of bread in; and when I went the next day, he hadn't touched a crumb of it. But the next morning it was mopped clean up; and I gave him a fresh supply—but only dry bread, mind you, and clean water every day. Well sir, in a week the dog had cured hisself, and could breathe freely once more, as they say. But I kept him another week, just to earn my money, you know. Her Ladyship had told me to call now and then; so I did, and told her how he was going on. But I didn't tell her he was living under that tub fed on bread and water, because though it sooted the dog admirable, it wouldn't 'a sooted her Ladyship to know it. When I took him home, I kept him under my arm until her Ladyship came into the room and then I set him down.

'Floss!' she cried out, 'why Floss! it's never you! O you dear little pet!' And the dog frisked and bounced about like a india-rubber ball, and barked and wagged his tail as brisk as anything. Then I took a piece of bread from my pocket and threw it on the floor; I'd given him nothing that morning, you know.

'Now you watch him, if you please, marm,' I said just as I threw the piece down; 'see how he'll relish this bit of bread.' And the little span'l bolted it eagerly and asked for more.

Well, her Ladyship was so pleased that she gave me a five-pound note over and above my charges; and I said thank you very much and good morning. I was just going out through the door when she called me back. 'O Mr Spill, I forgot to ask you. Are you quite sure the dear little pet has been well washed?'

I couldn't help smiling a bit, sir, as I answered her: 'O yes marm; I warrant you he's been well tubbed!'

JACK QUARTERMAIN'S VISION.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART III.—HOME.

It was the first of February—a raw, gray, foggy, miserable morning. The streets were damp and sticky, as only the London streets during or after a fog can be, and the east wind was keen and cutting. A four-wheeled cab stood outside a gloomy house in Westminster; and the driver, who stood on the pavement, clapping his benumbed hands and stamping his half-frozen feet, grumbled audibly at being kept waiting. Presently another cab drove up; and two gentlemen alighted—rough-

looking, weather-stained, weary travellers, but gentlemen still, in spite of their strange garments and shaggy beards.

'Here's the house, old fellow,' exclaimed Jack Quartermain—for it was he—running up the steps. 'It don't look a scrap changed. I wonder if Burnet the old butler is here still?'

Old Burnet was; and in answer to Jack's loud knock he opened the door with his usual stately solemnity, and surveyed the two strange-looking visitors critically.

'Mr Verschoyle in?' inquired Jack hurriedly. 'Can I see him?'

'No sir,' replied Burnet, straightening himself up, and looking peculiarly solemn. 'He's not in, sir. In fact, Mr Verschoyle is dead, sir!'

'Dead! Burnet? Uncle Harry dead! When did he die?' stammered Jack, growing very white and shaking like a leaf.—'Is it possible that you don't remember me, Burnet—Jack Quartermain?'

'No sir—yes sir—of course, Mr John. Come in sir—come in. Oh, why didn't you come back sooner? Why did you ever go, Mr John? Things have gone wrong entirely ever since the day you left,' said Burnet, leading the way to the dining-room, where Mr Valentine Saunders was having his breakfast. For a moment he looked startled, then advanced to greet his old friend with outstretched arms. But Jack waved him back, and looking him steadily in the face, demanded to know what had befallen his uncle Mr Verschoyle.

'Alas, I grieve to tell you, Jack, that dear Mr Verschoyle is no more. He died on the first of January from—'

'From an overdose of opium, administered to him by—a friend. I know all about it, Mr Saunders. Will you be good enough to tell me how you come to be here in my uncle's house?'

'Your uncle was kind enough to remember me in his will, and bequeath me not only this house, but the remainder of his property, on condition that I agreed to marry his ward Miss Hamilton. And though the lady does not choose to agree to the conditions of the will, the house, nevertheless, becomes mine.—And now, may I ask what your business is here, Mr Quartermain?' continued Valentine, with an attempt at ease and hauteur which his pale face and trembling voice belied. 'I should have thought London, and above all the office of Verschoyle and Saunders—or Saunders and Saunders, as the firm now is—would be about the last place in the world you would care to shew your face in, considering the circumstances under which you left our employment!'

'You'll know my business soon enough,' quoth Quartermain sternly. 'At present I demand to know what has become of Miss Hamilton?'

'That you must find out for yourself. I decline to give you any information whatever. If you had come here in a proper spirit—'

'Take care,' said the other with a threatening look.—'Take care of what you say, Valentine Saunders, or even my old friendship for you won't save you. I should like to see a copy of my uncle's will!'

'Certainly, by all means. You can see it at Doctors' Commons!'

'Yes; I know that. But I can see it without going there, and I mean to. You can tell me where there is a copy—a rough copy, to be found.'

'What do you mean?' cried Val, growing hot and confused before the stern steady glance of Jack. 'You talk in riddles, Mr Quartermain!'

'Yes; but you've got the key. Mr Saunders, you know there's a day of squaring up for everybody, if not in this world, in the next. The day for squaring accounts between you and me has come. Now, once and for all, will you produce that will, or shall I have to find it myself?'

Mr Saunders's answer was a violent ring, which was speedily answered by Burnet. 'Shew these persons out,' he exclaimed excitedly—'shew them out instantly!'

'What has become of Miss Jessie, Burnet?' inquired Jack, turning to the old servant, and quite ignoring Mr Saunders's words. 'Has she been turned out too?'

'Pretty nearly, sir—at least she's going. There's her box in the hall, and the cab waiting at the door. But Sister Agnes says she's not fit to leave the house such a morning as this!'

'But why is she going?'

Burnet elevated his eyebrows, shrugged his shoulders, and gave an expressive glance at his master, who was standing silent with rage and amazement.

'Why is Miss Hamilton leaving this house?' repeated Quartermain sternly.

'Here she's down, Mr John; she'd best answer for herself,' cried Burnet, throwing open the dining-room door.—'Miss Jessie—Miss Jessie, here's Mr Quartermain come back again!'

For a moment Miss Hamilton stood in the door-way, white, scared, trembling; then she staggered forward with a low cry between a sob and a moan: 'Jack! O Jack! Why did you not come before?'

'My child, this will never do; you must not excite yourself so,' interrupted Sister Agnes gently.—'She is weak and ill, sir; she cannot stand much fatigue.'

But Jack waved her away, and held Jessie close in his arms. 'My darling!' he whispered, 'are you really mine still?'

'Now, as always, Jack. But you—they told me—you were married; that you had given me up. But I never quite believed it.'

'It was a falsehood, darling, for which I mean to have rare satisfaction,' quoth Jack reassuringly, with a dangerous look at Mr Saunders. 'Sit down, my own, and do not attempt to leave the house.—This lady, is she a friend of yours?'

'Yes, Jack; such a dear friend! I think I should have died long ago had it not been for Sister Agnes. 'Oh, I have suffered—I have suffered so much!'

'It's all at an end now, Jessie; and I've come back to square up with my dear, loyal, old friend Val. I've brought another old friend with me—just to see fair-play, you know.—Don't look so scared, Dan; Val was always fonder of fair words than blows.'

Dan Kennedy meanwhile was gazing in stupefied wonder at the lady who was addressed as Sister Agnes—a pale, dark-eyed, sad-looking woman, with a sweet tremulous voice, who sat beside Jessie, and held one of her hands, and never raised her eyes from the carpet. There was but one woman in the world with such a face, and her name was Agnes too. A strange coincidence, but nothing more. The Agnes of

his dreams was rich, honoured, happy, safe from all sorrow and care, surrounded by every luxury. The Agnes who sat beside Jessie Hamilton looked a weary, stricken woman, who had found peace after many fierce sorrows. Still Dan gazed, longing for her to raise her eyes, that he might look into them, and learn if she was indeed the Agnes of his dreams.

'Well sir, what other liberties do you mean to take in my house?' queried Saunders, after a few minutes' silence. 'I am getting weary of this farce.'

'So am I—and I mean to end it,' retorted Jack sternly. 'First of all, I want to know why you never replied to my letters?'

'I suppose I was at liberty to please myself on that point,' was the sullen answer.

'Certainly; but not at liberty to intercept my letters to Miss Hamilton, or her replies to me; not at liberty to keep back my uncle's letters by any manner of means, Mr Saunders; not at liberty to tell him all sorts of falsehoods about me; not at liberty to work upon his weakness to make you his heir.—You look surprised, Jessie, and no wonder; but there's worse still to be told. Valentine Saunders stole the deeds from Uncle Harry's office; Valentine Saunders stole all my letters to you, and yours to me; Valentine Saunders stole my uncle's last will, and forged one in its stead; and if you will all do me the favour to follow me up-stairs to his room—the room that was mine long ago, and from which his falsehood and treachery banished me—I will shew you the proof of what I say.—Come, Jessie; come, Dan; and you, Madam; and Burnet, you had better come too.' Quartermain pronounced the foregoing accusations calmly, and like a man who was repeating a task he had learned by rote; and then led the way up-stairs into Mr Saunders's room. Opposite to the fireplace, there stood a tall, old-fashioned, ebony bureau, inlaid and mounted with brass. It was a quaint ungainly piece of furniture, full of little odd drawers and unsuspected cavities. One of these, at the back of the bottom drawer, opened with a spring, and there securely reposed the stolen deeds, the intercepted letters, and Mr Verschyle's will.

'Why, Jack, how did you know? Who told you of this?' exclaimed Jessie in amazement. 'Look! Here are all my letters to you, which I am quite sure I put in the bag myself. How did they get here, Jack?'

'In the same manner that mine got here. There has been some rare clever villainy at work, and Val Saunders is at the bottom of it!'

'If you mean that loafer down-stairs, you had better look after him,' remarked Dan. 'He seems a slippery sort of customer, and I should not wonder if he thought discretion the better part of valour and retired. He looked a little "slopy" as we left the room.'

'Run down, Burnet, and see if Mr Saunders is still below,' Jack said. He was not inclined to be very hard on his old friend, villain and traitor though he was; and if he chose to make his escape and keep out of the way, so much the better.

Presently Burnet returned with a very long face. 'He's gone, sir; cut and run like a rascal, as he is. He left in the cab that was waitin' for Miss Jessie!'

'Well, let him go. As you once observed, Dan, he's a good riddance of very questionable value!'

'Yes sir,' remarked Burnet gravely. 'But if he's not looked after, he may take some very good value with him. How do you know he's not gone straight to the Bank to draw out a lot of money—thousands maybe? I'd just drive round to the Westminster and County, Mr John, if I was you, and stop his little game!'

'That's a happy thought of yours, Burnet.—You stay here, Dan. By the way, I have not introduced you yet.—Jessie, this is my friend and fellow-campaigner, the best fellow in the world—Dan Kennedy.'

Jessie held out her hand with a smile of welcome; and Sister Agnes, who stood beside her, started, raised her dark eyes in wonder, and looked steadily at the tall 'campaigner,' who regarded her with equal astonishment. 'I think I had the honour of knowing Mrs Lawson once,' he said with evident confusion.

'Not Mrs Lawson, Mr Kennedy—Agnes Oxenford still,' faltered the lady. 'It is indeed a fortunate meeting this, Mr Kennedy. I have so much to tell you, so much to explain, so much to—'

'Forgive, if indeed you *can* forgive me,' Dan whispered; and then Jessie and Jack left the room together; and when the former returned, she found that Mr Kennedy and Miss Agnes Oxenford were on remarkably friendly terms.

'Dan and I are old old friends, Jessie,' exclaimed Agnes, with a glad light in her eyes, which seemed to illuminate her whole face. 'We were parted years ago, by circumstances, and misunderstandings have kept us separate; but—'

'But they are all explained now,' interrupted Dan, throwing back his head proudly. 'And if anything could add to the happiness of finding Agnes, it would be that of finding her your friend, Miss Hamilton!'

That was a pretty compliment for a rough backwoodsman, and all very well in its way; but Jessie was somewhat taken aback at the proprietary and lover-like air assumed by Mr Kennedy. 'Agnes is a Sister of Mercy,' she explained in the tone of a person in a very serious difficulty; she could not quite reconcile love-making with the solemn black draperies and hideous bonnet of Sister Agnes.

'Yes, yes; I know,' replied Dan with a little shrug; 'and I hope she will continue one, Miss Hamilton; only she must limit her ministrations to one unworthy individual, who is sorely in need of mercy and charity and all other Christian offices. She tells me duty is always her first and dearest consideration, and I'm quite satisfied it's her duty to look after me, or I'll come to grief most certainly!'

'Besides, Jessie, remember I'm only a probationer,' interposed Agnes sweetly; and so Miss Oxenford's mission of mercy became considerably curtailed.

Presently Jack Quartermain returned. Mr Saunders had not been to the bank, nor called at the office. All valuable bonds and papers were there quite safe; and Jack had locked them all up in the great safe, and taken away the key, to the horror and amazement of old Mr Saunders. Then Dan and Jack examined the will, which was dated nearly five years before, and in which, to his dear

and only nephew, John Henry Quartermain, was Mr Verschoyle's wealth bequeathed, with the exception of a five thousand pound legacy to Jessie Hamilton, and a wish that his heir might make good the full amount, principal and interest, endangered by the disappearance of Miss Hamilton's bonds. Landed property, money in the funds, and three-fourths of the large business profits of Verschoyle and Saunders, came to Jack; but there was no mention whatever made about Valentine Saunders, or any conditions attached to either Miss Hamilton's legacy or her own fortune.

'Now then, Jessie, can you explain to me how Uncle Harry came to alter his mind and leave all his money to Val Saunders? There must have been some undue influence!'

'Yes indeed, Jack. About four years ago, Val came to live here; and from that time Uncle Harry was a different being. He would scarcely ever see me, refused to hear your name mentioned, and consulted Val about everything. Then he fell into ill health, and for a long time Mr Saunders was his only nurse. At last the doctor insisted on his having some one else, and sent us dear Sister Agnes. Uncle soon recovered then, and seemed in much better health and spirits. He even spoke about you, and wondered why you never wrote, and told me that he had made his will long ago—and you and I were provided for. Then Val told me that you were married to a wealthy American lady, and had actually the audacity to ask me to become his wife. Of course I refused him indignantly; and from that day forth he set himself to be my enemy. I was completely cut off from my uncle, and the only friend I had was dear Sister Agnes. It was very wretched here, Jack. I don't know whether Mr Saunders's persecution or affection was the most intolerable; but both together drove me distracted. Then in December poor Uncle grew worse. Several doctors were called in, and they all declared that he was sinking fast. Val was ever by his bedside, a most watchful if not very tender nurse. On New-year's Eve, about twelve o'clock, Uncle seemed to rouse up from a stupor he had been in for days, and called for me. I was resting on a couch in my own room, when Sister Agnes came to fetch me.'

'Let me tell you the rest,' Jack interrupted. 'You ran down-stairs; and as you entered Uncle Harry's dressing-room, Val was pouring out his medicine. He handed you the glass, to give him the draught, when you went in; and his hand trembled so that some of it was spilled over the white shawl you had wrapped round your shoulders. When you entered the room, Uncle sat up in bed, and said in a loud clear voice: "Jessie, I have provided for you and Jack. My will lies in the old cabinet in Val's room. Tell Jack, if ever you see him, that I fear I wronged him, and am sorry." Then he held out his hand for the medicine, drank it off, and lay back on his pillow. In a few moments he started up and called me, clearly and distinctly: "Jack—Jack Quartermain, come here!" then he closed his eyes and fell asleep. In the morning they told you he was dead!'

'Ay, that is precisely what happened. Who on earth could have told you?'

'No one told me,' replied John Quartermain

calmly. 'I saw it all, just as clearly as I see you now; and I saw Val take Uncle's will out of the cabinet, and put another in its stead. I saw him distinctly open the secret drawer, throw the true will in with a grim smile, and heard him mutter: "That may go to oblivion with the rest." I saw it all, Jessie, plainly and visibly; and the proof of the matter is here;' pointing to the will and the letters. 'I told Dan about it on New-year's Day—told him as we drove through the blinding snow, and across the solitary plains of Nebraska, that my uncle was lying dead in the gloomy old house in Westminster. He smiled incredulously, and endeavoured to reason me out of my fears; but he knew in his heart that what I said was true.—Didn't you, Dan?'

'Yes; I think I did, Jack,' said Dan solemnly. 'But I cannot understand it,' cried Jessie, staring in hopeless bewilderment. 'I don't believe in dreams and visions and things!'

'Well, I don't believe in them either in general. But in a case like this, you must either believe or be a fool. Certain things were revealed to me on New-year's Eve. I come home to England, and find them perfectly true. But I can no more pretend to explain the why or the wherefore of it than you can. I am willing to take the matter as it stands, and be grateful for the beneficial results.'

'But Jack dear, if you make a practice of second-sight, I shall be afraid of you.'

'Nonsense, Jessie. Why should you be? Besides, I do not think such revelations ever happen twice in a lifetime,' replied Jack earnestly. 'And now, I really think the best thing we can do is to say no more about it, for it is one of those mysterious coincidences that no amount of discussion can elucidate. Tell me, Jessie, why were you going away this morning, and where were you going to?'

'I was going, because I could never consent to become Val Saunders's wife; and in the will read after the funeral that was an expressed condition. I was to have half my uncle's fortune if I married him; if not, I was to be penniless. I infinitely preferred poverty to such a union. So I was going to learn to be a nurse, like Sister Agnes!'

'Then it appears to me that we only arrived just in time. The discovery of this will saves all that painful necessity; but of course we must prove that the one by which Val claimed the property is a forgery. It may be somewhat difficult to do; but his flight is strong circumstantial evidence. Have you any idea where this precious document is, Jessie?'

'In the study probably; or at least a copy of it, if the document itself is gone to Doctors' Commons.'

'True. I remember Val said it was there; but somehow I don't believe it. Come down to the study, and let us have a look round.'

They had not to look very long. A fire was burning on the hearth, and on it and inside the fender were fragments of half-burned paper. 'That's it!' Jessie cried out. 'I know it was written on blue foolscap. I'm sure this is the will!'

'Or all that remains of it. And here's proof positive,' Jack added, taking up a scrap of paper on which some words were hastily scrawled: 'The Last Will of Mr Verschoyle is in the ebony cabinet in my room. I leave the country to-day; it will

be useless to try to follow or discover me. I am sorry for all that has occurred.—V. S.'

'This simplifies matters considerably; doesn't it, Dan? I really find it in my heart to be almost sorry for him.'

'I think he was punished, Jack. I think he lived in constant terror of discovery. During the last month, his life seemed a sad burden to him. Surely the way of the transgressor is hard!'

'Heaven help him, the poor wretch! I at all events forgive him, and hope he may live to amend his ways,' said Jack, to Jessie's sighed 'Amen!'

Two months after, there was a very quiet wedding in St Margaret's, Westminster. Jack and Jessie were united at last, after all their weary years of doubts and fears and hopes deferred; and they still live in the quiet gloomy old house in George Street. The firm is now Quartermain and Saunders; for Jack kept on the old man, who was hardly accountable for his son's misdeeds. There is serious talk of making the firm Quartermain, Saunders, and Kennedy; for Dan has not yet returned to 'Kennedy's Clearing'; and whenever he talks of doing so, his words are drowned in a chorus of reproachful negatives. He and Agnes are married, and live tolerably happily in Sloan Square; though Dan often longs for the freedom of the forest, and the rough and ready luxury of the log-cabin at Nebraska. If Agnes would only consent to accompany him, he would once more pack the calf-skin trunk, and start thither without delay. But every other year brings a fresh fetter to bind Agnes to her English home, and Kennedy's Clearing recedes farther and farther into the dim distance of the past. Even Dan himself is beginning to feel that he is chained by sundry clinging tiny arms, and persuaded to remain at home, as *Paterfamilias* should, by soft lispings voices.

Jack and Jessie love the old house in George Street, and are superlatively happy there. Nothing could induce them to change it for a gayer or more suburban residence. It is such a famous house to be cosy and comfortable, and even romantic in, nestling as it does under the shadow of the dear old Abbey, and possessing out-of-the-way nooks and corners innumerable. Often on the long cold winter evenings, when Dan with his great pipe is comfortably settled in one corner, and Jack in the other, and Jessie and Agnes with their knitting or embroidery seated on low chairs before the great fire, Jack relates how he and Dan first chummed together, and recounts some of the adventures and dangers which Dan and he shared in the Far West and in Australia; and scarcely ever a New-year's Eve passes by that Dan does not solemnly allude to Jack Quartermain's Vision, and its happy results.

P.S.—From the day Val Saunders left the old house in George Street to this, he has never been heard of. Year after year, Jack and Jessie and his poor feeble old father expect him to return—poor and penitent; or poor, without being penitent; or penitent, without being poor. Year after year Jack wonders what has become of him, and sometimes thinks he must be dead. In all probability he is. He had not the qualifications necessary for a magnificent sinner. Failure would be worse than death to a man of his temperament;

and the overthrow of all his plans was complete. But time alone can discover what has become of him; and his friends—or rather those who had been his friends—earnestly hope that he has repented of his wickedness and ingratitude; and learned that honesty is still the best policy.

A MYSTERIOUS PIANIST.

ABOUT a year ago, I observed in the columns of this *Journal* an article in explanation of certain aural phenomena which are frequently ascribed to supernatural agency. Many similar events must frequently occur which are not recorded, and whose causes, owing to superstition or fear, remain undiscovered. An investigation of all such seeming mysteries at the time and in the place where they occur, might save many a one an infinity of discomposing thoughts, which not seldom end in the reception of a most absurd belief. If the veracity of the following narrative be questioned, names and places can afford no proof. I can therefore only assure the reader that the narrative is true to the minutest particular, and was jotted down while the circumstances were fresh in my memory.

On the last day of 1879 I left home to pay my annual visit to my widowed mother and deliver my new-year greetings in person. On my arrival, I found a number of old friends assembled to exchange good wishes and usher in the dawn of the new year. As the company was dispersing, some one suggested a song; and as I was credited with some ability in that direction, I was at once appealed to. I consented; and we adjourned to another room, where my sister's piano had stood untouched since her lamented death, which had happened two years before. It was an old instrument, of six and a half octaves, of the Cottage shape, with nothing remarkable about it save that solid substantial look which is so foreign to many articles of modern furniture. I sat down and rattled off a few rollicking ditties suited to the occasion, winding up with the ever-new *Auld Lang Syne* as our guests departed. I noticed while playing that the instrument was much out of tune, and that several of the levers were disordered or displaced. I specially noted that one wire of the C in the fifth octave was much flatter than the other, which gave the note a peculiar and easily recognisable sound.

As I was to sleep in the apartment, I sat down by the fire to smoke a pipe and muse on the changes time had wrought on the little world of my boyhood. The key-board of the instrument glistening in the firelight insensibly led my thoughts to that vanished hand that had so often nimbly and skilfully pressed it. Only two short years ago she had sat there singing my favourite airs with the rich mellow voice that was hers alone. As wave after wave of memory surged over my heart, I became so abstracted that I fancied I heard the cadence of her beautiful voice like the distant echo in a dream.

I remembered too that the last song I heard her sing was that touching melody wedded to the words of Burns's weird song, *Open the Door to me, Oh*. With my mind's ear I heard the pathetic wail with which the melody concludes, and was just on the point of awaking from my day-dream, when the piano at my side slowly and distinctly repeated the last simple bar of the music, with the faulty C for key-note. I was not startled; the mysterious accompaniment was so in unison with my reverie, that it was some minutes before I realised what had occurred. My first idea was that, by long disuse, some of the hammers had become relaxed and had fallen forward on the strings. But on trying the notes, I found they responded readily to the touch. For some time I tried to solve the enigma; but at length coming to the conclusion that I had been duped by my own ears, I shut down the key-board, and jumped into bed, where I was soon unconscious of mortal and spirit alike.

I had slumbered for some time, when I suddenly awoke with that stinging sensation over the whole body which, with me, always betokens nervous excitement; and lo! the piano was sounding. I sat bolt upright; tried to shake off the hallucination, and listened again. There was no denying the fact. Some invisible power was touching both the bass and treble notes. I struggled against an eerie feeling that began to creep over me, and tried to reason. Judging from a former experience, I thought it might be some animal traversing the wires; but then I reflected that that was impossible in their perpendicular position; neither could any animal agitate both treble and bass at the same time, as my ear informed me was being done. Mustering courage, I jumped out of bed, and approached quietly, when the performance suddenly ceased. I opened the key-board and the top lid, peered into every nook and cranny, examined the floor and wall; but could discover nothing. I stirred up the fire, and sat down with my face towards the instrument. In this position I distinctly saw several of the keys *move* with a gentle undulating motion; but no sound followed. While I sat, this was repeated more than once, and the peculiarity was, that when the keys moved there was no sound, and when the sounds were produced there was no perceptible motion of the keys. I felt the eerie feeling steal over me again, but still sat and watched for a repetition of the music.

My patience was all but exhausted, when all at once the mystical performer resumed his playing, at first in an undecided hesitating manner, gradually merging into plaintive irregular kind of notes, of which the faulty C was again the key. When the sounds first struck the ear, they seemed to be weak and faint, but gradually increased in volume. The treble movement was now and then accompanied by a chromatic movement on the bass notes, which though not in accordance with

the rules of harmony, was not unpleasant to the ear. At times too, the treble made a rapid run to the highest possible note; then after a pause, the irregular notes were resumed. Seizing a moment when the mysterious performer seemed much engrossed with his task, I darted to the instrument, when the sounds again ceased, without affording a single clue to their origin. I endeavoured to open the front; but it resisted my efforts; and as I did not wish to alarm the household, I drew the piano forward from the wall, gave it a parting shake, and once more curled myself up in the bed-clothes, not without a fervent prayer that the player might transfer his musical entertainment to a more appreciative audience. All, however, was unavailing; for he shortly began again as brisk as ever; so bowing to the inevitable, I endeavoured to convert the disturbing performance into a well-intentioned lullaby. As I thus lay in a half-sleeping half-waking state, no longer interested in the cause of the phenomenon, I was conscious of a curious result. The strains seemed to adapt themselves to snatches—mere snatches, of familiar airs, curiously blended and interwoven. As soon as an interval occurred that reminded me of another jingle, it was immediately taken up only to give place to another. The range of the treble seemed to be confined to the third below the faulty note and the fourth above, which of course accounted for the plaintive character of the music. I cannot say how long this curious phase lasted. I have, however, a hazy consciousness of dropping off to sleep, lulled by these unaccountable note-rummings.

In the morning I learned that none of the inmates had heard anything unusual during the night. Being, however, determined to solve the puzzle, I lost no time in returning to the room armed with a screw-driver. When I had laid bare the front of the instrument, I observed that the wires of the note adjacent to the faulty one had snapped, and its perpendicular lever had been disjoined from the hammer and fallen forward on the strings, thus forming an opening between the back and front, and establishing a communication between the wires and the lower or horizontal levers to which the ivories are attached. Still no key to the riddle presented itself. I then proceeded to remove the levers one by one, and had partially accomplished the task, when the Gordian knot of the mystery was severed in a rather prosaic manner. I pushed the instrument back to its original position, when out scampered—not one mouse—but two, by the slit in the back which serves for a handle. They ran along the wainscoting, which happened to be on the same level, and disappeared in a press in the corner of the room. It was plain that my mystic performer had resolved himself into the commonplace of a couple of mice, whose performances had been prolonged by the cutting off of their retreat. Still I comforted myself with the thought that, if I kept my own counsel, there was material enough to prove me a first-class spiritualistic medium!

An examination of their *modus operandi* explained in a very simple manner the awe-inspiring phenomena of the previous night. Mouse

No. 1, on popping through the opening in the perpendicular levers, climbed the broken one that lay handy, perched upon the end in contact with the wires, and in his efforts to ascend farther, or in the mere pleasure of the sound, produced the melody before referred to. Mouse No. 2, meanwhile condemned to play second-fiddle, amused himself by creeping through between the snapped wires and scampering up and down inside, where there was barely room for him to pass, and thus contributed the rumbling bass and the occasional sharp runs on the higher notes. A cross-bar for strengthening the front gave him foothold; and vestiges of his fur on the larger wires rendered the explanation more than a probability. The motion of the keys without the corresponding sounds, must have been occasioned by their pattering on the extreme ends of the horizontal levers, the majority of which I found to be somewhat worn and loose in their sockets. The contingent phenomena I believe to have been merely the unconscious promptings of my own mind, or of what may be termed my musical imagination.

On recounting the adventure at the breakfast-table, I discovered that the mysterious sounds had been heard by another member of the family on a quiet Sabbath afternoon some weeks previous: she, however, had been deterred from mentioning the circumstance from fear of the ridicule she supposed would have followed her recital. I may mention that the press in the room contained a goodly store of things seductive to the stomachs of mice in general. That they disregarded the tempting viands and betook themselves to the unproductive waste of the interior of a piano, must help to prove that the love of music often ascribed to this little quadruped is a fact of natural history resting on a more solid foundation than exceptional eccentricity.

[Though at first sight the foregoing tale—the truth of which is vouched for by our contributor—may appear somewhat weird, we gladly place it before our readers as offering additional testimony to the fact that ‘unaccountable sounds’ are in every case capable of being relegated to natural causes. A little trouble bestowed upon their calm investigation would, as our writer says, ‘save many a one an infinity of discomposing thoughts.’—Ed.]

FEET-DISTORTION IN CHINA.

Of all the abominations in female fashions, the Chinese practice of cramping and deforming the feet is the most iniquitous. The following are the latest particulars regarding this old and very odious custom.

It appears that the foot-binding of female infants in China is determined by locality rather than by the rank and wealth of the people who practise it. In the department of Tie-Chiu, province of Canton, it would be general but for the Hakkas, who settle there, and are strongly opposed to it. When they come in any numbers from their own country—which is contiguous—and take up their abode in Tie-Chiu villages, they use their influence and example against it pretty successfully. Of the women who attend the missionary schools in Swatow, at present about six in every ten have their feet bound; and the

Hakka influence is apparent in the fact that it is not an uncommon thing now for young women to bind their feet loosely just for a short time before marriage, and then unbind them afterwards. But occasionally they wear the bandage too long, in which case the foot remains crooked. The old women too have a way of dressing their feet so as to make them look extremely small on grand occasions, while they remain conveniently large for use when they have to travel or work.

The binding of a child's feet is not begun until she has learned to walk and do certain things for herself, as it would be difficult, if not impossible, to teach her afterwards. The rich bind their children's feet from the sixth or seventh year; but the poor do not begin until they are twelve, or even older. Parents who have been forced by poverty to sell a daughter as a slave when she was a child, will bring her back afterwards if they can; and then, no matter how old she is, they bind up her feet and marry her as a lady. But the pain of binding a full-grown foot is said to be most intense. Strong white bandages two inches wide are manufactured for the purpose. Those worn the first year are two yards long, and about five feet is the length worn afterwards. The following, according to Miss Fielde, is the method adopted: 'The end of the strip is laid on the inside of the foot at the instep, then carried over the top of the toes and under the foot, drawing the four toes with it down upon the sole; thence it is passed over the foot and around the heel; and by this stretch the toes and the heel are drawn together, leaving a bulge on the instep and a deep indentation in the sole, under the instep. This course is gone over in successive layers of bandage, until the strip of cloth is all used, and the final end is sown tight down.' To please a Chinawoman, the 'indentation' must measure about an inch and a half from the part of the foot which rests on the ground up to the instep. The toes are then completely drawn over the sole, and the foot is so squeezed upwards, that in walking, only the ball of the great toe touches the ground.

Large quantities of powdered alum are used when the feet are first bound, and always afterwards, to prevent ulceration and lessen the offensive odour. The bandage is taken off only once a month. At the end of the first month the foot is put in hot water, and after it has been allowed to soak some time, the bandage is carefully unwound; 'the dead cuticle, of which there is much, being abraded during the process of unbinding. When the foot is entirely unbound, it is not unusual to find ulcers and other abominations. Frequently too, we are told, 'a large piece of flesh sloughs off the sole, and it sometimes happens that one or two toes drop off.' When this happens, the patient considers herself amply repaid for the additional suffering by having smaller and more delicate feet than her neighbours! Indeed the desire to have small feet is so intense that girls will silyly tighten their own bandages in spite of the pain!

Each time the bandage is taken off 'the foot is kneaded' to make the joints flexible, and is then bound up again as quickly as possible with a fresh bandage; and the foot is drawn more tightly together each time. During the first year the pain is so intense that the sufferer can do nothing. When

she goes out, she has to be carried. Indoors, she moves about by kneeling on two stools. At night, she lies on her back across her bed, 'allowing the edge of the board bedstead to come under the knee and press on the cords in such a way as to benumb the lower limbs.' For about two years the foot aches continually, the pain being 'most severe in the ankle-bone, joints, and instep.' The aching is varied or accompanied by another pain like the pricking of 'sharp needles piercing the flesh.' If the binding is kept up rigorously, in two years 'the foot is dead and ceases to ache. But by this time the whole leg from the knee downwards has become shrunken; being little more than skin and bone.' The Chinese lady may then boast of her 'golden lilies,' and decorate them with tiny embroidered slippers, half an inch wide and three inches long in the sole. The Tie-Chiu women fasten the slipper 'to a band of blue cloth, which passes around the heel and is attached to a gaily painted wooden heel, on which the whole weight of the body falls in walking; the toe being elevated an inch or more above the ground. A very narrow "pantalet" of cotton or silk covers half of the wooden heel and all the instep, so that little more than an inch of the pointed toe of the shoe is visible.'*

When once formed, a 'golden lily' can never resume its original shape; and when uncovered, it is so unsightly that women object to taking off their bandages even before members of their own family. The writer has seen long strings of small-footed women walking with their hands on each other's shoulders down the narrow streets of Canton. Many of them were blind, and the Chinese themselves declare that foot-binding causes blindness. But their obstinate adherence to this painful and barbarous custom, in spite of the many objections, which they themselves acknowledge to be just, is marvellous. Whatever is 'old fashion' is good, they say; and were it not for the persevering efforts of the English and American missionaries, which are now beginning to take effect, they would probably continue to make, and to rejoice in their 'golden lilies' for ever.

* The quotations are taken from a Report on 'Foot-binding,' written by Miss Norwood, a lady in the American mission at Swatow.

EVENTUAL.

WRATHFULLY in the ruddy West away,
The sun goes down beyond yon upland field,
As though he angry were that one more day
Unto another night is forced to yield.
Anon the West is broken into bars
Of orange, amber, gray, and dusky gold;
And darkness, stealing on, draws out the stars,
Their nightly vigil—long and lone—to hold.
Within yon wood, the last bird-warble falls,
And all the air, emptied of every sound,
Inviolable stillness holds. Above, around,
The calm repose procured of peace prevails—
The calm, the sweet; and now complete o'er all
Hath gloomed the dim, the dusky evenfall.

JAMES DAWSON.

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FLEUSS'S METHOD OF BREATHING UNDER WATER.

HITHERTO, as is well known, when a professional diver went under the water to search for any object, or to assist in other operations, he wore a particular kind of dress, and was supplied with air by a tube connected with a pumping apparatus. All this is now to be given up. A process has been invented of breathing under the water without any of the ordinary appliances. The invention is due to the perseverance and skill of Mr Fleuss, an officer of the mercantile marine, who at sixteen years of age went to sea as an apprentice, and afterwards served in several ships. On passing the examination for second-mate, he joined the Peninsular and Oriental service, and visited most parts of the world. The promotion being somewhat slow, Mr Fleuss subsequently attached himself to the British India Company, and speedily attained the position of second-officer. This life gave him many opportunities of recognising the importance of an improved method of diving; and as he was fond of mechanics and scientific studies, he speedily made himself master of the subject. He is still a young man, of twenty-eight years of age. His invention offers a gratifying instance of what may be effected by study, determined perseverance, and independent exertion; and we feel assured that when it becomes fully known, it will be employed for many important purposes. After maturing his invention, and personally demonstrating its validity by going under water at public exhibitions in London, Mr Fleuss patented the process in England and other countries. What we have therefore to say on the subject is from ascertained facts, and however extraordinary, is beyond the reach of cavil.

By Mr Fleuss's process any person with sufficient nerve, and who is accustomed to diving, can exist for hours beneath the water without connection with the surface. A special dress with a helmet inclosing the head requires, however, to be employed. The dress has much the outward

appearance of that hitherto used. The helmet is entirely closed, for there is no pipe to the air above water, as is customary with ordinary divers. The power of breathing depends on means within the sphere of the helmet and dress. To understand this, we must consider the composition of the air.

As is generally known, the atmosphere we breathe consists one-fifth of oxygen, and the remaining four-fifths of another gas called nitrogen. The mixture of these two gases is a strictly mechanical one; they have not entered into any chemical combination. The oxygen is the supporter of life; the nitrogen merely diluting it, so to speak, to a proper degree, for the purposes of our lungs. In breathing, the oxygen is partially lost by absorption into the system, and the exhaled air contains a large proportion of carbonic acid or—to call it by its more modern name—carbon dioxide, a gas which is a poison to animal life. According to Mr Fleuss's process, a continuous supply of oxygen is procured from the helmet, where it is stowed in a compressed state, the supply being regulated by a valve under the control of the diver. The original nitrogen in the lungs remains unaltered, and can be breathed over again along with a due admixture of the oxygen. The strange thing is the disposal of the deadly carbonic acid gas. What becomes of it? Is it bubbled up through the water? No, for the oxygen and nitrogen would go with it. A well-known chemical action is taken advantage of by causing the carbonic acid which is given off, to be absorbed by caustic soda; the result being the formation of carbonate of soda. The caustic soda is contained in a small tin or ebonite case placed in the body of the dress. It is in solution, and confined in the pores of spongy india-rubber, which is perhaps the only soft material impervious to its corrosive action. A proper arrangement of tubing causes the whole of the exhaled air to pass through this case, which requires emptying and recharging about once a week—supposing that the apparatus is in daily use. To sum up the means by which Mr Fleuss breathes in a dress

hermetically sealed from external air: He takes down a supply of compressed oxygen gas, dilutes it with the nitrogen—which is naturally present in his lungs and in the diving dress when he puts it on, and which remaining unaltered, he can, as we have already shewn, breathe over and over again; and by bringing the exhaled carbonic acid in contact with caustic soda, transforms the deadly gas into harmless carbonate of soda. Such is Mr Fleuss's invention or discovery, which will no doubt astonish every one with its beautiful simplicity, and call forth the usual amount of surprise in such cases, 'that nobody thought of it before.' Possibly many may have thought of it before. But it requires an unusual combination of perseverance, energy, chemical knowledge, and mechanical skill, to carry such thoughts to practical trial and ultimate success. Mr Fleuss not only studied chemistry to carry out his pet idea, but he made his apparatus almost entirely with his own hands. Moreover, he donned his dress, fitted with this home-made apparatus, and descended—the first time he had been under water in his life—in public, and remained under more than one hour. So to the qualities already mentioned, we must certainly add that of indomitable courage.

The advantages of Mr Fleuss's apparatus over that which it is most certainly destined to supersede, are numerous. There is no doubt too that its use will not be confined to subaqueous work. It might well form a most valuable addition to our fire-escape stations, for it would enable the wearer to enter into the densest smoke without any risk of suffocation. Its use in the rescue of unfortunate miners would also be possible without any fear from the deadly choke-damp. Wells and vats, where the heavy carbonic acid forms a layer beneath which no human being can go without almost instant suffocation, will also be penetrable by the wearer of Fleuss's apparatus; and in these several ways the apparatus will probably help in the saving of many lives. The advantages of the new diving system are mainly these. The diver requires but one attendant, to whom he can signal in case of need. The absence of an air-pipe relieves him of many anxieties as to his safety. He is free to move in every direction; and can creep under wreckage in a manner that the ordinary diver would consider hazardous, if not impossible.

By experiments and tests as to temperature and pulse after immersion for more than an hour, it has been conclusively proved that Mr Fleuss's system of breathing under water is attended by no inconveniences. Last, and by no means least, the expense of the outfit is estimated at one-half that required by the older method. The absence of pumps and gearing will at once account for the reduction.

In a manner suitable for a popular journal, we have now described this remarkable invention, which, had it been available a few months earlier,

might have led to the speedy recovery of the bodies of those who suffered in the Tay Bridge disaster, of whom, up till the time we write, only about one half have been found. What a triumph in art, and what a solacement to the feelings it would be, if by Mr Fleuss's process a great proportion of the still missing bodies were recovered for burial by friends and relatives!

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER XII.—HISTORY.

The broken windows winked and leered with patches.

DR BRAND sat in an easy-chair and smoked a quiet cigar after the fatigues of the day. You must recognise him, though you have spent so small a time in his society. Dr Brand was not a man to be easily forgotten, having been once encountered. In the first place, he had the advantage of physical size wherewith to impress you. In the second place, his aquiline nose and his square jaw, his keen and somewhat too imperious eyes, his big broad head and wavy mass of grizzled hair, were each memorable. A great loose-limbed, masterful-looking man, with kindnesses in him, and coarsenesses. A man who was alive to the very ends of his hair, and who rejoiced in life. An old Viking sort of man, who ate and drank hugely, worked inordinately, laughed out of all form and fashion, had gigantic rages, and strange fits of tenderness—altogether, a remarkable man.

Seated opposite was the Doctor's wife, who was just such a contrast to him as such a man might delight in—a pretty little creature who, though thirty, looked no more than twenty. The kind of woman who seems to be made for the express purpose of idolising the Dr Brand kind of man. You might almost guess how much she idolised him, by the satisfied expression of her eyes as they rested upon him in placid watchfulness of all his loose and careless movements.

'*Ma mie*,' quoth the Doctor, 'my practice increases enormously.'

'Indeed, James?'

'I shall shortly have to retire in self-defence. I have a whole mob of people who are trying to absorb my time. They live in a court off Oxford Street, and are not worth one penny per annum.'

'I suppose not.'

'I might,' said the Doctor, rolling himself round in his chair to look at her—'I might say, "Let the parish doctor see to 'em." But he can't see to 'em. I don't know him; but if that man does his duty, he will work himself to death. Six of him would be worked to death.'

'Is there so much sickness?'

'The wonder isn't that there's so much sickness, as that there is so little. You'd say so if you saw the hole they live in. I thought I knew the London slums, but God bless my soul,' said the Doctor, rolling round again, 'I couldn't have believed it.'

'What made you go there?' asked his wife.

'Do you remember Penkridge?' asked the Doctor, in return.

'Penkridge? Do you mean the odd little man

who kept the stationer's shop in Camberwell. O yes; I remember how I used to laugh at him, he was so comically civil.'

The Doctor set his feet upon a chair before him and lolled there broadcast. He smoked for a while, and answered: 'You wouldn't laugh at him now, *ma mie*. Such a ragged, drunken, helpless, hopeless scoundrel—such a lost, tearful, lachrymose, whining villain. A dog of such ill odour, spiritually and physically.'

'I think I remember to have heard,' said Mrs Brand, 'that he got into the hands of some dreadful person, who ruined him.'

'Bah!' roared the Doctor with sudden energy. 'That kind of man always gets into the hands of people who ruin him. The miserable fool of a fly invites the spider to live in his neighbourhood; he makes a chum of him, and helps him to spin his web. I do protest,' continued the Doctor, struggling up to say it, and sitting with a hand upon each elbow of his chair—'I do protest that I have no atom of sympathy with that sort of creature. I can get up no pity for him.'

'Now, I am sure, James,' said the Doctor's wife, 'that you have been helping him.'

'Helping him!' growled the Doctor behind his cigar like an angry bassoon. 'I know I've been helping him. But I have the grace to be ashamed of myself. What is it that favourite of yours says—the she-poet—Whatsheername? "I feel as if I had a man in me despising such a woman." To help a man of that sort is a waste of good material. There is only so much medical talent in the world. Not half enough to supply the world's wants—not half enough, I mean, to supply that part of the world which deserves to have its wants supplied. Nine-tenths of the ridiculous world we live in is so hopelessly rotten, that a man tinkers at it to no purpose. It can't be mended—it can't be restored. The wisest and kindest thing to do would be to poison ninety per cent. of the people of this planet, and start afresh with the healthy remainder.'

'I have heard that dreadful theory before,' said the Doctor's wife. 'But how are you going to decide who is to live? Suppose some dreadful person wished to poison me?'

'I'd knock his head off,' said the Doctor promptly. 'Let me demonstrate your right to exist. I am a man of untusual abilities; I am profoundly versed in the noblest of all human arts; I have energies which are absolutely unwearable, and I get through the work of ten ordinary men daily.'

'I have heard all this before,' responded Mrs Brand, laughing; 'and used to believe it until I got married and disillusioned. But we are not concerned with *you* at present. What is my right to exist?'

'What a lovely sex it is!' said the Doctor; 'always waits to hear an argument out before it dreams of speaking. Your right to exist, my dear, is that I desire you to exist. If I am useful for ten, I may claim life for two.'

'Suppose your desire should cease, you mountain of egotism?'

'Your right would vanish, you atom of charms!'

'James—you're a monster.'

'Jennie—you're an angel!'

'A highly satisfactory termination,' quoth the Doctor's wife, 'to a most unsatisfactory debate.'

At this the Doctor rose, picked up his wife's chair with his wife in it, kissed the little lady, set her down again, burst into a great roar of laughter, and dropped back into his arm-chair. Mrs Brand accepted this as though she were quite used to it, and regarded the laughing giant with the same look of calm and watchful affection as before. 'What were you saying about Penkridge, James?' she asked after a little pause.

'It was his wife I was thinking of. She died last night.'

'What did she die of?'

'She died chiefly of Penkridge, I should say. But the shameless waste and sinful luxury of this big London helped her. In plain English, she died of hunger.'

'James!' exclaimed the Doctor's wife; 'you don't mean that?'

'Yes; I mean that. She died of actual hunger, Jennie; and that tearful villain her husband was half-drunk. Think what that means.'

'How dreadful!'

'Do you see?' said the Doctor, sitting up again. 'He had money enough to drink with somehow. She died of starvation.'

'Perhaps some one gave him drink who would not give him money.'

'I hope so.' The Doctor subsided again. 'Jennie,' he went on, 'these things hurt me. If a man could do anything in such a case— If I could have dropped Penkridge, for instance, from the garret window. That man's squalor and degradation,' continued the Doctor keenly, 'are not a misery to him. He finds a compensation in idleness and an occasional burst of drinking, and more than all, in his wailings about his having been ruined and so forth. There are some men to whom it's a positive comfort to have an injury done to them; they find a luxurious joy in the ability to complain that they have been damaged.'

'Do you know, James,' said the Doctor's wife, coming nearer, and sitting on an ottoman beside him, with a hand upon his arm—'do you know that I feel myself very idle and very useless? I daresay it's very foolish in me, but I feel almost sorrier for people who won't help themselves than I do for those who can't. I mean that when people won't help themselves, and don't even want to try, it seems to imply such a dreadful inward want somewhere. You know what I mean, don't you?'

'Perfectly.'

'James, I have been thinking seriously, and this talk reminds me again. I must do something; I must justify my claim to exist, dear.'

'*Ma mie*,' said the Doctor, throwing away his cigar, and taking one of her hands in both his, 'your clear mission is to give heart and hope to me. If it weren't for you, my energies would be wasted. I should have turned myself into a hermit, and have gone to live in the cave of speculative science, long ago, if I hadn't had you beside me.'

Mrs Brand looked at him smilingly, and shook her head. 'I must do something,' she reiterated. 'Now, shall I tell you what I have been thinking?'

'Wait a moment. Let me compose myself to listen. Give me a glass of claret, whilst I light another cigar.—Thank you. I am ready now.'

He set his slippered feet upon the chair before him, and composed his huge figure comfortably. His eyes had lost that too imperious glance. He stroked the little hand that rested upon the elbow of his chair.

'I have been thinking, James,' said Mrs Brand seriously, 'that I can see a clear way of doing good, and I want to ask your advice about it. It seems to me that a great many benevolent enterprises fail, dear, because the people who start them are anxious to do too much, and to do it in an unnatural way. Lady-visitors, for instance.'—The Doctor nodded, to signify attention.—'Now a lady goes into one of the places you were speaking of just now, and says a few kind words, and does a few kind things to a great many people. I hope it does good. I don't think it can fail to do some good. But wouldn't it be better, dear, to single out some one hopeful case—the case of a girl perhaps—and confine one's self to that case, not carrying it away from the place, but leaving it there, as a sort of wholesome centre, out of which something might possibly grow? I want to try some such experiment, James; and I want to get one or two other people to do the same. It seems to me that one clean room and one tidy figure in such a place as Bolter's Rents must be, might be of great service. And one clean heart and well-ordered mind might do incalculable good.'

'Have you thought at all of the counteracting influences?' asked the Doctor.

'Yes. I am really not too sanguine. I am only thinking of what might happen. But isn't there likelihood enough to make it worth while to try?'

'Put yourself for a moment,' said the Doctor, 'in the place of your imaginary girl. You have of course a surety against her gross temptations, which she couldn't have. Think how anybody not so vile as themselves would grow to loathe the people who live there. The place is a moral nightmare. You would grow sick at physical and spiritual filth, and would do one of three things: sink down to it—go mad over it—or run away from it.'

'You forget,' persisted the little lady, arguing her case more warmly. 'I am squeamish by training, as no girl brought up as any girl would have to be in such a case, could possibly be. I don't want to make a lady. I want to help to rear a decent Christian woman, who shall be clean and neat and sober, and know the ways of the people, and be able to do more for them than anybody from the outside. And I think that's possible.'

'Did you ever see Bolter's Rents?' asked the Doctor grimly.

'No,' answered the Doctor's wife.

'Come and see it now,' said the Doctor, rising. 'Ah! I was afraid you would not be particularly eager.'

'I am quite ready to go, James.'

'Then, put on your plainest bonnet and your quietest shawl. It's a fine moonlight night, and Bolter's Rents is not far from Wimpole Street.'

Mrs Brand left the room. If the truth must be told, her spirits faltered somewhat at the thought of a visit by night to such a place, and her enthusiasm cooled a little. But remembering her husband's familiarity with the place and people,

and recalling her confidence in him, she attired herself as plainly as she could, and rejoined the Doctor, who was already drawing on his gloves in the hall. They went out together arm-in-arm, through quiet ways, until they emerged on the long-drawn glare and bustle of Oxford Street.

'Have you your vinaigrette?' queried the Doctor.

'No, dear,' responded Mrs Brand.

Dr Brand turned into a chemist's shop and purchased a bottle of smelling-salts. 'Put that in your pocket,' said he; adding with an almost tragic solemnity: 'You may possibly want it. The scents are tremendous.'

Walking on the right-hand side of the street and facing towards Holborn, they turned abruptly into a narrow and low-browed passage, which yawned like a black mouth on brilliant Oxford Street. The passage was too narrow to allow of their walking abreast; and with a brief injunction to follow and a reassuring tap upon his wife's shoulder, the Doctor led the way. Looking past his ponderous figure, Mrs Brand saw before her a long dim vista of murky building, with one solitary light gleaming at the far end of it. The way underneath her feet grew moist and spongy; a faint and sickly odour greeted her nostrils. She laid her hand upon the bottle of smelling-salts, but resisted the inclination, determining to shew no sign of annoyance so soon. Entering on the court which lay beyond the passage, the two went side by side once more. One or two women, unutterably coarse and frowsy, stood in a little patch of moonlight with their hands under their aprons, and their hair in wild disorder. They lolled against the wall, or stood uprightly vacant, or shambled loosely from side to side, but said nothing, and were without occupation. There were one or two hulking lads engaged in coarse horse-play under the shadow of the houses on the other side of the court. The broken windows winked and leered with patches. If by chance a whole window was anywhere left, it stared out on the moonlight, vacant, blank, and blind. A house is always more or less human. The houses in Bolter's Rents were like humanity in vile decay. A door hanging stiffly from one useless hinge suggested lockjaw. This wall, which bowed inward until it seemed a wonder that it stood, had in it a reminder of the looks and bearing of a broken-down old debauchee. There was a mere hole where the garret window should have been, which looked in its dark blankness like the black patch over an eye. A great beam of timber which propped up the building, looked like the stick upon which that bankrupt old blackguard leaned. Rusty bars of iron passed from this ruin to the buildings on either side of it, as though the hoary rascal were chained to the companions whom he had by bad example led hither. They leaned upon him from either side, stupid and hopeless, and rapidly coming to his own sad case. Everywhere dilapidation and decay. Everywhere an air of shameful ruin, and an air of shame, as though the very walls and windows were conscious of their wretched plight, and had hidden away here from the gay and brilliant street outside. The end of the court was deserted, and the solitary lamp shewed nothing but an open doorway gaping darkly underneath it. Mrs Brand felt an almost unconquerable inclination to seize her

husband's arm and beg him to come away. Nothing but a feeling of shame restrained her.

The Doctor paused there, and said: 'This is the house I visited last night. You are not afraid to go in?'

'No,' answered his wife, belying her own quaking heart.

'You are quite safe with me, dear,' said he, taking her hand in his, and speaking in a cheerful tone. 'The steps of this establishment are eccentric. Step carefully after me, and let me keep your hand.'

They went up in the darkness until they came to the top of the third flight of steps, where the Doctor tapped at a door.

'You're mighty polite, whoever y'are,' said a voice inside with a tone of sarcasm. 'But we're not that private here that ye mayn't walk in.'

Dr Brand pushed open the door and entered, relinquishing his companion's hand.

'Is it you, Docthor?' exclaimed the owner of the voice—an Irishwoman, not uncomely in aspect, nor yet dreadfully unclean.—'But who's that with ye?' she asked sharply and suspiciously.—'Oh, a lady.—I beg your pardon, ma'am.—But they're aftler Mike, sor, I'm afraid, an' it makes me that nervous. Will ye look at the choild?'

Mrs Brand looked round the room, and saw the old tea-chests which did duty for chairs, the larger chest which did duty as a table, the bed of sacking, the tattered hanging which parted off one corner of the chamber. Nothing else.

'The little gyurl's up-stairs with the choild,' said Mrs Closky, adding with a face and voice so significant that it struck the attention of Mrs Brand at once: 'She's watchin' With that she left the room; and Mrs Brand turned to her husband.

He read her glance, and answered: 'The body of that poor woman lies above. The rats here are as hungry as she was before she died.'

'James, James!' cried Mrs Brand, clinging to him. 'Oh, why did I dare to come into this dreadful place!'

'Hush!' said the Doctor, almost sternly. 'Let me think better of you than this, Jennie.—Come, come,' he added in a softer tone; 'take courage. This is but a little part of that pandemonium in which you fancy you could minister. There is nothing here but misery. This house is the most orderly and decent in the court.' He ceased there; but turning round to the window, cried inwardly, in a silent rage of pity and emotion: 'O God! would it be a crime to give a sleeping-draught to every soul within it, and burn this hideous rookery down!'

He turned and took his wife's hand again, and found her trembling. He put his arm about her and drew her to his breast. Thought is swift; and as he held her there for a moment, he thought of all the placid quiet of her lot, the purity of her gentle life, the comfort and security which reigned about her. He thought too of his own chances in life, so favourably ordered, so smoothly progressive from good to better. He thanked God for these things; but a moment after, half-recalled the thanksgiving; for it seemed to him almost blasphemous in its selfishness that he should be thankful for that which gained a poignant bliss from such an awful contrast.

His wife withdrew herself from his embrace.

'I am stronger now, James,' she said, speaking with a self-possession which astonished herself. 'I think I am the more resolved for coming; indeed I am. I had read of things like this,' she continued, her eyes greatingening as she spoke; 'but I never realised them before.'

'What you have seen and heard so far, *ma mie*, is nothing,' the Doctor answered. 'This squalor'—pointing round the room—'is nothing. The ugly fear up-stairs is common to places such as this. Vice is the seed from which the real horror of these places springs. Of that you have seen nothing—shall see nothing, if I can advise you.'

His wife returned no answer; and in another moment they heard a footstep and a weakly wailing voice upon the stairs; and Mrs Closky entered with the child. By the Doctor's orders, she took off such miserable clothing as it wore, and was about to lay it on the larger chest with a shawl underneath it, when Mrs Brand whipped off her own shawl, and deftly folding it, laid it on the chest beneath the other, to make the temporary couch a little softer. Mrs Closky looked at her and at the rich dress which now stood revealed, but said nothing.

The Doctor stooped to examine the child. 'Has the parish doctor been here, Mrs Closky?' he asked.

'Yes sor. He kem an' lift the death-paper, sor, an' looked at the choild. An' he says her inwards isn't damaged, but her back's twisted for loife; an' he lift a liniment.'

'Let me see it,' said the Doctor, still bending over the child. 'Is this it? H'm. No harm—and no good.' Then after a pause: 'I am afraid he is right about the child. Yes; he is right.'

Mrs Brand bent above the child also. Its feeble wail troubled her, as it might trouble any woman. 'Can I send it anything from the house, James?' she asked her husband.

He waved his hand in answer, as if asking for silence, and turned to Mrs Closky. 'Can you bring the child to my house to-night?'

'O yes sor,' answered Mrs Closky readily.

'Then do so—in an hour.—Now, *ma mie*, let us go.'

Mrs Closky lifted up the baby and the shawl. Mrs Brand looked at her own shawl lying on the chest, and then at the woman's bare shoulders; for Mrs Closky was innocent of what I believe the women call 'a body,' and had bestowed upon the baby the only covering her shoulders had. The Doctor saw the glance and read its meaning, but settled matters by taking up the shawl and wrapping Mrs Brand carefully up in it. They went carefully down the dark and creaking steps, and emerged from the court; and in another minute were back in Oxford Street, with its brilliant gas-lights and its hurrying crowds.

'I might have left it with her, James,' said the Doctor's wife, after a pause, during which they had reached one of the quieter streets.

'It would have been pawned in the morning,' the Doctor answered. 'Give the woman something cheap, unpawnable, and fragmentary, and you do her a charity. Give her anything pawnable, and her husband, on returning home, will knock her down to rob her of it, and will get drunk on the proceeds.'

Mrs Brand made no reply, but mused on these

things sorrowfully, hoping within herself that the evil was not quite so evil as her husband painted it. As they walked quietly along together and came near to the end of the street, a man suddenly darted round the corner, planted himself with his back against the wall, and stood there in shadow. The Doctor directed a glance at him in passing, and recognised Michael Closky. Knowing what he knew, it was not unnatural that the Doctor should suspect mischief of some sort. It was not his business to help the police, if Michael had upset one of the force, or in a playful ebullition of feeling had taken a cast in pewter from the face of a pot-boy, but he felt a momentary curiosity. Turning into the street from which Closky had so suddenly emerged, he found it quiet and deserted. There was no sign of pursuit. There was not a human being on the causeway. Half-way up the street there was an open door, at which two men stood smoking. As the Doctor and his wife went by, these two bade each other a friendly good-night, and one, closing the door, remained inside, whilst the other, gaily swinging his cane, tripped down the steps, humming a muffled fragment of an air behind his cigar. Dr Brand recognised in him a German Jew who once upon a time was a patient of his. This German Jew was something in the City, the Doctor remembered in an absent sort of way—an agent or something of that kind, whose name was Tasker. He gave no second thought to the gay foreigner, but passed on. And Tasker, unwitting of the darker shadow which nestled in the shadows round the corner, went merrily towards it, humming a muffled fragment of an air behind his cigar.

(To be continued.)

STORY OF THE PRESSGANG.

I WELL remember when a boy being frequently sent for a week to stay with an old uncle during some part of my holidays, and the pleasure I experienced in inducing him to relate some of the adventures of his past life, which had for the most part been spent at sea. In his young days the navy was equipped for the most part by boys, and men who were pressed into the service whether they liked it or not. Pressgangs were therefore held in no little dread by peaceable shore-going folks. My uncle was a good-humoured, kindly old gentleman, with a thick fringe of gray hair, and a clean shaven face, who delighted to teach me the mysteries of tying knots and splicing ropes or any other bit of sea-craft, which he said might be useful to me some day. The only singularity about him that I remember was, he never partook of tea, but had his pipe and a jug of ale in the evening instead. He was always ready at such times to tell me about his sea-life—to spin a yarn, he called it.

Well, my boy, said he upon one occasion, you want to know if I was ever pressed into His Majesty's service. Yes; I was once, and a good many times I have had a sharp run for it, to escape. I had just come home from a voyage in an Indiaman, and was glad to get a spell on shore, though it was dangerous work at that time, as there were so many crimps and pressgangs about in every sea-port town. I was staying with my mother in London, and was,

as I thought, well disguised; but there is something about a seafaring man that betrays his calling, however much he may try to hide it. Well, I was strolling down Tower-Hill way, just to see how things were going, when as I turned into Trinity Square, my heart leaped into my mouth as a strong hand was laid on my shoulder, and I heard the words: 'Ah! my fine fellow, you seem just the boy for us. Where do you hail from? His Majesty wants you to come and have a glass of grog at his expense.' I was surrounded by half-a-dozen strapping fellows; and I knew that I was caught, and that resistance was useless. I was walked off, in the king's name, to the Tower stairs, and put on board the tender lying off the Tower. The next morning I was brought up before the naval officer in command to give an account of myself. My denials and protestations of being innocent of the sea were scouted with derision. I was cut short by being asked if I would go as a volunteer or as a pressed man. We sailors knew that pressed men were looked upon with suspicion, and not trusted, never allowed to go on shore, and stood no chance of promotion. It was a common saying, 'One volunteer is worth ten pressed men;' so I perforce volunteered. I liked the merchant service best, for somehow the navy had got a bad name; but I was young, and did not care much. I thought if I did my duty it would be all right.

In a day or two I was sent, with about a hundred and twenty others, to the Downs, where the fleet was lying. Being a smart young fellow and a volunteer, I was drafted on board the flagship of Admiral Duncan, and after a while was made captain of a gun. The fleet consisted of sixteen sail of the line, and our cruising-ground was off the coast of Holland, the object being to watch the Dutch fleet, commanded by Admiral Van Winter, then lying in the Texel. I was fortunate in being drafted into the Admiral's ship, as we had a very fair crew. The other ships were not so well off; there was but a small sprinkling of real blue-jackets among their crews, which were made up for the most part of pressed men, who were always more or less sulky and discontented. The remainder were some of the worst characters to be found in sea-port towns. The 'cat' was going every day on board some ship of our fleet. Officers were tyrannous; the discipline harsh; provisions bad; and for the slightest fault a man's grog was stopped, which does not add to the sweetness of a fellow's temper at any time. One morning at daybreak, the Admiral was signalled that a rebellion had broken out on board one of the ships. It spread to others, and a mutiny prevailed on board nearly all the ships, which placed the Admiral in a very critical position; for if the Dutch had known it, and had come out to fight us at that time, they might have taken nearly all our ships without any resistance. By judicious management, however, the rebellion was quelled; a few of the ringleaders were hanged at the yard-arms of their ships, and some were sent home to be dealt with by the authorities at Ports-mouth.

The Dutch wanted to get out of the Texel, and join the French fleet at Brest; but we kept the blockade so closely that they had no chance without fighting us, which was what we wanted. We had nasty weather at the beginning of October;

and during a storm, when our ships were scattered, they stole out in the night, and had made some way over towards the French coast before they were discovered. Our signal-guns, however, soon brought our ships together and cut off their escape; some long shots were exchanged, and a good deal of fine seamanship was shewn on both sides—for the Dutch are very good sailors, though slow—before we got well into action. I had been laid up for a week with the rheumatic fever. I was so bad I could not turn in my hammock; but when the shot began to crash into the ship, I got so excited that all the fever left me, and I tumbled out, went on deck, and took charge of my gun, a sixty-four pounder. There are usually from eight to ten men for the working of a gun. The first man I lost was assisting to run out the gun, after loading, by prising the hind-wheel of the gun-carriage with his rammer, when a shot came in, passed across his back harmlessly, but caught his projecting elbow, carrying the joint clean away, and leaving his arm hanging by a strip of skin. We were fighting with a ship larger than our own, broadside on, when a small ten-gun brig drew up astern and commenced raking us. Of course the shot swept the whole length of the deck, and did more mischief than our big antagonist.

The confusion caused by this raking fire was something unlooked for; but the remedy was at hand. The guns on the other side were shotted and all ready for action, when the order was passed along from the quarter-deck to man the starboard guns. By forging ahead we escaped being raked by our larger antagonist; and swinging half round, before the little wasp was aware of our manoeuvre and could draw off, we poured into her a broadside that did not need repeating. Her spars came crashing on deck; she gave a lurch or two like a thing in pain, and went down stern foremost; for our guns were depressed, and had riddled her through from deck to keel. We got into position again with our enemy, which was no easy matter, for she tried to get her broadside into us, end on, to sweep us as we worked round; but we were too quick for her, and came round on the other side, which was well for us, for our larboard guns were getting hot, and two or three had come to grief. We had lost a great many men. Three had been carried below from my gun, and I was just taking sight for my next shot, when a large splinter struck me on the shin, and brought me down. These splinters do much mischief; as the shot comes through, it splits off the wood from the inner side and sends the pieces flying in all directions. My leg was not broken, but the bone was badly splintered. I crawled down into the cockpit, where the surgeons were hard at work, and the assistants were ready to put a tourniquet on the bleeding stump of leg or arm, directly a man was brought down, to prevent his bleeding to death before he could be attended to; for each had to wait his turn, which might be an hour or more in coming. When it did come, there was no time for any sentiment or sympathy; the work had to be done, and that quickly. The groans and cries were heart-rending, and the call for water incessant. The best was done, no doubt, under the circumstances. However kind-hearted a naval surgeon may be, there is no time in the heat of action to condole with his patients. He

needs a strong nerve, cool judgment, and steady hand to do the best he can at the moment for the sufferers; and all this has to be done with the roar of cannon and the crash of shot going on overhead. It was an awful time and scene; and if I could have crawled out of that cockpit again, I should have done it; but I could not move my leg, as it had become quite numbed. My turn came at last. I was lifted on to the table heart-sick, lest I should hear the sentence I had heard so often pronounced upon others: 'Can't be saved; off with it!' The head-surgeon examined my leg quickly and carefully, but not over-tenderly; clapped me on the shoulder, and said: 'All right, my man; you'll do: we shan't have to remove it this time;' and turning to an assistant, said: 'Bandage it tightly; I'll see to him to-morrow.'

By this time the fighting was nearly over; our antagonist had struck; and altogether we had taken eight sail of the Dutch fleet and some smaller vessels. It was considered a brilliant victory, the Dutch admiral Van Winter being taken prisoner. Our Admiral was afterwards rewarded with a pension of two thousand a year. Two days after the battle, my fever all came back again, and I had a bad time of it. The fleet, with the prizes in tow, made the best of its way to Portsmouth, where all the sick and wounded were landed. I was sent on shore with the others; but my leg was very troublesome, and I was sixteen weeks in hospital before I got about again. I was not then fit for active service; but as soon as I got my discharge from hospital, I made my way to London; and it was full two months longer before my leg got quite strong.

I had received my pay at Portsmouth; and there was some prize-money coming to me; but I was afraid to apply for it lest they should claim me again. So I sacrificed that, and tried to find a berth on board a merchantman; but it had to be done very cautiously, for the sharks, as we called the pressgang, were about everywhere. Men were wanted badly for the king's ships; and bounty-money was offered to induce sailors to join a ship-of-war. But as I said before, the navy had a bad name, and ten pounds bounty would not induce men to volunteer. To the disgrace of the naval authorities of that time, any one who could betray or kidnap a sailor into boarding a king's ship was entitled to the bounty-money. This gave rise to a class of men called crimps, who would pretend to be the sailor's friend, and with great secrecy would board and lodge him at a moderate price. When he had got a few sailors together, he would ply them with liquor, and bring the pressgang down upon them. Another set of rogues would pretend to be private shipping agents, offering every inducement for men to apply to them, and conducting everything with the greatest apparent caution, lulling their victims into confidence, until they could draw by appointment eight or ten together at some secret rendezvous, under pretence of meeting some captain in want of men; when, to the consternation of the sailors, they would find themselves in the hands of the king's officers. This was not always quietly accomplished; a desperate resistance would be made as often as not; but the king's men were prepared for the worst; and the poor fellows would be forced, bleeding and for the time disabled, on

board the tenders in the river waiting to receive them.

Where St Katharine's Dock now stands was at that time covered with streets and houses, mostly inhabited by persons in some way connected with waterside business, and much frequented by sailors and captains of merchantmen in want of hands. Every one there was ready to earn a pound or two from a captain or a sailor, by secretly bringing the two together. This was of course known or suspected, and a sharp look-out was kept by the king's men; while on the other side, a careful watch was kept for them, for they were not regarded with any special favour in that quarter. The people were mostly poor; but they could be trusted. They hated crimps and pressgangs; a quiet resistance and a general desire to thwart all pressgangs was the prevailing feeling, and men felt pretty safe in that neighbourhood. If a man was in danger, the first open door he could find would be a sure refuge. It would be closed upon his pursuers, who could demand but not force an entrance until the demand was refused; but in the meantime the fugitive would be passed over backyard walls, or along the roofs into another house, where he would be safe; for the search, according to law, could only extend to the premises the man had been seen to enter. In one case, a sloop-seller who did a good stroke of business secretly between merchant captains and sailors, had a room on his second floor where a hole was cut through the wall into the next house just wide enough to admit a man to pass, and neatly papered over, so as not to shew. If the pressmen entered his shop unexpectedly, Jack would fly to the stairs and mount to his room. If he gained it, he was safe, though his pursuers entered with him. It was furnished as Jack's bedroom; and all he had to do was make a show of resignation to his unlucky fate, humbly request a moment to change his jacket or pack his chest, which—the man being apparently secured—would be readily granted. Jack then, watching his opportunity, would spring through the wall into a dark cavity, having an outlet into the next house; and before his astonished friends could realise the situation, and grope their way into the dark chasm, Jack had locked the outlet behind him, and was safe away.

One day I had been down Shadwell way to meet the captain of a merchantman and settle with him for a voyage to China as mate. Everything was arranged, and I had agreed to go on board the next day. The ship had hauled out of dock, and was moored in the river. I was pleased at the prospect of getting away again, and was making my way back to my lodgings in the neighbourhood of the Minories. I had got into Ratcliff Highway, at that time a busy and important thoroughfare of shops, doing business in every description of marine stores from a sail-needle to a best bower anchor. I was quietly threading my way through the throng of people, when I was brought up short by the sound of a boatswain's whistle just before me. I knew what it meant, and caught sight of the leader of a gang skulking in a doorway and whistling his men together. I guessed I was in for it, but determined to do my best to get clear. I knew the neighbourhood well, and made off, at my best pace, through the narrow lanes and by-ways leading to the

water-side, the whole gang after me in full chase. I knew if I could reach the locality of Wapping I should have a chance of shoving off in a waterman's boat, and of getting on board some ship, or finding a hiding-place somewhere. I was nearly spent, and could not have kept up much longer, when I rushed into a hemp wharf. Bales of that material were stacked in every available space, with openings between each stack, forming a labyrinth of passages from one part of the wharf to the other, and affording some dark nooks where a man might hide. But I knew my pursuers were too sharp to be baffled by any hiding-place I could find there. The semi-darkness caused by the bales of hemp piled up to the roof, and the noise of men, at work, aided for a few minutes to confuse my followers, who had every obstruction thrown in their way; for instinctively every one guessed the nature of this sudden rush of men into the scene of their labour. It was not the first time that such an inroad had been made into their premises, despite the notice at the entrance—'No admission except on business.'

There was no other outlet from the wharf except that by which I had entered. I concluded I had bolted into a trap, when I caught sight of a double plank gangway leading from the wharf to the barges unloading alongside. In desperation, I rushed down it, and the thought flashed into me to pull the planking away from the wharf, so that I could not be followed. How I did it, I cannot tell, for it was beyond any one man's ordinary strength; but despair, I suppose, gave me for the moment superhuman power, for I managed to trip out the bottom sufficiently for the top to clear the edge of the wharf, when it slid and crashed down into the mud. As it fell, my pursuers reached the spot I had left, and perceiving the trick I had played them, in their rage hurled loud threats of vengeance after me, as they saw me springing from barge to barge along the wharf-sides. Pursuit being hopelessly cut off in that direction, they could only go round and scatter themselves through the wharfs, where it was thought likely I should make an attempt to hide or gain the street again.

I knew my pursuers were in hot anger in being thus checked when they had so nearly run down their game, and would exercise all their ingenuity and strain every nerve to secure my capture. From some of the wharfs along the quay-side they would soon find a way down on to the barges; but while they had to go round to the front entrances, I had a clear field at the back. I had but a faint hope of escape. If a boat had been moored to any of the barges, I should have jumped into it, and taken my chance of getting across the river before they could find means to follow me; for no one would willingly have lent them a boat; and any waterman—if one could be found—had too much sympathy for poor Jack to engage in the chase. But no such chance of escape presented itself. There was nothing left for me but to land somewhere and trust to chance. Moments were precious; for as I looked backward I saw my pursuers appear in ones and twos at the edges of the different wharfs I had passed. I noticed in passing one wharf that a fixed perpendicular iron ladder faced it, up which I might have gone; but I should only have been running into the arms of

my foes to have ascended it; for in a few minutes they would reach that wharf, and make use of it to descend. As luck would have it, a lighter laden with barrel-staves was unloading, by means of a crane, at nearly the end of the line of barges I was upon. I reached it just as the word was given to hoist; and seizing the chain, I sprang upon the ascending load of wood, and was hoisted up with it. My pursuers had reached the wharf with the iron ladder, and were descending, when they caught sight of the load of wood and me on it, swinging in the air. It was mortal aggravating to them, I admit; for they were laughed and jeered at by the bargemen; and I knew I should get a rough handling if I fell into their hands. They raved horribly as they saw I had escaped for the second time at the moment they thought they had made sure of me. Nor was it of any use for them to try to follow that way, for there was no means of ascending but by the crane; and that they well knew would not be let down for the accommodation of hoisting them up. One fellow tried it, and they let him quietly mount the next load; but half way up the men above stopped working the crane, and left him swinging there until he was released by his companions, when they found him some time afterwards fuming with rage.

When the crane swung round with the load upon which I came up, I sprang off, and found it was a cooper's wharf. Men were busy all about at their work; loose heaps of staves and piles of hoops stood about in all directions. It seemed the worst place fate could have landed me at, for concealment; but seeing a stack of large wooden hoops, seven or eight feet high, standing in the middle of the place, I scrambled to the top, and dropped down inside, where I lay curled up at the bottom thoroughly exhausted and worn out, feeling that I must abandon myself to my fate. I had been there barely a minute, when some of my pursuers rushed in, panting and blowing; others followed, running all over the place, searching every corner, and turning up half-finished barrels and casks upon which men were at work, expecting to find me under some of them. I could see through the chinks of my hiding-place all that was going on; but I lay still as a mouse, scarcely daring to breathe. I had been seen, of course, by the coopers. They had guessed in a moment the horrid game that was on foot, and though they might not resist the search, they pretended to shew ill temper at having their work interrupted in that way. Some bad words were exchanged, and a general row seemed imminent; when the foreman called out: 'Go on with your work, men, and let them search where they like.' At the same time, by way of shewing that he meant it, he trundled a barrel to the side of the hoop-stack where I lay concealed, and mounting on it, called a man to help him down with some of the hoops, which he commenced to leisurely take off the top. It was just the presence of mind on his part that suited the occasion; it threw dust in the eyes of the searchers, who presently abandoned the wharf as a place where I could not have found refuge, and proceeded to seek elsewhere. 'All right, my boy; lie still,' was whispered through to me; 'they are done this time.'

I sat up and breathed more freely, thankful for my escape so far. A sound of increased activity

and hammering went on through the wharf, and I was left alone, feeling pretty secure for the present. But how to get clear away was the difficulty that haunted me; for I knew my enemies were far too exasperated to give up the game as hopeless. They knew I must be in hiding somewhere along the wharfs; and though I could not be traced, a sharp watch would be kept outside, to prevent my getting away; for the gang were wild and savage at being thus balked of their prey. Some two hours had passed since I had dropped into my hiding-place, and it was time for knocking off work and closing the wharf. Some of the men had been out and in, helping to load carts, and with half an eye, as the saying is, could see that the coast was not clear; but the kind-hearted fellows were at no loss what to do. A few went out at a time, some going one way, some another. When they had nearly all gone—and the going was purposely spread over a much longer time than usual—the night-watchman came, and having received his instructions, the gates were closed. Then coming up to my hiding-place, he said: 'Now's your time, my man; here's a boat alongside waiting for you.'

I was glad enough to get out, for I was cramped and stiff. Two of the men who had gone out first, when they got clear of the locality, had obtained a boat, and had come round. It was a planned thing by the foreman. They rowed me up stream, and put me on shore over the water, and with a hearty shake of the hand, bid me God-speed. So I got clear off that time; but it was a narrow escape.

A LEAF FROM A CEYLON NOTE-BOOK.

SOME years ago, while quartered in the island of Ceylon, I left Kandy one fine morning at gun-fire, in company with some brother-officers who were desirous of witnessing a sight, which we were assured would amply repay us for the fatigue of a very rough thirty-mile ride through dense jungle in a tropical climate. The sport to be witnessed was that of elephant-decoying. The kraal into which the animals are decoyed, and which I shall describe presently, was situated not far from the banks of the fine river that flows by Kandy; it was in the midst of a dense forest, far away from any human habitations, and as some of us afterwards found out to our cost, in a very hotbed of malaria and jungle-fever. We despatched our horses to a ferry some twelve miles on, where the road dwindled to a mere jungle-path, impassable for a carriage, and even difficult for equestrians. I had barely time to snatch a mouthful of breakfast when the palanquin-carriage was announced, and off we started, I consoling myself with the prospect of catching up a coolie with provisions and beer, whom I had sent on. I never saw him again. The temptation was too great. He and some boon-companions demolished my prog, made free with the liquor, and absconded.

The road—if road it could be called—was a mere mountain-path, at times hardly distinguishable; and so covered with stones and thorny bushes which pierced the flesh at every step, that had I known of it, I should have preferred walking; but my gallant steed, hired for the nonce from some Arab dealers, would not lead

a step. We jogged on merrily enough in other respects for some way, as the trees were very lofty, and so thick overhead that the blazing rays of the sun could not penetrate through the dense foliage. The forest scenery was simply magnificent. Imagine a wilderness of the most splendid trees in the world, running up for seventy or eighty feet without a branch, and then spreading out in a glorious green canopy overhead, which both tempered the fierce rays of the noontide sun, and also moderated the glare so distressing to European eyes. One tree in particular filled me with admiration; it was a lofty forest tree of the largest size, with but few branches until near the top, and at the season I refer to without leaves; but ample amends were made for their absence by a display of most magnificent scarlet blossoms, which completely covered it. They were apparently full of honey, as the air was alive with hosts of bright-coloured birds, busily employed in catching the insects attracted by the sweet food. Green parrots, the yellow and white mango-bird, and many others that I was unacquainted with, formed a *tout-ensemble* of the most gorgeous description. Swarms of monkeys, and now and then a sulky old boar or a timid deer, varied the scene.

When about seven miles from our journey's end we lost the path amongst a lot of rice-fields. However, after a long search, one of our party, who had been out shooting in that district, remembered that if we kept to the left we were certain of hitting off the river before long, where we might meet some one to guide us. As luck would have it, we soon caught sight of an inquisitive, shining black face staring at us from a cocoa-nut tope. Never did I greet a nigger with so much delight before. Matters did not seem much improved though. As the river was very wide and rocky, full of treacherous holes and, as the natives told us, abounding with alligators, the predicament was not a pleasant one. But our horses were knocked up with the heat, and our friends, our kraal, and last, though in my case certainly not least, all our provisions were on the other side. The ferry was some miles up the river—far too distant for us to think of. So at it we went. Some natives crossed to assist us. Each black man took a white one in tow, who in his turn led his horse after him. Some of the scenes were most ridiculous. Sometimes the pony slipped, and pulled his owner in, who pulled the native after him, or the nigger pulled his master in, who naturally gave his steed the benefit of the bath, as it would never have done to let go the bridle. One of our party was roaring with laughter at another who had just had a glorious upset, nigger, horse, and all, when suddenly his mirth was checked by a similar mischance happening to himself.

However, barring the wetting, we got safe across, and I thought I would enjoy a bathe, so I left my party to proceed without me, intending to join them when lunch was ready. My clothes being wet through during the passage of the river, and making tolerably certain of meeting no one in that remote part of the country, I mounted my pony in veritable light marching order—namely, straw hat, shirt, and boots; and very pleasant and cool was the aforesaid costume, and one that you would gladly have adopted. O my reader, under similar circumstances, and under such a sweltering sky. I had about three miles to go, and rattled

along, both horse and rider being thoroughly refreshed by this time; when all of a sudden my attention was attracted by a low but energetic whisper apparently coming from the clouds: 'Mahatmia, Mahatmia, Allia—Allia!' (Master, Master, elephants!) On looking up, I saw some twenty natives perched up high above me, making earnest signs for me to come up to them, and pointing along the path ahead of me and repeating the word 'Allia,' thereby giving me to understand that the animals were close at hand. I lost no time, but rode to a tree where a large jungle-rope—a species of giant creeper common in Ceylon—was hanging from a bough. Up I went like a lamplighter, leaving Master Pony to take care of himself, and utterly regardless in my haste of my attire, or rather want of it. And lucky it was that I did so. Hardly had I got well up and seated myself upon one of the branches, when round the corner came first one huge elephant, followed by another, then a third. Eleven more succeeded, and passed close under the tree where I was seated without, however, taking more notice of me than by tossing their trunks in the air, and emitting that peculiarly sharp scream commonly called 'trumpeting.' I soon got down, caught my pony, and set off as hard as I could for the kraal, not a little afraid that some more of the monsters might be in my way, from whom I might find escape more difficult. I got in, however, without any further danger or alarm, but half-dead with hunger and thirst.

The kraal was an inclosed space of some two hundred yards each way. The fence was composed of large trunks of trees, sunk into the ground, and of about sixteen feet in height. At one end was the entrance, about twenty yards across; at each gate-post were large trunks of trees, supported in an upright position by strong ropes attached to the surrounding trees. When the elephants enter, these ropes are cut, and down come the huge trees across the passage, effectually barring all retreat. We encamped in one of a row of huts hastily run up on the leeward side of the kraal, and at some distance from it, as the power of scent is particularly keen in an elephant, and if once a panic is raised, they would all rush madly away, and be never seen again in that locality. In the immediate vicinity of the kraal, and commanding a good view of the whole proceedings, were most extraordinary nests, constructed high up amongst the branches, and of sufficient dimensions to accommodate most of the party. They were thus made: a number of good stout poles were laid from the branches of one tree to another, some sixty feet from the ground, and carefully made fast; others were then placed across them, and side railings four feet high were added for security. These last were interwoven with leafy branches, which effectually concealed the occupants; a ladder of long bamboos completed the thing; and thus were constructed veritable crows' nests, admirably adapted for a good view of the proceedings combined with perfect security. The kraal was a government one; and about two thousand natives had been employed for more than a fortnight in driving the adjacent country; by day they had white wands, and at night torches. The elephant is a timid animal when not provoked or wounded, and the above simple means were amply sufficient to prevent the animals from 'hearking back.' On

this occasion, by good management a large body of elephants had been driven slowly into the neighbourhood of the kraal. The excitement was getting intense; every crash of a falling branch or the chattering of the large monkey common to these woods, made one start, and gaze expectantly in the direction of the elephants.

At last, when our patience was well-nigh exhausted, a fine herd was seen in the distance slowly approaching, under the guidance of three or four decoy elephants, who were employing every soothing art to induce the leaders to accompany them into the kraal. Strange to say, the elephant in its captive state seems to take absolute pleasure in decoying its wild congeners into the kraals, and in subsequently aiding in making them captive also. About forty had entered, when the rear-guard were seized with a panic and bolted through the line of beaters. The entrance was thereupon immediately barred, and those that were within made safe. Then came the fun of the thing. A decoy elephant cautiously approached the nearest wild one, its mahout (driver) walking on the off-side, and timing his movements so as to be always concealed by the fore-leg of his animal. With admirable tact, after many attempts the decoy persuaded the captive to raise one of its hind-legs, which was mainly brought about by the former tickling the wild elephant with its trunk, and so causing it to lift its leg. A noose was immediately slipped round it by the adroit attendant, and the other end was made fast to a neighbouring tree, after which the poor animal was left to its fate; and its insidious visitors proceeded to another, whom they served in the same manner; and so by degrees all the best elephants were secured. The remainder were subsequently shot by the sportsmen who were there.

Almost the entire breaking-in of the wild elephant is starvation. When once his spirit is broken, he becomes almost as amenable to discipline as one that has been captive all his life. After some days of total abstinence from food and water, they are led out to drink between two tame elephants, and if any sign of obstreperousness is shewn, the unhappy beast is beaten most unmercifully by its conductors, who use their trunks in a most punishing manner. In a few days they are set to work, harnessed alongside of a steady tame elephant; and in an incredibly short time they fall into their routine of duty, and perform their work as well as their docile friends.

The Ceylon elephant enjoys a good name not only in Ceylon but on the coast for docility and intelligence. However, they are not always to be trusted, and at certain seasons they lose all command over themselves, and are extremely dangerous. I remember an incident which took place at a kraal at Kornegal, between Colombo and Kandy. Amongst the decoy elephants was a splendid fellow, belonging to the temple of Buddha at Kandy. He was one of the finest I have ever seen, measuring upwards of eleven feet in height, with a pair of tusks that would have made Gordon Cumming go crazy about. He was always rather queer-tempered, perhaps from being made so much of as a temple elephant; and fears were entertained that his behaviour might be bad, and that the sight of so many old companions in a wild state might injuriously affect him. The result may be anticipated. In the middle of the day, and in

the height of the excitement, when many elephants had been secured, a wild trumpeting was heard, and presently all eyes were turned downwards from the crows' nests to witness the spectacle of the temple elephant in full chase of his driver, who had given him some cause for provocation. The man held his own gallantly for a time only, just out of reach of the elephant's trunk; still there appeared hopes that he would gain the jungle and set his pursuer at defiance. All of a sudden he was seen to fall, having stumbled over the projecting root of a tree. In an instant the elephant, mad with rage, had gone on his knees, and to all appearance had impaled the unfortunate man. A shriek burst from all present, who were sickened at a sight which so miserably marred the otherwise successful issue of the day. But what was our joy when the man was seen to wriggle himself out from between the tusks of the beast, regain his feet, and before his adversary could extricate his tusks from the ground, again continue his flight! He was, however, pressed closely, but managed to reach a deep, narrow, and dry water-course, covered with thorns and briers, into which he immediately threw himself. The elephant kept hunting him by scent from above in a most clever manner; but ultimately we had the pleasure of seeing the poor fellow emerge a hundred yards below his pursuer and gain a place of safety. The elephant eventually had to be destroyed, as the day's proceedings had made him irreclaimably savage and dangerous.

Little did we anticipate how dearly we should pay for our sport. In a few days, numbers were prostrated with jungle-fever, two or three planters died, and an officer of the Ceylon Rifles barely escaped with his life; nor were the fairer sex spared; and there were sad complaints about the horrid doctors, who had made such guys of them by cutting off their luxuriant tresses, and in some cases by close shaving their heads. So you see even such grand sport as the above may occasionally be too dearly purchased.

THE OLD POT.

A STORY REFURNISHED FOR MODERN READERS.

FORTY years ago there was not in England a man more respected than my uncle, Farmer Bloomfield of Stanley Court. Strange to say, however, he did not always occupy so high a position in the estimation of those around him; for it was not until his sun had passed the meridian and the shadows were lengthening that the tide of his popularity set in. In early life he had been left an orphan, and was placed under the care of a maiden aunt, whose idiosyncrasy was not without its effect in moulding my uncle's character. Reserved in his manner and eccentric in the extreme, he often became the object of ridicule. There was little in his personal appearance to call for remark beyond a most unusual development of the nasal organ, and this not unfrequently became the subject of rude jests. The presiding genius of the Club which met nightly in the parlour of the village inn, once facetiously alluded to it as his 'proboscis'—a circumstance which

gave rise to the name 'Boscis,' by which my uncle was afterwards known.

In nothing did his eccentricity appear more strongly than in the antiquarian phase of his character. He grudged neither money nor time in collecting curiosities of all kinds, valuable or useless alike; and being in easy circumstances, was able to gratify every whim. Modern improvements he despised, whilst his admiration for the antique knew no bounds. It was wearisome to listen to the history of the many objects around him; and his visitors rarely escaped these inflictions. Scarcely a week passed without an addition to his Museum, as I styled his home; and knowing the penalty of a call, the visits of his friends were few and far between. But to have exhibited signs of impatience during his recital of these interesting particulars would have stamped the individual in my uncle's opinion as unworthy of his notice. He had the most profound contempt for those who could not regard with admiration an object, however mean in itself, upon which old Time had left the indelible marks of his fingers. Poor uncle! How often he was victimised! Designing rascals often relieved him of a good sum of money for an article as worthless as themselves. But such was his confiding nature that he believed their representations, and valued the article in proportion to the brightness of the halo which their duplicity threw around it. Far and wide he was known as Bloomfield the Antiquarian, which, while it pleased his vanity, often emptied his purse; nor did he ever know how largely it was due to the irony of those who laughed at his credulity. And yet, methinks, that to have removed the scales from his eyes, and to have shewn him how miserably he had been gulled, would have robbed him of the happiness of his life. His ruling passion grew with his years, and at length amounted to a cupidity which not unfrequently led him into awkward scrapes. But he was suddenly awakened from these absurdities in a manner so remarkable, that he invoked my aid in reproducing a story often told by himself at his own fireside.

It was a sultry afternoon in the month of September when my uncle bent his steps across the common and through the meadows to visit a neighbouring farmer-friend. On the occasion of this visit, and just as he was leaving, after having partaken of the usual hospitalities of the place, he espied in a corner of the farmyard an old iron pot, nearly spherical in shape, which had formerly stood on three legs, but could now only boast of two. Owing to its unsafe condition, it had long since been disused, and had been consigned to its resting-place on the principle, that for all the ills of life prevention is better than cure. A somewhat minute inspection of its exterior revealed the figures 16, followed by something which could not readily be deciphered; and instead of concluding that these marks probably represented nothing more than the size of the article in ques-

tion, the great antiquary rashly concluded that the 16 with the obliterated marks represented nothing short of the date of its manufacture. A pot whose early existence was probably contemporary with Cromwell, could not be permitted to remain in such a place. Accordingly my uncle determined to transfer it to Stanley Court, there to keep company with the many relics of days long ago.

But his burden proved more inconvenient than he anticipated. After taxing his ingenuity to the utmost to discover a means of carrying it with a maximum amount of ease, it finally occurred to him that, inverted, it might rest on his head. Accordingly it was so placed, and my uncle proceeded with the queerest helmet that ever pressed the brow of a human being. His path lay along the bank of a small river, and so down to the mill. Here, it may be mentioned in parenthesis, lived an old sweetheart, who, out of patience, I suppose, in waiting for the 'question' from my uncle, had accepted his rival the miller fully twenty years before. Across the stream a dam had been constructed for the purpose of diverting the water to the mill, and thus a pond was formed at least five feet deep. The water often flowed over the dam, forming a beautiful cascade from six to eight feet in height; and when the water was low, people frequently passed over the wooden platform of the dam to save the walk to the bridge, which stood more than a hundred yards below the mill. But doubtless my uncle had another reason for selecting this route, a reason which received additional force from the strange appearance which he now presented.

As may be readily supposed, the action of the water had rendered the platform very smooth and slippery. Along this dangerous path, however, my uncle proceeded; but whether from the effect of the aforesaid hospitalities, or from the weight of the pot on his head, he became unsteady in his gait, and suddenly slipped. A fall of eight feet to the bed of the river was no joke; besides, such a fall could only end in the destruction of the pot. Now, divided attention is always to be avoided, where the possible issues are serious, as under even ordinary circumstances, a slip in such a place was no trifling matter; but with the object of his solicitude firmly fixed on his head, what wonder that his safety was doubly jeopardised. Be that as it may, the fact remains that he stumbled upon the slippery platform, and the pot *slipping over his nose*, enveloped his entire head! Practically blind, he was now less capable than ever of recovering his footing; and his attempts to do so ended in my worthy relative tumbling head first into the mill-pond. Thus was he brought literally face to face with an ignominious death, no better than that of the vilest cur which leaves the world with a stone tied to its neck. But the darkest hour is not unfrequently the hour of deliverance. It proved so here. The attention of Joe, the miller's man, had been attracted to my uncle before he reached the dam—by the strange head-gear worn by my relative. The unsteady gait, the slip, the fall, the plunge, were all observed; and having reached the pond as quickly as possible, Joe succeeded, after considerable difficulty, in extricating my uncle from his perilous position.

Whenever the old gentleman related the story to his friends, he moralised here on the vanity of human wishes. 'Yes, Nephew,' he would say, turning to me, 'that was the crisis in my history, not merely as regards the unexpected extension of my existence, but more particularly with reference to the folly which was the outcome of the mania which had seized me. I never felt how useless my life had been till Death stared me in the face under such ignominious surroundings. My punishment appeared to me as complete as it was deserved. Drowning seemed only the secondary cause of my death, the real cause being the ruling passion which had prompted me to possess the pot. The idea of dying with my head in such a position, humiliating though it was, bore no comparison to my thoughts as I felt the air rise in bubbles from the pot, in solemn mockery of my life, and thought how, in breaking upon the surface, they wrote my epitaph—"Emptiness."'

Having rescued my uncle, Joe carried him to the house of the miller, where he removed the wet garments, placed him in bed between the blankets, and applied those means for his restoration generally resorted to in cases of suspended animation. It was fortunate that Joe was familiar with the treatment, as he was the only person on the premises, and the nearest house was fully half a mile distant. He persevered in his efforts, and, ere long, was rewarded by returning consciousness. But the pot—the terrible pot, still canopied my uncle's head, in spite of every endeavour to remove it. 'The nose was the cause, you see,' the old gentleman would say, playfully tapping that protuberant organ with his finger; 'and appeared to be little short of a bolt, which defied the removal of that ungraceful head-gear.'

Now, of all places, the mill was perhaps the last which my uncle would have cared to visit under the circumstances. He could not endure the thought that the miller's wife, his old sweetheart, should witness such a spectacle, and was really distressed at the idea that her eyes might even now be resting on his misfortune. The old pot refused that assurance to him which his eyes would have supplied, and so he had to rest content with the repeated avowal of his benefactor Joe: 'Keep yer mind aisy; the maister and his wife and the whole lot of 'em be gone to the fair. But don't ye be afeard on the missus. She be mighty kind, and ud help ye heaps if she was here. And now ye be safe and a-comin' round a bit, I can't help a-laughin' just a little bit. I zeed ye go in head-vurmost, right down like, and yer legs a-kickin' up zummat, like the ducks when they goes a-divin' arter what 'em can catch in the pond. Then there's that there pot about yer head. La! I never zeed such a night-cap in all my born days. Don't think I'm a-makin' fun on ye; but I've a tried to get'n off, and 'er won't come, leastways without a piece o' yer nose, and I reckon you don't want to spare a slice o' that.'

With these and such-like speeches Joe enlivened his patient, introducing parenthetically such hearty bursts of laughter, that my uncle speedily recovered himself; but his increasing strength only intensified my uncle's desire to get clear away before the miller and his wife returned. As a first step in this direction, he emerged from the blankets in which, barring his head, he had been enveloped, and with the

assistance of Joe as his valet, he dressed in the garments which that worthy supplied. There was nothing remarkable about these, with the exception of a smock-frock of snowy whiteness, which extended to my uncle's feet, and played a not unimportant part in the sequel of the story.

But here arose a difficulty. Joe being left in charge of the premises, could not leave until his master's return. Every argument which his ingenuity supplied to detain his patient, and every protest against my uncle's injustice in believing the miller's wife capable of aught but sympathy, fell upon my uncle's ears 'like water on a duck's back.' Finding that he could place the pot in a position which enabled him to see his feet, and consequently the path bit by bit along which he had to travel, besides being able to raise the plaguy apparatus sufficiently to enable him to breathe; and seeing that Joe could not accompany him as a guide and protector, he determined to make the attempt to reach the village alone. Being naturally anxious to avoid, as far as possible, the public gaze, all thought of taking the turnpike-road was abandoned, though he need not have been under such apprehension, for who amongst the many returning from the fair would be likely to recognise in that strange figure Farmer Bloomfield of Stanley Court!

Indeed his objection to this route might have been overcome but for his dread of meeting the miller and his wife, who—so he thought—might possibly recognise the garb which enveloped him, and would naturally feel unpleasantly inquisitive about the individual within it. Yet a walk of three miles through meadows and across a common after seven o'clock on a September evening, under such circumstances, appeared well nigh as possible for a blind man. Anything, however, appeared preferable to the disclosure he so much dreaded; and so, trusting to his circumscribed vision, he departed with slow and steady steps along the old familiar path, determined, by a happy thought, to make his way to the village blacksmith, whose ingenuity he had no doubt would speedily remove the encumbrance.

The keenest foresight is, however, unable to anticipate the circumstances which may befall us. For some time all went well, and the antiquary's progress, though slow, was sure. But what with the sultriness of the evening, the defective ventilation inside the pot, and the weight of that at other times useful article, my uncle was compelled to sink to the ground in a faint, just as he had reached a shallow brook, over which he had to pass; and there he lay until consciousness returned. How long he had been in this position he did not know; but he soon became painfully aware of the fact that the shades of night had closed around him. Nor was his anxiety diminished as a thunder-storm burst over his head. Heavy clouds overspread the sky, and deepened the darkness; so that when my uncle rose to his feet, he found the path completely hidden from his view.

In so helpless a condition, what wonder that he wandered from the familiar track! To add to his discomfort, the rain came down in torrents; whilst the lightning, flashing around him, filled him with a new terror. Still he continued to trudge his weary way; and at length, to his intense delight,

he heard the faint but welcome sounds which came from the anvil of the village blacksmith. Sweeter music he had never heard. He listened intently to the sound as it was wafted across the gloomy common, and with his ears as a pilot, walked on, cheered by the fact that every step brought him nearer to the man who would remove the load from his head—and heart. He had not proceeded far in the direction of the smithy, when he became aware of the approach of a man, and in the snatches of song which fell upon the darkness, he recognised a familiar voice. It was the village schoolmaster, who, being fully occupied by day in keeping other people's spirits down, resolved that his evenings should be spent in keeping his own spirits up, which he succeeded tolerably well in doing at the Club which met nightly at the village inn. A load of anxiety fell from my uncle's heart as the schoolmaster approached him. But alas! the relief was only momentary. Whether the darkness hid my uncle from his sight, or whether he was so occupied with his thoughts as to be unconscious of such a person's presence, we need not stop to inquire. A vivid flash of lightning for an instant lit up the scene when they were but a few yards apart, revealing my uncle shrouded in garments of snowy whiteness; the song suddenly ceased; a shriek rent the air; and the tremulous voice of my belated relative, intended to remove the schoolmaster's fear, served only to quicken his flight across the common to the village inn, which he had left only half an hour before. With a face ghastly pale, with drops of perspiration like peas standing on his forehead, and trembling and gasping for breath, he threw himself into a chair, perfectly overcome and speechless. In the hands of the landlady he recovered in a few minutes sufficiently to explain the cause of his terror. He had witnessed that night, he said, such a sight as never before met his eyes. In passing the spot on the common where, in the remembrance of most of his hearers a murdered man had been found—a spot he confessed he never passed at night without nervous excitement—just as he had commenced a song, by way of diminishing the loneliness of his situation, a horrid being stood before him. It was clad in white, but had a head as black as night, from the top of which projected two short horns. It was impossible to be mistaken. A flash of lightning revealed all this too plainly, and seemed for an instant to dance around the head of the Satanic spectre. Besides this, a voice, sepulchral in its tones, plainly called him by name. Surely the evidence of two of his senses could not be rejected!

His associates at the inn gave a ready ear to the statement, and after partaking of some Dutch courage, at the earnest request of the schoolmaster they consented to accompany him across the common to his home. Amongst them was Joe, who, on the return of the miller, had walked to Stanley Court by the road, professedly to bring my uncle's clothes, but in reality from a feeling of anxiety about his safety. Finding he had not returned, Joe started off in search of the wanderer, and on his way stepped into the village inn just in time to hear the schoolmaster's account of the ghost on the common. He might easily have removed the schoolmaster's fears; but being of a frolicsome turn, and wishing to test the courage of

his body-guard, he remained silent, and followed them unobserved when they left the inn.

Meanwhile the ringing sounds from the anvil had guided the exhausted wanderer, and before the party from the inn had proceeded far, the supposed ghost was encountered. Dutch courage proved unequal to the shock, and Joe had the satisfaction of seeing them scamper away as fast as their legs could carry them, each one doubtless as much overcome as had been the schoolmaster when he sank speechless into a chair but a few minutes before.

The faithful Joe, however, was soon at my uncle's side, and under his guidance the smithy was reached. A consultation now took place as to the best means of effecting a release; and nothing appeared so practicable as to place the pot on the anvil, and with a sharp blow from a hammer, to shatter it into fragments. A hazardous proceeding, but desperate ills require desperate remedies. It was therefore not without forebodings of evil that my uncle, supported by Joe, placed the pot as directed. Down came the blow; and my uncle stood erect, a happier and a wiser man. The kind-hearted and faithful Joe lived long in my uncle's service as farm-bailiff, and never wanted a friend as long as the old gentleman lived; and in repeating these extraordinary proceedings to eager listeners, he would assure them that 'he never zeed sich a nut afore, nor sich a kernel!'

THE MONTH.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

CHLOROPHYLL (the green colour) and starch and cellulose are developed in plants by the 'dissociation,' as chemists say, of carbonic acid and water in the cells of the leaves. The active power in the operation is sunlight.

Is the power confined exclusively to sunlight? Sunlight contains actinic; so does the electric light; and, as is well known, the actinic rays with their chemical energy play an important part in the ripening of grain and fruit. Mr C. W. Siemens, F.R.S., has made experiments at his pleasant country residence near Tunbridge Wells, which lead to the conclusion that the electric light may be employed with advantage in aiding or supplementing sunshine in the growth of plants, shrubs, fruit, and flowers. With a two-horse-power engine, and a dynamo-electric machine, making one thousand revolutions a minute, he produced a light equal to that of fourteen hundred candles, which, from a reflector fixed in the open air about six and a half feet above the ground, was directed upon a sunk melon-house. Pots were prepared with mustard, cress, carrots, cucumbers, and melons, and were divided into four groups. (1) was kept entirely in the dark; (2) was treated with electric light exclusively; (3) was exposed only to daylight; while (4) had both daylight and electric light; but the latter for not more than six hours in the twenty-four—namely from 5 to 11 P.M. The results were—(1) plants pale yellow, soon died; (2) light green, pretty strong leaves; (3) leaves of the ordinary colour and strength of daylight growth; (4) more strength, and the green remarkably rich and dark. In estimating these results, the comparatively short time allotted to the electric light must be borne

in mind, and also that as the experiments were carried on in cold weather, the effect of the light was weakened by the coating of moisture on the glass of the melon-house.

The next experiment was to place the electric lamp in the same glass-house with the plants, where during six successive nights they were exposed to electric light; commencing as soon as daylight failed, and ceasing at sunrise. The plants had thus no rest, but they did not suffer; and it was found that when the stove-heat was shut off, the heat from the electric light sufficed to maintain a temperature of seventy-five degrees in the house.

There remained now to try the effect in the open air. So far as it has been carried it confirms the previous results. Nine lamps suffice to illuminate three-quarters of an acre. Inclose this area with a wall, there will be shelter from winds, and vertical as well as horizontal space for crops of fruit and flowers. Mr Siemens is of opinion that in chilly summers the electric light would be very beneficial in securing the setting of the fruit-buds, and afterwards in ripening the fruit. If it develops chlorophyll, why not saccharine and aroma? That plants will bear constant light has long been proved by the three months of sunshine within the Arctic Circle. In Norway an acacia plant taken from a dark house and placed in the sunshine opened its leaves within two hours: an acacia plant in Kent behaved in the same way when exposed to electric light. Growing-plants also turn themselves towards it, and leaves are sometimes scorched as with sunshine.

Are we to have a new application of science in the form of electro-horticulture? Much depends on the cost. Where water-power is available for driving the electric machine, the expense will be moderate. Mr Siemens has read a paper on the subject before the Royal Society, and exhibited specimens of the plants above described, and of flowers, with obvious proof of the invigorating effects of electric light and sunshine combined. He promises to make known the results of further experiments, and we shall have much pleasure in communicating them to our readers.

Some excitement has been occasioned by the announcement that the diamond had at last been produced by a laboratory experiment, and thus verified the long-standing prediction that chemistry would one day find a way to that achievement. Some three months ago a chemist at Glasgow believed that he had made diamond; but his specimens failed on being tested. Now Mr J. B. Hannay, also of Glasgow, comes forward, and in a communication to the Royal Society describes the process by which real diamond can be produced. With that description before him, any competent chemist could repeat the experiment; but he would find it laborious and dangerous, for to resist the enormous pressure required, the operation is carried on in a coiled iron tube of small bore, but with walls two inches thick.

Mr Hannay was led to his discovery by a long series of experiments on the solubility of solids in gases; a question of rare interest for chemists. He found one day that when a gas containing carbon and hydrogen is heated under pressure in presence of certain metals, the hydrogen is attracted by the metal, and the carbon is left

free. When this takes place—to quote the description—‘in presence of a stable compound containing nitrogen, the whole being near a red-heat, and under several thousands of atmospheres of pressure, the carbon is so acted upon by the nitrogen compound that it is obtained in the clear transparent form of the diamond.’ The specimens thus obtained have been tested, and with conclusive results as to the reality of their substance.

From the scientific point of view, Mr Hannay's success is very important. It enlarges the field of experiment, confirms theory, and throws light on certain obscure questions. But it will not cheapen diamonds; and the wearers of and dealers in the sparkling stone may spare themselves anxiety and alarm. The diamonds hitherto produced are not larger than grains of sand; and when coiled cylinders of iron four inches in diameter, having a half-inch bore through the centre, burst in ‘nine cases out of ten’ under the almost inconceivable pressure, it is obvious that the manufacture cannot be rapid. In all probability we shall have further communications on this subject before the end of the session.

A French chemist has examined a large number of specimens of rocks, of sea-water, and mineral water, and found lithium, more or less, in all of them; also in the water of salt-marshes, and in the deposits left by evaporation of sea-water. In certain mineral waters lithium is so abundant that it ‘could be detected in the evaporation residue of a single drop of the water.’ This fact, taken in conjunction with previous investigations, strengthens the experimenter's theory that ‘saline waters are mineralised at the expense of saliferous deposits left by the evaporation of ancient seas.’

By a recent calculation it is shewn that the quantity of petroleum produced in Pennsylvania since the first discovery of the oil in 1859 amounts to 133,262,639 barrels, valued at more than 340,000,000 dollars.

Professor Schorlemmer of Owens College, Manchester, has in his researches into the chemical product called ‘aurin,’ ascertained that it can be transformed into aniline blue, and that all the aniline colours can now be obtained from phenol or carbolic acid.

In the *Journal* of the Chemical Society a new process for condensing the fumes of lead-works is described, and it is so effectual, that ‘lead or copper smoke will be rendered not more pernicious than that from ordinary chimneys.’ This will be good news for many a one.

By a series of observations with a delicate spirit-level, Mr P. Plantamour has found that in the Canton de Vaud there is a periodical oscillation of the ground, the rise and fall occupying each about six months. The amount is small, twenty-eight seconds of the scale employed, but was definitely made out. He believes that a slight diurnal oscillation is also perceptible, and that there may be some relation between the combined movements and the daily temperature. He suggests that observers in other parts of the world should make similar observations, and thus ascertain whether the oscillations are general or local. The observations would have to be continued through a number of years before trustworthy conclusions could be drawn, and some connection might then appear between the oscillations and the influence of terrestrial magnetism.

Last year an ingenious American at Chicago invented an *audiphone*, by which deaf persons could be surprisingly aided in hearing. The thing thus named is made of very thin caoutchouc, and resembles the hand-screens used by ladies when sitting near the fire. The bottom and two sides are rectangular; the top is curved, and from the centre of the curve, strings which can be stretched tight, pass downwards, and are fastened to the handle. A certain amount of tension is thus imparted to the instrument. If then the end of the handle be placed against the upper teeth, sounds of music and of a loud voice can be heard even by the deaf and dumb. These facts have been proved by numerous experiments.

The price of the audiphone is from ten to fifteen dollars, and films of caoutchouc are very brittle in cold weather. A Frenchman set himself to discover some material that should be cheap and durable, and have the same acoustic efficacy, and found it in a peculiar fine elastic cardboard, exceedingly thin, which requires no strings nor fixed tension. It may be held in a slit in a small thin piece of hard wood, which is to be pressed against the upper teeth. Instruments thus prepared were tried on deaf and dumb pupils with the happiest results. They heard the notes of a piano, and could distinguish spoken words; and persons accustomed to the use of an ear-trumpet find the audiphone more serviceable and less irritating. The apparatus was described at a meeting of the *Société pour l'Encouragement de l'Industrie Nationale*, at 44 Rue de Rennes, Paris.

In the *Transactions* of the Philosophical Society of Adelaide is a paper on the Subterranean Drainage of the Interior of Australia: an interesting question in a country where vast quantities of river-water disappear in a way not yet satisfactorily ascertained. For example, the Owens river, with a flow of five hundred and ninety-six cubic feet a minute, falls into the Murray. The Murray above the confluence delivers two thousand six hundred and sixty cubic feet a minute; but below the confluence, not more than two thousand nine hundred and seventy-five cubic feet, which further down is reduced to two thousand and eleven cubic feet. The loss in the course of a few miles is thus eight hundred and fifty cubic feet of water a minute.

Other examples are to be found in the rivers of the hilly region, fed by perennial springs, and sending down prodigious quantities of water in the rainy season; but fail during the summer season, or 'empty themselves at nowhere in particular in the interior.'

The ordinary explanation of the disappearance of the water is that it is evaporated; but, as is shewn, the amount of the rainfall is by far too large for the evaporation theory. A large part of the interior of Australia is what geologists call 'tertiary,' resting at its edges on older strata; a vast underground reservoir is thereby formed, and into this reservoir, as certain experts contend, the water finds its way. Only by boring artesian wells could this view be tested. Should water be found, the interior of Australia will suffer no more from droughts, and green pastures and fruitful fields will overspread the now scorching landscape.

Mr. W. J. McGee having had to survey and plot a large number of the mounds which have so long puzzled the anthropologists of the United States,

'has been struck by the constancy of certain dimensions and the harmony observable in all, whatever the variation, indicating to a certainty the use of a unit of linear measurement in their erection.' Hereby an interesting question has been raised: What was the value of that unit?

A paper on Architectural Competitions, read at the Institute of British Architects, had for its object to shew the harmful effects of competitions on the profession at large, and suggest to the Institute to 'take some practical steps to remedy the evils acknowledged to exist.' In the discussion that followed, Professor Kerr made a few remarks, which may perhaps be allowed a place in such a summary as the present. Having protested against the notion that competition favours modest merit, the Professor said: 'Modesty will wait; it is immodesty that will not. Merit can wait; it is demerit that cannot. The man who, in professional life, is the most fortunate is he who starts without false aids, without fallacious incentives, without self-conceit and without hurry. Waiting patiently, working diligently, and walking uprightly, until he has reached the age of matured usefulness, he then attains that position which matured usefulness alone can permanently hold, because it alone is worthy to hold it. In plain language, at the age of forty (which is recognised as the earliest period at which a man may expect to acquire a position in a profession as distinguished from a trade), he finds himself beginning to know the world well; youth has passed into full manhood, and he has five-and-twenty years before him during which to employ his energies at their best, and to win respect for a meritorious old age.'

THE BEGGAR'S DOG.

RAMBLING one day in London city,
I saw a dog that raised my pity,
A wretched cur all skin and bone,
That in the gutter crawled along;
And in his mouth (I smiled at that)
He held an old and crownless hat.
With quick and deferential eye,
He watched the bustling passers-by,
Who in their haste, as on they fared,
Nor cast a glance at him nor cared.
Yet some, when they had passed some paces,
Would halt with grins upon their faces;
His story was so plain indeed,
So clear, that he who ran might read:
'A beggar's dog—his master dead—
The beast still carries on the trade,
And trusts by diligence and care,
The public patronage to share.'
I sauntered on; but as I went,
My thoughts upon that dog were bent.
'Behold!' I said in meditation,
'The force of custom, education;
And though we laugh at him—'tis sad—
Some human plans are quite as bad.
How many schemes in this same town
Are merely hats without the crown;
Ways indirect, but most complete,
Of tossing money on the street.' J. SANDS.

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THE RESTORATION MOVEMENT.

SECOND ARTICLE.

IN the olden time, Scotland, as may be supposed, could not present such a grand array of ecclesiastical structures as England; still in some instances those which it did possess were of an imposing character, in the best styles of Gothic art from the twelfth till the fifteenth century. Scotland was rich in abbeys, especially in the southern part of the kingdom; and it had a fair number of cathedrals, most of which still survive. It is a common belief that the ruin, which to a greater or lesser extent overtook the ecclesiastical edifices, was effected by infuriated mobs at the Reformation. No doubt, much damage was done by this irregular agency; but it was trifling in comparison with the destruction by military violence in the course of invasions from England. Passing over casual raids of this kind, the era of deliberate ruin was in the reign of Henry VIII. Armies were sent into Scotland in 1544 and 1545—twelve to fifteen years before the Scottish Reformation, and on one or other of these occasions the Abbeys of Melrose, Dryburgh, Jedburgh, Kelso, and Coldingham were partially or wholly destroyed; while in the more remote parts of the kingdom English agents prosecuted similar acts of barbarity.

Coming next in order were the ravages committed by bodies of native reformers, whose rage, however, was chiefly expended on the internal decorations of churches and the dwellings of the monks; the fabrics still standing being for the greater part left intact. As following these proceedings came the armies of the Lords of the Congregation, who authoritatively swept away the cloisters and other dependent parts of the monastic buildings, as well as such internal fittings in the churches as had been left. Such was the manner in which the outworks of the Abbeys of Paisley, Kilwinning, and Dunfermline were treated in 1559. Excepting, therefore, as arising from the indiscriminate destruction inspired by Henry VIII., the church part of the monastic establishments,

and the cathedrals, suffered comparatively little damage. For the ruin that laid so many grand old buildings in the dust, more is to be ascribed to neglect than to wilful violence. Here and there, as in a few cases that will come under notice, the public authorities did their best to keep the violated buildings in a state of repair; but in most cases they were left to sink to decay. For want of care, roofs fell, the rain got into the walls, which gradually sunk to the ground, and to finish the melancholy tale, the materials were often stolen under cognisance of those who ought to have prevented such dilapidations.

Elgin Cathedral, a building of magnificent proportions, constructed in the best style of Gothic architecture, and profusely decorated, survived the Reformation ten years, when (1568) by an order from the Scottish Privy Council, it was stripped of its lead to raise funds for paying the soldiers of the Regent Murray. This scandalous transaction met with its merited punishment; for the ship employed to transport the metal to Holland for sale sunk with all its cargo. The result was the gradual decay and ruin of the building, which neither the local magistracy nor any one else took effectual care to avert; and only of late years have means been adopted to prevent peculation from the remains of this beautiful structure. By a reasonable degree of care and a small outlay of money, Elgin Cathedral, a building which might have been the glory of the north of Scotland, would have been saved to the country. The Abbey of Arbroath, which was more spacious than the Cathedral of Elgin, also suffered from neglect, and even worse. The municipal authorities were in the habit of selling its materials, by which means little of it has been left, and it would have disappeared altogether but for the interference of the government.

From the combined causes now summarised, much valuable property was lost. Buildings which would now be artistically priceless, have sunk to the condition of weather-beaten and mouldering fragments. Such, after the lapse of three centuries, being frequently all that remain

to attest their architectural beauty, and to draw a sigh of regret from the passing tourist. Among those buildings which were preserved from the worst forms of outrage were the Abbey Church of Paisley, the Cathedral of St Mungo, Glasgow, the Collegiate Church of St Giles, Edinburgh, and a few others. Some which had partially suffered, such as the Cathedrals of Dunblane and Dunkeld, the Cathedral of St Magnus, Kirkwall, in Orkney, and the Abbey of Dunfermline, have been put in repair, and now respectively serve the purpose of parish churches.

Glasgow Cathedral, happily saved, and classed as property pertaining to the crown, has from the days of the Reformation downwards enjoyed the protection of the Magistrates and Town Council, who, as appears from their records, have often expended money to keep the building in repair, and to adapt it to the wants of the community. For general accommodation, it was partitioned and allotted for different congregations—one in the choir, another in the nave, and a third in the crypt, a curious semi-underground portion beneath the choir. In this last-mentioned place of worship took place the mysterious meeting of young Osbaldiston with Rob Roy, as fancifully described by the author of 'Waverley.' The choir, known as the Inner High Kirk, was the place of meeting of a more real and momentous nature. Here met the General Assembly of the Scottish Church in 1638, which abolished the Episcopacy of Charles I., re-established Presbytery, and ratified the National Covenant. Shortly after the Restoration of Charles II., there was a statutory resumption of Episcopacy (minus the canons and Service Book), in which Robert Leighton, one of the most amiable and enlightened theologians of his age, was appointed Archbishop of Glasgow, 1670; but he held the office only four years. Disgusted with the violent proceedings of the Scottish administration, he retired into private life, and died in 1684.

At the Revolution settlement, Scotland reverted to the Presbyterian polity, 1690, when the ancient fane of St Mungo lost its status as a cathedral. Irrespective of ecclesiastical distinction, the arrangement of the building into three churches under one roof continued till 1798, when the congregation that assembled in the crypt removed to another church which was provided for it. The other two congregations remained until 1836, when, to make way for a general restoration in conformity with modern tastes, one of them was provided for elsewhere at the cost of the civic corporation, and the only one left was that in the choir. That the Restoration Movement should have spread to Scotland, might, all things considered, be matter for surprise; but the wonder is the greater that it should have been first manifested in Glasgow. No fact could be more significant of the general spontaneity of this new and remarkable movement. There had latterly been growing up a spirit of emulation as regards

tastefulness in the building of churches, and to this the desire to see the ancient Cathedral of St Mungo restored to something like its original grandeur, was probably due.

Being crown property, the work of restoration was effected by government at an expense of twelve to thirteen thousand pounds, spread over a number of years. Though the cost was comparatively small, the restoration was well executed. The division walls, galleries, and staircases were removed. The building was opened up throughout, shewing the fine rows of pillars and other graceful points in the architecture. The choir, which is reached by some steps from the nave, was alone fitted up for service. Including the crypt, chapter-house, and clerestory windows, there are nearly a hundred windows in the building, the most of which have been filled with stained glass on a well-considered general plan, at the cost of private donors, chiefly connected with the west of Scotland. There being no Dean and Chapter, the custody and supervision of the building has been placed by government in the hands of the magistrates and council. On two days of the week, visitors are admitted on paying a fee of twopence to officers appointed by Her Majesty's Board of Works; and on four days the entrance is free. No monumental tablets can be placed in the cathedral without the sanction of the government, by which scrupulous arrangement there is a guarantee that the building will not be filled with monuments to persons of inferior note.

Usually styled a cathedral, in virtue of its ancient character, the building is ecclesiastically only a parish church (technically St Mungo's), which in its improved form was opened for public worship in 1856. No stranger arriving in Glasgow, with a few hours to spare, should omit to visit this very interesting edifice, which presents admirable specimens of ecclesiastical architecture from the twelfth to the fifteenth century.

Next in the order of restoration was the Abbey of Paisley, a fine Gothic structure of the twelfth and thirteenth century, which had been sacked and partially destroyed at the Reformation, when its rich endowments were gifted by the Regent Murray to Lord Sempill, and subsequently came into the family of Abercorn. The nave, which had been saved, was subsequently fitted up as the parish church. Its condition in later times is described by the Rev. Dr J. Cameron Lees, in his scholarly and very interesting work, 'The Abbey of Paisley' (1 volume 4to, 1878). He says that 'In 1859 the church was in a most disreputable state. The burial-ground outside the building covered the whole basement of the church up to the windows. The interior was like a vault in a graveyard. Water ran down the walls, and an unwholesome smell pervaded every part of the church. Heavy galleries round the place cut the pillars in two. The clerestory windows were blocked up, and whitewash was freely used. The

whole of the moulding at the base of the pillars was hidden out of sight in the soil. Round the floor of the church was a wide circular passage, with huge iron stoves placed in it at intervals. This passage formed a promenade for stragglers during the time of service, who perambulated from one end to another, occasionally lighting their pipes at them before going out, which they did whenever they were tired of listening, a frequent enough occurrence. A more dreary place of worship could scarcely be imagined. A street of disreputable pawn-shops and public-houses abutted on the church, which was entirely hidden by the squalid buildings around it.

This graphic picture is consistent with our own recollections. The strange thing is that although Paisley had grown up to be a wealthy manufacturing place, and had produced more men of genius than any town of its size in Scotland, nobody thought of rescuing the building from the degradation into which it had sunk. At length came the dawn of improvement. In 1862, a restoration committee, chiefly organised by the Rev. Mr. Wilson, one of the ministers of the parish, set vigorously to work. The unsightly galleries were taken down. The floor cleared of the accumulated rubbish of centuries. The body of the church re-seated. The clerestory windows opened up. The transept walls and windows restored, and the turrets rebuilt. Finally, the mean dwellings in the neighbourhood were removed, and the surroundings beautified. Men of all creeds, says Dr Lees, contributed to the work; the total cost of all that had been done being estimated at not less than about thirty thousand pounds. The architect employed was Mr James Salmon of Glasgow. The Abbey in its restored state is now a grand Gothic structure befitting its history, a credit to those benefactors who, generously lifting it out of its deplorable condition, clothed it in the solemn beauty which had been the admiration of kings and men of learning who have long since been resolved into dust.

Among the minor restorations of recent times in Scotland, may first be placed that of Roslin Chapel, as it is commonly called, an exquisitely beautiful relic of fifteenth-century art, situated about seven miles south of Edinburgh. It consists of the choir of a building designed to be a collegiate church, which was left unfinished by its founder, William St Clair, a member of the ancient baronial house of Roslin. The choir had not been long finished and used for religious service, when it was sacked at the Reformation. It was further despoiled by a mob at the Revolution of 1688, from which times till our own days it remained in a desolate condition, merely roofed from the weather, but always an object of interest on account of its elaborately decorated architecture. For richness of ornament its pillars may be designated perfectly unique. It was likewise attractive from historical and poetical association. Beneath its paved floor lie the barons of Roslin, said to have been buried in their armour, a circumstance not unnoticed by Sir Walter Scott in the ballad of 'Rosabelle':

'There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapel;
Each one the holy vault doth hold—
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle.'

Thus in cold vacuity stood Roslin Chapel

throughout the eighteenth and far on in the nineteenth century, when by the revival of taste, it was cleansed and restored in all its original beauty by the late Earl of Rosslyn. It is now fitted up for public worship. Along with Hawthornden on the opposite bank of the North Esk, it forms an object of pilgrimage to tourists with a taste for the picturesque when visiting Edinburgh.

Another of the minor restorations is that of the ancient church of St Bride, in the town of Douglas, and close to Douglas Castle, the seat of the Douglasses, in the upper ward of Lanarkshire. Violated at the Reformation, and with so much of it destroyed that the only remnants of the original building were an aisle and spire, it still remained the burial-place of the Douglasses. Recently, the building has been dressed up and re-roofed, due regard having been paid to the preservation, as far as possible, of its original appearance and character, the whole being executed by Lord Dunglass, who succeeded in right of his mother as the lineal representative of the Douglas family. In the inside of the church, the repairs and restorations are extensive, costly, and beautiful. Among the old and partially defaced monuments which have been tastefully restored is that of the Good Sir James Douglas, the friend of Bruce, and the hero of Scott's 'Castle Dangerous.' A new monument, far excelling in splendour any of the old ones, is that erected to the memory of the late Countess of Home.

A more important restoration was effected on the Abbey of Jedburgh, one of the group of monastic establishments, including Melrose, Dryburgh, and Kelso, situated in a pleasant part of the south of Scotland. Of these the Abbey of Jedburgh, which alone has had the good fortune to be repaired and put in order, dates from the twelfth century, and exhibits specimens of architecture from the Norman to the decorated period. This variety is partly due to the vicissitudes it had the fate to undergo. In the first place, it suffered severely in the wars which ensued on the death of Alexander III., 1286. Next, from its proximity to the Border it was always in the way of being injured by invading armies from the south. And as has been said, it suffered heavily from the invasions in the reign of Henry VIII. After these successive attacks, there were costly repairs to be executed on doorways, turrets, or something or other, which formed a heavy drain on the resources of the ecclesiastical community. Hence the remarkable difference of styles of Gothic which crept over the building; for the older architects did not ordinarily execute serious repairs or make additions in the style of the original, but introduced work of a more ornamental character, according to what was prevalent at the period. In this manner Jedburgh Abbey may be taken as a good specimen of different varieties of Gothic, from the plain to the richly decorated, over a space of three hundred years. The building might be said to embody a large section of history in its devices and stone carvings. Thus, we hail it as an enduring and very precious memorial of the past.

Though sacked at the Reformation, the building was not destroyed. A portion of it was appropriated as the parish church, which church was within our recollection a hideous huddle of pews

and galleries, to make way for which, as in similar cases, the old pillars were hacked, and everything like architectural elegance utterly destroyed. The parts of the building not so misused were left to go to ruin. As the whole structure was in a feeble condition, it must soon have sunk to a heap of rubbish but for the generous liberality of the present Marquis of Lothian. Animated by a noble enthusiasm, his lordship made extraordinary exertions to effect the restoration of the building, to the extent of clearing it out from end to end, and preserving it from dilapidation. To do so, he erected a new parish church, at a cost of eleven thousand pounds; he built a new residence for the minister, at a cost of three thousand pounds; and expended, it is believed, over ten thousand pounds on the rectification of the Abbey, and the means to preserve it; making a total of nearly twenty-five thousand pounds. The architect, who carried out the improvements in strict conformity to the style of the parts injured, was Mr Robert Anderson. The work was completed in 1877. The building so restored was not covered in with a roof, which is to be regretted. Possibly the walls were thought to be in too feeble a condition, with some parts bent from the perpendicular; but we believe modern science is not devoid of resources to sustain a roof without endangering the fabric or encroaching on the character of the building. However this may be in the present instance, Jedburgh Abbey, though only a repaired ruin, is preserved for the purpose of shewing what the building was like in the olden time, and so far it is a generous and acceptable contribution to archaeology.*

Besides the foregoing restorations, might be mentioned those of the churches of Biggar, St Vigean, Seton, and one or two others. As regards Seton Church, it invokes a special interest. It was the chapel connected with the palace of Seton, the seat of the Earls of Winton, an ancient family, whose possessions were forfeited and titles attainted in the person of George the fifth Earl, for his accession to the rebellion on behalf of the Stuarts, 1715. He appears to have been impelled to take this step by the violence of a body of East Lothian militia, who, on suspicion of his loyalty, broke into his chapel, defaced the monuments of his ancestors, desecrated their sepulchres, and committed other outrages, which brutality met with no check from the authorities, and induced the Earl to attach himself to the cause of the insurgents. After his trial and condemnation, he escaped from the country. His estates ultimately came into possession of the Earls of Wemyss. The chapel having merged into a sadly dilapidated condition, has been partially restored by the present Earl of Wemyss.

The success which has attended the repair of Jedburgh Abbey, suggests the possibility of doing something towards the restoration of the Abbey of Melrose. The western portion of the nave is gone, level with the ground. But the remaining part of the nave, the transepts, and the choir, all so finely alluded to in the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' are entire, or nearly so. A barbarous attempt to transform the nave into a parish

church has left some coarse masonry, which has perhaps been the means of saving the part of the nave that is now in existence. It might accordingly be worth consideration whether an effort should not be made to clear away the extraneous masonry, re-roof and repair the fabric generally, effecting such restorations on the mutilated ornamental parts as would to some extent bring back the original appearance of the structure. We merely throw out this as a hint to those immediately interested in the preservation of this exquisitely beautiful work of art. It is very much to be lamented that commonplace modern dwellings have been allowed to crowd in upon the vicinity of the ruin. These would require to be removed.

The Story of St Giles and its restorations must be left for another article. W. C.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

BY D. CHRISTIE MURRAY.

CHAPTER XIII.—AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

'Jack,' said Polly, suddenly breaking into sobs, 'don't be an angel.'

I REMEMBER how the darkness swallowed up those two flying figures, and I recall the blank of waiting terror which ensued. I remember the hurry and bustle in the house, the lanterns flitting to and fro in the fields, the faint cries of the distant searchers as they hallooed to each other. The lights flickered here and there, and the voices called, until the trees about the lawn grew black with the darkness of the night. Then the search was given up, and Cousin Will came back to the house with the serving-men behind him. Gascoigne had slipped out, and I was left alone. The terror I was in was mingled with the keenest watchfulness, and I could declare now, after all this lapse of time, to the merest incident or sound of that dreadful hour.

I suppose that the seeds of fever must have been within me when this shock came, and that with or without it I should certainly have had to face an illness sooner or later. But with the shock they sprang to life at once, and for many and many a day the outer world was dark to me. I know now that my delirium lasted six weeks; but in fever, the time which sane mortals count by goes for nothing. I lay in pitch-black darkness for whole eternities, a prey to an unimagined and unimaginable fear; and I knew then as well as I know now that the terror was nothing more or less than the stranger's face.

At the end of all this, I remember falling very slowly indeed, into some great gulf of night, which hid me from that overmastering awe, and closed softly over me with such a benediction of rest and sleep as only a return from madness ever knew. And into this blessed gulf of forgetfulness I sank so far, that when I woke again the very shadow of my fear was gone. I heard the gurgle of water, and lay with closed eyes and listened. There was the rustle of leaves somewhere near, and the whispering sound of a woman's dress, and the quiet step of a woman's feet were close to me. Something cool and soft touched my forehead—a woman's hand. A cool drink was put to my lips, and I do not believe that ever an Arab pilgrim found a draught more sweet at the desert well.

* A small volume, by James Watson, entitled 'Jedburgh Abbey, Historical and Descriptive,' and illustrated by lithographs, has been published by David Douglas, Edinburgh, 1877.

It is worth while to have been ill to experience the first delights of getting well again. I did not open my eyes to see who administered the draught; I was too utterly weak to be curious. When, after another blessed restful sleep, my eyes opened of themselves, I saw that I was in my own bedroom, with its sloping roof, and the honey-suckle was murmuring and bowing at the window. My nurse, whoever she might be, sat at the window looking out upon those wide-spread fields, which I could see in languid fancy as I lay. What made the languid fancy clearer was that I could hear the village lads at cricket. I knew the crack with which bat and ball came together, though it was faint with distance; and the murmurous voices of the players floated in at the open casement as though they were part of the perfume of the fields.

My attendant moved noiselessly in her chair, and drawing a letter from her pocket read it through. I meantime perused her face, and read no line of anything but good there. It was a face of singular beauty, or seemed so to me, and its chief characteristic was a sort of ineffable gentle softness. It was a face in which the weakest and poorest thing that breathes, the most timid and most helpless might have had instant faith and trust. It was so gentle and tender in its look, so harmless and so sad, that it filled me, though I lay there as a sick child, and nigh death's door, with a sense of pity and affection, and a vague feeling of desire to protect and defend. We grow backward in wisdom as we leave childhood behind us, because we leave intuition and trust to observation. And most of all do we lose, in losing that wisdom of affection which makes the child so far better a creature than the accomplished man or woman. I knew already the look of patient sorrow in the eyes of age, and it needed no more than even my childish experience of the world to know that such a look was as piteous as it is happily uncommon in the eyes of girlish beauty at eighteen. That grief should visit the loveliest eyes can hardly be surprising even to a child; but that grief should have made such eyes her home, I knew to be out of the natural course of things. There was no mistaking the sorrow of this face, for any guest of Fancy's who came to spend a casual hour and say good-bye. It was too plain that the guest had stayed there long, and made a home there. Looking at that face now in the afterlight of later years, I can see the traces of Sorrow's old abode. As I lay there looking at her, my attendant put the letter in her bosom, and sat still with her hands clasped on her lap, and one or two large silent tears ran down her cheek. A low and timid rap came to the door; and wiping her eyes hastily, she arose and moved noiselessly across the room. There was a whisper at the door; she answered 'Yes' in a voice which sounded softer than the whisper, and I was left alone. I fell asleep again, and awoke in the night. A shaded lamp was on the table, and in the grate a bright but small fire was burning. Beside the fire was a figure so homelike and familiar, that for a minute I almost fancied myself back in the old cottage in the Black Country.

'Sally!' I said, in a voice so weak and ghost-like that I myself scarcely heard it.

But Sally heard it, and turned an anxious face

towards me. God bless the face! Plain as it was, love and sorrow dwelt there too, and made it lovable. She rose and came to me, and smoothed my hair and kissed me. I could see that she was greatly moved; but she struggled hard to hide the joy and agitation which this first sign of returning consciousness had brought to her. 'O Johnny!' she said in a whisper, and then gave a great gulp. 'Go to sleep dear. There's a darling. You know me again now, Johnny—don't you?'

'Yes,' I said, in that phantom voice the fever had left me.

She stroked my hair again, and resumed her seat by the fireside. But she could not rest there. She came back again, and sat down by the bedside, and took my hand beneath the bedclothes, and held it. I dozed, and woke to find her there. I dozed again, and woke to find her there. The faithful creature never moved from that affectionate guard except to smooth my pillow or to give me drink. After a fever, one's capacity for sleep is amazing. I fell into sound slumber at last, still holding Sally's hand; and when I awoke again it was broad daylight, and the sad and gentle presence of yesterday was there again. I could have almost believed that my interview with Sally had been a dream; for there sat my attendant as if I had only closed my eyes upon her for a second, reading a letter at the window; and the sad attitude of her figure and the expression of her face were as unchanged as if she had been a picture. I moved involuntarily, and she arose and came to me.

'Are you thirsty, dear?' she asked.

'No,' I answered, in a stronger voice than I had been able to find the night before; 'I am very hungry.'

'That's right,' she said. 'Wait a minute, and you shall have some breakfast.' With a caress she went away; and returned after a brief absence with beef-tea and jelly and some long strips of thin toast. In the rear came Sally; and my attendant turning round upon her, said: 'You ought to be in bed, Troman.'

'Yes, Miss,' said Sally in a whisper; 'but let me see him eat a bit, Miss—just a bit—only a little piece, Miss.'

The young lady smiled at this; and I thought then that, but for the lasting sorrow in her eyes, the smile would have been a very bright and merry one. It seemed at least as though it had a native right to be so; but the abiding sorrow held it down, and made it sadder than her sadness.

Sally held me up in bed, with a shawl wrapped round me, whilst the young lady fed me. I have eaten good dinners in good company since then, but I have never since found food so sweet. For a day or two all my chronicle is of eating and drinking and sleeping. Had food and drink and couch been the poorest and coarsest of their kind, I should have found them all enjoyable in the full tide of returning health; but as it chanced that they were all of the best that love and money could procure, I revelled in them with absolute physical enjoyment. Sally and the new and unknown lady and Aunt Bertha and Cousin Will and Gascoigne, all visited me frequently; and in the presence of each I found a feast of heart, which made that slow convalescence one of the happiest experiences of my life. I learned by-and-by that my new friend's name was Maud, and

I could but notice that she and I were included in a common pity and tenderness. People lowered their voices to speak to her, as they did in my own case, as though she too were weak, and coming slowly back from some heavy illness.

On all half-holidays Gascoigne came to me, with news of my school-fellows—who was trying for this prize and who for that—who was captain of the second cricketing eleven, and who made top score, and who took most wickets in the last match against the neighbouring school at Dean. He was an enthusiastic cricketer, and I knew how much he sacrificed in spending all these summer afternoons with me; but he would not be forbidden.

The last of all my little circle to be admitted to my chamber was Polly. The Doctor had decided that I might be taken down-stairs next day. He was an odd-looking man, the Doctor; not unlike a jackdaw in outward seeming; and he stood by my bedside with a bird-like eye upon me, when the door opened, and Sally made a dart at it with a warning finger raised. The Doctor looked round. 'Aha!' he said—'the little lady. Let her come in, nurse. Let her come in.'

Polly came in with round blue eyes wide open; and climbing the bed, gravely sat down upon the pillow.

'Nurse,' said the Doctor, limping across the room, 'you will ask this young lady to be very quiet, if you please.—You will be very quiet, won't you?' He turned on Polly with his bird-like eye, and using his club-foot as a pivot to turn on. 'Eh, my dear? Eh?'

Polly nodded gravely.

'That's well,' said the Doctor, and pivoted himself round on Sally. 'No draughts to-morrow, nurse. We mustn't have the little man catch cold.'

Pursued by Sally with assurances that the greatest care should be taken of me, the Doctor limped from the room, and Polly and I were left alone. In answer to all I asked her, Polly said simply 'Yes' and 'No,' and comported herself altogether with a most supernatural and weighty gravity. The evening was advancing, and the room was growing gray with twilight. Since I had ceased to question Polly, she had spoken never a word. I was a little wounded. Perhaps illness had made me fretful and exacting, but I could not help thinking that Polly might have been better pleased to find me growing well again. We kept silence until Sally returned, bearing the lamp with her.

'Now, Miss Mary,' said Sally, 'it's pretty nigh time as you was in bed.'

'I s'an't go to bed,' Polly answered with calm decisiveness; and looking at her then, I saw that she had been crying, and was crying still.

'Why, Miss Mary,' said Sally, 'you wouldn't make a worrit in Master Johnny's room, I'm sure, an' him that poorly.'

'Jack,' said Polly, suddenly breaking into sobs, and flinging herself upon the bed, 'don't be an angel! Oh, don't, don't, Jack!'

'Why, bless your pretty little heart alive, my darlin', no!' ejaculated Sally, raising her.

But Polly would have the assurance from my own lips, and I gave it seriously. I was as unconscious of any element of comedy in that assurance as Polly herself was.

'They'm hearts o' gold,' said Sally caressingly—'they'm hearts o' gold, they am, both on 'em.'

'If oo goes for an angel,' said Polly, fixedly regarding me, 'I'll never be a good girl any more.' Then she relaxed, and kissed me fondly; and I again announced my intention not to be an angel, and so we said good-night.

Next morning I was dressed and carefully wrapped up and carried down-stairs like a parcel. I had not seen Mr Fairholt since the beginning of my illness, and I have learned since then that he had asked no questions about me, and had been apparently oblivious of my existence. When I saw him that day, I was amazed to find how old and gray and withered he had grown. He looked as if he had been as near Death's door as I had. I took occasion to ask Sally if he had been ill. She shook her head in answer, and said 'No'; but I heard her murmur something about a 'peck of trouble' and 'poor old gentleman,' as she turned away.

Later in the day, when Maud was reading to me, and Polly was sitting on a footstool at my feet, Cousin Will came in, and stayed to hear the finish of *The Ugly Duckling*. When the story was read through, Maud crossed over to him and sat beside him in the window-seat. They spoke together in low tones for a time; but I heard one fragment of their talk.

'It is possible,' he was saying, 'that we may learn something from him.'

'I fear not,' Maud answered.

'We must wait awhile,' said Cousin Will.

'It would be unwise,' said Maud, 'to question him until he grows stronger.'

There they both looked at me, and I saw that the latter part of their conversation referred to me. Next day Maud said 'Good-bye,' and I was wheeled to the window to see Cousin Will drive her home. She had promised that she would come again and see me very soon; but a fortnight elapsed before we met again. I had not even then recovered my full strength, but all fear of a relapse was long since over; and Sally had told me in the morning that I was to have a good long drive that day. Maud came in a dainty little carriage, drawn by two charming ponies. She had driven alone, as I learned that she was fond of doing; but when we went away together, Cousin Will came with us. I was well wrapped up, and the autumn air was balmy and warm. Oh, the quiet yet exquisite delight of that escape from prisoning walls—the rousing motion as the two bay ponies swept along! The jingle of their harness made a merry tune, and their feet came down in time to it, and the wheels hummed to it, and birds and trees warbled and murmured in rare harmony. The free wide fields, the rolling river, and the bounteous air, what fresh delight filled them all! A road, so white it made me wink to look at it as we dashed along in the dazzling sunshine, led us at last to a pair of enormous gates of open ironwork, with much gilded scrollwork, and many gilded spikes—the veritable gates of fairyland they seemed. And a veritable fairyland it seemed within, with the vast house in the distance, whose every window shone so in the sun, that it might have been filled with diamonds and gleamed no brighter; with countless plants and flowers of strange and splendid form and hue on either side, as we swept up the

broad path leading to that noble mansion; and far away to the right a lovely sheet of water, with the latest friends of The Ugly Duckling gliding to and fro upon its placid surface. These things all led to one conclusion; and when a gorgeous creature received us at the door, a being with white hair and white stockings and canary coloured breeches and a sky-blue coat, and instead of ordering us off the premises, received us with all evidence of deep respect, I should have been less than a child had it been less than fairyland, or had Maud been other than a fairy princess.

Within the house we were encountered by a stout elderly man with a bald head and a red face. 'Hallo, Fairholt!' this gentleman shouted. 'How de doo? This the patient, eh? How's the little feller, now?—Better? That's right. Come in an' pick a bit o' somethin' or other. Lunch is on the table, an' I'm hungry enough for ten men. No blessin' like a appetite, when you've got the stuff to let it loose on.' Talking thus, he led the way into a great room, before whose glories those of Mr Fairholt's house grew pale in memory. If I had at this time nothing but memory to fall back upon, I should probably still think this apartment the most magnificent in the world. But my later knowledge of the gilded splendours of Hartley Hall has shewn me that they were a little worse than vulgar.

'No news?' asked Mr Hartley—so Will called him—Maud was mincing chicken on my plate, and the old man gave one swift glance towards her as he said it. Cousin Will shook his head in silence; and I looking at Maud, saw that her lips trembled faintly.

Mr Hartley ate gravely for a time, and looking up, caught me in the act of staring at him. He dropped his knife and fork with a crash, and laid his great red hands on the cloth and looked at me. 'By Jove!' he said slowly, looking round at Will and Maud, 'I never saw such a likeness in all my life afore. Never!'

'Such a likeness, uncle?' said Maud. 'Where?' 'Where?' exclaimed Mr Hartley. 'Why, there!' And taking up his knife again, he pointed at me. 'Why, he's the very livin' image.'

'Be calm, Mr Hartley,' said Cousin Will, rising and walking round the table to me. 'You alarm the child. He is far from strong yet.'

'Calm!' said Mr Hartley, taking up his fork and attacking his plate again. 'I'm calm enough. But it's the most extraordinary strikin' likeness I ever set eyes on in all my born days.' He looked at me again, and arose from the table.—'Take care o' the little chap, Maud,' he said with a gentleness which contrasted strongly with the haste with which he had arisen.—'Here, come with me, Fairholt; I want to speak to you a minute.'

Will left me with a reassuring pat upon the shoulder, and followed Mr Hartley to the far-end of the room, where they talked eagerly together for five minutes.

'I'll tell you what I'll do,' said Will, as they came away together towards the table; 'I'll drive over at once and bring her with me.'

'Finish your lunch first,' said Mr Hartley, ringing the bell.—'Order the dog-cart round at once,' he called to the servant almost before the door was opened.

The meal was finished in silence. The footman announced that the dog-cart was in readiness;

and Mr Hartley and Cousin Will left the room together. Maud, in evident surprise and wonder, led me to a couch near the window, and made me lie down there in the sunshine, setting up a firescreen to shade my face.

'Are you strong enough to talk, dear?' she asked me.

I answered that I felt quite strong and well.

'Shall you be troubled if I ask you what frightened you on the night when you fell ill?'

'No,' I answered. 'I saw a face at the window.'

'Gascoigne, your playfellow,' she went on, 'says that you cried out "The face!" Had you ever seen the face before?'

I told her everything then; much as I have set it down at the beginning of this narrative.

She heard me to the end, and then said with voice and eyes of appeal: 'If ever you should see him again, dear, don't be afraid of him, but speak to him. No, darling, no; he will not hurt you. It is not in his heart to hurt anything. But he is most unhappy—oh, most unhappy! If ever you see him again, speak to him, and tell him that everybody has forgiven him. Tell him that unless he comes back again, our hearts are broken. Tell him that unless he comes back again, I shall die.' There she fell forward on her knees, and drooped her head against the couch on which I lay, and broke into passionate weeping. The intensity of eagerness with which she had spoken these last words, and the uncontrolled agony of tears in which she knelt, alarmed me beyond measure. I could think of nothing to be done except to put my arms about her neck and soothe her and promise that I would—I would indeed. After a time she cried less passionately; and when she had partly resecured her self-control, she arose. 'Don't tell anybody of this, darling,' she said. 'But never forget what I have asked you.'

I promised faithfully; and she left the room, still crying, but quite quietly. I sat alone and wondered at it all, as I think I well might. The unaccustomed exercise of the drive, the hearty meal I had eaten after it, and the agitation of mind I had twice experienced, were too much for me, and by-and-by wonder lost itself in sleep. When I awoke there were voices in the room, and I had a shawl thrown over me.

'Oh,' said Mr Hartley's voice, 'so you've known him since the day he was born, eh?'

'Yes sir,' said a voice, which I knew at once to be Sally's. 'I dressed him the very second time as ever he was dressed, sir.'

Hearing this, I put aside the shawl which covered me and sat up. Sally, Cousin Will, and Mr Hartley were standing together on the rug before the fireplace, and Sally's face wore an expression of anxiety and fear.

'Did you know his mother before her marriage?' Mr Hartley asked.

'Yes sir; pore dear, I did sir,' Sally answered. 'My mother nussed her when her was a baby.'

'Hay?' said Mr Hartley. 'What did you say your name was?—Ah, Troman; of course, of course. Are you old Troman's daughter, that lived in the cottage by the quarry?'

'Yes sir, please sir,' Sally answered, courtesying.

'Well, what was his mother's maiden name?'

'Isabella Hartley, sir,' said Sally.

'Who did she marry?'

'Mr John Campbell, sir, at the Baker's Green ironworks, sir,' Sally answered.

'And he's their only child, is he?' Mr Hartley went on.

'For sure he is, sir,' Sally answered.

'That's what you'd call a chain o' evidence if you like.—Ain't it, Fairholt?' said Mr Hartley turning round upon Cousin Will, and thrusting a forefinger at his waistcoat.

'It's certainly complete enough,' Will answered.

Mr Hartley turned back to Sally. 'Did you ever see his mother's brother Ben, young woman? A blackguard bit of a chap, as run away, an' was never heard on for 'ears an' 'ears?'

'I seen him once, sir,' said Sally; 'but I never knowed no harm of him, sir. They was all decent people.'

'What'll you bet you haven't seen him twice?'

Mr Hartley asked with a twinkle in his eye.

'Well, I never!' ejaculated Sally, in a tone of sudden recognition and surprise.

Mr Hartley burst into a great roar of laughter, and catching sight of me, stopped suddenly. 'An' if here,' he said, 'ain't my new-found newew a-listenin' to it all! Why, blame me if it ain't as good as a play.—Come an' kiss your uncle, Johnny.—Bless my heart alive, missis, sit down, an' have a glass o' wine.—O nonsense, nonsense! Don't stand curtcheyin' as if you was afraid o' me. Why you an' me ought to know each other. Your mother an' my mother brought me into the world together, between 'em. Well, well, well! Bless my heart alive! An' who'd ha' thought it?'

Sally explained everything to me that afternoon as Mr Hartley's groom drove us home. When we were landed there, Sally carried me bodily to my bedroom, and setting me down upon the bed wept over me according to custom. 'And oh!' she cried at last, holding me at arm's-length by the shoulders, 'if Heaven ain't a-raisin' up friends for him everywhere.'

My aunt Bertha went over to Hartley Hall next day, and for a week or two there was a great driving to and fro between the houses. Finally, Sally was added to the list of Mr Hartley's domestics, on the understanding that she was engaged solely for my behoof and benefit; and I was transferred from the house of Mr Fairholt to that of Mr Hartley. Polly and I were alike inconsolable at first; but frequent visits were promised on either side, and once more the barque of Childhood's Hope sailed free before the wind.

COMMONPLACE-BOOKS.

THE practice almost universally followed by the great scholars in olden times, of making copious extracts from the books they read, seems to have fallen into comparative desuetude in our day. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries everybody who aspired to the character of a scholar was most assiduous in transferring to his volumes of *Adversaria* choice passages met with in the prosecution of his studies. Thus it happens that so many commonplace-books are to be found in the great collections of manuscripts in the British Museum, the Bodleian Library at Oxford, the University Library at Cambridge, the Vatican

Library at Rome, and indeed in all the public libraries of Europe.

A commonplace-book may be described as a book in which things to be remembered are ranged under general heads. In a properly ordered volume of this kind all the entries should be duly arranged under their *Loci Communes*—common 'places' or 'topics.' A great number of the classical writers of antiquity were most diligent in collecting and arranging *excerpta*. Cicero, for example, himself informs us that he never passed a day without reading and writing something at home; constantly taking notes and making comments on what he read. Plutarch always carried a commonplace-book with him, and preserved with the greatest care whatever judicious observations fell in the course of conversation; and Pliny the Younger says of his illustrious uncle, that he never read a book without making extracts from it; for he used to remark that there was no book so bad but that something interesting could be found in it.

It might perhaps be imagined that this practice of laborious transcription, though absolutely necessary in an age when literary productions, being all in manuscript, were very rare and costly, would gradually decline and die out when the printing-press had made books much cheaper and more accessible. The reverse was the case. The scholars who assisted in the revival of learning outstripped their classical predecessors in the zeal with which they betook themselves to the filling up of their ponderous commonplace tomes.

In the *Advancement of Learning*, Lord Bacon writes: 'For the disposition and collocation of that knowledge which we preserve in writing, it consisteth in a good digest of commonplaces; wherein I am not ignorant of the prejudice imputed to the use of commonplace-books, as causing a retardation of reading, and some sloth or relaxation of memory. But because it is but a counterfeit thing in knowledges to be forward and pregnant, except a man be deep and full, I hold the entry of commonplaces to be a matter of great use and essence in studying, as that which assureth copie [that is, copiousness] of invention, and contracteth judgment to a strength.'

It has been said that the practice of extracting has a tendency to cause a torpidity of recollection; for, say the objectors, a person would not have so great a care to retain a fact in his memory if he were aware that he could find it in his note-book. There is a show of reason in this objection; but it can apply only to those who make extracts from the mere love of scribbling; certainly not to those who make a proper use of their *excerpta* with the design of improving and refreshing the memory. For this purpose the notes should be frequently reperused; and by this means it cannot be denied that many facts may be preserved which would otherwise have entirely faded from the memory. As a matter of fact, many of those scholars whose powers of memory have been developed to a remarkable degree, have been most assiduous in regularly posting up their commonplace-books. The historian of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* has indeed expressed an opinion that what is read twice is retained better than what is once transcribed. But surely this reasoning confutes itself, because, before a passage is copied into a commonplace-book, it is necessary

to read that passage, which is consequently read twice and written once. It is particularly worthy of remark, that while Gibbon professed to reprehend the system of commonplacing, he was most industrious in putting it in practice. This inconsistency reminds one of the witty remark of Dr Thomas Fuller, who in his *Holy State* observes: 'I know some have a prejudice against commonplace-books, and yet perchance will privately make use of what publicly they declaim against. A commonplace-book contains many notions in garrison, whence the owner may draw out an army into the field on competent warning.'

Among other eminent men of modern times who have kept commonplace-books may be mentioned Bishop Jewell, Dr Donne, Milton, Leibnitz, Locke, and Count Joseph de Maistre. Robert Southey was an incessant maker of notes, and selections from his commonplace-books have been published in four thick quarto volumes. Benjamin Franklin commends the practice when he says: 'I would advise you to read with a pen in your hand, and enter in a book short notes of what you find that is curious or that may be useful; for this will be the best method of imprinting such particulars in your memory, where they will be ready either for practice on some future occasion, if they are matters of utility; or at least to adorn and improve your conversation, if they are rather points of curiosity.' Finally, Dugald Stewart remarks: 'What improvements in science might we not flatter ourselves with the hopes of accomplishing, had we only activity and industry to treasure up every plausible hint that occurs to us! Hardly a day passes when many such do not occur to ourselves, or are suggested by others; and detached and insulated as they may appear at present, some of them may perhaps afterwards, at the distance of years, furnish the keystone of an important system.'

It must not be supposed that erudite scholars and antiquaries were the only class of men who kept commonplace-books. The purveyors of light literature did not disdain this useful aid to study. Butler made large collections before he began his *Hudibras*; and Addison filled several folio volumes before he ventured to undertake the task of writing the *Spectator*. Again, a writer in the *Tatler* says: 'I turned to my commonplace-book, and found his case under the word *Coquette*.' Mr George Augustus Sala, one of the most brilliant contributors to the light literature of our own day, has filled with his marvellous minute handwriting a vast number of elaborate commonplace-books. The example of Mr Sala, whose published works are so voluminous, and who has spent a considerable part of his life in active travel as a special correspondent, shews what may be done by acting on the principle of constantly taking notes.

If a student begins early in life to arrange extracts, and if he perseveres without intermission, he will find himself the possessor of an immense amount of valuable and workable literary material. The pasting of printed cuttings in a scrap-book or the purchase of a commonplace-book ready-made will not answer the purpose. The extracts must be selected, arranged, and copied by the person who is to turn them to profit. The earlier in life the work is begun, the better. The celebrated John Sturmius in old age used

to lament, with tears in his eyes, that he had neglected to keep commonplace-books when he was young; and Isaac Casaubon in the evening of his life used to say how deeply it grieved him to think that he had read many curious things which he had omitted to transfer to his *Adversaria*. Memoranda, extracts, and suggestions accumulate in a wonderful manner under the hand of the diligent student. Thus the late Mrs Jameson, in her *Commonplace-book of Thoughts, Memories, and Fancies* remarks: 'For many years I have been accustomed to make a memorandum of any thought which might come across me—if pen and paper were at hand—and to mark and remark any passage in a book which excited either a sympathetic or an antagonistic feeling. This collection of notes increased insensibly from day to day. The volumes on *Shakspeare's Women*, on *Sacred and Legendary Art*, and various other productions, sprang from seed thus lightly and casually sown, which, I hardly know how, grew up and expanded into a regular readable form, with a beginning, a middle, and an end.'

Enough has been said about the utility of keeping a commonplace-book; a few words may be added as to the method of arranging it. The following plan is a modification of that recommended by Drexelius, who wrote in the seventeenth century. Take two books—small quarto is the most convenient size—and entitle one of them *Adversaria* (notes or memoranda), and the other *Lemmata* (subjects or titles). The first is the receptacle of all long passages, and also of short extracts where no other matter is likely to be met with relating to the same subject. The heading of each entry should be written in the margin in a larger character than the rest, in order that it may attract attention. The extracts are to be entered as they occur, no particular order being observed. *Lemmata* is arranged on another plan. The headings are written in the margin in the same manner as the *Adversaria*, but between each a blank space of a page or half a page is to be left, for the reception of additional references. The entries in this book should consist chiefly of references and brief extracts, all long ones being inserted in the *Adversaria*. The headings need not be inserted in any regular order. When a space is filled up, a reference should be made in the margin to the page on which the subject is continued. A complete index, which must be carefully posted up in a third octavo volume, will furnish a ready means of referring to the treasures in both collections.

THE BELLS OF YARRICK.

A PROSE IDYLL, IN THREE SCENES.

SCENE I.

THE embers falling from the logs in the fireplace of the Vicarage parlour make comfortable sounds and sleepy; and the flames, playing a soft accompaniment, flicker, and wane, and flicker again. The fitful light deals tenderly with the furniture, treating it with chivalrous respect, as having seen better days; unlike the saucy sunbeams which, earlier, took delight in disclosing the rifts in the carpet, the battered condition of the chairs, the nudity of the wainscot. 'The unhealthy gloss

of newness is gone,' the Vicar would say when the nakedness of the land forced itself obtrusively upon his notice; this contentedly, and with an affectionate glance round. The remark was in sooth superfluous, but it seemed to afford satisfaction to the speaker. And though the furniture is shabby, there is an air of refinement withal. Here are we in the presence of books—books dispersed, pleasantly disordered, reposing in odd corners; faithful servants which perform double office, ministering intellectually, and distilling a subtle air of scholarship around. These the Vicar loves.

This morning an ominous stillness had reigned without. The sun had risen blood red, and its rays, expending force in breaking through the opposed phalanx of cloud, had reached the earth spent and exhausted. The clouds had flushed angrily, portending mischief; though the sunlight had triumphed at the first onslaught, the contest was not concluded. Later, on the lurid horizon great inky piles had gathered steadily from the eastward, banking themselves one upon another in mighty columns. Though the wind yet lay still, elemental strife impended. By rustics plodding homeward, soil-smeared and weary; by sun-tanned fishers making their boat garniture taut and ship-shape on the ferry beach, the foreboding stillness had been felt. Dennis Ladbroke, from the plough, had sung greeting to Harry Winn, bending over his nets. 'Wha' cheer, Ma'aster Winn? Looks main stormy!' And Harry, glancing skyward with puckering brow, had replied: 'It dea that!'

Before gloaming fell, the wind moaned, and sent forth a few fitful puffs to herald its approach. Boardsey Ferry answered responsive; with wavelets first, dimpling its face, presenting uneven surface—child's play this. Then the dark-green waters turned black. A gust or two more and the wavelets were fairly set by the ears; amongst them, confusion reigned supreme. They jostled together, slapping noisily; making great commotion when the wind blew their foam-caps into spray. Then child's play ceased, and the storm burst in earnest. Wavelets were engulfed; great rollers came surging up from the eastward, gathered in strength and volume, and fell with deafening thunder on the beach. Lightning, forked and jagged, gleamed from the cloud-rifts, intensifying the heavy pall of darkness which succeeded. Heaven's artillery roared; heavy sheets of rain beat on the seething waters.

On shore too the strife raged. Leaves whirled through the air, seeking resting-place, and finding none. Into nooks and crannies, through new-discovered apertures, the wind shrieked and screamed. Sturdy branches creaked and groaned in protestation at the disturbance; to spreading roots the strain was transmitted, and they had work to hold their own.

Yarrick is an old-world village on the east coast, where men struggle for existence in elementary fashion; unaided for the most part by mechanical appliance. Some seek the waters, and draw a precarious livelihood from them; others till the soil and sow the life-sustaining grain. Simple souls, yet none the less embodying much of the poetic tenderness of life; capable of feeling much in the soft mysticism of the autumn moonlight; to wit, more gratitude than their lips can

express when the ripened ears grow heavy at golden harvest-tide. And in an old gambrel-roofed house which nestles under the North Wold hill in this pastoral parish, dwelt the Vicar. Far removed from the turmoil of great cities, his life had glided by comparatively eventless. His it had been to minister to the poor, and by the poor he was beloved; imperceptibly but steadily he had won his way to their hearts. Where trouble had fallen heaviest, he had been ever at hand to relieve; ready in thought, quick in action, he had long since won fealty alike of the hardy sons of the soil and of the toilers of the waters.

Once when the signal had boomed from the lifeboat station on the beach, only half the crew had assembled; two were down with fever, and the rest were away. Harry Winn, master, after calling the muster-roll, had stepped forth from the boat-shed into the darkness again and again, peering in vain through the driving sleet for the missing ones. He had seen a recurrent flash far to the eastward, and he knew that a doomed vessel was on the deadly Trull Bank. Then he had returned to the shed where his mates sat silent. He was not one to display much feeling, but he was sore troubled; he had traversed that awful three miles before when the boat was fully manned, and he well remembered the terrific fight between maddened waves and straining muscles. When he was seating himself in despair, the Vicar, telling him in a few earnest words how the use of the car was new neither to himself nor to the friend who accompanied him, volunteered service. Winn had looked up doubtfully, but the Vicar's face had compelled trust. And when the first burst was over, and the boat, quivering in every plank, had emerged from the breakers, the master found that he had relied on no broken reed. Solid muscle and steady nerve were there; and henceforward the hardy coastmen opened their hearts to him whose spirit they felt had communion with theirs.

Again, when the village community had opposed an obstinate resistance to sanitary reform—such a steady dead-weight of opposition as only a village community is capable of—and when the sweet Yarrick air had been poisoned by the rotting heaps of gurbage in the back-yards of the inhabitants, typhus had swooped down with bared fangs. The defenceless village became a hotbed of infection; work stood still, families were decimated, and great sorrow fell upon Yarrick. And in this time of trial too, the Vicar was at hand; where trouble was sorest, he confronted it; his was the ready hand to succour, his the glowing sympathy to cheer. The time of trouble passed away, and now where he goes there is sunshine; tanned faces glow ruddier and smile greeting when he passes; mothers' lips move to bless him; children toddle towards him, and place baby hands in his.

As the logs in the fireplace fall together and emit a sudden blaze, his face may be studied by its light; thought characterises it, gentleness softens it; it is the face of one taking retrospect—the Vicar is looking back. And his pupil, sitting by his side, is looking forward. Gerald Herrick is about to start on his career in the army; and loving his country, he has taken mental oath to work and, if need be, to die for her. Slight and well-knit in figure, eager and intelligent, he

seems well fitted for the path he has chosen; to him life is a romantic mystery, filled with glorious and infinite possibilities. The attitudes of the two are expressive of that pleasant lassitude which steals over those who have eaten and are sheltered after having been long out of doors. They have been discussing some recent event interesting to both, and are occupied with thought.

Now Gerald speaks. 'You really think the answers I gave will have passed me, sir?'

The Vicar smiles pleasantly. 'I do, Gerald. From the report you give of them, you appear to have managed your paper most artistically.'

'Passing this examination would save me six long months. Who knows, sir, what chance of active service may not depend on it. I cannot but feel anxious.' And Gerald sighs.

'Your nervousness is only natural, Gerald, though I really believe there is no reason for anxiety. At any rate you have worked bravely and steadily; and whether you have won your cadetship or not, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you have done your best.'

The boy's eyes brighten; Gerald honours his master, and a little discriminating praise comes sweet after toil. He glances up quickly at the Vicar's face, then looks down; at sixteen the emotions are more apt to be expressed mutely than articulately. 'Denny was to wait at the post-office at Boardsey for the telegram; Winn promised not to cross the ferry without him, sir, he says.'

'Then if he is not already over, Gerald, he will have a wild crossing.'

Gerald rises, and walks towards the window. The wind without deals it a succession of heavy blows, causing it to shake noisily; and the rain, like discharged handfuls of shot, lashes it. Suddenly, through the clamour of the storm, borne fitfully but still distinctly audible, comes the sound of pealing bells. The Vicar raises his head, and his face flushes as he listens. 'Kind and thoughtful,' he murmurs; 'they have not forgotten!'

'Why are the bells ringing at this time, sir?'

'Ella was born six years ago to-night, Gerald. They ring to commemorate the little sunbeam's advent.' The Vicar's eyes have a dreamy far-off expression. Again the peal is heard; now his lips move. 'Sweet-voiced messengers, shaping their notes to Nature's moods. Well-loved sounds and sympathetic; sporting with the raging winds; borne to me in the bosom of the storm!'

Gerald holds his peace, and waits till the broken utterances cease. He has known his master in abstracted moods before this, and at such times he will listen sympathetically, in part understanding. 'How you love the bells, sir!'

'Their music is weft inseparably with the sweetest recollections of my life.' A pause, during which the Vicar gazes dreamily into the fire. 'When I sit listening to them, it all comes back to me—my father's home, my childhood, my past! When I came to Yarrick, I lost their music. I never dared to hope for its sweet companionship again; the parish was too poor to allow of even a dream of it. And then my father's friend, the patron of the living—peace be to his memory!—presented these bells to the church. Old friends come back to me—their voices pealed forth on my

marriage; and their music fell upon my ear when my child was born.'

Gerald's heart is moved towards his master; he rises and takes a step towards him, and his feeling finds outlet. 'To me too, sir, they are grown dear. I feel that when I am far away from Yarrick, I shall weave the memory of them with that of you, and shall so remember them for all time to come.'

The Vicar, recalled from his reverie, looks up into the boy's eager face; then he stretches out his hand, and says: 'Your words sound pleasantly, Gerald.' After a pause he adds slowly: 'And so you will never forget Yarrick, nor your old master?'

And Gerald answers: 'Never!'

A noise, as of the opening and closing of doors; then of voices, female treble and male bass, holding dispute concerning rain-soaked garments. The treble protestations appear to be overborne.

'That is Dennis,' remarks the Vicar, with a smile.

Then a knock, to which Gerald breathlessly responds. Set in the framework of the doorway stands the weather-beaten figure of Dennis Ladbrook. The rain trickles from his garments and collects in a little pool on the mat. As he confronts Gerald, an intense satisfaction manifests itself in every lineament of his beaming face. 'The telegram, Denny! You've brought it?'

'I hev, Ma'aster Gerald!—a rustic chuckle of delight, then a sudden drooping of the corners of the mouth—'ef un bean't melted!' The sodden cap is removed, and a piece of pulp carefully extracted from its lining. On its appearance, consternation is depicted on every face. Denny glances up from it in dismay, and then regards it with a look of deep contrition. Suddenly his face broadens out into such a beaming smile as only a rustic's is capable of producing; he takes a step forward, and in his enthusiasm brings down a heavy wet hand on Gerald's shoulder. 'Et doan't make much difference, far as I see, Ma'aster Gerald; yeu's a cadet, a cadet in Her Majesty's sarvice, spite o' rain an' weather!' and Denny dwells on his words in a mild ecstasy.

Gerald gives a gasp of relief, and sits down.

'But, how do you know, Denny?' asks the Vicar.

'Cause, sir, we overhauls this yere telagraft fore we puts it inteu its cover!' replies Denny with modest pride. Fixing his eye on the ceiling, he adds reflectively: 'An' a more flimsy ill-reg'lated cover than it's preuved I never did see, that I will say!'

At Yarrick, telegrams are evidently regarded as the common property of the village. The Vicar appreciates the humorous side of this, but seeing disadvantages, thinks it well to register a protest. 'It is as well that the postmaster should be told that telegrams are private property,' he says mildly; adding with a smile: 'Notwithstanding, that disclosure has in this case certainly brought relief.'

'So yeu's tould us fore now, sir; an' hed the telagraft come to any un but Ma'aster Gerald, 'twould 'a been different, sir. "He belongs teu us," says t' poastma'aster; "doan't he?" An' Winn an' me says: "He deu so." "Then we'll read his telagraft," says t' poastma'aster; an' he reads un. Then he says to me: "Denny, doan't

you tell t' parson what I's done!" an' I says: "No, I wun't." But comin' along, I thout 'twould be more honourable like so to den; an' that's the long an' the short of it, sir! And Denny twirls his moist headgear with the air of one who has achieved moral triumph.

The Vicar has by this time turned to congratulate Gerald; and as he does so, the door is gently pushed open, and a golden-haired maiden enters, aged seven, blue-eyed. The Vicar catches her up in his arms, and facing round, says: "Sunbeam, congratulate the conqueror! Gerald has passed his examination, and is become a great man—a soldier!"

Ella eyes the great man coquettishly, and the great man blushes. "Will you play the drum, soldier?"

"I am afraid not, Ella."

The interrogator, nestling on papa's shoulder, grows thoughtful. "Will you wear spurs?"

"Yes; I hope to have that privilege, Ella."

She looks more content, but still thoughtful; parity of circumstance is causing her to recall a scene from her last Christmas pantomime. After a pause the fair face is upturned, and the eyes seek the ceiling; tragically raising a dimpled hand she says slowly: "And will you fight for me and my country?"

Gerald is growing a little embarrassed. "O yes, Ella; that I will, when there is occasion to," he answers.

"Then I do congratulate you, dear soldier!" Both the rosy hands are extended; and the boy, after pausing for a moment, steps forward and chivalrously kisses them.

The Vicar's eyes brighten at the enactment of the little comedy. Gerald crosses to the far side of the room, lights the lamp, and makes endeavour to spread out the paper pulp which was once a telegram.

Ella's eyes now rest in consternation on Denny. "Oh! Denny, how vewy vewy wet you are; and on the fur mat too!" (Ella was inexact; the fur had long since disappeared.) "Have you weally come from Boardsey to-night, Denny?"

"Yes, Missy, I hev."

"And have you cong'at'l—g'at'lated Gerald, Denny?"

"I's now goin' teu, Missy." Denny makes preparation by clearing his throat and restlessly glancing over to where Gerald sits. Gerald looks back with a smile; the Vicar leans an arm on the chimney-piece; Sunbeam gazes at Denny in expectation, much impressed by his attitude.

The twirling of the hat is recommenced, the eye becomes fixed on a remote spot, as before, and Denny thus delivers himself: "In a few days, Ma'aster Gerald, you'll be leavin' Yarrick, an' you think you's goin' away from th'ould place all lonely like; but you an't. Why? 'Cause you's mistaken, Ma'aster Gerald. Mebbe you don't mind the time when you fust come t' Yarrick, an' I larned you rabbitin', an' that ould doe ferret bit yer finger bad; you was a little un then, Ma'aster Gerald."

"O yes, Denny, I remember it," murmurs Gerald.

"Anyways, I han't forgot those days. I's been turnin' an' turnin' 'em over in my mind o' late; an' yesterday I goes up to Uncle Ben, an' I says to him: "Uncle Ben, did I larn Ma'aster Gerald

rabbitin', or did I not?" "You did so, Dennis," he says. An' I says to him: "Then shall I let Ma'aster Gerald go out soldiering all alone to furrin parts?" An' Uncle Ben says: "You beem right, boy, you shanna!" An' then he an' me goes into the bar-parlour of the *Three Mariners* to see t' sergeant w' they ribbins who was there. An' we all has a drink together—porter it was; an' then Uncle Ben he ups an' asks t' sergeant whether I could 'list. "Ay, ay," says the sergeant, as he slips a shilling into my hand; so that where you goes, Ma'aster Gerald, there I goes teu." The rotary movement of the cap accelerates; Denny's face has become very red, and his voice quavers like the village flute. "An' so, Ma'aster Gerald, whether it bes Rooshia, or whether it bes Prooshia, or whether it bes Injy, you'll al'ays have me to look arter you!"

"Bravely said, Denny!" exclaims the Vicar.

Sunbeam focuses and reflects the distributed enthusiasm; she clasps her dimpled hands together and cries: "Bwavo! dear Denny; how welly bwave of you!"

And Gerald, with his face aglow, has risen and clasped the honest fellow's hand. "Denny," he says, "I cannot express all I feel."

The orator is overcome. "Nor me neither, Ma'aster Gerald!"

The Vicar becomes absorbed in the contemplation of an ornament on the chimney-piece. Suddenly he is recalled to consciousness by a vivid gleam of lightning eclipsing the soft glow of the firelight, and making every object in the room stand out sharply in its dazzling light; it is followed by a deafening peal of thunder, and a gust of wind which shakes the house to its foundations. As though this were a last despairing effort of the elements, a sudden calm falls, the fury of the storm seeming to have exhausted itself.

Ella has buried her face in her father's shoulder.

"'Tis as wild a night as Yarrick has seen sin' I's lived here!" comments Denny, awe-stricken.

"The storm is passed away now, Sunbeam," at length whispers the Vicar.

Sunbeam looks up blinking. "Are you quite sure it is past, papa?" she says. "Is it gone to Boardsey, I wonder?"

The group are still together in the Vicar's parlour when a hurried knocking is heard at the door; and in another moment Harry Winn, drenched, breathless, and with the face of one who bears news of sad catastrophe, appears on the scene. "Thet last hev been teu much for 't, sir," he gasps. "The belfry's gone by the board, and nary a whole bell's left to tell the tale!" and the rough fellow turns that he may not see the sorrow he feels is writ on the face of him to whom the chimes have been the music of half a lifetime.

And he, the Vicar? Sweet associations of the past had caused those inanimate bells to become to him ministers of divine sympathy, and to him the light seems suddenly to have gone out. He attempts to meet his trouble with a smile, but his face refuses to misrepresent the sorrow of his heart. In a moment Ella steps towards him, and a soft little arm steals round his neck in mute sympathy. Then he turns, catches her up in his arms, and kisses her twice. "Ran, Ella, and tell

nurse to wrap you up,' he says. 'We will go out and see if perchance there be any merely wounded left amongst the slain; if not, we must find a fitting resting-place for them.' He pats the sunny head and smiles down. 'We must bury Angelus and Silvertongue side by side.' And Ella trips away. Turning, he says: 'Go, Winn, and you, Dennis, to where they are fallen—I will join you directly.' 'We will, sir!' the two cry, experiencing instant relief on being put into action.

The Vicar nods cheerfully, and closes the door on them, then draws his chair up to the fire and sits down. His face is thrown back, his hand is passed across his forehead, and his lips move. In this brief moment he takes leave of the loved messengers now lost to him.

Gerald steps forward, and his master asks dreamily: 'Is that you, Gerald?'

'Yes sir.'

Then the Vicar looks up. 'The death of the bells must not banish your success from our minds,' he says. 'You will recollect the coincidence of their fall with the commencement of your new career; it seems that the last sound they uttered was a joy-peal at the news!'

'Sir, Yarrick is poor, and cannot replace them.'

'No, my boy; they are gone for ever.'

Gerald is strangely moved by complex feelings, gratitude for the years of patient care in the past preponderating; he takes a step forward, and his voice shakes as he speaks. 'You refer to my success, sir, and I would tell you how doubly dear it is to me now, and why. Wherever my fortune may lead me, and however I may be occupied, I will never, never forget this night!' The boy's face glows with enthusiasm as he continues. 'In distant lands, fighting for my country, I will win rank and fame; and directly I have the means, I will gratify the dearest wish of my heart; and the sounds that you love, sir, shall once more fall upon your ears, to remind you of me!'

And the Vicar listening, is content. He thinks that the loss of the bells has indeed brought ample compensation.

ANIMALS I HAVE KNOWN AND LOVED.

BY A LADY.

CONCLUDING PAPER.

I now come to my last notice of animals—Dogs. Before I give an account of those I have known, I will relate a circumstance which took place in the south of England. The facts were well known to my father, who when a young man, resided in Somersetshire. An old couple, man and wife, kept a toll-bar; and their sons were accustomed at certain times to come and take away the money to the neighbouring town. A farmer who lived near was in the habit of passing through the bar when he drove his gig; but when on horseback, he took a shorter way across the fields by a bridle-path. He was generally accompanied by a dog, a very intelligent and powerful mastiff. The old woman kept a small store of gingerbread, nuts, and tobacco-pipes, and often gave the dog a cake, as she was very fond of the animal. One evening the farmer having some business to transact

before he returned home, left his coat in the room of the inn he frequented, telling his dog to remain until he came back. The business being over, while he was putting on his coat he observed three rather evil-looking men sitting drinking; but he gave no particular heed to them, whistled to his dog, and mounting his horse, rode away. Avoiding the road and the toll-bar, he was crossing the last field near home when he missed the dog; but supposing the animal had gone on before, he did not trouble himself. Meanwhile the dog, instead of following his master home, had gone straight on to the toll-bar and scratched at the door. The old woman opened it, and the dog walked in and lay down before the fire. She wondered to see him, as it was getting very late, but presently remembered that the farmer had not passed through that day. She opened the door and tried to send the dog home; but he would not go; so the old man told his wife to let him alone, and when they went up-stairs to bed, the dog followed them and lay down.

Early in the morning they were roused by the breaking of the casement window, and by the voice of a man who, standing on a ladder, opened it, and speaking to the woman, said if she would be quiet and give him all the money that was in the house, he would not hurt her or her husband. He jumped into the room; but no sooner had he done so than the dog sprang at him, seized him by the throat, and held him fast. It was market-day, and as the country-people came, they guessed something was the matter, as the gate was fastened, and no one answered their call. They went to the back of the house, where they saw the ladder. A young man climbed up and looked in, and beheld the poor old couple sitting up in bed, and almost paralysed with fear at the scene which had been enacted on the floor: the man, who was afterwards recognised as one of the three who were together in the inn, lay dead in the grip of the faithful animal. They must have been talking of the intended robbery at the toll-house; the dog must have in some way comprehended, and gone to the rescue.

The first dog of any note that my father possessed was a black Newfoundland. He was a very powerful and intelligent animal. My father trained him well, and taught him to go from our country place to the town with a basket fastened round his neck, with notes inside for the different trades-people, who understood that he would readily give them up, and if required, would bring anything sent, safely back. He was often despatched for a car to an hotel about a mile distant. Hector would go into the yard, and the hostler knew at once what was wanted. One day there was a strange man in the yard, who could not understand what Hector meant; but the dog would not be baffled. He went straight to the bar, and gently barked to gain attention. 'Ah!' said the girl, 'Hector wants a car,' which settled the business.

At that time it was very dangerous to walk

at night in the country roads. It was before the rural police were appointed. When my father was absent of an evening, Hector was always sent to meet him. A spiked collar was put on, to protect his throat. He was told to wait at a certain place, and he never failed to be there. One evening I was walking home with my father; it was so dark we could scarcely see anything. My father said: 'We ought to have met George by this time. I told him to come with the lantern.'

We walked on a few yards, and Hector met us. He was half a mile ahead of his accustomed waiting-place. My father was a strict disciplinarian, and spoke sharply to the dog, scolding him for coming on. But I begged him not to do so, thinking there might be some good reason for his coming. When we reached the stile to cross the fields the dog was restless, and growled savagely.

'Back, Hector, back!' said my father; but the dog would not obey him, and bounded over first. 'There is something the matter,' said my father, as he took out his clasp-knife, and opened it, whispering to me: 'We may have a fight. Be sure you do not lay hold of my arm.' He then struck a light with his flint and steel, where-upon a man sprang up and moved on before us.

'Mind yourself, father,' said I; 'Hector will take care of me.' The dear creature came close to my side and put his nose into my hand. I knew he would fight for us to the death; for though as gentle as a lamb to those he loved, he was fierce as a lion in defence of them. My father was a very powerful and fearless man. He had his daughter to protect, and his spirit was thoroughly roused; but he knew it would be well to trust to the sagacity of the dog, and see what he would do. When we reached the stile he stood still and growled. My father said: 'Come, you fellows, come at once over this stile. I know you are there. Come at once, or I will set my dog upon you, and he will shew you no mercy.'

There was a movement, and one, and then another man came grumbling. Hector stood firm, uttering a low continued growl.

'Come along,' exclaimed my father; 'there are more of you. You had better be quick.'

Another came, saying 'that he had as much right to the road as we had.'

Still the dog would not cross the stile.

'There is another of you. If you do not come at once, my dog will kill you.' He saw the animal's patience was well-nigh exhausted. The last then slunk over, and the dog bounded over the stile into the lane. Then we knew the brave creature had saved us. When we came to the public-house, George, our man-servant, was sitting comfortably in the porch waiting for us with the lantern. He had seen *two* men, and was afraid to come on!

I could tell many interesting stories of this noble animal. His end was sad. When we were removing to another house, he was taken to protect some of the things that were put in the loft above the stable; the stupid man who put him there tied him up; the poor creature's feet had slipped, and when the door was opened next morning, our faithful friend was found strangled.

We had at the same time with Hector my

Blenheim spaniel Flora, the one who rescued the kittens from the pond. She was a lovely little creature, perfect in beauty; and was very fond of Hector, whom she delighted to patronise. He was roaming about the fields one day, when spying Flora in the pond he jumped in, and took her safely to the bank. This liberty the spaniel resented by barking and scolding, after which she leaped into the water again. Hector looked very humble; but still he seemed to think he must be there, lest any harm should come. A happy thought occurred to him, and walking into the water, he quietly waited till Flora climbed upon his back, and enjoyed herself, while he swam about. When she was tired, she walked quietly home. But after this, it was a constant source of amusement to let Hector loose with Flora upon his back in the water.

We had also two terriers—one a black and tan smooth-haired; the other a wire-haired, one of the bravest, most honest dogs I ever knew. The smooth-haired was called Tan. He was a thorough aristocrat, proud and haughty; very good and clever in a rat-hunt when excited and others were working too. But he was a perfect contrast to honest-hearted Tip. Near our house was a farm occupied by a strange sort of man, low, vulgar, and savage. This Farmer Oldacre had a dog the counterpart of himself, that was the terror of the neighbourhood. One day he was loose, and by some means he got hold of poor Tip and almost killed him. We saw him torn and bleeding in the yard. Everything that could be done for the poor animal was done. It was a pretty sight to see little Flora sitting by the side of and comforting her injured friend; and many a delicious morsel was given to her to take to her patient. In about six weeks Tip was better and able to run about. One day our man-servant, who had been to a distance to fetch some hay, informed us on his return that he had seen Tan on the road, and that on whistling, Tan took no notice of him. In the afternoon, we suddenly heard a noise of barking dogs. Off started Flora, and joined them. There had assembled about twenty of all sorts, who proceeded to Farmer Oldacre's, flew at his dog, and tore it to pieces. Our man-servant, who followed them for Flora's sake, told us she in her revenge was the last to be taken off from him, while Tip sat looking quietly on, taking no share in the attack. Must not those animals have communicated with each other, and thus punished with death the savage brute? These dogs had been collected together from a radius of five miles, and it was quite evident that information regarding the farmer's savage dog had something to do in gathering them together.

Tip was one of the most faithful animals. He devoted himself to our old gardener Willy. At haymaking-time he was employed to take charge of the basket of food and the beer that were sent into the field for the labourers. No one but Willy was allowed to come near while the animal guarded Willy's coat. His faithfulness, however, cost him his life. One evening in October a sudden sharp frost set in while Willy had left Tip in charge of his coat in the garden. The old man had been persuaded to go to the public-house, and was so intoxicated that he could not return home; but the dog remained still faithful to his charge; My father went to the dog to try to get him home;

but he would not come. He covered him up with a thick horse-cloth; but next morning poor Tip could not walk. He was almost paralysed; and was in such agony that they were compelled to have him shot.

Flora was so clever that I professed to teach her the multiplication table. I used small biscuits; and without any mistake she would answer my questions by pushing the right number of biscuits with her paw. Of course I never tried high numbers; and as a reward at the end of her lesson I used to say: 'Now, Flora, we will play at subtraction.' She would put her pretty head on one side, and—if there were, say, four biscuits upon the table—I would ask: 'Now, Flora; four from four, how many?' In a moment all the biscuits disappeared. Whereupon she would give a happy little bark, and run away well pleased with her performance. She was devotedly attached to my father, and in a severe illness he had would never leave him except to take a short run in the garden. One day she was taken from his room into another where the servant did not observe that the window was open. She had become so susceptible to cold from her long confinement in a warm room, that she caught a severe chill, which ended in rapid consumption.

I will now conclude with an account of Juno, the most singular dog I ever knew. When we were in Staffordshire, some years since, a female puppy was given to one of my daughters. She was a month old when we brought her home. She was partly of the hound and Lyme Hall mastiff breed, and developed into an animal of rare beauty. Her colour was a light golden brown, with jet-black muzzle, and a little white upon her throat. Her eyes were large and lustrous, resembling a fawn's. Hydrophobia being very prevalent in our neighbourhood, we were afraid of her coming in contact with any other dogs; and as she grew up, the fear of losing her compelled us to be very careful, so that she never went out without a leash. When she came to us, we had a kitten, to which she attached herself; and they were constant companions until the little creature was accidentally killed. Some time after this she saw a cat, and ran up to play with it. But puss flew at Juno and scratched her severely on the ear. She never forgot this; waited her opportunity, and killed it. From that time all cats were doomed that she could lay hold of; and our back-yard, which had been much infested by them, was kept clear of their presence for years.

Juno soon became so completely identified with us, that she did not care to associate with any other dogs. She was a most affectionate and loving creature to us all, and also formed strong attachments to various friends.

She was remarkable as a watch-dog; indeed she became quite 'a terror to evil-doers.' We felt quite secure from burglars, though the houses of many in our neighbourhood were attacked. She never barked unnecessarily. When the gate was left open for the early-morning men to empty the ash-pit, it was quite sufficient to tell her so before retiring for the night, and then she never uttered a sound. Her sense of smell was so keen that it was impossible to administer any medicine to her. Once only was this done, and it required such severe measures that those who witnessed the

scene in the yard of the veterinary surgeon have never forgotten it. One summer she was very unwell, suffering from an eruption of the skin—we supposed from a fight she had had with a cat. It occurred to me that ripe pears would do her good. She ate them with a thorough relish; and in the course of three weeks she was completely cured!

Her love for me was very great, though it was to her master she evinced the deepest devotion. When he was absent from home, she would eagerly watch for the postman, and fetch to me her master's letter, without touching any other. I had a severe illness, and while confined to the house she was my constant companion. One day I was very depressed, and had been weeping. She came to me, looked into my face, whined, patted me with her paw, and licked my hand. Seeing this had no effect in drying my tears, she snatched my handkerchief, and ran away with it to the other end of the room. When she saw me smiling, she came slowly back again, and after a little coaxing, returned it to me. Though so brave and fearless, she was highly nervous, and suffered dreadfully in a thunderstorm. If I were near her, she would hide her head in the folds of my dress. When alarmed, her face perceptibly paled. We saw a remarkable instance of this one day when my husband returned from a funeral. Juno hearing his voice, as usual ran to meet him; but started back as if in horror when she saw him with a long black silk hat-band, and a scarf of the same material across his shoulders. Her colour left her, and it was some minutes before she recovered.

It has often been to me a matter of inquiry how much of reasoning power as distinguished from instinct is to be found in animals. The more I have studied them, and watched their various ways and acts, the more I am convinced that they are not so far in this respect removed from man as some would have us believe. Their sense of humour is great, and we all saw this frequently in Juno.

But it is useless on my part to attempt to give a true description of what she really was. Dear creature, she is gone. A sad blank is left in our home, which no other can ever fill! I like in memory to look back upon 'Animals that I have known and loved,' convinced that to a great degree they are endowed with the same faculties as ourselves; the same passions that influence us are shared by them—love, hope, joy, courage, fear, and jealousy; and above all, they possess devotion and constancy. Deceit and treachery have no part in the character of a true and faithful dog. He shews no distrust, no wavering in friendship, no faithlessness in love. The love of a friend may grow cold; children may be alienated from parents, and parents from children; even between husband and wife who have been fond and confiding, 'whispering tongues' may come, and cause severance and bitter sorrow. But make a noble dog your friend, and nothing can break the bond which unites him to his benefactor. Should we not then seek to promote the welfare and happiness of all animals? We know that God has made nothing in vain. He has clothed the earth with beauty, and given to us these wonderful companions, endowed with fidelity and affection. Let us see that we use these gifts

aright, remembering our Saviour's words, that not even a sparrow can fall to the ground without the knowledge and care of our Heavenly Father.

A RUSSIAN ICE-HOUSE.

WE have received the following description of an ice-house from a gentleman resident in Moscow: he says:

The pleasure-seekers of Moscow have this year been gratified by a spectacle which, for novelty at least, has not been surpassed by anything they have witnessed for a long time. This spectacle is a house built entirely of ice. It is a copy of the one the Empress Anna Ivanovna constructed in St Petersburg on the river Neva, and the plans and description of which are kept in the archives of Moscow. From these papers, the enterprising managers of the Zoological Gardens here have obtained the details necessary for constructing a miniature copy of the imperial ice-palace. The cost of erection has amounted to three thousand roubles, or at the present rate of exchange, a little above three hundred pounds sterling; but this has already been more than covered, as the first six days of the exhibition brought in something like eight thousand roubles. The appearance of this structure is most attractive in the evening, when lit up with electric and Bengal lights. It is built on the pond of the Zoological Gardens, and occupies about fifty feet square, including the space inclosed by the ice-railing. Entrance inside is prohibited, owing, no doubt, in great measure to the damage the steps would suffer from the visitors continually passing up and down. The house itself is about twelve feet high, with a roof some nine feet higher. It is built in the form of a parallelogram; and with all due respect to the Empress Anna and to the authorities of the Gardens, reminds one more of a barn than anything else. This, however, is only an accident of shape. Looking at it when illuminated by electricity, the sight is one well worth seeing. The ice in front is of the purest, and glitters with almost dazzling brightness, and where a corner catches the light, the onlooker might imagine that it was set with precious stones. One end of the house is built of alternate pieces of dark and clear ice—a combination which, whether brought about intentionally or not, produces a very good effect, and irresistibly reminds one of a chess-board. Both at the front and back, there is a doorway in the centre of the house, and on each side three windows. Round each of these is a cornice, and between the windows plain flat columns without any capitals. These, with a large shallow shell over the doorway and a balustrade running along the edge of the roof, are the only attempts at decorating the building itself. About half-a-dozen steps lead up to the doorway in front. At the foot of these, on blocks of ice, repose two dolphins, one on each side; they in their turn are flanked each by a mortar, and at each extremity are two cannon—all of ice. To complete the building, two chimneys grace the roof. In front of the house and a little to the side are two ice-lodges, in the form of square towers. The execution of the work is worthy of all praise. The preparation of the window-panes,

made to resemble plate-glass, is said to have given some trouble, as it was first necessary to get blocks of ice of a suitable size, and then, by means of hot-irons, to reduce them to the proper thickness—about a quarter of an inch. They have the appearance of frosted glass. The preparation of the other parts, though easier, has required great care; the bestowal of which, however, has been repaid to those on whom fell the responsibility of the work, by the consciousness of having performed their task well, and by the general pleasure afforded to the public. On Saturday the 14th of February the Prince of Bulgaria, Alexander I., visited the Gardens to inspect the ice-house.

Perhaps some who read this may feel inclined to make a similar experiment on a small scale. How far it is practicable in Scotland or England, is another question; but I may mention another icy production which it would be worth trying to make—pictures in ice. Take a block of ice, smooth the surface, and paint some scene on it. The paint will soon dry; and then water should be poured over it until the block is some inches thicker. A friend of mine a short time ago saw a specimen of this, and declares the effect was very good. He at first thought the picture was on the outside; and it was only after examining it more closely that he found out his mistake.

THE ELVES.

With the noiseless beat of fairy feet,
Merrily race, without a trace,
The fays athwart the green;
While overhead the moon rose-red,
Showers the light of noonlike night
The charmed boughs between.

The bird may sleep in slumber deep
Upon its spray when fairies play,
Nor wake before the dawn,
For Zephyrs' sigh were tempest high
Amid the trance of elfish dance
Across the moonlit lawn.

Now in and out the joyous rout
Their mazes weave at shut of eve,
When pipes the nightingale;
Or hollow note from the owl's pied throat
May music be for their wild glee,
When softer tunings fail.

Their drink the dew, a merry crew!
From acorn cup they drink it up,
And wild with that draught made,
They dance amain till all are fain
Their play to close, in soft repose,
On beds of clover laid.

But Chanticleer, the morn now near,
Preludes the song of feathered throng
Through all the country-side:
Away they go!—like falling snow
Upon a stream, or winged dream,
They vanish unespied.

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PRIOR 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ d.

NERVOUS DEPRESSION.

Nor many of the present generation belong to that fortunate class who boast that they were 'born before nerves were invented.' On the contrary, there is in these days a very general acquaintance with their power, and sometimes a very distressing familiarity with the suffering they can inflict. The favoured few who know little or nothing about them, find it hard to believe how real and how severe this suffering often is. If a man breaks his leg or has a fever, they can understand that there is something the matter with him; but if his complaint is 'on the nerves,' they sometimes rather hastily conclude that it is altogether a trivial matter, and perhaps exists entirely in the sufferer's imagination. This has often led to the infliction of great cruelty, in aggravating, by contemptuous and unjust censure, what was already sufficiently hard to bear. No doubt there may be spurious forms of this disorder, as of some others. Fine ladies may have 'the vapours' for want of an occupation; but this in no way proves that nervous depression in general is fancied and fictitious. It is as real a complaint as consumption or scarlet fever, and as little to be trifled with.

Strange details of nervous impressions could be given by sufferers, and those who have received their confidences. A lady assured us that she at one time used constantly to hurry past a high wall or building, lest it should fall upon her. Another, that she would stand trembling with her hand upon her schoolroom door, summoning all her resolution to sustain her in the effort to go in to give her pupils their ordinary lessons. And the prospect of a journey, even though short, has been most formidable, indeed terrible, to persons in this condition. Apprehensions of all kinds are common symptoms, from groundless alarms of robbers in the night to forebodings of every possible disaster to body or mind. And these are sometimes accompanied by sensations or affections which are merely physical, such as giddiness, nausea, trembling, or palpitation. The

victims constantly complain that life is a burden. Now the first thing for nervous sufferers to do is to accept two facts—first, that their complaint is curable, and second, that the chief part of the cure rests with themselves. If they 'give way' and 'give up,' they may go from bad to worse. If they will strive resolutely and take proper means, they may live to smile at their past troubles.

First of all, there is very often an undue strain upon the system, which ought to be lightened. We speak now of workers, and specially of brain-workers. The human machine is like a clock; it requires weights to keep it going. But in these days the weights are often too large and heavy, and strain the machinery. In cases of nervous depression, they may need to be reduced by perhaps a tour or a short trip, according to circumstances; a sea-breeze, a blow of mountain-air, a glimpse at the Rhine and Switzerland, and back again to moderate work. If the occupation followed be unhealthy or too exciting, a change of pursuit may be imperative. But to release the sufferer from all duties would be a cruel kindness; idleness is a very hotbed for morbid growths of every kind. Residence too is a point not to be lost sight of; a low-lying damp locality is of course unfavourable. So is one with very gloomy surroundings or associations.

The spring is often a trying season to those who are not strong, and especially to sufferers from nervous depression; they find their painful sensations strangely aggravated without any apparent cause, and are sometimes ready to conclude the worst. It is well for them at such times to remember the old saw, 'Frightened is half-killed,' and to reassure themselves by the simple fact that they are but feeling acutely what others also feel, though in a lesser degree.

An unhealthy or too sedentary occupation contributes to nervous depression; and if it cannot be exchanged for a better, should be varied and relieved as far as possible. There is constantly, indeed usually, some weakness of digestion, requiring care in the diet, for dyspepsia is often almost

the sole origin if not the whole of the complaint. The use of a suitable tonic is generally desirable: often a very simple one is preferable—quinine and iron, or some such mild aids to appetite and assimilation. Some medical men prefer pepsine and similar preparations; others use strychnia, phosphorus, zinc, and various formidable drugs. Only, whatever medicine is used, let it be prescribed by a qualified practitioner, and the ablest you know. Above all, no quacks. Fresh air, cold water, and plenty of exercise, will do the nervously depressed more good than physic. The exercise, however, should not be violent; and the cold-water treatment should be moderate and rational: plunges and other shocks are most undesirable. Sponging and brisk washing and rubbing are in every way helpful. The improved, gentler system of hydropathic treatment is well suited for really nervous patients. But, as he hopes for recovery, let the nervous sufferer avoid resorting to alcoholic stimulants for relief: these are certain to retard his cure, and very likely to entangle him in dangerous habits. The momentary elation, followed as it commonly is by the certain and often severe reaction, is among the worst things possible for an enfeebled nervous system. If any one suffering in this way cannot entirely dispense with stimulants, let him or her be assured that the daily allowance had far better be diminished than increased. In proportion as the patient depends upon stimulants for support, will the process of recovery be longer and more difficult. And the same remark is perhaps equally applicable to opiates and sedatives. To meddle with these is to play with edge-tools. Whatever temporary gain there may be in their use, is too often counterbalanced, and far more than counterbalanced by the subsequent reaction and prostration—the very things which of all others nervous patients are most concerned to avoid.

And now we come back to a truth which we scarcely expect such sufferers to accept readily, but which is nevertheless beyond question—the chief part of the cure lies with the patient. Not all, but by far the most important, and the hardest. Change, exercise, fresh air, diet, tonic—all these together will not cure any one who gives up and gives way. The aim of the patient must be to disregard and even defy his sensations, impressions, languor, or whatever form his sufferings may take, and just go on as usual, doing all he can to forget self. Nervous people often rally wonderfully under pleasant excitement, sometimes even under sudden trial. They surprise their friends by their activity and endurance, and accomplish the otherwise impossible. Let us illustrate our meaning in one or two particulars. Suppose a patient so severely depressed that he can hardly be persuaded to move; he must begin—he must try. Let him summon all his energy and self-command; let him walk round his garden, or fifty yards on the road to-day, and return satisfied that he can at least do so much. The next day let him go farther—twice round or more, a hundred yards along the road, and so on; daily increasing his self-appointed task, and daily proving to himself that he really can do what he once thought or feared he could not do. The same principle applies to other efforts, according to the form of the malady. Persevere in resolute resistance to the difficulty,

whatever it may be; and use each victory, or degree of victory, as a step towards further advances. No brooding over troubles and watching for symptoms. Giving up is fatal; resolution and hope gain the victory, with the help of Providence. And even as to fears, forebodings, and so forth, the same direction, in substance, will apply. A lady told the writer that after a period of acute suffering from various apprehensions, she one day said to herself: 'Now I have long been fearing all sorts of things, and they do not come; I have had all manner of distress, and dreaded what has never yet happened. Nothing that I have been so alarmed about has really occurred. I will allow these tormenting fears no longer.' And she resolutely dismissed her apprehensions. Like the thinker who

Fought his doubts, and gathered strength,

she strove against, and in time overcame her gloomy and groundless forebodings, and now lives to encourage others, to preach hope and cheerfulness and trust. To tell a nervous sufferer that there is nothing whatever the matter with him, is most cruel, and far from true. To tell him that he must be his own best doctor, and that much of his cure lies in his own hands, is the simple truth, and ought not to be at all discouraging, but rather the reverse.

Not a few of the habits of modern life strain the nervous system considerably; hurry and excitement are far too prevalent. 'Taking things coolly' should be at least endeavoured by those who may have much in their work calculated to stimulate the mind or the feelings. Excess of any kind is constantly the parent of nervous depression. So too are exciting amusements, such as gambling. Too much novel-reading is an unsuspected but often very powerful contributing cause. Overwork, alas! is one which it is not so easy to remedy as to denounce.

Little to earn and many to keep,

often strains the nerves and brain too heavily. What is sometimes ridiculed as 'a hobby' is of the greatest use to hard-worked men: music, gardening, a lathe, even rabbits or canaries will serve the purpose. The hobby should be readily accessible, and for most people inexpensive; but it should involve an entire change of thought and occupation, and be as little connected as possible with the individual's ordinary business or pursuit. A good hobby is often a wonderful relief to the over-taxed mind. Too little exercise and too much tea ruin the nerves of many a woman. Men often try theirs by indulging too freely in the use of tobacco. Young men and, above all, growing lads are very unwise if they employ tobacco at all. Their elders have more excuse; but the vigour of youth cannot require it, and certainly will not profit by it. The diabolical cruelty of frightening young children is almost certain to sow the seeds of nervous weakness; so does harsh treatment in later childhood. And over-driving and harassing young lads and girls, whether at books or work, all tends in the same direction. Competitive examinations have to answer for some cases of enfeebled nerves.

Simple habits, moderation in all things, cheerful amusements or pastimes, and reasonable care, will go far to prevent nervousness. But when,

through ignorance, indiscretion, hereditary tendency, or affliction, it has been developed, the sufferer will do well to give all heed to the foregoing hints, and to take for his motto—Hope on, hope ever.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER XIV.—HISTORY.

You do not need the sanctities of love to hold you pure in heart, as I do.

FRANK'S picture occupies the place of honour on the walls of the Winter Exhibition of the Associated Brotherhood of British Artists. A clique of Frank's friends and admirers go about town proclaiming the advent of a new Turner; whilst a clique of his detractors go about town proclaiming Frank an impostor, and his picture a pretentious failure. In my capacity as story-teller I have a right to a voice in this matter; and I may take leave to say that the picture is a good picture, and is very near being a great one, and that only a man of genius could have painted it. The World of Fashion, interesting itself in the affairs of British Art, is divided into hostile camps upon this question; and Frank becomes a Lion, roaring mildly in many drawing-rooms; and being growled at in many others, by lesser Lions envious of his fortune. In this mixed world there are many artists who are not gentlemen, just as there are many gentlemen who are not artists. It is not surprising, therefore, since envy is a human passion, that some few should go about to accentuate the young fellow's triumph by sneering at him as one who paints with ease to shew his breeding. Frank is not without a sense of humour; and since he never envied mortal man anything, and envy cannot sting him, he takes the detraction good-humouredly, and the worship with more inward humility than might be believed.

It is a matter to be thankful for that in this world the best truths are the tritest. We have reason to be thankful that sin brings punishment in its train. If punishment hang fire or miss, it will be the worse for us. If I sin, let retribution lay a hand upon me, that I may thereafter live cleanly and learn wisdom. But let it be that the wisdom shall be early learned, for that man's lot in life is terrible from whom sorrow slips like water, and who, so, needs to be drowned in it before his heart is cleansed. I have laboured but in vain to paint this man if I have not shewn already that with him remorse is the gate which leads to folly, as surely as folly is the gate which leads to remorse, and that for him there must be something little less than a convulsion of the universe before he escapes that demon's circle. Since the night when last we saw him, remorse has been busy with him, and he has made a strenuous effort against himself, and has for the most part succeeded in keeping out of harm's way. It is a good sign in him that praise humiliates him inwardly. Most of all he is humbled by Maud's innocent triumph and gratulation, conveyed by the liveried Cupid of the penny-post, and breathing completest faith and love. He wears the locket which holds her portrait at his heart, and believes in it as a talisman, to save him from all wrong. And now he has been for so long a time upon the straight path, that but for his last folly he would be quite happy and contented.

On the evening of the first day of the Exhibition he had met the Secretary, a sad-eyed and mournful-mannered man, who was conspicuous as wearing the most shockingly bad hat in London. 'Let me congratulate you, Fairholt,' said the Secretary, speaking as dolefully as though he were bidding farewell before transportation. 'Lord Chesterwood wants your picture, and will give your price for it. I met him an hour after the place had closed.'

'I'm glad to know that Chesterwood likes it well enough to buy it; but I am sorry that I was stupid enough to forget to inform you that it is sold already. It was sold before the Exhibition opened.'

'You're a lucky fellow, Fairholt,' said the Secretary. 'I'll tell his lordship. Would you take a commission for a replica?'

'Not a replica,' Frank answered. 'A new work, if you like—and if Chesterwood care for one.'

With that they parted; and Frank strolling homewards, began to think that he had acted foolishly. Tasker's bill for ninety-eight pounds ten shillings was due in three days' time, and he had nothing in hand to meet it with.

'I must look Hastings up,' he said to himself; 'and either assure myself that his man is certain, or go back to the Secretary and accept Chesterwood's offer at once.'

He called a hansom, and drove to Hastings' rooms. 'I say,' he cried, bursting in suddenly—'about that fellow who was to buy my picture?'

'What about him?' answered Hastings, turning languidly on his couch. 'Is he gathered to his fathers? Has he gone a cropper on 'Change?'

'I have come to you,' said Frank, speaking seriously, 'to ask you about him. It is a matter of vital importance, Hastings. That bill of Tasker's is due in three days. I have just had an offer for the picture from Lord Chesterwood; and if I am not absolutely sure of your man, I must accept it. Now, is your man safe to buy the picture, and safe to pay at once?'

'I should say,' responded Hastings with great gravity, 'that so far as the possession of coin goes, the Bank of England is a fool to him. And I should be inclined to fancy that if he lost the chance of buying that particular picture, this hollow world could provide him with no future joy. That indeed is my deliberate conviction.'

'Will you tell me who it is?' Frank asked.

'An oath, an oath!' said Hastings with placid languor. 'Shall I lay perjury upon my soul? No; not for Venice!'

'Will you undertake to see the man to-morrow,' Frank urged, 'and ascertain if everything is right, and if his will to buy the picture holds good?'

'Before the morning dew has pleached the lawn,' said Hastings.

'You unpatented Irritator,' cried Frank, shaking him. 'Will you go?'

'Yes; I will,' said the Irritator. 'If not so swift as friendship's heart could hope, as fast as a four-wheeler can carry me.'

'When will you let me know?'

'Before the clock hath struck the hour of noon.'

'That's a promise?'

'And shall be a performance.'

The two shook hands; and Frank regaining his

cab, drove home to dress, and then drove westward to be lionised.

At an hour much earlier than that at which he usually arose, Hastings took his way to Acre Buildings, City, and was admitted to the presence of Mr Tasker, who received him with much cordiality. 'I have called,' said Hastings, business-like for once, 'to ask you about that picture of Fairholt's. I know very well that you have a grudge against him, my chosen one; but you mustn't gratify it yet. With a bill against Fairholt in one hand, and a cheque in his favour in the other, you might be inclined to be mischievous. Have you a genuine commission to buy the picture?'

For a second, Tasker felt as though his ground were slipping from beneath him. The usurer needed time to think a little. There could be no harm in letting Hastings see the intending purchaser's name. He made no answer, but rummaged over a file which he took from an iron safe, and having found the letter for which he sought, handed it over to Hastings. The letter was dated from Hartley Hall, and was signed by Benjamin Hartley. It set forth that since the writer designed a surprise for the artist, it was his wish that the purchaser's name should be kept completely in the dark, and it authorised Tasker to offer four hundred guineas for the picture. Whilst Hastings read this over, Tasker produced a copying-book from the press, and laid before him a copy of his own reply to his patron's missive. Hastings read that also, and professed himself satisfied.

'You won't break your bond with me, Mr Hastings?' said Tasker when he had put away the letters.

'A scrupulous adherence to veracity is my sole virtue,' Mr Hastings responded, with a return to his common manner.

'Yes, I know,' said Tasker, to whom that sentiment might as well have been set forth in Greek; 'but you will keep your promise?'

'Have I not told thee so, thou Hebrew Jew?' said Hastings, seating himself upon the edge of the table.

'Very well—very well,' returned Tasker, waving his hands in a manner half-deprecatory, half-submissive. 'You say what you like to me; but I will prove that I am your friend. There is drouble in store for you, Mr Hastings.'

'Your argument is cogent, my Israelite,' said Hastings. 'Experience has taught me to trace the filny nexus which is here revealed. It's a singular thing, Tasker, that I never *had* a friend who didn't say that trouble *was* in store for me. Your advancement of that statement is at once admitted as an admirable augury of the most friendly intentions. I invite you to notice that that sentence is rather well turned than otherwise.'

'You are going to be in great drouble,' said Tasker gravely, 'unless we both take great care of you.'

'Then let the stricken deer go weep,' quoth Hastings, and lit a cigar.

'Mr Hastings,' said Tasker below his breath, 'I have been in a great difficulties, and I have had to sell every acceptance that was in my hands.'

'Good,' said the other with an air of approval.

'I have been compelled to sell yours with the

others. And the gentleman was here yesterday to say that he meant to go for you. Now, Mr Hastings, this is not my fault. I am a money-lender; but I am not a scoundrel.'

'A nice distinction,' Hastings murmured, as if to himself.

'I break my faith by giving you warning. But if you do not wish to be in trouble, you had better be out of the way for a little while. I can only advise you; but I could not help it. I was obliged to sell.'

Hastings made no response to Tasker's advice or to his professions of sorrow, but surveyed him with quiet indifference, as though the matter in discussion had no possible concern for him.

'What do you think you shall do?' Tasker asked after a pause.

'I think I shall clear out somewhere, and I think I shall ask you to let me have the money to do it with.'

'I cannot let you have much,' said Tasker; 'but I must do my best.'

Then the two set to work to settle the amount on which Hastings should start for Boulogne, since to that refuge for the oppressed he chose for the moment to fly. It was settled that Tasker should send a weekly remittance so long as he should adjudge it necessary for Hastings to remain abroad, and by way of a beginning that gentleman drew twenty pounds, and made his way merrily to Fairholt's chambers.

'All goes well,' he told Frank. 'I have seen the agent, and I have read the letter of the principal. I suppose you will get your cheque to-morrow or next day.'

'For once intelligible and direct,' cried the artist, clapping him on the shoulder.

'Yes,' said Hastings; 'it's all square, old man, and you may rely upon it.'

'Better and better!' cried Frank, laughing. 'What has worked this conversational conversion?'

'Should you hold the Koh-i-noor—the Fountain of Light itself,' said Hastings with solemnity, 'above the flame of a farthing rushlight, its sparkle would be lost. Rub it even with a damp sponge, and its brilliance partially returns. In this little allegory, I appear as the Fountain of Light, you as the damp sponge, and a city agent as the farthing candle. Adieu!'

Hastings went his way; and Frank, easy and satisfied in mind, sat down and penned to Maud the last letter he ever wrote to her. He set down all his hopes and all his love in that letter, not guessing that it was love's last legacy to love. How should he guess it? I cannot tell but before this ink is dry some stroke of terror may have fallen on me. Nor can you who sit at ease beside your fire and read this story make the baldest guess at what the next sixty seconds may do for you. But the proverb is something musty.

'If I were not sure,' Frank wrote, 'that you love me as truly as I love you, I should despair of telling you one thousandth part of what you are to me. And as it is, I shall never tell you all. You do not need the sanctities of love to hold you pure in heart, as I do. Though you loved me as woman never loved man before, you can have no such need of me as I have of you. I shall never have courage to tell you of the follies from which

you raised me; of the things, worse than follies, from which your love has had power to save me. And I believe, dearest, that if it be possible that by any swift temptation—as God knows, it is possible for most men—I should fall from your good hopes of me, the thought that you had loved me once would draw me back again to penitence and honour. Forgive me if I vex you by throwing even a hint of possible mud upon your idol. If that idol were any other human creature, you should believe in him in peace for me; but you can scarcely guess, Maud, how humble and how undeserving I feel before you. I can bring you nothing that makes me worth your having except my love. But I bring that in full measure, pressed down and running over. I am all yours now, and till I die.' This and more he wrote in true love and penitence and out of the fullness of his heart. There were manlier purposes within him then, than he had ever known before.

At lovers' perjuries, Jove laughs. Ay, well! But if Jove laugh at the vows by which love pledges itself to truth and honour for love's holy sake, or at their woful breaking, then let the meanest creature of the fields deride his thunder. I, for one, will have no such Jove astride on my Olympus.

Frank having despatched his letter, rested with good heart and hope, purposing to make the discharge of Tasker's bill his last business in town. He had no anxieties about that matter. The date for the arrival of the cheque and that for the payment of the bill ran each other a little close, to be sure; but then there was the time-honoured three days' grace, and he had Hastings' full assurance of the *bona fides* of the unknown purchaser. But the day of reckoning came and went, and no cheque reached him. He went to look for Hastings, and found that he had left town and had given no address. Then, sorely against the grain, he went to visit Tasker. The money-lender lay in wait for him.

'I must ask you,' said Frank, 'to renew that bill for a month.'

Tasker regretted politely that it was not possible. He was already almost a ruined man—he had not twenty pounds in the world. He set forth these statements with more sorrow for Mr Vairhold than for himself. He would have liked to have helped the gentleman.

'This is all nonsense, of course,' said Frank. 'I suppose you want a heavier interest. How much do you want?'

No; Tasker wanted nothing but his money. He was broken—he was ruined. There was nothing before him but the workhouse.

'Make the bill a hundred and twenty-five, and make it payable in a month?' Frank asked.

No; it was not possible. Tasker actually turned his back upon him, and sorted a set of dusty papers.

'Make it a hundred and fifty, payable in a month,' Frank urged.

Then Tasker turned, with insolent triumph peering through humility. Was the gentleman deaf? It had been said already that the thing was impossible. Tasker wanted his money, and nothing but his money. He was bankrupt without it, and he must have it.

'I am in hourly expectation of more than four hundred pounds,' Frank pleaded.

Tasker trusted it would arrive in time to prevent any unpleasantness, holding meanwhile in his hand the pocket-book which held Benjamin Hartley's cheque in favour of Frank Fairholt for four hundred guineas. It would not be easy to say how much Mr Tasker enjoyed this stroke of vengeance.

'What shall you do if the bill is allowed to be finally dishonoured?' Frank asked him.

Tasker—with the joy of gratified malice brightening his eyes and creasing his lips into their own carnivorous smile, in spite of all he could do to clothe his face in proper sadness—regretted deeply that he could only get some wealthy friend to take it up and appeal to Frank's family.

'If you can get any one to take it up, bring him to me, and I will pay him any reasonable sum he may ask to renew it.'

Then Tasker landed his final blow. 'I have told you already, Mr Vairhold, that I am almost a ruined man. Well now you shall know. I am quite ruined. I cannot help it. I have sold your bill into other hands. It is not in my hands any longer; I have nothing more with it.'

Frank regarded him for a minute sternly and thoughtfully. 'You want your revenge for the insult I put upon you last summer,' he said quietly, but with a feeling of hopeless desperation. 'Is that it?'

'Look you, Mr Vairhold,' said Tasker, laying his hand on Frank's sleeve, 'if I could'—

'Stand back, if you please,' said Frank quietly, regarding the smile which now shone unrestrained on Tasker's face.

'If I could pay myself,' Tasker began again, retiring a little, 'for the money I have lent, I should not care about revenge. But I will have one or the other. If my friend comes to me and says: "You have sold me a rotten bill, and told me it was a good one," then I will not spare you—no, not a minute. Look you, my young friend'—Tasker laid a hand on Frank's arm again.

The words, the smile, the touch roused Frank into the feeling of disgusted rage one feels at an intruding snake, and in his instinctive passion he struck the Jew across the face with the cane he carried in his hand.

Tasker sprang back with a yell which brought in the office-boy. 'Fetch a policeman!' screamed Tasker with a face livid with rage, except for the red bar across his cheek. Frank sat down with blind passion surging in his heart. Tasker placed his back against the door and glared at Frank, who took up a newspaper from the table and made a feint of reading it. In a minute or two the boy returned with an officer, who listened with imperturbable official calm to Tasker's statement, and then turned to Frank.

'I have punished this person for a gross impertinence,' said that young gentleman with quiet hauteur. 'There is my card, officer. I shall be quite ready to appear at the proper time and place.'

'Very good, sir,' said the officer.

'Take him in charge!' Tasker screamed—'take him in charge!'

'You have my address,' Frank said quietly to the policeman.

'You'd better summons the gentleman,' said the officer to Tasker.

'No!' Tasker screamed; 'he shall go to prison.'

The official smiled; and Frank walked unmolested from the room and into the street.

Tasker threatened to report the officer for refusing to do his duty. The officer, with sublime calm, asked if Tasker had the gentleman's address. Yes; he had. Very well then; so had the officer. And with that the officer also walked down-stairs and into the street. Tasker raged alone, and swore to a thousand horrible revenges. But when his mood cooled a little, he rejoiced savagely that Frank had given him thus a further chance for revenge. He could guess pretty well what it would be to Frank to have his name dragged first through the mud of a trial for assault, on a police-court summons, and next through the daily columns of the press. He ground his teeth and clenched his hands in savage exultation over that charming prospect. With a passion of rejoicing hatred, he took from his pocket-book the cheque for four hundred guineas, and gloated over it.

That Frank should regret the violence into which the passion of the moment had betrayed him, was inevitable; but his regret brought but little added pain to him. Now that he knew how inexorable Tasker had meant to be from the first, he saw that with or without the blow his case was hopeless so far as the money-lender's influence could go. He was torn with suspense and anguish. The trouble of this unhappy bill magnified itself until it assumed gigantic proportions. Unless it could be met, his father and his brother would each see how he had gone back from his better promises. Maud too—might it not reach her ears? There was an almost unbearable horror in the thought. He had promised so much—he had meant so well—he had fought so hard against the temptations which beset him, and now, a single night of folly had brought him to this. How could he have been such an insensate fool as to place himself in this man's clutches after having purposely insulted him. O fool! he groaned. Money borrowed drunkenly to pay a gambling debt. A debt contracted too in such a place and with such people. Could he go down and see Will, and make a clean breast of it, and beg him once more to help him? There was scarcely time for that; but even if there had been, how could he so humiliate himself? No, no, no, no! A thousand times, No!

There was yet one loophole of escape. To trust longer to the possible receipt of a cheque from a man whose name he did not even know, was out of the question. That had been madness from the first. That hope was the weakest of all broken reeds, and he could lean no longer on it. But there was still Lord Chesterwood's offer, and its recollection came upon him as a ray of light might fall upon the way of safety to one who lay awaiting death in the dark. He arranged his disordered hair and dress, and hurried to the building in which the Exhibition was held. There he found the Secretary, and as calmly as he could set before him the fact that the contract for the picture of which he had spoken had been made with a man upon whom he could not depend. He should be delighted to sell the picture at once to Lord Chesterwood. His lordship, the Secretary said, had gone on public business to St Petersburg.

Hadn't Frank seen that in the papers?—No? How very singular. Great pity to deal with unsafe men. Quite easy to demand a cheque in advance. Lots of people did it, and— Good-day, Fairholt.

No hope—no hope now. Was there any chance of finding Hastings? Away to his rooms once more. No news of him or of his whereabouts. Frank went home again, and poured out a great tumbler of brandy, and drank it. Then he sat down to think; but thought was insupportable. The thought of his father's distress, his brother's contempt—and of Maud—O Maud, Maud!—and all her love for him tried by this vile revelation, and her heart bruised by it—it was all too terrible. He took up his pen, and tried to write to his father, and tell him of the miseries which surrounded him, and how they arose. He would have to know, and it was better that he should hear from the culprit—the criminal—yes, the criminal—himself. But Frank tore up letter after letter, and at last gave up all attempt to perform that bitter task. After a while, he poured out another glass of brandy and drank it, put on his hat and overcoat, and wandered aimlessly out into the rain. The winter afternoon was closing in, and the lamps were already gleaming ghastly in the fading light. It was all the same to him where he walked, and he gave no heed to the direction in which he travelled. His feet kept pace with his own fierce and bitter thoughts. But a man must walk fast indeed to outwalk his sorrows. To-morrow, this Nemesis of his folly would be upon him. If Fate's hand could have fallen then, striking him dead, he would have esteemed himself happy if only he could have been saved this cruel but well-earned shame, and if they who loved him could have been spared the anguish of seeing him so shamed.

I have been looking at this trouble through his eyes, and not my own, all this time. The trouble was not so vast as it seemed to him; but it is easy to philosophise on others' sorrows—even for a fool—hard as it is for the man who suffers to bear his suffering calmly even though he be a philosopher. And poor Frank, with no one near him to philosophise for him, and with no power of self-control within him, went the way on which his own desperation led him. And that way was all the more piteous and desperate because all that was good in him prompted him against it, whilst all that was weak in him beckoned him inexorably on.

C A V E S.

In the time when the study of natural phenomena was a strange compound of superstition and mythological tradition, the condition of the interior of the earth was a favourite theme of conjecture and speculation. The globe was supposed to be hollow, and to be tenanted by inhabitants suited to an underground existence, whose lives were cheered by the presence of special planets, and whose wants were supplied by a fauna and flora as complete as those enjoyed by ourselves. An entrance to this subterranean world was to be found somewhere in the Arctic regions—which being the part of our globe least easy of access, was perhaps the safest place in which to define the geographical position of that

fabulous hole. The fact that Humboldt was asked to undertake a search after this imaginary cavity in the earth's crust, will shew that these strange superstitions must have had believers as recently as the present century.

Although we no longer give credence to these fanciful notions, we must at the same time admit that we know little concerning the interior of the earth beneath our feet. By a study of geology we can learn much concerning what is called its crust, but beyond this we can only hazard conjectures as to the composition of its mass. We know that the deeper we descend the shaft of a mine, the hotter does the temperature become. A thermometer registers one degree for about every sixty feet of depth. This observation has led people to infer that if it were possible to pierce the earth for a few miles, a point would be reached where the temperature would be high enough to fuse every known substance. The occurrence in many parts of the globe of hot springs, and the exhibition of volcanic action, have lent aid to these conjectures. In this way the theory came to be adopted that the earth consisted of a spherical shell filled with liquid fire. Of late years this idea has been considerably modified, and the earth is now regarded as something of a far more solid character. But there is no doubt that enormous cavities exist in its mass, which are charged with that molten material which feeds the active volcanoes.

It is perhaps this mystery about the condition of the interior of the globe which has caused men in all times and in all countries to regard anything in the shape of a cavernous opening in its crust with superstitious awe. This tendency exhibits one form of that searching after knowledge, that longing to explore the unknown, which guided Columbus across the Atlantic in spite of the protests of his frightened and mutinous sailors. We see the same tendency even in children at the sea-side, who will do what they can to explore the smallest crevice in the rocks which can by courtesy be called a cavern. We see the same feeling in their elders, who will give such a spot a local habitation under the title of 'the Smugglers' Cave.' It is a nice question whether the lower animals do not to some extent experience a similar longing after exploration, when we see how a terrier will persistently grub away at some disused rabbit-hole, knowing all the time as well as we do that there is no rabbit there.

Whatever the notion be that has prompted men to dwell upon caverns with what may be called the pleasure of mystery, it is very certain that they have filled them with superstitious memories and fanciful legends. Hence we find in the multitudinous fairy tales of all countries, that caverns are made the homes of goblins, gnomes, and all the other beings with whom we made early acquaintance in those golden hours when a fairy tale had a bright reality, and when a goblin was real enough to cause us to think twice before going into a dark room. Let us take, for instance, the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, and see how constantly caverns are employed to give colour to its wonderful pages. What would the story of Aladdin be without its cave of jewels? Where too would Ali Baba have obtained his riches, if he had not stumbled upon that wondrous cavern with its magic pass-word?

Would not the story of Sindbad have lost somewhat of its charm if the travels of that remarkable voyager had all occurred on the upper earth?

From the regions of romance we can descend to those of reality, and note how the worshippers of the god of the Sun celebrated their mystic rites in cavernous recesses—how in India the followers of that Brahma who, with Vishnu and Siva, the other members of the Hindu trinity, was supposed to hold in his almighty hands the powers of good and evil, reverently adored him in their curious rock-cut temples. These temples, originally no doubt but natural openings in the mountains, have been skilfully carved with such intricate ornamentation, that they present all but everlasting monuments of that docile patience characteristic of oriental workmen. They have no doubt been beautified and enlarged by successive generations of fanatic worshippers, until they have arrived at that perfection at which we now find them. Ajunta, Ellora, and Elephanta are the most celebrated places where these rock-cut habitations are found, and altogether it is calculated that India can boast not less than one thousand examples of similar work.

Other parts of the world furnish beautiful examples of cave architecture, of which we may name two—the temple of Ipsamboul, on the banks of old Nile, and that wonderful ruined city of Petra, on the shores of the Dead Sea. This city is supposed to be identical with the Selah of the Scriptures—a stone-cut town, where tombs, temples, and general habitations vie with each other in the beauty of their design and adornments.

But putting aside these ancient monuments of human ingenuity and superstition, which are after all but the work of men's hands, there are far larger and more beautiful caverns in many parts of the globe which are due to natural causes. The first of these causes which we may enumerate is volcanic action, which has done so much in the past by upheaving the surface of the ground and altering its configuration. It is not surprising that such disturbances should result in cavities—blank spaces which may have been upheld, when first formed, by compressed vapours. Such a cavern is the Grotto del Cane near Naples, so called from the circumstance that it still exhales the poisonous vapour of carbonic dioxide, which forms an invisible stratum on its floor, and is fatal to dogs and any small animals that breathe near the surface of the ground. But with this exception, caverns produced by volcanic action are not of any great note, a few only occurring in those regions to which active volcanoes seem now to be relegated. The most striking and picturesque caves which exist still occur in volcanic rocks, although they must be attributed to another cause altogether. Among these we must name that beautiful cavity on the coast of Staffa called Fingal's Cave. This has been scooped out of the hard basaltic rock by the action of that restless excavator the sea. Here we have noble pillars of prismatic form, which rival in their regularity of outline the work of the mason's chisel. It is said that when attention was first directed to this and the other caves upon the island of Staffa—and curious to relate, this was less than a century ago—the theory was gravely propounded that the columns were in reality

petrified bamboos! Where the bamboos had originally come from, did not transpire; but possibly if the author of the conjecture had been pressed upon that point, he might have asserted that they were the remains of the fishing-rods of successive races of anglers who had haunted those parts in bygone days! We need hardly dwell upon the refutation by scientific aids of this comical idea respecting the bamboos—how the philosopher came upon the scene, and proved by direct experiment that it was the nature of this basalt to crystallise in this peculiar form as its stony particles were fused and again cooled—a part of that wondrous law which causes so many things in Nature to adopt regular forms, and which is illustrated in a minor way by a piece of sugar-candy, and more beautifully in those ice-fens which spread themselves over our window-panes on a frosty morning. In many other parts of the globe we find these curious basaltic columns: in France; on the banks of the Rhine, where occurs another well-known cavern, the *Käse Grotte* or Cheese Grotto, so called because the columns are separated in such a manner as to resemble piles of cheeses; in Iceland; also in some of the West India Islands. In many other countries is exhibited this evidence of past volcanic action.

The caverns which are found on the sea-shore are of course due to that never-ceasing action of the waves which sculpture the hardest rocks into natural bridges and other strange forms. Indeed, were we in this connection to ask: 'What are the wild waves saying?' we might answer: They are telling us that atom by atom they are conveying these rocks to the ocean-bed. The sea is swallowing them up. They will also tell us that these tiny masses of matter are being slowly deposited in the silent depths below, forming new lands, which some day may themselves be scooped out into caverns and hollows by the same agency. The waves will tell us too that there is no part of this earth which has not in time past been below them. And so the endless cycle of changes goes on; waste on the one hand forming the matter by which, on the other, new continents are being built up.

Another class of caves, as numerous perhaps as those which occur on the sea-shore, are known as water-caves. These are caused by the erosive action of fresh water, and partly by chemical action, resulting from certain constituents of such water. The caves of Yorkshire, Derbyshire, and South Devon are of this character. These water-caves are also adding their quota to the lands beneath the sea, by means of the streamlets and rivers connected with them.

The time has long passed since caverns could be regarded with any feelings of superstition; for a very slight acquaintance with the science of geology must make the most inveterate mystery worshipper among us quickly cognisant of the laws to which they owe their origin. But many of these caverns are revealing to us histories which are far more wonderful than fairy tales. We allude to the so-called bone-caves, which in this and other countries are furnishing geologists and the scientific world generally with materials from which they can in somewhat form a history of prehistoric times. Ever since the discovery of the remains of an extinct species of rhinoceros in a cave at Orreton, near Plymouth, have scientific

men turned their attention to caverns and their contents, as to books from which they could learn much of the life which prevailed upon the globe in distant ages. This discovery was quickly followed by others. The celebrated Kirkdale Cave in Yorkshire—stumbled upon by accident—was cleared of the debris with which it was choked up, and yielded results of a high scientific value. Here remains of the elephant, mammoth, and other animals were recognised. Most of these bore the marks of teeth; and the occurrence of the bones of the hyena in greater numbers than those of any other animal, pointed to the inference that this cave had formed the den of successive races of those animals. This hypothesis was strengthened by a comparison of the gnawed bones with those taken from hyenas in confinement at the Zoological Gardens, London, with which they were found to correspond in a remarkable manner. The question how the remains of the larger animals were dragged to these, their last resting-place, being readily accounted for by the known habit which prevails among the lower creation of seeking out some secluded spot at the approach of death.

We some time ago devoted an article to Kent's Cavern at Torquay which, on account of the vast number of bones found there, has become the most celebrated place of the kind in Britain. The fact, too, of the remains of man having been found there gives to Kent's Cavern a natural pre-eminence. The probable age of these ancient men of Devon has given rise to no end of controversies, into which we have no disposition to enter. The gradual growth of the stalagmite upon the floor of the cave, founded upon calculations of its increase within recent years, has on one side been quoted as a kind of undeviating time-keeper by which to gauge the period which has elapsed since the deposit first began. When we consider how this material is formed; how the water, percolating through the soil above, becomes charged with the carbonic dioxide which enables it to hold in solution the lime, which it again gives up in the form of stalagmite, on exposure to the air; when we reflect how atmospheric change, rainfall, and a hundred other minor influences must affect these chemical changes—we must acknowledge that any calculations founded upon the thickness of calcareous deposition must necessarily be subject to error.

To come to the present day. We learn from Dr W. L. Lindsay, in his *Mind in the Lower Animals*, that 'the wild people—the jungle dwarfs—of the Western Ghats, in the Tinnevely district of India, have no fixed dwellings or dwelling-places. They "sleep in any convenient spot, generally between two rocks, or in caves near which they happen to be benighted." These wild folk of the hill-jungles of the Madras Presidency are in reality modern troglodytes or cave-dwellers, the representatives of those prehistoric men whose remains possess so much interest for anthropologists. The beast-men and wolf-children of India and Europe resemble savage races on the one hand, and many wild animals on the other, in their non-possession of other shelter than that which is afforded by caves or forests. Not only have they no proper dwelling, but there is incapacity for constructing artificial shelter. The wolf-children of India inhabit caves and forests, just as

do the wolves with whom they associate, and by whom it is currently believed they are, in some instances at least, brought up. "At the Lucknow madhouse," says Gerhardt, "there was an elderly fellow . . . who had been dug out of a wolves' den by a European doctor."

"Even in civilised Scotland of the present day we have a race of cave-dwellers in Caithness-shire, whose mental characteristics have been described by Dr Arthur Mitchell. And in the large cities of England there are hosts of waifs and strays of society—of gutter-men and children—of tramps of all kinds, who sleep under railway arches or in other equivalents of caves. In Scripture times too, man dwelt frequently under trees, stones, or rocks, or in caves."

"If the nature of man's dwelling is to be regarded as any reflex of his degree of mental development, much cannot be said for the present mental status, the constructive skill, of the hut-builders and dwellers of our own Scottish and Irish highlands and islands. The hovels of the Hebridean Islanders, for instance, are no advance on those of many savages, and are not equal, *mutatis mutandis*, to the nests of many birds. Thus, when compared with them, the bowers of the bower-bird appear at a decided advantage."

THE BELLS OF YARRICK.

A PROSE IDYLL, IN THREE SCENES.

SCENE II.

THE interior of a bungalow at Allahabad. A large uncarpeted room, bare-walled; a French window opening into a deep-set veranda, whose roof, protruding some twenty feet from the main body of the building, seems powerless to mitigate the intense heat within. Lying back in a great cane easy-chair, apparently overcome by exertion, is a young officer who has just donned his regimentals; his figure is emaciated, his face pallid. Moving about quietly and unobtrusively, winding up such details as are necessary preparatory to departure, is a deft-handed well-disciplined soldier. Ever and anon he glances anxiously at his young master; but the latter is lost in a reverie, and does not seem to observe him. When all the details appear to be completed, the servant takes a business-like look round, to see that nothing has been overlooked; and then assuming a respectful attitude and saluting, he ventures to speak. "Beg pardon, sir, but you're scarcely fit to sit a chair yet, much less a horse."

The invalid turns his face without raising his head from the back of the chair on which it rests. "I thought we decided not to revert to this again, Denny," he says decisively. "My mind is made up. I shall be in the saddle when the roll is called." His face relaxes into a smile. "Why, from one point of view this cholera is a positive advantage; I shall ride two stone lighter—two stone if a pound, Denny; and if there's such a thing as gratitude in horse-flesh, Osric is the animal who ought to feel it!" And Gerald Herrick, for it is he, breaks into a rather hollow laugh to express his merriment. Consulting his watch, he adds: "There is no time to spare; you had better be off and prepare at once. The muster

takes place in half an hour." And Dennis Ladbrook salutes respectfully and leaves the room.

It is the memorable summer of 1857. Five years have passed away since Gerald Herrick quitted the peaceful scenes of Yarrick; and circumstances appear at last to have combined to give him an opportunity of satisfying his ambition. He had sailed for India. Before he had been there long the times grew out of joint; the complex social machinery no longer ran smoothly as of yore; new forces began to disturb its working, and strong measures were required to avert its threatened collapse. Disaffection had been shewn by the natives, and a great uneasiness had spread over the dependency. It was no time to waver, and the dispersed community which held India had shewn a bold front, tightening their grasp and rigidly enforcing discipline. For a time the disaffected had sullenly complied; but when it was noised abroad that one of the native regiments had disbanded itself, it was the signal for open revolt. The news spread rapidly, igniting slumbering disaffection east and west, and south and north; it passed like a shiver through the scattered English community, and they girded up their loins for the tussle which they saw had become inevitable. Then the storm burst, and each day brought with it sickening repetitions of bloodshed. It was a time for action, and strong hands prepared to do the bidding of clear brains—for the display of heroism, and heroism was forthcoming. The story of eventual success, hewn step by step against great odds and seemingly insuperable difficulties, stands out in letters of gold in military annals. Nana Sahib laid siege to Cawnpore, and the native regiments of that town dispersed to his camp. Those who were left in the doomed city determined to sell their lives dearly, and they accordingly set grimly to work. The ground, baked as hard as iron by the scorching heat, thirsted for rain, and no rain came; the workers, nothing daunted, pulverised it, dug trenches, and endeavoured to throw up earthworks; but the dust could not be made to cohere; and the only result obtained after incessant toil was a series of banks varying from three to five feet in height—a sorry defence against the Nana's guns and the overwhelming numbers of the besiegers. The tale of the awful time of privation and suffering which followed has been oft told—of how the wounded and dying were by stress of circumstances huddled together without the common necessities of life; of how our countrywomen, fired with an undying enthusiasm, parted with their raiment for gun-wadding, serving it up with their own hands to their grim and smoke-begrimed defenders. When the offer of a safe-conduct in return for capitulation reached the beleaguered, they looked around, and for the sake of those, accepted it. Then came that ghastly massacre of the innocents, which has stamped the Nana's name in letters of blood, to be held up to everlasting execration.

And it was to Cawnpore that Havelock, immediately on his arrival at Allahabad, had determined to push on. To proceed by forced marches in the heat of the Indian summer was no mean undertaking; but in the face of the difficulties with which he was beset the task became stupendous. His force, judged by numbers, was miserably inadequate; his commissariat was disorganised,

all the cattle having been driven off at one fell swoop by marauders; his troops were badly mounted; his artillery deficient; and to crown all, cholera was decimating his ranks. And here it is, on the departure from Allahabad, that we find Gerald Herrick and his faithful servant Dennis Ladbroke. Both are so altered as to be scarcely recognisable. The former is a boy no longer, but a man. The bright young face which gave promise in his youth has not belied its promise; it is developed, matured, refined; but it is also strangely emaciated. Something more than time has been at work here; it is cholera, which for the last six weeks has held Gerald Herrick in its tenacious grasp. A wonderful change too has come about in Dennis Ladbroke. Not the remotest trace of the rustic is left in him; during the period which has elapsed, he has developed into as smart and well disciplined a soldier as Havelock's ranks can boast.

In an hour after the short dialogue between the two has taken place, Allahabad is deserted, and Havelock's gallant band have started with their faces northward for Cawnpore. Many a hollow cheek tells of the dire complaint which has been amongst them; but their eyes are brightened with the fire of that enthusiasm which later is to serve them in such good stead. A halt is made, and shortly afterwards the first brush with the insurgents takes place. It is successful. In a few days Cawnpore is reached; and then Havelock draws up his forces in sight of the Nana's, these being disposed in a great curved line. He determines to advance in open column, to engage the enemy with his main body, and to deploy an ill-spared portion of his force to outflank them. Like a wild beast brought to bay, the Nana gathers up his strength; he feels that a critical moment in his career is reached, and that should he be unsuccessful now, his dominion will surely totter and fall. The battle begins, and with fluctuating results rages, Havelock's exhausted forces making terrific onslaught. Again and again they charge brilliantly, and make many a determined stand; but the hail of metal from the enemy's guns works terrible havoc, causing them at length to fall back to recoup their shattered ranks. One great piece, played with a deadly precision, cuts line after line through the exhausted column, and it is seen that an attempt, at whatever cost of life, must be made to silence it. A small band, chiefly composed of volunteers from disbanded regiments, have gathered together, and hard by is a little knot of officers holding consultation. Suddenly one, wheeling his horse round, shouts out: 'That gun must be silenced! Will you follow, lads?'

Not a moment's pause; the answer is rattled back by all with a click of the teeth as with one voice: 'We'll follow you to eternity, sir!'

'Then come along!'

With knees glued to their saddles, with set jaws, and with bared sabres, the smoke-begrimed band dash forth from the main body, thundering towards the earthworks and the cannon's mouth, resolute to do or die. And in this band are Gerald Herrick and Dennis Ladbroke. Gerald feels that his last hour is come; but though the terrible exertion has been too much for the cholera-racked frame, the resolute spirit supports it to the last, and a fine enthusiasm lights up his face as

he dashes forward at the head of the little band of heroes. And now the gun is neared, though half the number have been mown down in the death-chase across the open; and Gerald, waving his sword, rises in his stirrups and plunges into the bristling array of bayonets, his comrades pressing up close behind. The brilliant dash of the little force is not to be withstood; the natives regard them as fiends incarnate, and with a parting volley from their muskets, turn and flee. For a few brief moments all is confusion while the sabres do their grim work. And now, at the first respite, Dennis turns from the mêlée to look for his young master; and with a great pang at his heart, sees only a riderless and terrified charger. In a moment the faithful fellow has dismounted, oblivious of everything but the prosecution of his quest amongst the dead and dying.

The carnage has been terrible; mangled forms and ghastly upturned faces meet his gaze on every side. Over the scene of slaughter hangs a great pall of sulphurous smoke, and there is a pulsation in the air as of the beat of a mighty ground-swell. Below the horizon the sun is sinking like a ball of fire, and the flaming copper-coloured heavens heighten the lurid effect. Threading his way through the débris, Denny sights the beloved form he seeks lying a little way apart, with the head pillowed on a heap of sand, and with the right arm dangling helpless by the side. The face is upturned and livid, and the eyes are closed. In a moment Denny is bending down and raising the head; and the honest fellow's face works with emotion as he gazes into that of his young master. 'Speak to me, for God's sake, Master Gerald!' he whispers huskily, with a great fear clutching at his heart.

At mention of his name, Gerald opens his eyes. 'Faithful to the last!' he murmurs. His servant replies not, for his voice has gone from him. 'Thank heaven! you are here, Denny; but I knew you would come. There is one last service I want of you.'

'Hush, hush! you are not going to leave me,' replies the faithful fellow.

'Yes; it's almost over, Denny. Death has come to me, and it has come as I hoped it would do, whilst I was fighting for my country and not lying in my bed. I've been hit in the chest somewhere, I think, and my voice is going. Bend your ear closer.' The voice, even as he speaks, grows fainter, and Denny's head is bowed to catch the words. After a pause, the dying lad resumes: 'I've been thinking of the old days, Denny; refreshing myself with a dream of the cool green Yarrick meadows.'

'Where I learnt you rabbitin', dear Ma'aster Gerald!' The reminiscence is too much for Denny, and a great sob shakes his frame.

Gerald's life is ebbing fast, and he does not hear the words; the eyelids have again closed before he resumes. 'You remember that stormy night when the belfry fell?'

'Yes, Master Gerald.'

'And how the Vicar loved his bells? Well, a great wish of my heart has been to replace them; and I hoped that when I got promotion I should be able to save sufficient to enable me to do so. The time for promotion is past; but yet, thank God, I can realise my hope. When I was down with cholera I wrote directions to my cousin

as to the disposal, in the event of my death, of the little I have. It will be mostly yours, such as it is.'

'What is money to me?' wails the faithful fellow.

'Steady, Denny; I haven't much more time.' With an effort the dying lad collects his thoughts. 'The Vicar, as you know, exchanges from Yarrick for a couple of months each year. I want a surprise for him. On your return to England, make your way to my cousin, and ask him to take the Vicar's substitute into his confidence, and get the bellry set up in the Vicar's absence.'

Denny has regained command over himself, and is gazing with adoration into the upturned face. 'O Master Gerald!' is all he says.

'What noise is that?'

'A cheer from our lads. The old colours are going up!'

'Aha! That's well.' Then, after a pause: 'You understand my directions, and will carry them out, Denny?'

'With my life!'

The left hand struggles to move, but Gerald falls back from the effort with a groan. In an instant Denny had raised him, and is pressing the hand to his lips. A smile passes over the drawn features; and the eyes, brightening for a moment, gaze towards the setting sun. 'Tell the Vicar I pictured him listening to my bells!' A rattle in the throat, a red stream from the lungs, and the spirit wings itself into eternity from its shattered tenement.

Half an hour later the patrol is going its round on the ghastly task of inspection. It stops at the figure of a soldier kneeling, as though hewn in stone, by the side of his dead comrade. He is spoken to, but hears not. They touch his shoulder; then he rises as one dazed, and turns his face in dumb agony to the westward. The sun has fallen below the horizon, but the heavens are flushing in delicate rose-colour, and look tenderly receptive, as though receiving some well-loved guest. From the north, a cool breeze has dispersed the sulphurous canopy which for hours has hung over Cawnpore.

THE OLD PART OF NAPLES.

FROM THE FRENCH OF JOHN PETER.

THE stranger who spends a few weeks in Naples seldom strays beyond the principal thoroughfares. The Toledo and the Chiaja are about the only parts of the town he knows. He may perhaps once have sauntered up Foria, and just walked the length of the Strada del Duomo. Naples dwells in his memory as a handsome, well-built city, where foreigners are cheated rather more than elsewhere, and where the loss of his pocket-handkerchief was a common occurrence. The Museum San Martino, and the magnificent view from the jetty of the Villa Nazionale, and the admiration they inspired, are not forgotten. But as a rule, the foreigner knows nothing of the true Neapolitan nor of the old city, whose inhabitants seldom stray beyond its precincts. He has no notion that by the side of the town known to us

all, and which resembles all other large towns, there is another of peculiar aspect, teeming with interest, once visited never to be forgotten, and in its way as striking as Pompeii.

We would fain usher our reader into this old town, unknown to foreigners. Let us take one of the first streets to the right as we go up the Toledo. A few steps off one finds one's self in the midst of narrow streets and lanes, at the utmost fourteen feet wide. There are high houses on each side, which never get a ray of sun except on the top floors; even in summer it is as cool as in a cellar. It is here that the lower orders are seen, not scattered, as in the better parts of the town; but densely crowded, living their every-day life. These folks live as much as possible out of doors. The dark flats and damp basements, where the poor huddle together as many as nine or ten in a room, and where the air is always foul, are dismal dwellings. They therefore live principally in the street; there they have their food at hand, and there they generally take their meals. If a Neapolitan wants milk, at daybreak and at sunset the cowherd and the goatherd pass his door, and he can get his hap'orth warm from the animal. Vegetables are hawked about until ten A.M. Peasants pass his door on donkey-back, seated on the croup of their animals, large baskets piled high with vegetables slung before them. Our friend need only whistle from his window, where a Neapolitan when at home is most frequently found, and the hawkker stops; the bargain is struck, chiefly by pantomime; and then a basket is lowered and drawn up with the day's provisions.

Endive of a shiny white like mother-of-pearl, tomatoes of a glossy red, enormous cucumbers, artichokes, cauliflowers, broccoli, each in turn according to the season, with fruit and fish, constitute the food of the people. Meat is dear, and only indulged in on high-days and holidays. The vegetable hawkker is hardly out of sight when the fruit-hawker comes round the corner. In August a lad may be seen carrying a basket of figs on his head, the fruit piled gracefully pyramid-shape, and the rim of the basket adorned with a garland of flowers. Next comes a sun-burned, bare-legged fisherman. In one hand he holds his basket, in the other a pail of seawater, with which he constantly sprinkles the fish. Now an individual appears in sight with a copper vessel, poised on his head, full of boiled snails; and now another comes along dragging a hand-barrow, on which stands a caldron full of Indian-corn over a pan of lighted charcoal. As for coffee, you can have a cup for the equivalent to a halfpenny; but chicory is the principal ingredient. If you are thirsty, at the corner of every street the *acquaiole* (water-vendor) will serve you with a glass of iced water flavoured with *zambuco* (spirit of elder-flowers) for a farthing; and in summer, the water-melon vendor for the same figure will cut you a slice of the red-fleshed, black-spotted fruit, so deliciously cooling to the parched palate. In autumn may be had the prickly-pear, ready peeled and daintily stuck upon a tin fork.

You have now had a glimpse of the dirty street, noisy and busy as an ant's nest. In the midst of all this bustle the artisan plies his trade. Generally each separate trade is centred in one locality. In one street shoemakers are at work at their small

tables, set outside the houses; the doors stand ajar, and against the wall is hung a print of St Crispin and his son, the shoemakers' patron saints. In another, coppersmiths abound, and there the sound of the hammer is quite deafening while they beat the red metal into braziers and soup kettles. At the next turn you light upon the dyers, their hands and faces besmeared with divers hues. One man is resplendent in indigo-blue, another in orange, a third is madder-red. There is a street called Grande Giudecca—the old Jewish quarter before their expulsion from the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies—where old clothes are sold. Here amateurs of antiquities may often pick up wonderful bargains. Old Flemish tapestry, brocaded silks such as our grandmothers wore, and old lace may be ferreted out from amongst a lot of the filthiest and most loathsome rags. In one narrow passage the goldsmiths congregate. The huge pearl earrings so highly prized by Neapolitan wet-nurses, and a large assortment of heavy trinkets, gigantic brooches ornamented with red or blue cut-glass, enormous gold and silver rings, &c. glitter in their shop-windows, and may be purchased for very trifling sums. If you chance to stop before one of these shops, you are pounced upon by the owner, who first bewilders you with his volubility, then gently pushes you inside, and seldom lets you alone until he sees that you are quite determined not to make purchases. In the very narrowest and dreariest streets, which are not above seven feet wide, people are not at work; gossiping old wives, dogs, pigeons, chickens, and here and there a turkey tied by the leg, fattening for some feast or other, are the only occupants.

And now let us proceed to examine what are the amusements of the people in these by-ways. In the north, every poor wight knows how to read; but here they are the exception, and those who can, care little about it. It is marvellous to watch them talking and gesticulating by the hour. What about, you will ask? About the lottery, the *terno* (first three winning numbers) drawn last Saturday; the price of provisions; the next fête-day; the miracle of the Madonna; the government. The Neapolitan is a chatter-box and a gambler. Gambling goes on everywhere, under the street-lamp or by moonlight, with greasy cards that look as if they had been used by bygone generations. But gambler though he be, the Neapolitan is sober; though every one drinks wine, and public-houses are numerous. I counted as many as twelve in two small streets running parallel to each other; yet, if one meets a drunken man, the chances are a thousand to one that he is a German or an English sailor, overcome by the heady wine of Apulia. The constant scuffles which take place in the street are one great source of amusement. When a row begins, a crowd assembles, attracted by the screaming which ushers in the fight. Very often it is the women who indulge in a tilt, not always bloodless, with such weapons as a comb or a shoe; the vanquished party goes off into fits, and gets bled at the nearest barber's shop. Quiet, steady-going people meet at the small cafés, where they placidly drink a glass of water and take their *siesta*. The chemist's shop is the rendezvous of the notables of the neighbourhood—the doctor, the parish priest, the monk, or certain of the better-to-do shopkeepers. These worthies never allow themselves to be disturbed

by the noise of the rabble outside. They are scarcely at the trouble of rising to take a peep at the bride in an apple-green or sky-blue gown, turning out for the first time on her husband's arm, or even to kneel on the threshold when the Host is carried past.

Having viewed it by daylight, let us now try to depict Old Naples by night.

The town has been lighted with gas for many years past, but the lamps are few and far between, except in the principal thoroughfares. But now and then one notices a luminous point whence the figures of the passers-by are reflected in dark outline. These well-lighted spots are the stalls of the iced-water and water-melon vendors. The first stand behind a raised table, over which, on both sides, barrels of iced water are suspended; in the front, large lemons are piled, like cannon-balls, one upon another; at the back, a row of bottles, containing different kinds of sirup. These stalls are often very pretty-looking. I noticed one particularly the other day near the Porta Capuano. Above the table a sort of framework was erected, at the top of which there was a picture of the Madonna in a gorgeous frame, lighted by a small lamp; at the sides there were candelabra, supported by gilt figures representing angels; below the cornice, carved decorations, in the shape of fantastic-looking animals, sirens and dragons. White, green, red, and yellow were blended so as to attract attention without being glaring. Nothing could be prettier. The water-melon stalls are much simpler. The whole get-up consists in a table covered with ready-cut melons. Enormous quantities of this refreshing fruit are sold, and the ground is strewn with the green rinds. Neapolitans delight in the play. At the entrance of a small theatre, Punch and Don Nicola are made to hold a dialogue, and attract a crowd with their jests; then the master of the show pockets the puppets and announces the performance, and the mob rushes into the narrow inclosure. The Neapolitan is also fond of the church; he diligently attends the services, and is all submission to the priest's injunctions. I have heard old women repeating the Nicene Creed after the priest, and singing hymns, evidently as if they enjoyed it, though in a dolefully monotonous tone. When preaching is going on, the numerous chapels are crowded; not unfrequently vulgar jokes, worthy of Punch outside, seem to be the attraction.

Let us now continue our nocturnal ramble. As we approach an open space near the Porta Capuano, our olfactory nerves are assailed by the odour of boiling oil or rancid lard. Eels, sardines, &c. are hissing in chorus in huge frying-pans. These delicacies are generally discussed where they are sold, or at some café close by, where the visitors are playing at *scopa* (a game of cards).

But what has happened now? The noisy crowd is suddenly hushed; there are lights in all the windows; the passers-by fall on their knees. One hears the approaching sound of psalm-singing; the parish priest is carrying the Host to a dying man. He has on his priestly garments, and is preceded by lantern-bearers, the vergers following in yellow coats. When the priest has passed, the people rise from their knees, and many of the faithful go with him to the house of mourning.

As the night wears on, the cafés close, the water-

vendor empties his stall, the melon-vendor carries off his table. But the street is not yet deserted. A man with a guitar is singing some popular song. The neighbours flock around, listen to the music, and sometimes fall asleep on the ground. People still come and go; the street is never empty; a breath of air at night is so refreshing after a sultry day, and every one has enjoyed his siesta. At last, at about one o'clock, the street is abandoned, the hum of the busy city is hushed, and the Neapolitans are asleep, many of them in the open air. How often have I stepped aside, when ascending one of the many steep streets, to avoid walking over a family who had chosen the pavement for their dormitory. Mattresses were spread on the ground, and father, mother, and children were all fast asleep and snoring. Without any sort of preparation, people sometimes lie down in the first corner and go to sleep. Match-vendors, cigar-end collectors, and peasants may constantly be seen sleeping on church steps or at street corners on the bare ground, and seem none the worse for it.

Old Naples is at rest. We take our leave. But after rambling so long through the narrow dirty streets, we long for air and space. A few steps off to the right, and we are on one of the quays which gird the city. How lovely the sea looks in the quiet summer night! The moonlit waves sparkle in the distance. On the horizon, Capri and Cape Misenum stand out in all their beautiful grace of form. Fishermen with their boats, plying their calling by torchlight, are passing to and fro. The sea-breeze is refreshing. We are overpowered with fatigue; we have had a long walk. Our attention has been constantly on the stretch; we need rest. Let us go home; it is late. Good-night!

DR BISTOURY'S NIGHT-WATCHMAN.

'TELL you what, Doctor; you'll be getting robbed and murdered one of these days; you will, upon my word!'

'Hardly, my boy. You ought to know by this time that it's the province of us doctors to kill other people, not to be killed ourselves.' And with a thick chuckle at his own wit, Dr John Hunter Bistoury settled himself comfortably in his chair, and began to peel his third orange as carefully as if he were taking off a limb.

When the Doctor first came to New York, thirty years before, he had been in no way burdened with riches; but his face had proved his fortune in a different sense from that of the over-candid milkmaid in the song. The mere sight of that round, florid, jovial visage, in every crease of which a joke or a good story seemed to be lurking, was a cordial in itself, and appeared capable of reviving the most hopeless invalid without the aid of medicine at all. Mindful of the human weakness which makes so many worthy people regard their own ailments as a kind of personal distinction, the lessening of which in any way is a direct insult to themselves, Dr Bistoury skillfully took a middle course between alarming his patients by an over-serious view of their case, and offending them by appearing to make light of it. In this way he had acquired an enormous practice; and his reputation

now stood so high, that the mere éclat of his name had sufficed to sell an entire edition of his great work upon *The Mutual Relations of Mind and Body*, in which he proved to his own satisfaction, if not to that of all his readers, that all criminal impulses whatever, and indeed the very existence of sin itself, are wholly due to 'a morbid action of the physical system'—that a murder may be prevented by the timely use of Epsom salts, and an unbeliever converted by a judicious contemplation of the virtues of quinine.

'I can assure you, my dear Harry,' resumed the genial Doctor, 'that it's amazingly flattering to me to find myself considered worth robbing at all. No thief would have thought me worth a centre-bit in the days when your poor father—as fine a fellow, Harry, as ever breathed—used to come and sup with me upon biscuits and toasted cheese in my little snuggerly down town. And then, as surely as the time came to go, he'd turn to me and say: "Now, Jack, old boy, won't you think better of it, and let me write you a cheque—just to give you a fair start, you know?" But although I knew well enough that he'd have been only too glad to do it, I had to refuse; for my motto is, "Heaven helps those who help themselves!"'

'A motto which you'll find some black-masked gentleman exemplifying in this very house one of these nights,' growled Harry Everett. 'Look here, Doctor; I'm not joking—I'm not indeed! Everybody knows you're a rich man; and it's got abroad that there's a room in your house which is always shut up; the very thing to make people think there must be something very valuable stowed away there; and yet after all that, you go living in this big house without a soul near you except the cook and Old Sam yonder, who wouldn't be worth a cent in a real scrimmage!'

'Well, my boy,' said the Doctor, with a curious smile, 'would it tranquillise your mind if I were to engage a night-watchman?'

'I should think so. That would be just the thing.'

'Very good. Consider it done.'

This room, of which Harry had spoken as being 'always shut up,' was a standing puzzle to the Doctor's few intimates. Not a man of them had ever crossed its threshold; and its master, when questioned on the subject, answered only by some joking evasion. Rumour whispered that one adventurous gentleman, rendered desperate by his wife's threat to give him no peace till he found out 'what Dr Bistoury kept hid in that room of his,' had actually attempted a burglarious entrance; but the attempt, if ever made, had been unsuccessful. It is needless to say that countless conjectures, and not a few heavy bets likewise, were being constantly made respecting the contents of this Bluebeard chamber. Many declared that the Doctor had fitted it up as a private laboratory, in the hope of discovering the Philosopher's Stone. Others were equally positive that it contained the hoardings of his whole life in American gold, his opinions being notoriously of the 'hard-money' order. A rival practitioner, of a somewhat cynical turn, suggested that it must contain the remains of the unfortunate patients who had perished under 'that fellow Bistoury's' ministrations; and one imaginative

lady, deeply read in *Jane Eyre*, stoutly maintained that the Doctor, in imitation of the hero of that famous work, had immured his wife in this mysterious *oubliette*, in order to enjoy unchecked the freedom of a bachelor life. Against this ingenious theory there was only one thing to be said—the Doctor had never had a wife to immure. This flagrant treason against the sex was the more unpardonable, inasmuch as he had had abundant opportunities of changing his condition, had he but chosen to avail himself of them. To most of those who questioned him on the subject, he replied that he was wedded to his profession, and that any other union would be flat bigamy; but to his friend Harry Everett, in a moment of after-dinner confidence, he told a very different story.

My medical cousin Alice was the woman who ought to have been Mrs Bistoury, and an admirable fellow-practitioner she would have made for me. The way in which she once cut a splinter out of my thumb, did equal honour to her hand and her heart; and when she was only thirteen, she bought a skeleton with her uncle's birthday gift of five dollars [a fact], and articulated it in a manner that was really masterly. But in an evil hour, she became tainted with a fancy for homocopathy; and after that, of course all was over between us. Such is life!

The Doctor's agreement to engage a night-watchman quieted Harry's apprehensions for the time being; but a few weeks later, he returned to the attack once more. 'I say, Doctor, have you got that night-watchman yet?'

'Yes; some time ago.'

'Well, he don't seem to do his duty then, for I've passed this way at all hours of the night, and never seen him. Are you quite sure he's to be trusted?'

'Wait and see!' replied the Doctor oracularly.

And Everett waited, but did *not* see. The invisible watchman remained as invisible as ever; and Harry, out of patience with his old friend's seeming infatuation, had almost decided to take some decisive step on his own authority, when a new complication introduced itself into the drama. This was nothing less than the temporary retirement of the Doctor's veteran man-servant—popularly known as 'Old Sam'—whose health had begun to give way so manifestly, that his master insisted on sending him into the country for a three months' holiday, replacing him with another man, who had volunteered as promptly as if he had been keeping his eye on the place for a year past. The new-comer was a grave, smooth-faced, taciturn man, who moved as noiselessly as a shadow, and seemed a living combination of the two proverbial requisites of a good servant, silence and obedience.

But although the Doctor and his friends highly approved of this model domestic, there was one man who did not. That one was Harry Everett, who lost no time in announcing his opinion. 'Look here, Doctor. I don't want to be always bothering you about this robbery idea; but it's a fact that that new fellow of yours is up to some mischief. I was coming home pretty late last night, when I caught sight of him standing at the garden-gate, talking to a couple of men. One of them happened to turn his face to the lamp-light as I passed, and I knew him at once for a

noted thief, who goes by the name of "Badger Bill."'

'Indeed? Are you sure of that?'

'Quite sure. You know I never forget a face I've once seen.'

'Ah! In that case, it's time for me to act.'

The last word was so curiously emphasised, that Harry, who was not wanting in shrewdness, began to suspect that his persistent warnings to the Doctor had been superfluous after all, and that the old gentleman was quite equal to the emergency.

This suspicion was confirmed one evening about a week later, when the Doctor dropped in upon him unexpectedly, saying: 'Give me some dinner, my boy. You've no engagement for this evening, I know; so I'm going to be very benevolent, and find you some amusement myself.—Have you ever read *The Count of Monte-Cristo*? because you're going to see a chapter of it dramatised to-night, and pretty effectively too, I flatter myself.'

'What do you mean?' asked Everett, staring.

'Why, you see, I told my servants, a few days ago, that I should be away from home to-night, and my cook naturally seized the chance of getting leave for an "evening out;" consequently, the house will be under the sole charge of that worthy man-servant of mine, against whom you're so unaccountably prejudiced. It's quite possible that the two honest gentlemen with whom you saw him talking the other night, may be kind enough to enliven his solitude with a visit; and so'—

Harry sprang to his feet, and cut a caper worthy of a dancing dervish, snapping his fingers by way of accompaniment. 'Capital! first-rate! I see it all now! But come now, Doctor; why on earth couldn't you tell me before that you were up to the whole game, instead of letting me make a fool of myself by preaching to a man as smart as any six of me?'

'Never mind, my boy,' said the Doctor, laughing. 'Your warning was kindly meant, all the same. Eat your dinner—you'll want it before the evening's over, I can promise you—and then we'll have our talk.'

Dinner over, the Doctor lit one of the incomparable cigars which were his sole luxury, and proceeded to expound his plan of action. 'I've locked up the outer room that opens into my mysterious chamber, which puts two strong doors between it and the robbers. My estimable servant will warn them of this, and they'll try the window instead. He'll let them in by the garden-door, and give them the old ladder that lies beside it to mount by. We'll hide in the stable, which—thanks to my keeping my brougham elsewhere—has been unused so long that no one would dream of suspecting it; but I can open the door easily enough. And then'—

'And then,' broke in Harry eagerly, 'we'll go for them the minute they appear. It'll be a fine chance to try my new revolver.'

'Better leave it at home,' said the Doctor quietly; 'we shall want no weapons for this job.'

'Why, are you going to mesmerise the fellows?' asked Everett, completely mystified.

'Wait and see,' chuckled the Doctor. 'We needn't be there till eleven, for my honest domestic will make sure, before giving the signal,

that I'm not coming back; and besides, an experienced burglar seldom begins work till after midnight. The only thing to be sure of is that nobody sees us getting in.'

But in this, fortune favoured them; and as the Doctor had foretold, the lock of the stable-door, rusty as it looked, moved without difficulty, and the two conspirators glided in, unseen and unheard.

Weary, weary work, crouching there in the darkness, with ear and eye strained to the utmost for the first sign of the coming danger. Dr Bistoury's practised nerves bore even this prolonged trial easily enough; but to the impulsive, excitable Everett it was absolute torture. Like all young soldiers, he found the suspense before the action infinitely more trying than the fray itself. The stable opened on the street close to the garden-door, and its farther window, at which the two watchers had posted themselves, commanded the whole side of the house, the blackness of which was relieved only by a solitary light in one of the upper windows. Suddenly the light vanished, and reappeared a moment later—a performance repeated three times in quick succession.

'That must be the signal,' whispered the Doctor. 'Keep your ears open, Harry.'

Courageous as Everett was, he felt his pulse quicken, and his hand went instinctively to the revolver which, despite the Doctor's verdict, he had persisted in bringing with him.

'Hark! Was that a stealthy footstep outside?'

The next moment came a low whistle, instantly answered from the house; and then a shadowy figure, issuing from the building, glided noiselessly to the garden-door, and opened it to admit two others.

'They've got the ladder,' whispered Dr Bistoury, as the three phantoms crossed the garden. 'Be on the look-out, my boy; you're going to see something worth seeing!'

The ladder was soon planted against the mysterious window; and Badger Bill, after whispering to his comrade to 'keep an eye' on their worthy confederate, ascended, and cutting out a pane so dexterously that the sound was barely audible, put his hand through and shot back the hasp. His two assistants mounted after him; and Bill, stepping cautiously into the room, turned the 'bull's-eye' of his lantern upon its interior.

Instantly the treacherous servant recoiled with a stifled cry: 'Ain't that a—a coffin over yonder?' whispered he tremulously. 'Good gracious! suppose there should be a dead man in it, and'—

'S'pose you should be a thunderin' big fool!' growled Bill savagely. 'Shut your mouth, will yer, or thar'll be another dead man somewhat round soon. I'm a-goin' right in—I am!' And he stepped resolutely forward.

Crash! the coffin-lid burst open, and a skeleton, thrown out in ghastly relief by the red light that flamed in its eyeless sockets, started up with a hideous rattle, thrusting forward its bony arms and grinning jaws as if about to spring upon them. The *Sauve qui peut* of Napoleon was not more decisive. The honest servant gave one yell sufficient to wake the whole neighbourhood, and rolled on the floor in convulsions. The second burglar, leaping backward, dashed his head with such force

against the corner of a bureau, that he dropped as if felled with an axe; while Badger Bill, making a frantic rush for the window, overturned the ladder, and fell crashing along with it, breaking his leg in the fall.

'You see now, Harry,' said the Doctor, as they went up-stairs after seeing their unbidden guests marched off by the police, 'that my night-watchman *did* know his duty, although there's nothing more unearthly about him than a few concealed springs, which are released upon the approach of any one, and a little phosphorus. As for this wonderful room, you see it's only a laboratory after all. But the stories that people told about it amused me so much, that I must plead guilty to having given them a good deal of encouragement. Now, let us be off to bed; and I think you may sleep in peace after this, for it strikes me it'll be some time before anybody robs *my* house again.'

And indeed, no one has ever attempted it since.

BREAD AND BISCUITS.

BREAD, as we all know, is the staff of life, and is a necessary at every meal; but there are some things not so generally understood regarding this important article of diet. From its porousness and easy digestibility, bread is better adapted than anything else for mixing with and separating the other substances which we eat; and it is extremely nutritive as well. One pound of bread contains more nitrogen than a pound of pork. In England and Europe generally, bread is of two kinds—fermented, and unfermented or aerated; and in most European countries it is made from wheaten flour. Wheat consists practically of two parts—the bran or outer covering, and the central grain or fecula; and it is according to the quality of the grain and the amount of husk left in it after sifting, that the value of the flour varies. There are four classes of flour: (1) Fine households or the best; (2) households or seconds; (3) brown meal; and (4) biscuit-flour.

The whiteness of the flour is generally, but not always, a test of its purity and nutritive value; for the finest flour sifted from red wheat is of a darker tinge than 'seconds' obtained from white wheat, though the red wheat is more nutritious. The nutritive value of bread depends chiefly upon the flour from which it is made, but also upon the process by which it is made. For some constitutions, white bread is best; for others, brown; and for others again, aerated.

Of fermented breads, the two most wholesome kinds are brown bread and that made from 'seconds' flour. Pure white bread made from the finest households is not so nutritious as that made from 'seconds' flour, and for this reason: 'seconds' flour contains a portion of the husk, and is therefore endowed with all the most important substances required to form blood, bone, and muscle—namely gluten, starch, oil, and a large proportion of mineral materials; so that bread made from this flour is more valuable in point of nourishment than bread made from the finest flour, from which the phosphates, &c. have been entirely extracted.

It is therefore a great mistake to remove all the husk or bran from the flour, except for delicate people.

There was much talk some years ago about the nutritive value of brown bread, some medical men asserting that it was more nutritious than any other kind of bread. Time and experience, however, have shewn its true value. Bran and pollards, in which there is a considerable quantity of phosphate of lime, so valuable as nutriment to the bones and other tissues, of course predominate in brown bread, but they have all the wheaten elements besides. To some people, however, bran and pollards are too irritating, especially to those with delicate organisations; and as most of us can take the necessary phosphates in other ways, brown bread need not be eaten indiscriminately by every one because of its nutritive value.

It is quite impossible for the system to assimilate the bran; though, like cheese, its presence in the stomach stimulates the digestion of other things. Brown bread is very useful for its laxative properties, and these render it very beneficial to persons of sedentary habits, or whose occupations preclude them from taking much exercise in the open air.

A delicious sauce may be made from brown bread, the preparation being the same as that for white-bread sauce. It is not very widely known; but mixed with one or two cooked tomatoes, forms a most palatable addition to a joint of roast mutton.

The bread par excellence, however, according to the majority of medical men, is aerated bread. A patent for the making of this bread was taken out about fifteen years ago; but since then it has not enjoyed nearly the popularity and consumption that it really deserves. It has many decided advantages, and is a considerable saving in many ways. 1. More bread is made out of one sack of flour by this process than by any other. 2. It takes much less time to make. 3. The dough requires no handling. 4. It is perfectly pure, being simply flour, water, and salt. 5. The cost of machinery and the carbonic acid gas is much less than that of the yeast used in the fermenting process. It is very strongly recommended by medical men for ordinary diet and in cases of indigestion. According to Dr Corfe of the Middlesex Hospital, it is particularly valuable 'in those cases of dyspepsia which so often affect the brain-workers of the great metropolis, men who work for the press, &c.' Again, infants brought up partially or entirely by hand thrive especially well on it. Aerated bread mixed with a little milk-and-water forms a soft jelly-like compound, and is then easily sucked through the tube of a common feeding-bottle.

Beyond these advantages, the general introduction of aerated bread would be a decided gain from a humanitarian point of view, for it would save a large number of human lives now annually sacrificed in London bakeries alone. Dr Guy affirms that no class of men, save the Redditch needle-grinders, are liable to so severe and often fatal diseases of the chest as the men employed in bakeries. Forty-two years is rather more than the average duration of their lives. Aerated bread besides keeps better than bread made from yeast, and this proves its superiority over fermented bread, for it is a well-known fact that the best

bread grows stale slowest. The difference between fresh and stale bread is owing to the condition of the starch in a loaf. But when the starch has hardened, the defect may be easily remedied by inclosing the loaf in a tin case and placing it in an oven for a short time, after which the stale loaf reappears a fresh one.

A word as to a test for good bread. A loaf should be of a perfectly even texture, of uniformly small holes like a fine sponge. If its texture is good, and its layers can be easily detached, and it can be crumbled by the fingers into a coarse powder, or thoroughly soaked in water, it is perfectly made and baked. If not, there is a fault somewhere, and it is either adulterated or imperfectly baked.

In conclusion, a word as to the well-known variety of bread called biscuits may not be out of place. There is no yeast in the composition of biscuits; they are unleavened and very highly dried; and it is this which makes them so invaluable to people who suffer from a superabundant amount of adipose tissue. Biscuits are rather too hard for an every-day bread-stuff if made from flour and water alone, as 'captains' and ship-biscuits are. But they are very useful to travellers where bread is bad or unattainable. If soaked for a few hours in water or, better still, milk, they soften, swell, and with the addition of a little cream and sugar, make a very delicious and palatable dish. When kept dry and free from the air, biscuits possess the immense advantage of allowing to be stored for use for a great length of time. Lately, there has sprung up an important trade in biscuits contained in close tins for domestic use. The sale of these tins of English biscuits of different sorts has become quite immense. They are seen in the shop-windows of grocers all over the continent.

THE ROSE AND BIRD.

A BIRDLING sang upon the spray,
What time the lanes were white with May;
Sweet rose his thrilling, tender tune;
Ah! how he welcomed sunny June.

A crimson rose, her dewy head
Upreared from her green, leafy bed,
Toward the blue and cloudless sky,
And thus she murmured with a sigh:

'O that for ever June would last,
Nor be the heavens e'er o'ercast;
That storms and gales should own no sway,
My life be one long summer day.'

Dark grew the sky; the rain fell fast,
And thunder mingled with the blast;
The birdie cowering ceased his mirth,
The rose fell crushed and torn to earth.

Thus is it ever! When we dream
No danger nigh, and safe we seem,
Just Heaven checks our boastful pride,
And sends the peril we denied!

A. H. B.

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VOYAGE IN A SNEAK-BOX.

IN American phraseology, a sneak-box is a species of canoe that can accommodate a single individual, who works his way by oars along the sea-margin, rivers, or lakes. Various, the vessel is styled a duck-boat, perhaps from being employed in shooting wild-ducks. Anyway, it is a canoe or boat of a peculiarly light fabric, but provided with a deck, open at the middle, where the voyager sits in plying his oars, and where, under cover of a hatch, which is closed at night, he can stretch himself out on cushions and go to sleep secure from molestation, while the boat is saved from drifting away by being tethered by a rope to a tree or some other object on shore. A journey by water in this fashion is, of course, attended by dangers and difficulties; but it suits the adventurous spirit of Americans, who, for the sake of frolic and personal independence, do not mind privations or trouble in their expeditions.

Mr N. H. Bishop, who had gained some éclat by a long voyage down the great rivers in a paper canoe, increased his fame by accomplishing a voyage in a sneak-box from Pittsburgh, situated between the rivers Monongahela and Alleghany, which here unite to form the Ohio; thence to the Mississippi; and so on to the Gulf of Mexico, a distance of more than two thousand miles. In his book describing this extraordinary excursion, entitled 'Four Months in a Sneak-box,' Mr Bishop wanders into a variety of extraneous details, which are a little embarrassing to the reader; but by skipping over these passages, the narrative is lively and interesting, and offers striking instances of skill and endurance in carrying out what must be called a very whimsical project. We will try to give a sketch of this strange voyage on the great inland waters of the United States. To begin with the boat; it was built to order on the Atlantic coast, and carried by railway to Pittsburgh, where it was launched on the Monongahela, December 2, 1875. The boat measured twelve feet in length, was firmly constructed of white cedar-wood, and so

light that it could easily be lifted by two men, and carried or pushed on rollers across portages, when it was necessary to avoid following a long bend in the river. Beneath the hatch there was room for stowing a change of clothes and a supply of provisions, such as tinned meats, bread, and coffee. There was a kind of shelf which acted as table; and here, reclining on his side, the voyager could write letters or post his log-book. At night, a candle two inches high could be lit without endangering the roof. There were holes for ventilation when the hatch was down. Among the articles accommodated were a few cooking utensils, powder and shot, and a long duck-gun. The heating of water for coffee, and cooking, were conducted on the river-banks.

Mr Bishop lost no time in starting. Off he set at once down the Monongahela, and all went well with him till he came to the junction with the Alleghany, which was filled with cakes of floating ice that dispersed themselves over the Ohio. A boat of ordinary structure would probably have been stove in by the ice-cakes; but the sneak-box being made of elastic timber, coped with the difficulty, and got safely into the central part of the Ohio. The rapid current carried it forward thirty-six miles in four hours and a half. Considering this to be a good day's work, the voyager tied the boat to the shore, and retired under cover for the night. His bed consisted of hair-cushions and a coverlet, while the bag containing his wardrobe served for a pillow. A slice of bread-and-butter, a morsel of preserved meat, and a drink of water, were his supper. He carried no beer or spirits, and appears to be a strictly temperance man, on which account he kept his brain clear for every emergency. Nothing disturbed the silence of the night but the whistle of steamers making their way through the ice-packs. Refreshed by the night's sleep, our voyager despatched a cold breakfast, and was off at half-past eight in the morning. Unfortunately, the atmosphere was so thick with smoke from manufactories, that nothing could be seen of the natural scenery during the day. Keeping clear of

the ice, there was no misadventure. In the afternoon of the second day he passed Wheeling, a busy city, eighty miles from Pittsburgh. The ice now disappeared, but was replaced by oil, which coming from the refuse of oil-mines, unpleasantly covered the water. Cold meals being found not quite agreeable, a small coal-oil stove was purchased. With this simple appliance, coffee was warmed, and there was no further difficulty about cooking. We learn that vast numbers of this species of cheap and easily managed stove are now used all over the western rivers, and have proved an immense comfort to traders and excursionists. 'The economy of its use is wonderful. A heat sufficient to boil a gallon of water in thirty minutes can be sustained for ten hours at the cost of three cents [three-halfpence].' The oil employed is free from any danger of explosion. We have not heard of these handy American oil-stoves being known in England.

Proceeding onwards, a stoppage was made at Moundville, to visit the sepulchral mound of the aborigines from which the name of the place is taken. To see this object of antiquity, the boat was left with the hatch securely locked. The mound, which is nine hundred feet in circumference and seventy feet in height, has been opened up by passages, and found to contain two vaults with skeletons and various copper rings and other antique ornaments. By whom the mound was constructed, remains a mystery. Returning to his boat, the voyager went on his course down the Ohio, passing several islands, and always stopping at night where suitable places could be pitched on out of the reach of steamers. Although prepared for rowing, there was no great necessity for exertion. The current was usually sufficient, and the chief thing required was to keep the boat on its right course, free from obstructions. Thirty to fifty miles a day were commonly made. Sometimes there was chaffing with travellers on board of vessels passing up or down the river. On no occasion was there any attempted violence or interruption. Day followed day very tranquilly. It was a solitary existence, but was free from business cares; and with an abundance of fresh air and mental exhilaration in seeing new scenes come into view, proved exceedingly healthful. The Ohio is generally about half a mile wide, so that there was ample space for guiding the small craft according to pleasure. The day's exercise and vigilance produced sweet sleep when all was closed in for the night. With all its privations, we can fancy this to have been an enviable kind of life.

In England, one can have little idea of the miscellaneous traffic on the great American rivers. Winter is the time for migrating southwards, not only for sake of pleasure, but for trading. There are numerous shanty-boats or scows, flat-bottomed, with a dwelling made of boards on deck, owned by men who with their families make a living by picking up floating lumber, or doing business

with persons on shore as they go along. Dealers in clocks and sewing-machines, tinsmiths, grocers, saloon-keepers, and barbers, are among this migratory population. Some of a more loose class are alleged to be hog-stealers at fitting opportunities. It is not unusual for young men 'out of a job' to club their few dollars to build and equip one of these shanty-boats, and descend to New Orleans 'as negro minstrels, trappers, or thieves, as necessity may demand.' As for food, all rely greatly on salt-pork, bacon, flour, potatoes, eggs, omelets, molasses, and coffee. In nearly every instance, when the parties reach New Orleans, the boats are sold for firewood, and the return voyage is made on board an up-river steamer. Thousands of people spend their lives in this way, trying their luck in going down and up the great rivers. Like flocks of birds, they study the seasons, spending their summers in the north, and wintering in the sub-tropical regions at the mouth of the Mississippi. Such is American river-life, something quite unique. Mr Bishop piloted himself wonderfully down this grand water highway, shanty-boats, steam-vessels, or coal-barges constantly coming into view, and for the most part disposed to be friendly. He, however, kept a sharp look-out, for afloat and on the high river-banks there are roughs who would think no more of sending a ball through him than of shooting a wild-duck.

Approaching Cincinnati, the voyager plied his oars and made considerable way, the state of Ohio on the right, and Kentucky on the left. Hereabouts, in the dark and in a snow-storm, he was compelled by the extreme cold to lock up and leave his sneak-box in a creek, in order to seek shelter and food for the night. Consisting of but a few houses, the place was called Pleasant Run, though anything but pleasant on that dismal night. There was a difficulty in finding any one to give him shelter. At length he tried the house of a German tailor, who after examining him closely, thus addressed him: 'Mine friend, in dese times nobody knows who's which. I say, sar, nobody knows who's what. Fellers land here and eats mine grub, and den shoves off dere poats, and never says: "Tank you, sar," for mine grub. Since de Confederate war, all men is skamps. I fights twenty-doo pattles for de Union, nots for de monish, but because I likes de free government; but it is imbossible to feeds all de beebles what lands at Pleasant Run.' To these remarks, Mr Bishop gave an assurance that he would pay well for food and lodging; and was told in reply: 'Dat's what dey all say.' However, an arrangement was come to, and the benighted excursionist was well treated. The tailor's bark had been worse than his bite.

There was here a compulsory residence for several days. The sneak-box was frozen up and could not move. At length the temperature modified. Moved less by this circumstance than

by a hint that river-thieves had laid a plan for stealing the little vessel, Bishop would stay no longer. Paying his bill and thanking his host, he caused the boat to be cut out of the ice and carried to the navigable part of the Ohio. He was now once more afloat; and in a few days reached Louisville, where he had some difficulty in passing the rapids of the Ohio, and set once more on the right course. In skirting the Indiana shore on the 25th of December, he was hailed from a shanty-boat with a 'Merry Christmas,' and asked to come on board to dinner. The invitation was accepted; and he enjoyed a sumptuous entertainment, for he had that day already rowed fifty-three miles. On the last day of the year he reached the Mississippi at Cairo, and was now on the 'Father of Waters.' Since quitting Pittsburgh, he says, 'the faithful sneak-box had carried me more than a thousand miles.'

There is a peculiar solemnising grandeur in the Mississippi. At Cairo, it has already received the Missouri, which doubles its volume of waters, and gives it a breadth of two to three miles. Although afterwards receiving many large affluents, the breadth is not greatly increased, each fresh accession only adding to its depth. When our voyager entered the Mississippi, the weather was squally, and he was driven to take shelter at Island No. 1, where he dined, and saw the sun come out in all its glory. The great river is noted for its sand-bars, which appear above water, and are the refuge of large flocks of ducks and geese. The islands are known by being numbered on the charts. There are numerous turnings and windings in the river, also partial shiftings of the course on the level plains, owing to inundations. Mooring his boat at Island No. 5, he landed to cook his dinner, which he ate under some giant sycamores, surrounded by a flock of beautiful parakeets, variegated with green, yellow, and red colours. These birds were an indication that he was entering on a southern clime. Pushing on to the river-side town of Hickman, he added a basketful of mince-pies to his stock of provisions. Forty-five miles farther on, he passed Reelfoot Lake, which was produced by earthquakes in 1811-13, when a large portion of arable land sunk out of sight, and deprived the inhabitants of their farms. Hundreds of square miles were lost by the terrestrial convulsions. Persons interested in geography will be gratified in perusing Mr Bishop's account of Reelfoot Lake. We must pass on to what he says of the cotton-fields and swamps of Louisiana.

In the lower part of the Mississippi, the land would be an earthly paradise but for the frequent overflows, which submerge everything, and produce new channels, transform peninsulas into islands, leave swamps that are malarious, with intermediate stretches of rich 'river-bottoms.' On the higher patches of ground are seen the log cabins of squatters, 'game enough to satisfy the most rapacious, beast and bird of peculiar species, and over all, the immense forests of cypress, sweet-gums, Spanish oaks, tulip-trees, sycamores, cotton-woods, white-oaks, &c.' For the zoologist and botanist, there may be said to be boundless scope for their investigations. As the voyager advanced, the air grew warmer, the heat in January being like that of a July day in the north. Negro cabins with black children scrambling about came

into view. One evening, when Mr Bishop was looking about for a creek where he could halt for the night, he fell in with a flat-boat occupied by a man and his family who were similarly engaged. They halted in company. In the morning, when this new acquaintance departed on his route, he gave his experience of human nature in a sensible piece of advice: 'Don't leave your boat alone for half an hour, stranger. Niggers is bad, and some white folks too.'

In the afternoon of the same day, when floating with the current, our voyager in passing round an island came upon a flat-boat, with which he had exchanged civilities up river. The owner, who is spoken of as the captain, renewed the acquaintanceship. He was a fine type of the enterprising American, and told his history. Reduced to poverty by the war, in order to support his family, he built a scow and set up as a fisherman, penetrating with his vessel into the weird waters of Reelfoot Lake, and despatching the fish that he had caught to remote settlements. In one year he made four thousand dollars. He was now about to visit Northern Texas with his scow, which was to be towed by casual steamers. He would stop here and there to fish with nets, and trap game and ducks; all of which, minus what supported his family, would form his stock in trade among settlers in the Far West. In following out this intention, he scarcely allowed himself any rest, but floated on night and day. He was an educated man, and Mr Bishop found his 'society delightful' during the few days the two kept together. On the voyager went, passing Memphis, Vicksburg, and Natchez. Near the first-mentioned place, the swift current bore him near the shore, where a small masted vessel was anchored, and he heard the cheery cry of 'Stranger, pull in here,' addressed to him by a group of three roughly clad young men, who were engaged in frying salt-pork and potatoes. One of them drew his sneak-box to the bank; and sitting down beside the party, they told him their history. They had been out of work; so, investing sixty dollars in an old sloop of about two tons burden, putting on board a barrel of pork, a barrel of flour, some potatoes, coffee, salt, and molasses—which cargo was to last three months—they started to cut canes in the cane-brakes of White River, Arkansas. These canes were to be utilised as fishing-rods, and being carefully assorted and fastened into bundles, were to be shipped to Cincinnati by steamer, and from there by rail to Cleveland, on Lake Erie, where they would be disposed of. They had come down the Mississippi from Iowa, had been frozen up in creeks, and suffered various other hardships, but looked forward to making a successful adventure. They would be able to cut twenty-five thousand fishing-rods. An excellent specimen this of the scope for enterprise on these great waters.

One of the young men, named Stirling, who was engaged in this trade of gathering cane fishing-rods, related an anecdote illustrative of the administration of justice in these parts. In a river-trip he came upon a steamer which had lost its anchor, and the captain offered to reward him if he could find it. Stirling set to work, and found the anchor with its coil of rope. 'When the steamer returned up-river, he delivered the anchor and coil of rope to the captain, who, intending to defraud the young

man of the promised reward, ordered the mate to cast off the lines. The gong had signalled the engineer to get under way, but not quick enough to escape the young claimant for salvage, who grasped the coil of rope, and dragged it ashore, shouting to the captain: "You may keep your anchor; but I will keep your cable as salvage, to which I am entitled for saving your property." A few days afterwards, Stirling, wishing to know whether he could legally retain the coil of rope, proceeded to a town in the state of Mississippi, to consult a negro justice of peace, said to be learned in the law. Having stated his object, the learned justice said: "Dat's rite, dat's berry good, sah; now you jes macadamise de case to me." The case was "macadamised," or made plain to the sable justice, who, after some meditation, delivered his judgment: "Dis court will apply de common law ob de state ob Mississippi; and dis is it: 'What you hab, dat you keep.' Dis is de teachings ob de bar, de bench, and de code." Stirling was satisfied. He kept the cable.

Again the voyager was on his way down the Mississippi, but was occasionally a little confused as to the route, on account of diverging branches of the great stream. One day he fell in with a gentleman who told him some sorrowful particulars of a Mr John C. Cloud, who had become famous for his feats as an oarsman. Cloud had for a bet rowed in a skiff all the way by rivers from Philadelphia to New Orleans, where he was lost sight of by his friends and admirers. Bishop now heard an explanation of the mystery. The chief sustenance of the unfortunate man was whisky, of which fiery liquor he stowed a jar of ten gallons in his skiff. As a consequence of this indiscretion, and of exposure to malaria, he perished when almost within sight of New Orleans. He was found dead in his boat with the fatal jar at his feet. A kind-hearted planter had the body decently buried.

The end of the river-part of the expedition in the sneak-box was now at hand. Plantations and handsome mansions were in sight. One morning, New Orleans, 'the Crescent City of the Gulf,' with numerous steamers and other vessels, came into view. The time occupied in rowing down the Mississippi from the Ohio had been nineteen days. We let the adventurous voyager give the account of his landing. 'Anxious to escape the officious kindness always encountered about the docks of southern rivers, I peered about, hoping to find some quiet corner in which to moor my floating home. Near the foot of Louisanna Avenue, I saw the fine boat-house of the "Southern Boat Club;" and being pleasantly hailed by one of its members, hove to, and told him of my perplexity. With the ever ready hospitality of a southerner, he assured me that the boat-house was at my disposal; and calling a friend to assist, we easily hauled the boat out of the water up the inclined plane into her new quarters.'

Although the river-excursion was finished, Mr Bishop, after a short stay in New Orleans, of which he gives a pleasant description, caused his sneak-box to be transported to Lake Pontchartrain, whence he made his way to the margin of the Gulf of Mexico. He then rowed along the shore in a northerly direction. At New Orleans he had good-naturedly allowed a young gentleman, whom he

calls Saddles, to accompany him in a separate boat. Mr Saddles turned out to have tastes resembling those of the ill-fated Cloud. Ultimately he broke down, and had to be left behind—another melancholy example of the evils of intemperance. An interesting account is given by Mr Bishop of his sea-coast voyage, with divergences into the rivers and bayous of Florida. He happened to witness alligator-hunting, which is carried on in the southern rivers not so much as a sport as a matter of trade, for sake of the alligator's skin, which is tanned into leather. So great is the destruction of the animal, that in no long space of time the alligator will be extinct in American waters, which, as far as we can see, would be an advantage. At the port of Cedar Keys the excursion terminated, and the voyager with his sneak-box were transferred to a railway train, to be conveyed homewards. The voyage had lasted four months, and had altogether extended to two thousand six hundred miles.

We cannot close our notice of Mr Bishop's entertaining volume, without recommending it as worthy of perusal by all who are fond of reading works of adventure by sea and land. In our opinion, it might be considerably improved by the excision of various redundancies, also by the introduction of dates and an index. It has to be remarked, that although purporting to be published by David Douglas, Edinburgh, the book as regards paper, typography, and wood-cut illustrations, is apparently a product of the American press.

W. C.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER XV.—HISTORY.

Every man plays Hercules at one time or another.

HASTINGS packed up such of his belongings as seemed needed for a sojourn of a month at Boulogne, and sat down upon his bedside, with a big portmanteau in front of him and a big cigar in his mouth, to look out the train for Dover. The prospect of the jaunt was pleasant to him. As for his debts, they were such old friends that he would have been almost grieved to part with them. Natively, there was no honest man in Europe than this flippant and idle young gentleman. Debt at Eton and debt at Cambridge had dulled his moral perceptions—that was all. It would be unfair to blame the man for the faults of a whole system. He had been steeped in credit ever since he had been a little boy. That everybody would be paid and exceedingly well paid one day or other, went of course without saying. The young gentleman justified himself after his usual fashion. 'The poet remarks with great felicity that there is no joy but calm. Very well, then. It is the business of every man to preserve his life from all fluctuations, and to hold himself at one level. Happy is the man who has no history. My highly superior father holds me in poverty at this time, and will one day burden me with great wealth. It is my double duty to get into debt. To-day's debt feeds yesterday's depletion, and provides a relief beforehand for the repletion of to-morrow. Aha! 'Tis quaintly, wittily, and wisely put. Credit is the compensating balance of the whole system of human affairs. Good again.'

Resuming the study of the time-table, suspended in behalf of these reflections, Hastings was startled by an unusually imperious knock at the front door. A foreboding touched him in the midst of his easy gaiety. The door below was opened, and by-and-by the neat and rosy housemaid appeared with a message for him, to the effect that Mr Robins of Deal desired to see him.

'Robins of Deal, and Robins of Deal,' said Hastings rhythmically in a sort of pensive chant. 'And who the dickens is Robins of Deal?—Shew the old gentleman up, my dear, as the ardent inquirer said to Cornelius Agrippa.'

The rosy housemaid, who was of opinion that Mr Hastings was the most perfect of his sex, turned up the sitting-room lamp and went downstairs. Then the visitor came up with solemn tramp; and Hastings walking airily into the sitting-room, saw before him an old and faithful servitor of his father's—a servitor so old that he had been pantry-boy in the great house at Dean when his present master was a boy at Eton.

'Why, Roberts, my good old boy,' said Hastings, shaking hands with him, 'what brings you to the brick and mortar wilderness? The girl said Mr Robins of Deal wanted to see me.'

'I told her to say it was Roberts from Dean, Mr Arthur,' said the old man solemnly.

'I am very glad,' said Hastings, looking with real pleasure at the white-haired, rosy, plump, old fellow's face—'very glad indeed you found me. I am just off for the continent.'

'You must come back with me, Mr Arthur,' said the old boy with a solemn shaky voice.

'Is there anything the matter at home?'

'It is appointed to all men, Mr Arthur,' said the ancient butler with a voice more and more tremulous, 'it's your poor father's turn, sir, now.'

Hastings sat down without an exclamation, and looked hard at his visitor.

'He wouldn't have any of us wire, sir,' said the old man, 'for fear of startling you. A letter wouldn't have reached you till the morning, and that might have been too late. So he said to me: "Go and bring him down, Roberts. I shall last till he comes," he said, sir; "I must last till he comes!"'

Hastings still said not a word, but rang the bell. The rosy housemaid answering stood astonished at the paleness of his countenance. He ordered refreshments to be placed before the butler, and then left him and went into the solitude of his own room. Standing there, and staring listlessly into the dark and silent street, he groped in his own mind for the meaning of the message which had just been brought to him. He turned his eyes vacantly upon the table near which he stood, and took thence a book in a yellow paper cover, and vacantly read a paragraph. This book was the production of a Frenchman of genius. I will not blame but pity that great personage, who was a godless, heartless, bloodless cynic, with a rollicking sense of humour which never found food for a smile in anything that was not either cruel or dirty. The paragraph which Hastings thus vacantly read set forth with jocund pleasantries the delight experienced by a young man at a wealthy father's death. As the meaning of the writer became clear to him, he tore the flimsy volume passionately in pieces and dropped them on the floor. The old

man tapped at the door, but Hastings did not hear him. He gazed gloomily out of the window on the dark street until the old servitor's touch aroused him. 'Roberts,' he said, with some bitterness at his heart, 'I declare I feel this almost as much as you do.'

'I know, Mr Arthur,' said the butler. 'There's different ways of feeling, and different ways of shewing it.'

'Is there no hope of his recovery?' Hastings asked, turning to the window.

'No hope at all, sir,' the butler answered.

'When does our train start?' Hastings asked again.

'I've told Hoskins to meet the Hetherton train, one hour and twenty minutes after midnight, sir,' the butler answered. 'It leaves Euston in about an hour and a half.'

'Very well,' said Hastings. 'Leave me alone for a minute or two, Roberts. Get something to eat. I shall be quite ready.'

The butler retired; and Hastings stared on vacantly through the window. 'Have I a heart at all?' he asked himself. 'I don't believe I care the toss up of a blind beggar's farthing. I don't believe it's in me to care; and if it isn't, it shall not be in me to pretend I care. Poor old governor! He'd have cared if he'd heard that I was dying.'

His heart was hardened, and his eyes were dry. He thought of things which were so ridiculous that he could have laughed outright at them. The great Frenchman himself could not have been inwardly wittier than poor Hastings, over all the cruelties of his own want of feeling. He could not help it for his life. He could not feel sorry. He did not feel sorry. He was never merrier than at this time; and just as he had arrived at this conclusion, he dropped his head into his hands and wept bitterly. He was a very young man, my readers will remember, and his father, who lay dying, had loved him well and forgiven him often. The faithful old servitor without, dropped tears into his tea as he sat there in his young Master's room, and heard the sobs which shook him.

The two mourners took the train together, and arrived too late. The old man was dead; and his son, that dissipated youngster, was master of Dean Manor and broad lands adjoining. Yet it was not these things which filled the heart which would have fain believed itself so flippant and cynical. No, no! He lay there, the gray old man, who would be grieved no more, yet had been grieved so often. Even cunning Antony cries out, 'My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar, and I must wait till it come back to me.' There was some nature there, or the mob would not have been moved by it. And so Hastings' heart lay there with the dead father, and had no concern with Dean Manor and broad lands adjoining, unless it were to fear in the sincerity of grief that these things would bring in time a consolation of which it would be an honest man's duty to feel ashamed. The will of the dead man was read after the funeral, and except for liberal legacies to the old servants, everything came into the hands of the son. He was free to go back now and use London like a hog-pen or other place to wallow in. He could give his vices that looked like virtues, and his virtues that looked like vices, full swing on such a princely income as his father had left him.

I would defy you to make a Square-toes of this young gentleman, but he is not past making an honest man of. The father's death sobered the son, and brought responsibilities upon him. The old fables are full of wisdom. Every man plays Hercules at one time or another, if it be but for an hour, and the two goddesses solicit him. Happy is he who plays the parable through to the end and chooses after Hercules his fashion. That better choice our young Hastings made. It was not in the heart of him to be a Pharisee. He will have his joke to the end of his life, and will not forget, though he grow wise, the flavours of Clos de Vougeot and Habana. There will be cakes and ale even for him who is pious, and ginger shall still be hot in the mouth.

But there is a time for all things, and this was the time for sober thought and honest resolution. He would play Prince Hal no more. Brookes and Bonder, Pains and Bardolph, and that hoary sinner Falstaff, who dwelt in the dingy parlour of the 'fancy' public, that battered hero of the fistic ring, should have seen the last of the Prince's revelry. To purge, to quit sack, and live cleanly—it is a holy task, and the young fellow who goes out to it will have all honest men's sympathy.

Hastings could not bear to closet himself with his dead father's lawyer directly after the old man had been laid beside his ancestors in the family vault. He felt that he could better give himself a little time for thought, and even a little time for grief, before he took up the burdens of his new position. And there seemed to him a something sordid in hastening to lay hands upon that which bore yet freshly the impress of a hand which could grasp earthly riches no more. Therefore he went up to London, and whilst old acquaintances read gleefully that the will was proved, and that the personality was sworn under some quite exceptional number of thousands, he was living alone and thoughtful in his old London rooms. It happened on the night on which he returned to town that he thought of Frank, and took a cab to drive round to him. 'It was more than half my fault,' he thought to himself, 'that Fairholt fell into that man's hands. If he is in any trouble, I must help him out of it.'

And once more he found himself too late. Mr Fairholt had just gone out. Hastings then pencilled this brief note:

'DEAR FAIRHOLT—If you are in any trouble about Tasker, let me know. One word from me will quiet him. Yours always, A. H.'

This he folded and sealed, and having discharged his duty in that one matter, went home again. Cynical and flippant as he thought himself, his heart was very tender just then, and the look even of lifeless things reproached him. The walls that had heard his follies reproached him. He arose and went into the streets. It rained in a half-hearted drizzling way, and he felt lonely and troubled and dispirited. It mattered little to him whither he went, so that he could but walk off this fit of unusual depression, and he found himself almost before he knew it in the midst of all the light and bustle of Oxford Street. Turning thence into quieter ways, he wandered on until somebody fell against him with a shock, and drove his crape-bound hat over his eyes. He recovered himself, and saw a drunken Irishman, who offered fluent

apologies. 'For barrin' him,' the man was saying, 'there's not a creature in the world that o'd lay a little finger on except in the way o' good-fellowship. Will ye take a dhrink? Just to shew there's no ill feelin'? Dew now!'

'No, thank you,' said Hastings, and walked on.

The man clung to him with repeated apologies and repeated hospitable offers. 'Well,' said his follower at last, 'I dar'n't go tew far away, lest oi should be missin' me friend. If ye won't, ye won't, me boy; an' so, good-night to ye.'

'Good-night,' Hastings answered; and the man turned back and lurched down the street. The rain had ceased, and Hastings stood folding his umbrella in dreamy mood, with a sad little laugh at the man's persistent attempt to drink with him. Suddenly, not fifty yards away, there arose a terrific hubbub, and wild cries for help. Towards Hastings, like a dart, ran a stout little figure with guttural yells of 'Murder!' Behind him, gaining at every stride, came the man who had said 'Good-night' only a minute or two before. What the meaning of the pursuit might be, Hastings had no power to divine. It seemed probable that it was a piece of drunken sport on the part of both men, for it was impossible that they should have had time to quarrel since the Irishman had left him. But the cruel blow which felled the fugitive was real enough, and so was the murderous knife that gleamed above his prostrate figure. Hastings was just in time to bring his umbrella down full swing upon the Irishman's wrist. The knife fell upon the pavement, and the umbrella-stick went to shivers. The man was up in a second, and rushed at Hastings like a bull. It was all uneven. Not half-a-dozen years of foolish living in London and Paris had robbed the prettiest boxer of his day at Cambridge of his style. The tale is as old as the hills. Hastings could not hurt the man severely even had he wished. But on the other hand, the man could not get near him, and his savage rushes were exhausting him and knocking him about a good deal. A gentleman came out of the house in front of which this little drama was enacting.

'Pray, oblige me by picking up this poor fellow,' said Hastings quietly, opposing the frantic Irishman with wary foot and hand and eye. 'I found this fellow trying to murder him. There's a knife somewhere.'

At the mention of the knife, the Irishman made a rush for the prostrate figure. Hastings dropped in front of him like lightning, and the man went flying over the stooping figure, came down heavily upon the pavement, and lay still. The whole thing had not lasted two minutes.

'Very neat indeed,' said the gentleman on the door-step; and at that moment a constable came with placid mien round the corner.

'Hillo!' said the official; 'move on here!—I beg pardon, sir. What's the matter?' Before the constable had well made this inquiry, the gentleman had left the door-step, and was bending over the figure of the portly little man who had been first to fall in this affray.

'Ha!' he said; 'this is my friend the money-lender, is it?—Help me to carry this man into the hall, policeman.' The policeman lent a pair of hands, and the figure of the portly little man was carried indoors. 'Now for the other.' At that

moment of time an elderly fat man came round the corner, and stood still to watch the proceedings. There was blood upon the whitened doorstep of the house into which the one man had been carried, and the two gentlemen and the policeman were stooping to raise the Irishman, who lay like one dead doubled against the area railings. The thing wore altogether a melodramatic aspect, and any elderly fat man passing at the time would have been phlegmatic indeed had he not paused to look. The fat man hovered round the three as they bore the insensible figure into the hall, and breathed stertorously in his eager interest. He followed to the door, and there fell into an attitude expressive of profound amazement. Nobody had noticed him, and it is not probable indeed that anybody so far had even seen him. There was a general start when he cried out aloud: 'Why, bless my heart alive if that ain't my man, Tasker!'

'You know him?' said the gentleman of the house, looking up for a second, and then busying himself about the insensible head again.

'Look here, policeman,' said Benjamin Hartley. 'You go for a doctor.'

The policeman smiled and whispered: 'This is Dr Brand, one of the most eminent surgeons of the day.'

'Ah!' said Mr Hartley, 'that's fort'nate.' Then he looked at Hastings. 'You seem to ha' been in this here shindy, young gentleman.'

'For once in a way,' responded he, shaken back into his old ways by the incident; 'fact and appearance travel together. I have been in this here shindy.'

'What's it all about?' asked Mr Hartley, regarding his new acquaintance with some surprise.

'I am really unable to say,' said Hastings calmly. 'The big man ran after the little one, knocked him down, and drew a knife.—By the way'—turning to the officer—'you will find a knife and a hat outside. Will you oblige me?'—The policeman turned away to the door—'And an umbrella,' added Hastings.

'Was it you,' asked Mr Hartley, 'as doubled up that cove like that? Again the railings?'

'I had to do it, you know,' said Hastings; and Benjamin Hartley stared at him, and wondered. He measured with his eye the figure of the prostrate Irishman, and then looked back at Hastings, with flaxen moustache and flaxen hair and girlishly delicate complexion. A deep-drawn breath and a slow exclamation 'Ah!' bore testimony to his amazement.

Dr Brand hearing this brief colloquy, chuckled within himself. Rising to his feet he said: 'This man is rather severely hurt. He ought to be removed to the hospital.' A slight examination of the second figure resulted in a similar verdict. 'I know the man too,' said the Doctor. 'His name is Olosky, and he lives in Bolter's Rents in Oxford Street.' This was addressed to the officer, who had found the knife, and was now offering to Mr Hastings his battered properties.

'There is no danger, I hope?' said Hastings.

'It will not be possible to say anything about that in either case for a day or two,' the Doctor answered. The policeman was despatched for stretchers and bearers, and the two disabled men were soon deposited at the hospital. The Doctor

promised to call there in the morning; and he and Hastings and old Hartley solemnly exchanged cards. Then the old man went off with Hastings to the hospital to see that Tasker was well bestowed. The two took a cab, and so arrived some time before the wounded. Whilst they waited, the house-surgeon—who knew of Mr Hartley of Hartley Hall, and had heard of him from afar as a sort of Gentile Rothschild—was overwhelmingly polite, and the old gentleman was full of enthusiasms for Hastings' pluck and prowess. It reminded him—so he said with fatherly pride—of his son the Lieutenant when he was at Cambridge. 'Was that Hartley of Jesus?' asked Hastings. 'It was sir,' the old man answered, beaming. Did Hastings know the Lieutenant?—Hastings had that distinguished pleasure.

The old man referring to his card again, cried out: 'Why sir, you an' me's neighbours, if I ain't mistaken.'—Hastings assented.—'I shall be proud to see you, sir, at Artley Hall. My son the Lieutenant'll be at home at Christmas-time; and my son Orris Sinjin, of Jesus, Cambridge, also. May we look to see you there, sir? No fuss; no show, sir; but a very hearty welcome, I am sure.'

Hastings would be delighted. He liked the old man's bluff hearty ways, and his low-comedy gentility, and his innocent bounce and brag.

'Three generations, you know, sir,' said the old gentleman with hearty candour. 'That's the rule, sir. My young fellers don't make a bad show for the second. Two as fine young chaps as you'd wish to look at.' This to the house-surgeon, who nodded with some embarrassment.

The wounded men came in at this juncture, and the house-surgeon gave them the benefit of his skill without delay. He called Mr Hartley's attention to the fact that Tasker's jewelry seemed valuable. 'Yes,' said the old gentleman in answer; 'but he was in the habit of carrying about papers which were still more valuable, and it would be as well to make sure that they were taken due care of.' Saying this, he took hold of Tasker's coat and emptied the pockets. Amongst other things appeared a very fat pocket-book, the clasp of which was insecure. The book opened in the old man's hand, and a number of papers fell upon the floor. Hastings stooped and picked up some of them, one of which he crumpled in his hand, unseen, and held there.

'Hillo!' cried Mr Hartley; 'here's that cheque of mine, that he ought to ha' paid over a week ago.—I can't take this away with me; can I?' he asked the policeman, who stood beside him.

The official said that was impossible; and the old man, in a state of considerable excitement and anger, called for pen and ink, and producing a cheque-book, filled up a cheque in favour of Francis Fairholt, Esquire, for four hundred guineas. Hastings smoothed out the piece of crumpled paper he had held in his hand until now, and laid it before Mr Hartley. It was a bill for ninety-eight pounds ten shillings, two days overdue, payable at Lord and Hobbes's Bank, Lombard Street, and drawn on Francis Fairholt by Aminadab Tasker.

'Hillo!' cried Mr Hartley again; 'this is a game!—Why, Mr Tasker,' he muttered in a lower voice, 'you've been a-detaining of my cheque for something, have you? Very well, sir—very well.

When you come round again, I'll have a little deal along of you, as you'll remember.'

'I knew of this, Mr Hartley,' said Hastings in a low tone, laying his finger on the bill, 'and I knew that Tasker held your cheque for Fairholt. Frank is my best friend, sir; and I went round to-night to tell him that he need not be troubled about this.' He laid his finger again upon the bill.

'Thank you, sir,' said the old man. 'I know that scoundrel, sir. I've told him long ago as if he had any more dealings with Mr Fairholt I'd break him. I'll go away at once to the poor lad's place and pay him this 'ere cheque. There's three days' grace allowed on this dockyment,' said Mr Hartley, 'as perhaps you know, Mr Hastings, and there's no danger till to-morrow.'

'May I come with you to Fairholt's place?' asked Hastings.

Hartley gave a ready assent; and they drove away together. The old gentleman swore as terribly as our army did in Flanders, and poured forth threats against the unconscious Tasker. He blamed himself for employing Tasker at all, but excused himself on the ground that 'there's allays a deal o' dirty work to do in business.' 'I shouldn't wonder,' he shouted, as the cab jolted over the stone pavements, 'if that feller as dropped on to him to-night wasn't somebody as he'd ruined.' Hastings shouted in return that this was very likely true; and Hartley lay back and muttered new threats and anathemas. They reached in due time the house in which Frank lived, and learned that he had not yet returned. Mr Hartley asked for an envelope, and inclosed the cheque with one line—'In payment for picture.—B. H.' Then he turned into the street, still very angry. 'I know what lads are like, sir,' he said, 'I've got two young chaps o' my own, an' one o' 'em suffered dreadful through this kind o' thing. And here's a 'igh-minded, sensitive young feller very likely a-breaking his heart through this scoundrel. Well, well, it'll be a warnin' to him maybe. All's well as ends well. He'll be all right to-morrow.—Shall I set you down anywhere, Mr Hastings?'

The two found that their ways were apart, and so bade each other good-night.

'I like that odd old fellow,' said Hastings to himself. 'He's new enough; but the new heraldry is hands and hearts. I shall look him up some day.' Then he fell to thinking of Frank, and made up an honest mind to give his old friend some good advice, and monetary help if need were, though that seemed unlikely. Frank was about to marry old Hartley's niece, and Hastings, like the rest of the world, knew that the builder and owner of Hartley Hall had a colossal fortune.

Mr Hartley also was preparing good advice for Frank, and was ready to offer monetary aid if need were. 'I must come down heavy on him,' the old man thought as he lay back in his cab, 'and frighten him out of these wicked ways.' There was no sin like carelessness in money matters, in Benjamin Hartley's eyes. Even dishonesty would have been little more reprobated by this good old heathen of a millionaire, for that did but shew a perversion of the most estimable of human instincts—the desire to be rich.

Whilst these two friends of his were pondering

that good advice and planning that monetary aid which were never to be given, Frank was standing in the night alone at the edge of Hampstead Heath. The wind moaned and the rain fell drearily. A rebellious rage against his evil fortune, a passion of regret for bygone follies, an unspeakable terror of the morrow, and through all these, such real dread of the grief which was coming upon those who loved him—rage, remorse, fear, and love—these four—did battle within his soul. And the wide heath, with the rain and the wind and the night upon it, lay before him like a threat of his own future, storm-tormented, untouched by any ray of light from earth or heaven.

A GERMAN FOREST VILLAGE.

Nor far from the entrance to the Gottschlagthal, many miles from the railway that skirts the north-west of Baden, lies a secluded village. To this, its distance from a well-worn travellers' highway, it owes perhaps its chief charm—its reticence and silence, its pleasant old-world ways. One reaches it by a wide valley, from which the rounded, pine-crowned hills stand well away, leaving a sunlit breadth of grassy uplands, through which the river winds with murmurous singing. In the very heart of this greenness nestles Kappel, a village of two straggling streets, made gay on market-days with a gleam of scarlet petticoat and waistcoat, and lively with much guttural speech. But Kappel, spite its pleasant white wine, its deep crimson roses, its ruined castle perched far above it, or its houses—low-roofed and black-beamed, such as painters love—holds no charm for you, and you pass onwards up the narrowing valley, where the dark hills draw nearer to each other, and the stream flows between lessening margins.

It is never lonely, though one feels as if it led nowhere, this 'happy valley'; for to the right and to the left against the fringe of wood are perched snug homesteads with deep penthouse of golden-brown thatch, which almost conceals the narrow windows in which the marigolds and peonies are glowing, and with slopes of fragrant meadow-land in front, over which the summer wind shivers lightly. Now and then a peasant, a quaint figure in short-waisted coat of some shining black stuff, and red vest, is to be met, suiting his pace to that of his slow oxen; and he is sure to give you a *Guten Abend* as he looks at you with friendly curiosity. Then there is a level space of road when you limit your vision on one side to the straggling hedgerow, bearing a burden of all sweet things, and to the rapid flow of the impetuous river on the other; but in a little while there are signs of men again; for here is the saw-mill to drown the river's voice, and the farmhouse with its tangled garden and vine-covered trellis set against the road. Soon these too are left behind; and by a winding way, over whose very margin the pines fling their broad shadows, you wander on, having deep glimpses into the heart of the wide forest, that gained for this dark land in Caesar's time its name of *Silva Nigra*. And it is after all quite suddenly that you come upon the half-dozen irregular broad-eaved houses, standing a little apart from each other, that form the village you seek. An inn or two, which the peasants

frequent; the barber's shop, with its sign dangling above the door, and flowers in all the windows; the wide black forge, holding its glowing heart of fire; children at shrill-voiced play by the river; men and women who straighten bowed backs to look and exchange a friendly greeting as you pass—that is all. Then with a sharp bend to the left comes the narrow bridge that spans the wayward river, broken here into a hundred miniature cascades by the moss-grown boulders that impede its path; and while its voice is yet sounding in your ears, you have reached the *Gasthaus zum Ochsen*. Your pleasant pilgrimage is over, for this is its goal.

You stand a moment to look about you. In front of you lies the wide country, fair and still under the evening light. And yet it is a landscape made up of very homely elements. Sombre woods which climb and crown the hills, tinted here and there to a brighter green with the young growth of the spring; smiling slopes where the sunlight lingers; quiet homesteads where generations have lived out their simple uneventful lives, looking on the same upland pastures where the cattle feed, hearing the same rushing waters. Under the ample roofs the beehives stand in a row; oxen loosed from their yokes, pass under the wide archways; the thin blue thread of wood-smoke curls upwards and hangs in the still air. A little higher up the hill, beyond the pond which mirrors the placid sky, stands the little church, its white belfry clearly defined against the background of wood. You turn from it lingeringly to the low white house behind you, its many windows open to admit the evening freshness, and to the wide court where the pigeons plume themselves upon the sunny wall.

If former experience of hotel life has led you to expect and to desire the attendance of obsequious white-neckclothed waiters and smart chambermaids, then the *Ochsen* is no home for you. But if you care to abandon yourself for a little space to a life of very simple pleasures, among a people as yet unspoiled by contact with the outer world, then pass beneath the vine-covered porch. For come as you will, in hired carriage, in diligence, or on foot, you will find here a ready welcome. Mine host will advance to meet you, and reach a broad hand to clasp yours; his comely Frau awaits you on the threshold, and herself leads you to that pleasant chamber under the eaves, in at whose open casements comes the scent of the linden tassels. Sons and daughters of the house will anticipate with smiling readiness the wants which your stammering tongue refuses to translate for you. Here you may experience the rare and pleasant sensation of being received for your own sake, not for the amount of gold with which you may swell the landlord's coffers—a guest whom he delights to honour.

They wait upon you themselves, those handsome friendly young people, while you sup in the brown low-roofed room, adorned with gaily coloured prints of saints and martyrs. Between the courses, while you sip your glass of white wine, they will sit beside you and entertain you in kindly fashion. Very soon you are able to distinguish between Karl and Fritz, and have even a dim suspicion that other eyes than those of her brothers' have found out that Fräulein Gretchen

is very fair. Before your meal is ended, you will have had an outline of their uneventful history; and unless you have more than your share of English reticence, they will have learned something of yours. Presently, they will shew you the visitors' book, where among crabbed and twisted hieroglyphics which you cannot hope to decipher, you discover the signature of a former Smith or Brown who lodged here, and recorded his sentiments in British German; but the date is eight or ten years back, and out of the photograph of your fellow-countryman which Fräulein Grete brings you, there looks at you an unknown face.

If, while you lean back for a moment to enjoy your sense of comfort and well-being, your eyes stray to the dark corner where the old square piano stands, one of the bright faces near you will certainly kindle into sudden enthusiasm; and if you so will it, the rest of your evening may be spent in the rare company of Beethoven and Handel and Bach. As the quick firm touch falls upon the notes, the sweet strains seem to act as a magnet; for presently the host enters, cigar in mouth, and seats himself in the wooden arm-chair; the good Frau, the sleeves of her cotton jacket still rolled up, comes forth for a moment from the dark recesses of the kitchen; and about the open door there gathers a dim and shadowy company; stray passers on the highway perhaps, or the village folks who drop in of an evening to drink their half-bottle of red wine in the *Gaststube* across the passage. Sometimes it is Fräulein Grete who sings; and then the refrain of the *Volkslied* is unfailingly taken up by the outer listeners, and swells into a pleasant wave of melody. Time in this quiet place glides by to the sound of music. The hostler sings as he rubs down his horses; Fritz sets the coffee-cups to a refrain of Schubert's; you are awakened in the fresh early morning by the strains of a waltz which some one thumps out merrily in the guest-room beneath you. And as you rise and throw open your casement to let in the new brilliance of the day, you feel that the lines have fallen to you in pleasant places. Here, for a smaller sum than is spent upon a single meal in London, you may live from day to day upon the fat of the land. Your weekly bill is so modest that you discharge it almost with a sense of shame; it leaves you a debtor still for many kindnesses which gold cannot repay.

As you linger on beneath the lindens, you watch the slow procession of events that make up the daily life of this forest village. While you drink your coffee the school-children troop past, bright-eyed little lads and maidens, bare-headed, and for the most part bare-footed too, their quick tread falling almost noiselessly on the white road. With a slow creak come the ox-carts, burdened with a load of pine-logs; the blue-bloused peasant cracks his whip, and they cross the bridge at a quicker pace. From an upland meadow a woman drags a load of fresh-cut grass; the *Pastor* in his long flapping robes strides down the hill, and pauses a moment to lay his hand on the head of the child who clings to his skirts. Now and then, on Sunday or feast-day, there is a procession. At these times, when the bell in the little belfry set against the wood sends out its one thin note, the crowd begins to thicken on the white road. From the meadows by the river, from the heart of the forest, from distant houses hidden among

the hills, they come. There is a gleam of blue and purple and scarlet as they pass; the uplifted banners are stirred by the soft air, and the slow monotonous chant fills all the valley. Sometimes there is a sadder pilgrimage to the church on the verge of the wood, where stands a new coffin with lights burning about it, and thence to the sloping hillside, sown thick with little iron crosses, but lying very pleasantly to the sun. At eleven o'clock comes the great event of the day, when with a jingle of bells and a sudden crash of wheels, the diligence draws up before the door of the *Ochsen*. Then you may begin to speculate on the number of letters it has brought for you; or if these fail you, you glean news of the outer world through the pages of the *Kölnische Zeitung* which Fritz brings you. When your interest in German politics flags, you concentrate it on the new arrivals, who share with you the shade of the cloudy linden foliage, and are already clinking their beer-glasses.

You will find them very ready to be friendly, these young students from Carlsruhe, to whom the *Ochsen* is familiar ground. At the early dinner-table they will introduce themselves in manly fashion, stating name and occupation and dwelling-place; and then, if you will and dare, you may venture beyond the *Guten Appetit* and the *Gesegnete Mahlzeit* which it is incumbent on you to utter at the beginning and end of each meal. Often the diligence brings older travellers, who love the silent charm of this quiet valley; and with all of these you may have the pleasantest intercourse, for the 'intelligence' which won for the Fatherland its later distinctions on the battle-field leavens all classes of society in Germany.

When you tire of the talking—and certainly there is a great deal of it—you may wander out into the woods, of which you never weary. Under these straight trunks you pass from lavish sunshine to intense shade, broken rarely by a gleam that travels down the gray stems and flickers on the moss. Here you may linger for hours and hear no sound but your own footfall, or the soft murmur of the wind far above you. Once and again you come upon signs of a charcoal-burner's deserted encampment; but if you would see the woodcutters at work, you must mount upwards by the winding forest-paths that lead to the crown of the hill. And having emerged from these green aisles and reached this freer air, you may well forget your sense of weariness; for here on all sides of you, like the billows of a frozen sea, rise the green-clad hills wave upon wave, black in the hollows, but emerald in the sunlight. The village lies at your feet warm and sheltered; and on the other side where the valley widens, there stretches in the far distance a wide reach of level land, which you know to be the fair plain of Alsace, but which in the noontide heat you dream to be a glistening summer sea, with islands and jutting shores and sailing ships.

And so with the June days you linger on in this pleasant land, where surely the sunsets are rosier and the day dawns fairer than elsewhere. On midsummer day they begin to cut the first crop of meadow-hay. It is a pretty sight to see the long ranks falling before the mower's scythe, though you grudge the death of the flowers, that made all the wayside a bright mosaic of blended colours. From this time you see less of your hosts, unless

you choose to take part in that busy scene by the river, where the women—bare armed and footed—toss the hay, while the men rake it together and fill the great wooden carts. A boy stands with a green branch in his hand to shield the patient cattle from the flies. Then when the last load is hoisted, and the ropes made fast, with many an objurcation, the team gets under way; the deep rutts are safely passed, and with a sigh of relief, the owner sees his wealth pass onwards to the great barn. When the last precious load is safely stored, and the workers are set free, you may join the young people in one of the many excursions with which they enliven the quiet days. Perhaps you scramble into the *Leiterwagen*, and are jostled merrily over the sunny roads to some other hidden village nestling among the woods, where *Grossvater* and *Grossmutter*, who have a *Wirthschaft* of their own, receive you with simple dignity, and set before you the best the house can offer.

You are familiar by this time with these peasant homes—the dark low-roofed rooms, with the polished wardrobe in one corner, and the stove with quaint Scripture scenes—the sacrifice of Isaac or the judgment of Solomon—represented on it in relief. You remember them all: the farmhouse high upon the hill, where you had many a draught of new milk out of a blue two-handled jar, and ate of black bread on which the housewife had first devoutly made the sign of the cross; the *Burgomeister's*, with the deep thatched eaves and the narrow windows, whence you had that fair prospect of climbing vineyards and distant wood. You remember them all, and think with regret that you have seen them and their simple kindly owners for perhaps the last time. For as the June days lessen one by one, you feel that you too must turn your steps from this quiet spot. With July and August will come grave professors and merry students, and households set free for a space from city life, and there will be dancing and merry-making in the guest-room of the *Ochsen*.

But you leave it as you found it, this your home of many weeks, full of a silent restful peace that will always cling about it in your memory. You turn away sadly from these new-old friends, who crowd about the door to wish you God-speed, and you climb the dusty way, leaving them behind. The orange light lies in long level bands between the dark hills; the woods are growing sombre-tinted; and as you turn for one last backward glance, the first star burns in the pale sky above you. Night has come o'er the forest village. *Au revoir.*

THE BELLS OF YARRICK.

A PROSE IDYLL, IN THREE SCENES.

SCENE III.

SURELY Yarrick looks at its best in autumn! Foregrounds of ruddy loam, which has turned over obedient to the gentle persuasion of the ploughshare, exhaling delicious perfume; middle distances of waving gold, which the whispering breezes move gently to receive the play of lights and shadows; backgrounds of stony gray, running off into tender green and shadowy purple where the heather spreads its carpet; in the far distance the gleam of the waters of Boardsey

dancing in the glinting sunlight; spanning all, the limpid azure canopy, flecked with clouds soft as snowflakes, and ever changing into new and beautiful combinations.

Martha Prout combines in her comfortable person two distinct offices; she ministers at the Vicarage as both cook and housekeeper. There being no culinary problems to engage her attention to-day, she sits under a great apple-tree in the orchard knitting a stocking, and ever and anon gazing up with approbation at the branches bowing with their bountiful load. All the morning she has been making preparation for the return of the Vicar, who for the last two months has been sojourning abroad. This afternoon it is exceptionally warm, and as Martha sits in her comfortable wicker chair catching the sunshine straying through the network of boughs above, she nods over her stocking. Hard by, the pigeons coo amorously in the veranda of their elevated little residence. A lark, pouring out from its heart ecstatic melody, mounts upward into the azure concave. A great bumble-bee comes droning along through the air, aimlessly, after the fashion of its kind. 'I can't abide 'em!' Martha says, holding her head back in trepidation, and inspecting the insect through her spectacles; 'they deu make a body's flesh creep! Alays did mine sin' I's a child.' Then, after a stitch or two, the melody of summer sounds soothes her, and she half closes her eyes. She hears the voice of one far off singing over his hedging and ditching; the air is catching, and Martha, sleepily following it, feels personally affronted at the utterance of a false note. 'Bless the boy, what's he fit for! Lived i' Yarrick all's life, and can't sing Pegwell Peggy yet!' The subject of the stricture comes to the end of his bar, and devotes his attention to his spade and bill-hook, and the musical critic is left in peace. Succumbing to the soothing influence of all around, Martha Prout slumbers.

Enters into the orchard a man, soldierly in bearing, dark brown of hue. One of the sleeves of his coat is doubled and stitched to the shoulder, the limb for which it was made being absent. He pauses for a moment, and looks about, then spying Martha, makes towards her. She, hearing a footstep, clutches convulsively at her knitting-needles, then recovers.

'How yeu deu startle a body, Dennis!'

'Been havin' a snooze, Martha?' inquires Dennis amicably.

The aspersion ruffles Martha's plumage. 'No; I han't!' she replies. 'Reckon I know my place better! I've told yeu afore that we han't got none o' they Injin ways i' Yarrick.' And she emphasises her sarcasm with a sniff.

'Don't yeu mind me, Martha,' says Dennis soothingly. 'I thought as 'twas warm-like, and yeu havin' alays been of a full habit o' body'—

This is more than mortal flesh can bear; and the outraged Martha rises majestically. 'Perhaps yeu'll 'scuse me pullin' yeu up short, Dennis Ladbroke, an' tellin' yeu that yeu an't no longer dwellin' among black infidels an' sich-like.' And Martha shakes out her skirt venomously, as though to draw attention to that emblem of civilisation.

'Why, bless the woman!'

'I would at least be civil-spoke, an' not use low words,' interrupts the exasperated handmaiden.

'Come, come, Martha; yeu mustn't take offence where none's meant. Ye needn't be so contrairy —to-day of all days too!'

Martha appears subdued. 'That's treu,' she says in a mollified tone. Dennis's reference has recalled her thoughts.

'Feel as though I can't stay still to-day, Martha; seems somehow to have been such a skurry at the last,' says Dennis, sitting down on a stump of wood. 'All's ready now,' he continues, stroking his chin thoughtfully. 'They tell me the new bells are sweeter-toned than the old, though that can't well be. The lads say they'll give Yarrick such a peal as it's never heard before.'

'La, Dennis! what a surprise 'twill be for the master! Reckon he'll feel main sadly, poor dear.'

'That's like enough, Martha.'

Dennis's thoughts stray back. 'Master Gerald thought of this day,' he says half aloud.

'Bless him!' says Martha softly; then adds, after a pause: 'I've been at they chairs all the mornin', an' they shine just beautiful; come an' see 'em, Dennis.' And they go in together.

'Miss Ella's often spoke of him sin' the news of his death came to us. How her pretty face will light up, to be sure!'

The two return to the orchard, and there Martha makes Dennis again tell her of the past. She never tires of listening to his accounts of all that has happened. Somehow the sight of that empty sleeve has touched her heart, and to her Dennis has become a hero.

Yes, Gerald's directions have been thus far faithfully carried out, and all is now prepared for their consummation. To-day, Yarrick is in a state of suppressed excitement; the villagers gather in knots to discuss the subject of which their minds are full, and make frequent pilgrimages to the church and the Vicarage. The nearest railway station lies nine miles distant, and the train which bears the Vicar and his little daughter is timed to arrive at seven o'clock. Harry Winn has been delegated to drive over and meet them, and he feels much as an ambassador charged with a delicate mission; has he not to keep from their ears the news of what has happened, and this for two long hours, when interrogations are like to be plentiful and varied? Feeling the weight of his responsibility, he restlessly paces the stable-yard for a full hour before starting-time, and there rehearses a sufficiency of replies to meet contingencies. The hour passes, the journey from Yarrick is accomplished, and Winn drives into the station-yard, where, during the ten minutes he has to wait, his trepidation increases. Finally the train glides up to the platform, and then does the eye of Jehu grow feverish, for he sees the Vicar and Ella alight and make towards him. Greeting takes place, the two mount and settle down, Robin responds to a flick of the whip, and the start is made. As they drive past the flying hedgerows to the music of clucking hoofs, the two feast their eyes on the old familiar spots, which reappear in quick succession, and occupy their tongues in passing comments of an exclamatory kind upon them. So all goes well. Winn's nervousness is not noticed; and with an indescribable sense of relief he feels that Yarrick is being neared.

'I should like to have a glimpse of the church in the fading light; wouldn't yeu, Sunbeam?'

'O yes, papa.'

'Drive round by the lower road, Winn.'

Harry is dumfounded; he pulls up Robin with a jerk, and gazes helplessly into the Vicar's face.

'The lower road,' the Vicar repeats, indicating the direction with a movement of the hand.

For a moment Harry's tongue cleaves to the roof of his mouth, then he rises to the occasion. 'But think o' Martha Prout, sir! She's a-dyin' to see Miss Ella.' The tone of sympathy is touching to hear.

The Vicar regards him in some surprise, but Ella comes to the rescue. 'Dear old Martha! She thinks the tea will spoil. Don't let us disappoint her, papa. She will let us out afterwards, if we do justice to it.'

The Vicar laughs softly. 'All right, Winn,' he says; 'drive home.' And Harry does so, feeling that his stratagem has succeeded.

As they drive through Yarrick, beaming smiles on every side from the villagers who are standing about greet their return. The Vicar has a kindly word for each. Noticing, after a time, the marked manner in which they stand and gaze, he turns to Winn and asks: 'Is the village holiday-making?'

Winn feels that so near home he can afford to take the question calmly. 'No; they an't 'zactly holiday-making, sir,' he says; then he relapses, chuckling inwardly. There, sure enough, is Martha, waiting on the steps to welcome them. Ella bounds forward, and throws her arms about her neck. 'O Martha, we are so glad to get back home to you!' And the Vicar takes her hand kindly and says: 'That we are, Martha.' Chatting merrily the while, they enter the parlour, and sit down to the meal which Martha has prepared for them. There is a stillness in the air; the evening shadows have lengthened, and through the open window come harvest scents, wafted from the ricks. When the meal is nearly finished, Martha re-enters the room, and says demurely: 'Please sir, there's some un waiting as says he'd like to see you when ye've done tea.'

'Who is it, Martha?'

The ambassadress smoothes her apron, and says: 'Please sir, I an't to say.'

The fairy presiding at the tea-urn arrests the progress to her mouth of a slice of bread-and-butter; and the Vicar looks up bewildered. 'You are not to say?'

'No sir.'

'Well—a—shew him in, Martha.'

But, before Martha can turn, Dennis has entered. For a moment he pauses, a little overcome now that his mission is approaching so nearly to its completion. Martha quietly turns, and leaves the room unobserved; a minute later she has thrown her shawl over her head, and is speeding along towards the church. As she walks, the good soul wipes her eyes softly with her apron; the face of the lad whom she had tended and scolded and loved in the old days, comes back very vividly to her just now.

And as the light had fallen on the figure of the maimed soldier, the emotional little lady at the tea-urn had sprung up and run towards him. 'Is it really you, Denny?' she says.

The Vicar too has risen, and grasping his hand, is gazing earnestly into his face. 'We are right glad to see you back, Ladbroke. Welcome once more to Yarrick!'

And they lead him to a chair, and make much of him. Seated there by the oriel window, gazing out over the flower-garden to the familiar meadows, they listen to his words, making him begin at the very beginning, and recount his adventures step by step. And when he comes to speak of Cawnpore, his hearers know that he is about to tell of the death of him he loved so well. In homely language Denny paints the scene, and the Vicar's cheeks flush as he hears of that last gallant burst into the bristling bayonets. 'Brave lad!' he says, rising in his excitement. 'From the moment he spoke to me on that night when the belfry fell, I knew that he would do!' Then Denny tells of the discovery of the prostrate figure; and looking up, says that he is come to bear a message.

What is it that causes the Vicar to start suddenly to his feet; that causes his face for a moment to pale, and then sends the blood coursing back to his cheeks? Wafted to his ears on the perfume-laden air come the sweet sounds as of old, the melody he loves. As one dreaming, he turns slowly round to Dennis; the faithful fellow's head is bowed, and for a moment he cannot speak. When he regains his voice, he whispers huskily: 'Twas the last thing he said: "Tell the Vicar I thought of him listening to my bells!"'

By the tower of Yarrick church the ground slopes westward in a series of gentle undulations. Below, and skirting the churchyard, is a great belt of firs; and beyond these may be caught the gleam of the waters of Boardsey. On this spot there is a little monument, whose inscription simply tells how one Gerald Herrick fell fighting for his country in the trenches of Cawnpore. Here—most often when the sun is flushing the western sky with glory as it sinks to rest—two figures may be seen, tending the roses which cling so tenderly to the stone. The one, a fair-haired maiden, is she who was formerly known as Little Sunbeam; the other is the maimed soldier, Dennis Ladbroke.

SOME STRANGE AVOCATIONS.

STRANGE are the shifts to which humanity is sometimes put to earn the wherewithal to supply its daily needs; and many are the ways of getting a living not to be found catalogued in any known list of trades. Few are the ills to which flesh is heir for which a remedy or palliative may not be obtained, if one only knows where to seek it. For instance, what a medical witness lucidly described as a 'contusion of the integuments under the orbit, with extravasation of blood, and ecchymosis of the surrounding cellular tissue,' may now be so deftly manipulated as to defy observation, by having recourse to a professor of the art of doctoring black-eyes—an avocation recognised by Mr Dickens, in his Dictionary of London, wherein any one unfortunately afflicted with an accidental black-eye, but obliged at the same time to go into society, is advised to betake himself to a certain 'artist in black-eyes,' equal to concealing the most aggravated specimen at a cost of half-a-crown, or double that fee if the patient must be attended at home.

Said a witness under cross-examination: 'I am an Early-caller. I calls different tradesmen

at early hours, from one till half-past five in the morning, and that is how I get my living. I gets up between twelve and one; I goes to bed at six, and sleeps till the afternoon. I calls bakers between one and two—the bakers are the earliest of all. What sort of a living he made is not recorded. A pound a week, we should say, would be the outside figure, and to earn that he would need a couple of scores of customers. The early-caller's fee is well earned, since but for his intervention his clients would often lose a day's pay, if not be thrown out of work altogether, by failing to keep time. —Not so deserving of encouragement are the 'tup-pennies,' carrying on their vocation in those quarters of London where pawnbrokers and poor people abound. They are feminine intermediaries between the pawnbroker and folks anxious to raise a loan upon their belongings, who, rather than transact such business for themselves, are willing to pay twopence for every parcel conveyed to everybody's 'uncle' or redeemed from his clutches. These go-betweens, it is averred, also receive a quarterly commission from the tradesmen they favour with their patronage; and so, one way and another, contrive to make a comfortable living out of their neighbours' necessities.

Convinced that duplicated presents were burdensome and unprofitable possessions to newly married folks, a 'cute New Yorker hit upon the happy notion of relieving them of such superfluities; and success begetting imitation, there are now some half-dozen traders in the Empire City dealing in wedding-gifts; one limiting his dealings to china; another to silver and plated ware; while all is fish that comes to the net of a third, who keeps a large store ostensibly devoted to the sale of unredeemed pledges. Said this worthy to an inquiring gentleman: 'When a young couple belonging to good families get married, nine times out of ten they find themselves in possession of certain kinds of household stuff enough to last several generations. One bride, for instance, received eight pairs of opera-glasses; of course she did not want them all, and I bought five of them. When a marriage between two rich folks comes off, a list of the presents generally finds its way into the newspapers. I don't go to them as soon as they are married; they'd kick you out of the house if you went on such business for the first few weeks. You have to let them settle down to housekeeping, and find out for themselves how much useless stuff they have got; and even then, the wife generally objects to sell; but after seeing them a few times, they fall in with the idea, and are willing to sell what they don't want; and then a bargain is soon struck. Young married people seldom know the value of the presents they receive, and besides, they cost them nothing, so it is all profit to them.' And probably not far from all profit to the shrewd purchaser, who takes their superfluities off their hands on his own terms.

There are men in Paris, birds of a feather with the chiffonier, who go from hospital to hospital collecting the linseed plasters that have served the turn of doctor and patient; afterwards pressing the oil from the linseed, and disposing of the linen, after bleaching it, to the papermaker. Others make a couple of francs a day by collect-

ing old corks, which being cleaned and pared, fetch, it is said, half a franc per hundred. If this be so, it would be worth somebody's while to go cork-collecting in London and other large towns.

A lady-resident of the Faubourg St-Germain is credited with earning a good income by hatching red, black, and brown ants for pheasant preservers. One Parisian gets his living by breeding maggots out of the foul meats he buys of the chiffoniers, and fattening them up in tin boxes. Another breeds maggots for the special behoof of nightingales; and a third 'marchand d'asticots' boasts of selling between thirty and forty millions of worms every season for piscatorial purposes. He owns a great pit at Montmartre, wherein he keeps his store. Every day his scouts bring him fresh stock, for which he pays them from five to ten pence per pound, according to quality; reselling them to anglers at just double those rates, and clearing thereby something over three hundred pounds a year. No wonder he professes great fondness for his 'children,' as he calls them; although, like other fond fathers, he is ready enough to part with them when opportunity offers.

This curious avocation is not unknown in England. Some twelve years ago we are told, Mr Wells, a fishing-tackle maker of Nottingham, in order to insure a constant supply of bait for his customers, started a farm for the rearing of lobworms, cockspurs, ring-tailed brandlings, and other worms in demand among the disciples of Walton, who abound in the old lace town. To keep his farm stocked, men and boys go out at night collecting worms in the meadows and pastures; a moist warm night yielding from two to six thousand worms. As soon as they are brought in, they are placed in properly selected moss, field-moss for choice, to scour until they become little more than skin—freshly caught worms being too tender for the anglers to handle; while 'when a worm is properly educated, he is as tough as a bit of india-rubber, and behaves as a worm should do when put upon the hook.' When this condition is attained, the worms are packed in moss, and put up in light canvas bags for the market. This worm-merchant does not entirely depend upon the industry of his collectors, but breeds large quantities himself in his own garden: the component parts of his breeding-heap being a secret he not unnaturally keeps to himself.

Ludlow Street, a very unsavoury quarter in New York, is inhabited chiefly, if not wholly, by Poles; living in the smallest of tenements, and given to sharing their limited space with cats, dogs, ducks, and geese. They are the cat-meat—not cat's-meat—purveyors of the city, hunting the streets at night to capture stray cats for conversion into sausages. Three among them especially devote themselves to getting, feeding, and breeding cats for the table. Such cats as are captured by their 'boys,' are carefully sorted; those in good condition being slaughtered at once, while the others are relegated to large boxes, to be fed regularly with a fattening compound. Sometimes the animals are confined in a yard, the walls of which are smeared with something so obnoxious to puss that she will not cross it—a something for which town-gardeners here would give much to know the recipe. Our authority, who

visited a Ludlow Street cat-yard not long ago, says: 'It presented a most amusing spectacle. About a hundred cats of all sizes, colours, and ages were sleeping, eating, quarrelling, and cater-wauling; all grades being represented, from the handsome Angora and Maltese, to the homely back-yard Tom.' When considered fit for eating, the cats are disposed of to 'small butchers' who make a speciality of cat-sausage, and festoon their shop-windows with them; the delectable delicacies having a ready sale, which is ever increasing; those who indulge in them declaring cat-meat superior to any rabbit.

An advertisement in a New York journal offering coloured ladies instruction in French, music, and deportment, sent an inquisitive reporter in search of the advertiser, who proved to be a comely full-blooded negress, talking with the fluency of her kind, but with hardly a trace of negro dialect; thanks to having lived many years in the service of a Creole family in New Orleans, and mixing but little with her own race. Mrs Johnson owned her peculiar business was not so flourishing as it might be, but it was a growing one, and she did not doubt it would prove a paying one in good time; since there was no lack of coloured ladies emulous of the graces and accomplishments of their white sisters, and willing to pay two dollars for an hour's lesson in either branch. Her pupils, she said, 'took hold' of the piano readily enough, but did not care about learning French, being much more anxious to speak English, or 'United States' as she preferred calling it, like white folks. There was not much difficulty in teaching them how to walk, bow, and so on; but it took a deal of patient drilling to cure them of ignoring the *g* in words ending in *ing*, and of saying 'whar,' 'dar' and 'thar' instead of where and there; while it was especially difficult to teach them the niceties of emphasis and inflection. Nevertheless, she had 'taken the kinks, if not out of the hair, out of the tongue' of many a woman as black as herself, and achieved notable success with a pure negress from Alabama, who was so ashamed of her skin, and so convinced that no white person ever respected a black one, that she always wore a heavy veil when walking in the streets. Mrs Johnson's model pupil, however, was 'a light mulatto, as pretty a girl as you would meet in an hour's walk on Broadway; young, slender, and just as stylish as she can be,' whom her proud preceptress was ready to match against the daughter of any white millionaire for good manners.

Bone-collecting is not an avocation peculiar to the States, but there are nevertheless bone-collectors of various kinds. John-Chinaman, content enough to live and die far away from the land of his birth, has a decided objection to his bones remaining in alien earth. We understand that the Chinese guilds in California employ men to go all over the country, even to Oregon, and across the Sierra Nevada, to collect the bones of their compatriots, which, after being scraped, are carefully rolled in paper, labelled, and despatched to San Francisco, where they remain until enough are accumulated to load a vessel, when they are sent to Hong-kong for final interment. Ships carrying such a cargo can carry nothing else; for when a vessel had a cargo partly of bones and partly of flour, grain, and the like, the eatables

were found unmarketable in China, because of a belief that gaseous emanations permeated them, or from sheer superstition.

The same rule apparently obtains wherever Chinamen go; for in a Melbourne newspaper we read: 'During the month, a party of Chinese, accompanied by a European, have been busily engaged visiting cemeteries in the country districts, exhuming the bones of deceased Chinamen, for the purpose of transmission to China. The bones, after exhumation, are carefully counted, to ascertain that none are absent, and are then tied up in parcels, labelled, and inclosed in boxes with a quantity of written papers and a pack of Chinese playing-cards. Incense and perfumed papers are kept burning during the ceremony. The number of skeletons which have been taken up is very great.'

How the collectors of Chinese bones are remunerated, is more than we know; if they are paid by results, it is to be hoped they are more honest in their dealings than certain contractors who, undertaking to exhume and re-inter the bodies of the Federal soldiers who fell before Petersburg and Richmond, at the rate of eight dollars a body, separated each corpse into four parts, placed each part in a coffin, and received four times their proper reward from the American government!

ASTONISHING THE NATIVES.

WHEREVER they go, the soldiers of a Highland regiment generally contrive to astonish the natives. As the famous Forty-second were marching early one morning through a Fantee village, the pipers struck up *Hey, Johnnie Cope*, bringing the people out of their huts in the utmost consternation, in the belief that the Ashantees were on them. As soon as they saw that their awakeners were men of another colour, the villagers sought closer acquaintanceship; but catching sight of the pipers, a stampede took place; and not the boldest among them ventured to come nigh again until the rear of the detachment was clear of the village. Then they followed at a respectful distance, and when the troops halted, the Fantees growing courageous, crowded round, the pipers being the centre of attraction, under the idea that they were officers of great dignity, and the pipes some mysterious instruments for the destruction of the Ashantees. They improvised a war-dance in honour of the bearers, much to the disgust of the pipe-major, who wanted to know 'what he was made a peep-show of for,' and contemptuously asked if they had never seen a kiltie before.

As a rule, Indians do not give such open expression to their feelings. A settler in the Far West giving a little dinner-party, invited thereto a few half-civilised Indians, who displayed a desire to 'go through' the bill of fare. A young chief after eyeing the mustard curiously for some time, helped himself to a good spoonful and swallowed it. He said nothing to betray his astonishment; but despite himself, the tears streamed down his cheeks. An aged chief sitting opposite asked what he was crying about, and was gravely informed he was thinking of his poor old father who died a short time ago. Presently the old fellow took a dip from the mustard-pot, and his

eyes likewise proved too weak or too strong for his will. Then his young friend, in a sympathising tone, inquired the cause of *his* grief. Said the beguiled one: 'I was thinking it was a pity *you* didn't die when your old father did.'

All too readily as the red man takes to fire-water, he cannot comprehend the paleface's taste for hot condiments. Naukum, a Plover Bay Indian in much request by ship-captains as an interpreter, was a fellow of unappeasable curiosity; but he made a point of never expressing surprise at anything. The first time he was inside the engine-room of a steamship, all Naukum said, after thoroughly examining his surroundings, was: 'Too muchee wheel; make man too muchee think.' But he was fated to be astonished once by having some pepper-sauce introduced into his food, and owned to having experienced a new sensation, and not liking it. 'Me stand good deal,' said he; 'but me no stand white man eat fire on his meat.'

Mr Whymper won the admiration of his Alaskan friends by the exhibition of a few of those amusing pyrotechnic toys termed Pharaoh's serpents. Sir Samuel Baker found a galvanic battery a sure source of astonishment in savagedom. At parting with Rot Jamar of Fatiko, the traveller placed the two handles of the apparatus in the hands of that potentate, which gave a shock, and sent him away surprised and delighted; and nothing pleased the king of Unyoro so much as witnessing the effect of electricity upon the members of his court and household, every one of whom was compelled to undergo the operation; Kamrasi insisting upon the operator putting the battery to its utmost power, and going into roars of laughter at the sight of his favourite minister rolling on his back in contortions, without the possibility of letting the torturing handles fall from his grasp.

The author of *Two Years in Fiji* found a scarifier (a kind of cupping-glass) of even greater service to himself, while yielding unbounded delight to the natives. 'Nothing,' he writes, 'was considered more witty by those in the secret than to place this apparently harmless instrument on the back of some unsuspecting native and touch the spring. In an instant twelve lancets would plunge into the swarthy flesh. Then would follow a long-drawn cry, scarcely audible amidst the peals of laughter from the by-standers. As soon as the native recovered from the alarm consequent on the suddenness of this attack, he would ask to have the application repeated perhaps six or seven times. The reason of this was not very evident at first; but I found by-and-by that the operation was considered a wholesome one, and also that the regularity of the marks left on the skin was much admired. At a time of great scarcity, when the natives refused to sell any food, I bethought myself of the scarifier; and by exacting a taro-root from each person who wished to be operated on, succeeded in collecting enough supplies to complete the journey.'

A missionary stationed at one of the South Sea Islands determined to give his residence a coat of whitewash. To obtain this in the absence of lime, coral was reduced to powder by burning. The natives watched the process of burning with interest, believing the coral was being cooked for them to eat. Next morning they beheld the missionary's cottage glittering in

the rising sun white as snow. They danced, they sang, they screamed with joy. The whole island was in commotion. Whitewash became the rage. Happy was the coquette who could enhance her charms by a daub of the white brush. Contentions arose. One party urged their superior rank; another obtained possession of the brush, and valiantly held it against all comers; a third tried to upset the tub to obtain some of the precious cosmetic. To quiet the hubbub, more whitewash was made; and in a week not a hut, a domestic utensil, a war-club, or a garment but was as white as snow; not an inhabitant but had a skin painted with grotesque figures; not a pig that was not whitened; and even mothers might be seen in every direction capering joyously, and yelling with delight at the superior beauty of their whitewashed babies.

THE ELECTRIC VACUUM TUBE.

THE attention recently directed towards electric illumination has brought again into notice some of the earlier discoveries in connection with this science. One of the most beautiful of these is to be seen in what is termed the vacuum tube. The illuminating power of the electric current in a rarefied atmosphere has been investigated by Grove, Gassiot, Plücher, &c., their labours being much helped by the handiwork of Geissler of Bonn, who carried the art of glass-blowing for philosophical instruments to high perfection. Vacuum apparatus for electrical purposes are now known all over the world as *Geissler's tubes*.

These tubes have at each end a small piece of platinum wire fused into the glass, with a protruding loop of wire outside, so that they may be readily connected with the source of electricity; the air in the closed tube is then exhausted by an aperture made for that purpose, which is afterwards hermetically sealed. Upon connecting the platinum wires with the poles of an intensity coil, the whole interior of the tube is illuminated with a beautiful pink-purple glow, deepening into a rich violet towards the negative pole; whilst the wires throw off minute sparks entirely different in appearance from the well-known blue spark.

As the only absolute requisite in the construction of these tubes is the exclusion of atmospheric air, an infinite variety of forms has been devised. Names may be made of twisted glass, which will burst into light when connected with the coil; and minute traces of different gases, organic and inorganic, will give varying colours under the electric current.

Gassiot's Cascade is composed of a cylinder inclosing a slender vase of uranium glass, having the tube conveying the current descending to nearly the bottom of the vase. As there is no other exit provided for it, the current ascends the sides of the vase, and pours over its edge in a continuous flow of living fire, until it reaches the opposite pole. The beauty of this experiment is enhanced by the fluorescence of the uranium glass

of which the vase is made, under the light from the current.

Another adaptation of electricity inseparably associated with the name of Cassiot, is the electric star. The impression of light remains on the retina for about the one-eighth of a second—a phenomenon commonly known as persistence of vision. A single tube is mounted upon a magnetic rotator, and put in connection with the intensity coil. As the machine revolves, the illuminated tube, through multiplication of impressions upon the retina, becomes a glowing wheel with numberless radiant spokes. Properly conducted, the foregoing experiments are strikingly beautiful.

TO MY CANARY.

HALF Nature and half Art art thou,
Poor city bird;
Thy birth was not on woodland bough
With zephyrs stirred.

A little box upon a nail
Thy life received;
And I, when others' care did fail,
Thy wants relieved.

The melody that rippling breaks
From thy clear throat
Was not thine own—the skylark makes
That merry note.

The greater world without thine own
Is dark to thee;
Thy golden wings have never known
Its mystery.

The sun on thee, through cloudless sky,
Did never smile;
Dull bricks and mortar have been thy
Canary Isle.

But if for freedom thou dost sigh,
My captive pet,
I'll loose thy wings, and help thee fly
This cage of fret.

And then, thy airy soul, uplung
Towards heaven's gate,
Will sing the song, as yet unsung
Emancipate!

Say, wilt thou fly the spreading air
At thy sweet will,
And never more in captive's fare
Dip thy free bill?

If so, just chirp one last farewell,
And hie thee hence,
And leave me, till passed time dispel
This present tense.

See! now I throw thy cage-door wide,
And set thee free.
Stretch forth thy wings, in conscious pride
Of liberty.

Thy hops do halt, as if delayed
By fearful doubt.
Why hesitant? why so dismayed
To know you're out?

Hast thou no wish to seek near brooks
Cool shimmering shade?
Or dost thou still prefer the nooks
By joiner made?

Thy years of caged ease have brought
Such days of dreams,
That liberty with labour fraught
Worse bondage seems.

Thou dar'st not go! the wide outside
Brings thee dismay;
The airs that thrill the lark's life-tide
Thy pulses stay.

Then come, my sweet, and safe from harm
Securely rest,
And nestling in my bosom, calm
Thy fluttering breast.

And to this cage, with memories fond,
Thy voice recall,
And love shall knit its tenderest bond
In willing thrall.

F. F.

CELLULOID.

A mixture of tissue-paper and camphor chemically treated produces a substance known as celluloid, which is largely manufactured and applied to an always increasing variety of uses. It resembles gum in appearance, is of a light pale brown colour, and can be readily dyed through its whole substance, so as to imitate amber, malachite, tortoise-shell, or coral. When converted into artificial ivory, there is, to an ordinary eye, no difference between it and the real product, and it can be used for pianoforte keys, for handles, rings, ornaments, and so forth, as readily as real ivory, at one-half of the cost. It is convertible into combs, jewelry, watch-cases, thimbles, toe-caps for shoes, parchment, said to be more serviceable for drumheads than real parchment, and into paper, which is afterwards fashioned on an enormous scale into cuffs, collars, and shirt fronts; and attempts are being made to adapt it for use as neckties.

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THE GAMEKEEPER AT HOME.

WITH the advent of spring come the myriad pleasing sights and sounds of reviving nature. Beneath the sparkling sunlight of an April day, hill and valley, wood and wild, assume attractions which captivate alike the eye of the naturalist, the artist, and the poet. The spots which but a few weeks ago seemed so barren and desolate, are now instinct with the fresh beauty of returning life. The tender green of the grass, the soft blue of the sky, the sweet-voiced choristers in the budding grove, denote that winter is past, and the time of the singing of birds is come. Now it is that forest and field have their attractions. The dark pine that during all the winter months kept up a brave show of summer garniture, is now edged with a fringe of brighter green; while the chestnut that waved naked arms against the wintry sky, is rich with the glossy grandeur of its innumerable buds. The birch is preparing itself once more to hang out green tresses to the summer sun; and the thrush that sits on the topmost bough is telling its tale of love to all the valley. Along the woodland glade the turf feels soft and springy beneath the feet; and wherever some little water-spring oozes forth, delicate mosses mark its course with their delicious green. A new activity seems to have entered the life of the multitudinous fauna of the forest, and the ear is never oppressed nor the eye wearied with the thousand manifestations of their spring-tide joy.

As a charming companion for these and the summer months, we can scarcely name a pleasanter book than *The Gamekeeper at Home* (London: Smith, Elder, & Co.). It is an unacknowledged production, but is known to be from the pen of Mr Richard Jefferies, author of the recently-published *Greene Fenne Farm*; and *Wild Life in a Southern County*, which we had the pleasure of reviewing last year. The title very inadequately conveys to the reader the full scope and richness of the book; for it is by no means confined to a mere narration of the habits and pursuits of the gamekeeper, but passes 'from the man

to the territories over which he bears sway—the meadows, woods, and streams; and to his subjects, their furred and feathered inhabitants.' Yet very pleasant and picturesque is the author's description of the occupation and abode of the gamekeeper—his cottage in the ash-wood on the slope—his kennels, with all their noisy tenants—his ferret-hutches, his twine and rabbit nets, his man-traps and spring-guns. The latter antiquated engines are now illegal, and consequently lie in a corner neglected and covered with rust; but the keeper will tell you that the man-trap used to be set up in the corner of the gardens and orchard belonging to the great house, and which, in the pre-policeman days, were almost nightly robbed. He recollects but one old man—a mole-catcher—who actually had experienced in his youth the sensation of being caught; he went lame on one foot, the sinews having been cut or divided. The trap could be chained to its place if desired; but as a matter of fact, a chain was unnecessary, for no man could possibly drag this torturing clog along.

What may be called the personality of the gamekeeper, is sketched with a graphic power not destitute of humour. The tall and stout, yet slightly stooping form; the velvetreen coat, glazed at the shoulder and sleeve where the gun rubs; the dog-whistle at his button-hole; his pocket-knife, which is a basket of tools in itself; his gun, which he loves as an old companion, and the balance and 'hang' of which he is so accustomed to, that he never thinks of aiming—'he simply looks at the object, still or moving, throws the gun up from the hollow of his arm, and instantly pulls the trigger, staying not a second to glance along the barrel.' He is perfectly civil to every one; and with a willing manner towards his master and his master's guests, he yet has a wonderful knack of getting his own way. Great on dogs, his opinion is listened to and taken by everybody, and by this knowledge many 'tips' are gained. At the farmhouse he is invited to sit down and take a glass, for his gossip is welcome, and his favour is always worth cultivating. He is proud

of his occupation, and delights in the woods and the fresh air. He thinks the smell of the earth a fine thing, and the hedges and grass 'as sweet as sugar,' after a shower. If a man asks him to take a glass of ale he never says 'No;' and when gentlemen give him 'tips,' he is 'much obliged,' and takes them home to his 'missus.' He is not afraid of wet weather, for he does not regard it; and a greatcoat he scouts as a thing of nought. He has likewise his faults. Towards his undermen, and the labourers and woodmen who transgress his rules, he shews a hasty temper, and is apt to use his ground-ash stick rather freely, without thought of consequences. When he takes a dislike to a man, nothing will remove it; his hatred is cordial, and he is full of prejudices. Conservative in his ways of thinking, the impressions of his youth are strong within him, and he looks with contempt on everything which diverges from his early-formed habits and methods. Yet he never gets sour of life. The 'tips' that are forthcoming from picnic parties who frequent his grounds in summer, and from the young gentlemen who have a turn at ferreting rabbits with him in winter, add a certain softening element to his surroundings; and as he is proud of his cottage, of his wife, of his family, of his gun, and of his dogs, he is on the whole as comfortable and happy as may be.

But the author takes us with his gamekeeper into the fields and the forest, and here it is perhaps that the general reader finds most to charm and please. We must here let the author speak for himself. 'The beauty of the park consists in its "breadth," as an artist would say—the meadows with their green frames of hedges are cabinet pictures, lovely, but small; this is life-size, a broad cartoon from the hand of Nature. The sward rises and rolls along in undulations like the slow heaves of an ocean wave. Besides the elms, there is a noble avenue of limes, and great oaks scattered here and there, under whose ample shade the cattle repose in the heat of the day. In summer, from out the leafy chambers of the limes there falls the pleasant sound of bees innumerable, the voice of whose trembling wings lulls the listening ear as the drowsy sunshine lulls the eyelid. . . It is difficult to decide at what time of the year the park is in its glory. The May-flower on the great hawthorn trees in spring may perhaps claim the pre-eminence, filling the soft breeze with exquisite odour. The May-bloom, pure white in its full splendour, takes a dull reddish tinge as it fades, when a sudden shake will bring it down in showers.'

Nor would this description of 'the park' be complete without a reference to the variety of birds and animals that have their local name and habitation there. We have the honey-bee and the wasp, making melody high up in the lime-tree branches; and the humble-bee close to the earth, buzzing slowly along under the arch of brier and bramble. The wood-pigeons are 'cooing' in the tall horse-chestnuts; and the blackbird, thrush, and fitches are making merry in the hedges. The lonely missel-thrush haunts the

solitary trees in the park; and in the broken wall of the park the tiny tontit creeps in between the stones and builds his nest. Here the partridges roost on the ground, keeping clear of the dikes and hedges for fear of weasels and rats; and there the lordly pheasant steps out into the grass, ready with discordant whirr, if alarmed, to seek the shelter of the neighbouring trees. The rabbits slip down from the edge of the wood to nibble at the dainty pasture, prepared to whisk back out of sight at the lifting of a finger; and in the evening the fox steals slyly out from the cover, 'wending his way down into the meadows, where he will follow the furrows along their course, mousing as he goes.'

Along with these picturesque touches of the habits and habitats of the wild animals, we have many anecdotes of the domesticated kind, especially of the dog. 'Some dogs,' says the author, 'possess an initiating power—which in men is called originality, invention, discovery—they make experiments. I had a pointer that exhibited this faculty in a curious manner. She was weakly when young, and for that reason, together with other circumstances, was never properly trained—a fact that may perhaps have prevented her "mind" from congealing into the stolidity of routine. She became an outdoor pet, and followed at heel everywhere. One day some ponds were netted, and of the fish taken, a few chanced to be placed in a great stone trough from which cattle drank in the yard. Some time afterwards, the trough being foul, the fish—they were roach, tench, perch, and one small jack—were removed to a shallow tub while it was being cleansed. In this tub, being scarcely a foot deep, though broad, the fish were, of course, distinctly visible, and at once became an object of the most intense interest to the pointer. She would not leave it, but stood watching every motion of the fish, with her head now on one side, now on the other. There she must have remained some hours; and was found at last in the act of removing them one by one, and laying them softly, quite unhurt, on the grass. I put them back into the water, and waited to see the result. She took a good look, and then plunged her nose right under the surface and halfway up the neck, completely submerging the head, and in that position groped about on the bottom till a fish came in contact with her mouth, and was instantly snatched out. The head must have been under water each time nearly a minute, feeling for the fish. One by one she drew them out and placed them on the ground, till only the jack remained. He puzzled her, darting away swift as an arrow, and seeming to anticipate the enemy. But after a time he too was captured.' When the fish were returned to the tub, the pointer again commenced her fishing. 'Scarcely anything,' adds the writer, 'could be imagined apparently more opposite to the hereditary intelligence of a pointer than this; and certainly no one attempted to teach her, neither did she do it for food. It was an original motive of her own. To what can it be compared but mind proceeding by experiment?'

In the course of the work, many interesting accounts are given of the habits and peculiarities of the wild animals of the country—hares, rabbits, foxes, badgers, &c.; also of the means of trapping and hunting such creatures. The wood-cut illustrations, by Charles Whymper, are many of them

charming, and add much to the beauty and utility of the work as a companion-book for the sportsman and naturalist. Its pictures of country life are full of animation; and the descriptions have about them a breeziness and buoyancy which recall even in the study, the scent of the hedgerows and the sights and sounds of rural felicity.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER XVI.—AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

I rolled this trophy up carefully.

It was about the time of my installation at Hartley Hall that I began to be conscious of a feeling which I have since regarded with some amusement. I began to feel most marvellously old. My experiences of the world seemed to have been so varied that to my own mind I was another Gil Blas or Roderick Random. And I quite seriously believe now that a certain instability, a certain taste for wandering and love of change which mark me as a man, had their natural growth in the kaleidoscopic changes of my early life. When I was in bed and alone, I used to repeat to myself a line of a favourite hymn of Sally's, with a sense of the uncertainty of things in general, which but few children of my age could have arrived at, born of those changeable experiences—'I've no abiding city here.' To my novel-reading childhood it seemed natural that aunts and uncles should turn up in a random sort of way, and bring abrupt changes into life; and I was so used to the marvellous, that if Uncle Ben had turned into a magician who traded new lamps for old ones, and had carried his own Hall and Park into Central Africa, I should have been inclined to accept it as a fulfilment of the prophecies of my little library. I find that usage has betrayed me. 'Uncle Ben.' Mr Hartley was not Mr Hartley long. I had not been a week in that rawly-splendid mansion before the red-faced bald-headed old gentleman was my closest chum, and had assumed by his own desire that title. He loaded me with silver money, and bought a pony for my use; and though I had no occasion to spend a penny and no opportunity, it seemed to afford him the greatest pleasure to chink four or five new half-crowns together, and approaching me with a look of sly jollity, to slip them into my pockets one by one, with many pretences of doing it, between, as though the whole performance were an elaborate conjuring trick. I had grown so rapidly during my fever, that I used sometimes to stand up and look at my own toes with a sense of distance from them such as no mature person twice my height ever experienced. But in spite of this, the pony's rotund girth was something too much for my small legs; and for a long time I sat him with a very precarious balance and a general sense of insecurity. Uncle Ben used generally to walk beside me, and not infrequently Maud would take the bridle on the other hand, and so we three would ramble slowly through the park together, one of us in a state of nervous transport, and unwitting of the troubles of those who walked beside him. One day when the grass was crisp with the first frost of winter, and the brown leaves dropped from the trees without a breath of air to shake them, as though they released themselves of their own will, Uncle Ben and I went

out together. Maud was about to join us; but he waved her back, and following her, said something, in answer to which she nodded sadly.

When he had led me some distance through the park, my companion looked up at me and said: 'Johnny, my lad, Sally's a-going down home to see her mother. Should you like to go with her?'

'Yes; indeed I should,' I answered; and hoped that nothing was wrong in Sally's affairs.

'No, Johnny,' said Uncle Ben; 'theer's nothin' wrong. While you're theer, Johnny, if Sally asks you to shew her'— There he stopped in his speech and his walk, and arrested the pony. He looked thoughtfully at me, and then laughing at my puzzled face, touched me on the cheek, and said: 'Never mind that now. When Sally asks you anythin', why then it'll be time enough to answer—won't it?'

I said I supposed it would; and he turned the pony's head round, though we had not been out a quarter of the common time, led me back to the front of the house, lifted me down without a word, and left me standing at the door. I had not been there long, when Hawker—the splendour in the canary-coloured plush and sky-blue coat, whom I had seen on my first visit, and had since grown familiar with—came to me and informed me that I was wanted in the morning-room. Thither I went, and found Maud, who told me that Sally was going to start in an hour from then, and that she was expected to return, bringing me with her in two or three days' time at farthest. Somehow, there was a reservation in her manner—children are quick to read such things—as if she desired to say something and yet would not say it. I had seen something of the same sort in Uncle Ben. When Sally came, there was an air of mystery about her of an almost melodramatic cast, and she palpably dissembled, like one behind the footlights. She wore so absurd a pretence of being in her usual humour, that I was quite alarmed at it. Whilst the groom drove us to the railway station, I revolved the problem in my mind, and was persuaded before we got to the train that some new change of life was in store for me. I did not believe that Uncle Ben had tired of protecting me, for he had worn his most genial and affectionate look at parting, and had studded me all over with new half-crowns, setting me on my back on the sofa in order to do it, and laughing at me jollily the while. I was sure of Maud also; and as for Sally, I was as convinced then as I am now that that good creature would be a consenting party to nothing which would harm me; and yet I felt persuaded that something new was about to befall me by the consent of all of them, and was in a nervous tremor to know what the something could be. I asked no questions, and Sally went on with her pretence of there being nothing the matter with as much success as any bandit who ever ostentatiously hid himself upon the boards.

The great manufacturing town lifted its chimneys into the pall of smoke which they themselves created, and its streets had the old roll and clamour and bustle. Sally took me into a great confectioner's shop there, and gave me cakes and tea, and was very deferential to the waitress who attended us. I was a little awed also, remembering distinctly the petticoated figure who stood so strangely for me in memory, and who had first

seen the place, and thought what a palace it was a year ago. I was very smartly dressed now, and booted and gloved in the nattiest way, so that I rather pitied that little figure. But I could not dissociate him from myself, and felt that I laboured under his special disabilities. The mistress of the establishment, a motherly-looking old lady who rustled her black silks with an air of great importance, came over and asked Sally whose little boy that was. Sally responded respectfully. It was the only son of Mr John Campbell of the Baker's Green Ironworks. The old lady looked quite gently towards me, and said in a whisper that in that case I was an orphan.

'Yes,' said Sally.

'Who was he living with?' the old lady asked again.

'He was livin' along of his Uncle, ma'am,' Sally answered, 'at Hartley Hall.'

'Mr Benjamin Hartley?' said the old lady—'the great millionaire?'

Sally answered in the affirmative.

The old lady, after taking a long look at me over Sally's head, went away again; and I heard her whisper to one of the waitresses behind the long marble counter that I was the nephew of Mr Hartley of Hartley Park, the great millionaire; and this whisper going round to all the marble-topped tables, I became conscious that I was being made a show of, so that I blundered with my tea, and had no idea as to what I ought to do with my eyes and hands.

Sally was a little discomfited by this general inspection also; and when at last we rose to go, and I produced a big-clasped Russia-leather purse, which Uncle Ben had given me that morning to hold the new half-crowns in, the general public of the place was painfully interested in this glimpse at a portion of the great millionaire's money, and I was very glad to escape with Sally to the street.

The dusk had fallen when we got to the railway station again in time to meet the train, which bore us to my native place. There was only one old gentleman in the second-class carriage in which we rode, and he was looking out of the window. I suppose that I spoke louder than I had intended, for when I asked Sally what a millionaire was, he looked round.

Sally not being especially ready at dictionary definitions, responded: 'Why, your Uncle's a millionaire, my darling.'

The old gentleman turned round so sharply again that he knocked his hat off. 'Is that young Master—er—er—Master?' He snapped his fingers impatiently, as if he had forgotten a familiar name.

'Master Campbell, sir,' said Sally, helping him out.

'To be sure,' said the old gentleman—'Master Campbell. He's the nephew of—er—er, dear me!—he's the nephew of—er—' The old gentleman snapped his fingers again, as if he had forgotten a familiar name.

'Mr Hartley, sir, of Hartley Hall,' said Sally, helping him out again.

'Of course,' said the old gentleman. 'Bless my soul; yes, of course! Dear me!' He put on a pair of glasses to look at me, and again I felt disconcerted, and had trouble with my roving eyes and hands. We got out at the same station, and the old gentleman seized an official in a gold-

bound hat upon the platform and pointed me out to him triumphantly as though I were a marvellous curio. 'That's the nephew of the great millionaire, Hartley of Hartley Park, you know.'

The official person came forward, and stooped down at the door which led from the platform, and stared at me under pretence of asking me for my ticket, and I felt that I was an impostor, and was making some pretensions—I did not know how—to something that did not belong to me.

Outside the station, Sally commanded a fly, and we drove away through the familiar streets in which the same dull gas-lamps gleamed, and the same people went to and fro as of old. They were all the same, streets and people and shops, except that a tinman had opened a new establishment with plate-glass windows, in which the bright tin-ware glistened like silver. This one alteration made the whole place seem new and strange in the midst of all its familiarities. We were not long in reaching the rough and broken road in which the cottage stood. Looking from the windows of the fly, I could see the mounds of slag and cinder which lay solemnly, like real hills, behind it, when the driver halted and got down, and said he could drive no farther, because there was what he called 'a crowning sin' in front of us. By this we both understood him to mean a crowning-in. The land had given way and had fallen into the hollow left by some disused coal-mine—had *crowned-in* the country-people say—an occurrence by no means uncommon in the district. I had often gone to look at places where such landslips had occurred, creating great rugged gaps which looked like Alpine valleys to my childish eyes. The driver said he knew the way round, and for an extra fourpence undertook to pilot us and carry the portmanteau. We went cautiously in the darkness, and the lowering sky looked bare to me where some old trees had stood when I knew the scene so well. When we came to the cottage, it was made evident that our arrival had been expected. Sally's mother had spread upon the table a clean white cloth, which I knew by old experience to be reserved for occasions of high ceremony; and crockery-ware for three was laid upon it. The wrinkled old woman in her black stuff dress, her apron of blue check, and her white cap, ran up the steps from the kitchen, and hugged Sally and kissed her and cried over her.

'You'll ha' lots o' time for that sort o' game inside,' the driver suggested, deriding sentiment. 'Gif me my ha'pence, an' I'll toddle.'

Nobody taking immediate notice of the driver, he walked into the kitchen with the portmanteau, lit his pipe at the fire, and looked at us all three with an aspect of benevolent interest, until Sally remembered him, and paid him out of the Russia-leather purse, when he regarded his money with deep scorn, and took his way dejectedly. Old Mrs Troman depressed me at first by courtesying to me and treating me as a visitor of high importance; but her disposition to regard me in that light wore off by-and-by, and we fell into the old ways, sitting by the fire, she and Sally talking, and I keeping my own fancies in wandering company, or listening, as I chose.

It was still plain to me that Sally had something on her mind, which she strove to disguise;

and when her mother said to her suddenly after a lapse of silence: 'An' now tell us what you come down for,' my faithful servitor's assumption of having had no special purpose was the greatest failure in the way of private theatricals which I can remember. Conscious of the defeat of her purpose, Sally roused herself, and hustled me off to bed with a great air of kindly authority. I lay in the old room and seemed to slip back into the old life again, though with a sense that it was all narrower and smaller than it had once seemed to be. It came back completely and without that reservation in my dreams, but the room looked very bare and small and poor in the morning, though I felt myself in some indistinct way ungrateful when I thought so. It was only gray daylight when I awoke, but I got out of bed and dressed myself, and then looked out of the window from which I could only see the corner of the crowning-in. Naturally interested in that phenomenon, I ventured down-stairs, and after a struggle, succeeded in opening the back-door, through which I gained the road, and in a minute came upon the edge of the landslip. It was far deeper and wider than is common in such cases. It often happens that the earth sinks so gradually, that what was a gentle hill becomes a gentle hollow without the visible breaking of one clod of earth; but in this instance the road and the field on each side of it had gone suddenly, carrying the hedges clean out of sight, and leaving the trees I had missed the night before head-downwards, with their roots sticking out forlornly from the broken soil like helpless arms. Here was an opportunity for exploration which no boy could have resisted. I clambered down into the hollow, growing rather clayey in the process; but evoking—in true child-fashion—more fancies from my descent than any grown poet could get out the descent of the Andes; and came by-and-by upon the roots of the first tree. This tree I knew again at once by the peculiarity of its form. Even its present topsyturvy attitude could not disguise it. The trunk, as I remembered, used to rise in two distinct columns which blended half-way up, and formed an inverted V as they leaned towards each other. As a mere baby I had crawled under that V many a time, and found it quite an admirable hiding-place. I climbed up now, by the hanging roots, and looked down at the old seat. In one place the clustered roots were so thickly filled with earth that they made quite a little platform, and to this, with some little difficulty, I climbed. Whilst I stood looking about me from this point of vantage, the slender roots bent under my weight, and I slid slowly down, without in the least hurting myself, but also without power to help myself, until I had reached the cleft of the tree, where I laughed aloud to think what a slide I had had.

I found it not altogether easy to extricate myself, and in my final struggle caught my foot in something which threw me down, so that I had a harmless tumble out of the tree cleft into a little clayey hollow which lay on one side below it. Rising from this second slip much besmeared, but still laughing, I found that I had brought something with me which entangled my feet. It turned out to be a shirt, very much besmeared, and to my amazement I discovered on turning it over that the front and wrists were

decorated with studs and links exactly like those worn by Mr Hartley—Uncle Ben. I rolled this trophy up carefully, and without stopping to think of my besoiled aspect, went hotly up the broken hill-side over the road and towards the cottage. Sally was about by this time, and cried out: 'Heaven a mercy!' when she saw me coming. When I shewed her my treasure-trove, which I did at once before she had time to scold me, she threw it away with an exclamation. 'Mercy on us, child! Don't bring your old rags here, you dirty boy!' But I recovered the shirt with more resolution than I was commonly master of, and shewed the studs, at which Sally sat down on an upturned tub which happened to be near us in the yard, caught feebly at the pump handle, and cried: 'Bless us and save us!' Seeing that I had made an impression, I followed it up with the statement that I had found the shirt in an overturned tree on the landslip. She was greatly agitated, and asked me if there had been anything else there. Nothing that I had seen, I said.

'Run away back, and see,' said Sally, taking me by the shoulder. 'Run away while you're dirty.'

She herself arose, and together we crossed the yard, and made for the place. I clambered down this time by an easier way than I had first taken, and Sally followed me. When we came to the tree, she said in a quick excited way: 'I remember. A reg'lar cove to hide anythin' in. Let me lift you up, Johnny.' With that she took me in her arms, and lifted me towards the hollow. I caught at a root, and scrambled up easily, and by this time quite as excited as my companion, looked about on every side. 'What's that you're treading on?' cried Sally from below. I looked down and saw a garment half revealed beneath a fall of loose earth. Extricating it with some little trouble, for the foothold was narrow, I threw it down, and came upon another, which I sent after it. There was nothing left, and I got out of the cleft again, Sally's arms receiving me. When we reached the cottage yard, she shook the clothes free of the rough earth which clung to them, and laid them on the ground, and there gazed at them with an expression in which many emotions were blended.

At this moment Mrs Troman came upon the scene, and testified to the greatest surprise at our appearance. 'Well—if—I—ever did!' said the old lady. 'Why, our Sarah, a body might think as yo'd gone crazy.'

Inviting her mother to accompany her, Sally gathered up the besoiled clothes, and went indoors and up-stairs. The old lady, after another ejaculation over me, followed her. A few minutes later, whilst I stood at the sink in the kitchen making myself elaborately muddy in the attempt to clean myself, and marvelling greatly at Sally's excitement, Mrs Troman appeared again, and subjected me to the well-remembered ordeal by water, then laid out clean garments for me from the portmanteau, and sent me up-stairs. I was at first so filled with wonder, that there was no room within me for curiosity, or I might have made some inquiry as to the reason of Sally's emotion. When I had dressed and descended to the kitchen, I found that she had left the house. The old lady, who had recovered her familiarity, and her old sense of control, as I now believe, by the mere fact that she had had me once more under

her hands at the pump, told me in answer to my inquiries that 'children should speak when they was spoke to;' and by that rebuff left me with no other employment than to look at and listen to the old monitory clock, which shook its palsied-like finger at me sixty times a minute in quite the old fashion, and ticked reproof and loneliness. When the palsied little finger had travelled sixty times round the fatuous countenance in the middle of the clock face, Sally returned perturbed and pale, and we three sat down to breakfast together. Mrs Troman had at one time held the post of cook in a gentleman's family; but on this occasion the eggs were pebbly in their hardness, the ham was uneatably smoked, and the coffee was in such a condition that it would have satisfied the gentleman in the old Joe Miller story, who, drinking it for the first time, mistook it for a new sort of porridge, and complained that his companion 'had all the thick.' I had felt the lash of Mrs Troman's tongue many a time; but Sally until that morning had never addressed to me one word of harshness. When in the course of that meal she fell with sudden spitefulness upon me and boxed my ears, without reasonable provocation, I retired from the table, and sat on the upturned tub in the yard in a condition of stony heartbreak, for which my memory could find no parallel. After a time she came out in tears, and kissed me, and protested she hadn't meant it; but that she was that worried with one thing and another, that she declared she didn't know which way to turn. 'An' that I should have struck you causeless, Johnny, my darlin', it does go reg'lar to my 'art.' So she protested weeping. 'Be a man,' she urged with tears, 'and say it didn't hurt you, Johnny, dear.'

I became as manly as I could at so short notice, and declared that it had not hurt me, whereon Sally wept anew and said I was a heart of gold. Matters being thus satisfactorily settled, I was led indoors again; and Sally having wiped her eyes, put on her bonnet and shawl, washed my tear-soiled face and took me out of the cottage, leading me in the direction of the village, until we found the fly in which we had travelled the night before standing by the roadside. We both entered that ramshackle vehicle, and the driver, without waiting for instructions, rattled away with much noise but at no great pace towards the railway station. The singular and untoward event at the breakfast-table had disinclined me for wondering about anything, and I did not at all trouble myself as to where we were going. The fly stopped before the door of the *Ward Arms*—there was a *Ward Arms* or *Dudley Inn* in every parish of the Black Country in those days—and we alighted there. The waiter at the door walked in front of us without speaking, as though he knew our business, which was a great deal more than I did, and marching sedately up-stairs, led us into a room in which my Cousin Will stood alone with the stained garments I had that morning discovered, spread on the table before him. He looked at me with the kindly smile which was common to him, though his eyes were troubled when I entered, and grew sad again a moment later. 'I want to ask you some questions,' he said gently, 'and I want you to be as careful as you can in answering me. Did you see a stranger who frightened you very much, nearly a year ago, down here?'

'Yes,' I said, beginning to wonder if I had been brought here on purpose to be asked.

'Can you remember on what day you saw him?'

It was the day, I answered, when Aunt Bertha first came to Mrs Troman's house.

He referred there to a note-book, and nodded slowly to himself once or twice before he went on: 'How was he dressed?'

I saw his eye turn for a moment to the garments on the table, and in a moment I knew them. 'He wore those things,' I said, 'and a hat like the one that hung on the hat-stand at your house.'

'What did he wear when you saw him next?' he asked. His face was very pale, and there was a suggestion of a memory in it if I could only have grasped it—something I had seen in a dream in my illness—no—yes—the face of the man about whom he questioned me. 'What is the matter?' he said with a kindly hand upon me.

'Nothing,' I answered; 'only—his face was like yours just then, and like—like Mr Fairholt's the night he went to London.'

Sally and he exchanged looks.

'What did he wear when you saw him the second time?' he asked again.

'He was dressed like a common man,' I said, 'in thick clothes and heavy boots.'

'Were you with Aunt Bertha when you saw him that time?'

'Yes,' I answered; 'and he saw her, and shouted something, and then ran away.'

'So near,' he murmured to himself—'So near!' Then after a pause: 'You saw him once more, didn't you, Johnny? How was he dressed when he looked in at the window at home? Had he the same clothes as when you saw him here?'

That question I could not answer. I remembered nothing but the face.

'What made you remember the face?' he asked.

'It frightened me,' I said—'his eyes and teeth.'

He nodded sadly, as if to signify that he understood me, and sat down, resting his forehead on his hand. Sally absently smoothed the soiled garments lying on the table. After a pause he rose again and asked me if I could shew him the exact places in which I had seen the stranger. When I answered in the affirmative, he bade me come with him, and left the room—Sally and I following. We all got into the fly; and from my description of the clay-pit Sally told the driver where to go. We sat in silence as we lumbered along, and after a time Sally stopped the vehicle near a stile, beyond which lay the scene of the first adventure recorded in these pages. Cousin Will inquired carefully as to the direction from which the stranger came, but of that I could tell nothing. Then he inquired with equal closeness as to what main or by-roads could have brought him here, and there Sally's local knowledge came into play, and she told him all she knew.

He paced up and down the walk for a time, and then came back and addressed us. 'It is a poor clue,' he said, 'but it is something. I don't think I shall want you again, Troman.—Good-bye, Johnny. I shall see you soon, at home.' He waved his hand and walked away slowly down the path. Sally looked wistfully after him, and in a little while turned away, taking my hand in hers.

We went back to Hartley Hall next day. Nobody questioned me there, or made any observation on my absence, except to welcome my return. And I was left with a new link in that strange romance which only the years completed for me—a story leading nowhere, and therefore everywhere—a tragic story, to which, before I could read it truly, I gave many wild beginnings and conclusions.

(To be continued.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN EQUESTRIAN MANAGER.

BY C. W. MONTAGUE.

FOURTH PAPER.

WE were performing at Reading, a comparatively small town, where everybody knows everybody, and news, especially dreadful or mysterious news, spreads at a rapid pace. Detective Blank, a most zealous man and important officer in Reading, was a constant visitor at our circus both before and behind the scenes. Now Detective Blank had an all-consuming desire to distinguish himself; but whether because of the innocence of Reading folk, and the consequent rarity of crime, or from some other cause, he had never been fortunate enough to be concerned in a great criminal case, though it was well known to the good people of Reading that he had a strong ambition for such distinction, and was always busy poking his nose into any trumpery affair that turned up, if there happened to be about it the faintest approach to a mystery. Some of the men belonging to the circus put their heads together, and determined that this meddling industry of the zealous detective should be temporarily exercised upon a promising case.

Our tent was erected at a spot where the street passed over a canal by a low bridge, the canal itself running at the back of the circus. An old box was obtained, and filled with brick-ends and other rubbish; the lid was securely fastened down with about a dozen long screws, driven in as tightly as possible; and when it was nearly dark, two men carried it on to the bridge while no one was passing. Then, waiting till two or three people were approaching, the box was thrown over the parapet, falling with a loud splash into the water below. The men at once took to their heels, easily escaping in the dark. The anticipated result followed. The passers-by who witnessed the affair and saw the men run off, at once communicated the mysterious occurrence to Detective Blank, knowing full well that he would spare no pains to ferret the matter out. Early the next morning those attached to the circus, who were of course in the secret, were delighted to see three or four boats crowded together by the bridge, each boat containing two or more men, all of whom were busily engaged in poking and scraping and raking about in search of the mysterious box. At the head, and directing the searchers, was Blank, full of importance. Our men of course questioned him artlessly as to the meaning of it all; and most mysterious were the winks and gestures which accompanied the equally mysterious observations, jerked out occasionally as he watched the flotilla at work. He was 'on the track safe enough this time;' there had been foul play somewhere—

murder, and he could pretty well guess who was at the bottom of it.

At last, after an industrious search, which, according to the usual fashion of Blank and some other clever people, had been begun on the wrong side of the bridge, a heavy box was brought to the surface and secured. That was a proud moment for our detective, for all Reading had flocked to the spot, and had its many eyes upon him—and the box. A cart having been procured, the box was placed carefully in it; and Blank jumped up after it, to mount guard over his treasure. A crowd followed the cart to the police station, and remained outside to learn the upshot of the affair. The circumstances of the case were briefly reported and entered in the book in due form. The detective was important and reserved; the Superintendent dignified and solemn. In a tone of authority, he directed that the box should be at once opened in Blank's presence. But no one had a screw-driver; so a constable was despatched to borrow one. The screws were large and long, and the wood was hard. After much cranking of the screw and grunting of poor Blank, one of the dozen guardians of mystery was extracted, and placed carefully away to furnish a 'clue.' Another followed; the perspiration dropping off Blank's excited face. And so one by one the screws were got out; and as the barrier between mystery and curiosity became weaker so did the mystery appear greater, and the excitement grow more intense with every extracted screw.

At last the lid is free, and Blank hurriedly lifts it from the box, exposing the contents to view. The reader can imagine the scene which followed much better than I can describe it. Indeed, I should only weaken the effect in the reader's mind by attempting to depict the blank speechless consternation of all present, the utter confusion that fell upon poor Blank! It was quickly perceived that the whole affair had been a planned hoax at the detective's expense, and the laugh went against that busy-body for a long time after. But the cream of the joke has yet to come. The hiring of a number of boats and a body of men for the best part of a day—to say nothing of a cart—involves considerable outlay. During the day a 'bill of costs' was handed in to the Superintendent, who, however, laughed at the idea of his being responsible for the expense, and referred the men to Blank, who had employed them. Whether they ever got their money, is a point upon which I have no information.

One night during the performance of a pantomime at Leamington, in which William Ginnett took the part of clown, a curious hitch occurred. At the moment when that ever-mischievous individual had to run on to the stage with a baby, supposed to have been stolen from some perambulator, which said baby is then thrown violently at the policeman as he rushes in, staff in hand, the dummy, or as it is termed, 'property' baby, was nowhere to be found. It so happened that a woman was standing near the ring door with her baby in her arms at the moment when William Ginnett came for his dummy. Seeing that it was not forthcoming, he at once snatched the baby from the woman's arms, and rushed with it to the ring. The woman thinking, no doubt, that her child would

be subjected to the same rigorous treatment that the dummy has to undergo, was for rushing pell-mell after the clown; her struggles to do so when we restrained her being at once laughable and touching. I assured her that the baby was as safe in the clown's arms as in her own; and in the end that proved to be so. Ginnett tossed the baby up and down, and made pretence to throw it at the policeman, but handled it as tenderly as a woman could have done. Cheers and roars of laughter arose from the audience when they discovered that the clown had a real baby in his arms; and a recall had to be complied with before the child was finally handed over to its anxious mother. Many of us regretted that we had *not* allowed the woman to rush in after her baby, as it certainly deprived the audience of a passage-at-arms rarely to be witnessed on any stage!

Towards the close of 1861 I arrived at Canterbury, to make preparations for a series of performances in that city. The individual with whom I had to negotiate both in his public and private capacity was a local celebrity of the name of O—, who, besides being bill-poster, town-crier, and official servant of the Mayor, was a general manager of other people's business as well as his own. Possessed of an unshakable faith in his own sagacity and infallibility, he was fully convinced that nothing in Canterbury could go right unless he had a finger in it. He was indeed a most important man, the most important man in the city. Without him, not even the Mayor himself could have rightly fulfilled his functions or exercised his civic sway. Indeed, it is quite an open question whether his Grace the Archbishop himself was not in some way indebted to the omniscience of the town-crier. Be this as it may, I must freely confess that his services were necessary to me in making my arrangements, both in choosing the ground for our performances and in billing the town and suburbs with our placards. Having brought this business to a successful issue, we repaired together to the parlour of the *Horse and Jockey*—our headquarters during our stay in Canterbury—to cement in a friendly glass the compact into which we had entered. Now, this same O—, town-crier, bill-poster, and Mayor's factotum, was fond of a 'glass and gaiety,' and when duly inspired by his potations, the spirit of boasting was strong upon him. In addition to O— and myself, there were two or three others in the parlour; and presently the conversation turned upon circus matters generally, with a digression respecting conjurers and their tricks. My friend began to depreciate the cleverness of these men; their tricks were easy enough—he could do any of them himself. We listened good-humouredly to his assertions; and nothing more would have come of them, had it not happened that two policemen, not belonging to the town, just then entered the room. As a matter of course, O— at once questioned them as to their business; and we were informed in reply that they had brought a prisoner from Chartham, a town some four miles distant from Canterbury. The valiant town-crier was mightily tickled at the idea of any one submitting to be led captive by two such men as they were.

'If you tried to take me along like that,' said he, 'you would find you had a slippery customer to deal with.'

'But we should handcuff you,' replied one of the constables.

'Handcuff me?' exclaimed the boaster with a derisive laugh—'handcuff me? And so you might! D'ye think I'm not as clever as any of your tuppenny conjurers? I've seen *them* slip the bracelets off easy enough, and I'll bet any man a gallon o' beer that I can do the same.'

The bet was arranged. One of the policemen produced a pair of handcuffs, and these being placed upon O—'s wrists, were shut to with a snap. Beginning his efforts with a smile on his face, the good man wriggled and twisted and turned about in the most comical manner imaginable; first sitting, then standing, then sitting again; getting exceedingly hot and flustered and red in the face, and finally being obliged to own himself beaten.

'Here, you!' he cried. 'I won't try any more. Undo 'em and take 'em off.'

'We can't undo them,' replied the officer drily; 'we've no key with us.'

'No key?' exclaimed the town-crier in dismay. 'Then what the mischief did you put 'em on for?'

'Oh,' replied the constable with perfect composure, 'you said you could take them off yourself, so we thought it was all right. It's not our fault if you can't.'

'Well, what's to be done?' inquired the poor man, beginning to feel very uncomfortable.

'Why, you'll have to come along with us to the police station; the Superintendent has a key.'

'What!' shouted the town-crier, with a sudden access of outraged dignity, as he shook his pair of fists at the officer—'what! You expect me to walk through the streets with *these* things on?'

'There's no help for it,' was the comfortless reply; 'unless you think the Superintendent is likely to come to you.'

The civic functionary was by this time in a terrible state of mind; the bare idea of having to walk through Canterbury with handcuffs being sufficient to overwhelm him with a dreadful horror. I suggested that the policemen might walk on a little ahead, while he could follow them with an air of unconcern, and carry his arms across his breast in such a manner as to conceal the offensive 'bracelets' from view. This idea was adopted. The two officers started for the police-station, and O— walking in the rear with as great an air of dignity and superiority as he could command, arrived there a little after them, and entered composedly. I followed on myself to witness the result, for I guessed rightly that the joke was not yet played out. After inspecting the handcuffs, the Superintendent declared with a solemn shake of the head that his key would not open them; adding: 'You will have to go to Chartham to get them unlocked.'

It is impossible to picture the look of intense dismay that answered this announcement. 'But can't some one go and fetch a key from Chartham?' was the old man's piteous appeal.

'We can't wait here two or three hours,' said

one of the officers, 'while a key is being fetched; and besides, they would not let a key leave the office. You've got to come along with us, and that's the end on it.'

'O lor!' exclaimed the victim; 'what will the people say when they see me?'

'It's getting late, and we must be off,' replied the policemen.

And to cut the story short, off they went, a four-mile march to Chartham, the town-crier handcuffed, and the two policemen with him, the poor man falling far short of his boast, that he 'should prove a slippery customer to deal with.'

The most absurd rumours were very soon afloat in the town and neighbourhood, to the effect that the poor town-crier had committed this, that, or the other offence against the laws of the land, and had accordingly been taken to the lock-up. It may be easily imagined that he was led a pretty life for some time after by his fellow-citizens; but by degrees the incident was forgotten, save by a few; and now the old man, who is still alive, laughs as heartily at the affair as any of the people to whom he may chance to recount it.

I will now relate the circumstances under which I commenced a tour in company with a noted conjurer named Wellington Young. Passing through Harrow one day, with my thoughts intent upon the possibility of doing a little business there, I learned, to my surprise, that no public entertainment had been given in the town for upwards of two years. This arose chiefly from the fact that the Assembly Room, which was old and in a ruinous state, had been pulled down, and a new one had not yet been erected. My idea was that a good conjuring entertainment would be a great attraction in the town, and would certainly be patronised by all the Harrow Boys in a body, if they were allowed to come. With this project strong upon me, I proceeded to learn whether any suitable building existed near enough to the schools, and was informed that there was a large empty barn by the road-side a short distance from the centre of the town. Upon inspecting the place, I found that there were no doors.

'Oh, that won't matter,' said the proprietor, a Mr Chapman. 'The building was used not long ago for them amateur chaps as played summut from Shakspeare, I think they said; and they fixed up a couple of rick-cloths for doors.'

Satisfied with the appearance of the place, I made my bargain with Mr Chapman contingent upon my obtaining the head-master's consent for the attendance of the boys, and at once proceeded on that errand. Dr Vaughan, lately of The Temple, and now Dean of Llandaff, was then head-master of Harrow. Arrived at his house, I gave the liveried servant my card; and was ushered into a luxurious apartment, furnished throughout in the best of style, the little odds and ends that lay about betokening most plainly the polished and thoughtful taste of the scholar and gentleman. Presently Dr Vaughan entered the room, and without any further knowledge of me than my bare name, came forward and shook hands with me with the hearty grip of a man. I hastened to state who I was and what was my business, prefacing my explanation with an apology for the mistake he had evidently fallen

into, probably through supposing that I was the parent of one of the boys. I mention this incident, not so much to boast of the real honour of shaking hands with a man of Dr Vaughan's personal merit and well-deserved position, but rather that I may testify to the extreme courtesy with which he treated me, under circumstances which for men of less real worth would have proved very embarrassing. Having mentioned to the Doctor that I had recently given an entertainment at Harford Grammar School, by permission of his brother there, who had afterwards expressed his entire satisfaction, Dr Vaughan readily gave his consent to my request that the boys might attend; and having thanked him, I withdrew.

I at once set about my preparations. The day was fixed; notices were placarded about the town; a pianoforte was hired, and the services of a very skilful young lady-pianiste secured. The next thing was to procure my conjurer; and with that object in view I paid a hurried visit to a certain locality in London, where conjurers are as thick as banks in Lombard Street or book-shops in Paternoster Row. It was here that I engaged with Wellington Young, a man well known all over the kingdom; and the engagement led to his accompanying me on my provincial tour. At Harrow he was announced as 'Monsieur Bosco.'

The day arrived; all my engagements were complete and satisfactory. The hour had come for the commencement of the day performance for the boys, and all I wanted now was to see my audience come trooping down the road towards the barn. The 'doors' had been open some time, and a few of the townsfolk had dribbled in. But my great hope, the lads, had not yet put in an appearance. My heart began to sink into my shoes at this threatening prospect of an empty house. Presently one solitary boy came round the distant corner with a quick swinging step; a few yards behind him were two more; then came a group of four or five; and presently a little army of my juvenile patrons swarmed down the hill, and quickly filled the barn. I was now as elated as I had previously been downcast. Sharp at the appointed time, my pianiste came upon the platform, took her seat at the instrument, and commenced a lively piece. At the same moment, the boys, who of course were out for a 'lark,' began throwing oranges at her; at such a rate too that I should think a boxful must have been used up in this way. Not being able to appreciate favours of this description, the fair performer escaped hurriedly from the scene, and amid loud cries for 'Monsieur Bosco!' that gentleman came upon the platform. Another demonstration from the boys greeted his entrance. Amidst the din of many voices might be heard individual remarks such as, 'Oh, you old villain!' or 'Where's my money, you thief?' &c. &c. This reception, at first inexplicable to me, was afterwards made clear when I learned that my conjurer had very recently given a private performance before those very boys in one of the school buildings, and had exercised his ingenuity in a manner that did not entirely please some of his audience, who now recognised him again. But Monsieur bowed and smiled, and smiled and bowed again until he had conjured away all the discordant elements of his reception,

and then the performance began, and was carried through to a successful close.

Among my audience was one young lad of noble birth, with whom I had a long chat, a lad of quiet, intelligent ways, and shewing much mature thought, for one so young, in the many questions he put to me. He is now Marquis of Bute.

THE DUKE'S HOUSE.

I WAS born in an old chartered and very picturesque town in a western county, in whose vicinity stood an ancient ducal palace, which had not been occupied for many a long year; and like other buildings left to decay, it had the reputation of being haunted. There certainly were strange sights and sounds to be seen and heard sometimes by those who were near the place at dusk and after dark; but it was never looked into. The uneducated were too superstitious and frightened; the better class were too busy or too indolent; and we had no rural police in those days to trace out the causes. It was a great pity for such a fine Elizabethan structure to fall to ruins. I remember it as a strong and beautiful mansion, with its lawns and terrace-gardens, and its many windows as there are days in a year. This I doubted when a child, and often got the nurse-girl to walk round the house, to count them with me; but we never attained our object; for if the sun got overclouded, she would be sure to see a ghost at some gloomy window, and rush off, leaving me, terrified, to follow. The old residents had died out, the title having become extinct; and around it were sprung up mills and factories, which prevented the aristocracy from living in it. The mill-owners too preferred being farther away from their counting-houses and smoky chimneys. Besides, it must have been a very rich man who could put it in decorative repair and keep up such an establishment. In those days, our merchant-princes were content with very modest dwellings, such as many a middle-class man nowadays would deem it derogatory to live in. I am writing of a slow and sure age; we are now living in a fast and reckless one.

But to my story. I had attained an age when ghosts or hobgoblins and such-like rubbish did not terrify or trouble me. I was a married man, the father of several children, when a cousin came to visit us, who was highly delighted with our pretty town; and knowing her to be very clever with her pencil, I asked her to paint me one or two of the scenes in the neighbourhood. This she willingly consented to do; and we sallied forth to fix on what should be her first picture. She thought the view from the Duke's House—as it was called—would be the best. I told her she dared not trust herself in there, for it had been uninhabited for the last century, and was haunted. She laughed, and said she did not believe in ghosts; she was not so much frightened at the dead in solitary places, as at the living; and her curiosity being excited, she wanted to explore the old building. So, whilst she went for her easel and materials, I got the keys from an old man who lived in the old court-yard of the ducal residence.

We walked through the rooms, admiring their

old grandeur, the lofty marble columns, standing on marble hearths each side of the fireplaces, supporting the groined ceilings, with coats of arms and other devices carved in marble between them. The tapestry round the walls smelled mouldy, but was in a wonderful state of preservation, and no worse than when a boy, twenty years before, I had pitied the ladies who worked so hard to cover their rough stone walls. My cousin selected a room for her first sketch; and as I was leaving, I advised her to lock the door after me, to guard against intrusion; but she objected to this, saying she never locked herself in any room, for fear of sudden illness; but if I would lock the door on the outside, and call for her as I came from the bank, she would be much happier to know she was secure from interruption. After some hesitation, I consented to do this, and with the key in my pocket, went to business.

It was just closing-time, and I was locking up the strong-room, when the manager drew my attention to a matter which involved a protracted search of papers—a search, however, which happily proved successful. All other thoughts having been driven from my head by this unwonted piece of business, I reached home, and as I mechanically took out my latch-key and went into the house, still in a reverie, I was met by my wife, who asked why I was so late for dinner, and where Mary was.

'Mary!' I exclaimed; 'I forgot all about her;' and catching my hat off the peg again, I rushed out, speeding as fast as I could to liberate her, and bitterly lamenting my folly for locking her in.

It was quite dark when I got there, and I had no light; but I felt out the keyhole, unlocked the door, and tramped loudly up the stairs. I called her, but received no reply. Going into the room in which I had left her, I gazed into the recesses, and found her huddled up in one corner.

'Mary, my poor dear child,' I exclaimed, 'will you ever forgive me?'

'Hush, hush! for pity's sake, hush!' she said in a whisper.

'Why did you not answer me when I called you?' I replied.

'I did not hear you until now. Oh, I have seen such fearful sights!'

I felt her whole frame quiver, and then, as I was assisting her to rise, she fell on me in a fainting fit. I had no light, not even a fusee in my pocket, and no one was within call. At length I thought of the water she had for her work; it might revive her if I could find it. I laid her down gently, and groping about for the water, sprinkled her face, which had the effect of bringing her round.

Hurriedly rising, she exclaimed: 'Oh, come away. Take me out of this horrid place!'

I began to rally her about the absurdity of her fears, and her telling me in the morning she was not superstitious.

But she interrupted me by saying: 'I have seen no ghost. We are in a den of horrid thieves and murderers! I saw two bodies dragged up-stairs, stripped of everything, with just a sheet round them. Oh, come out of the place, or we shall be the next. Even now they may have heard us, and they will murder us.'

I asked her if she had not got drowsy whilst

waiting for me in the gloom of the afternoon—for it was November—and dreamed it.

'O no!' she replied; 'I did not dream; and horror-struck as I was, when the ruffians descended the stairs again, I crept silently up to see if I could find out anything; and, O horror, I shall never forget the sight! Do let us go.'

I must confess I felt a little creepy and nervous, but was myself again in a moment. Feeling her trembling, and fearing another swoon, I began descending the stairs with her, when a light from below shot up to us. She clutched me convulsively, but was reassured by hearing my wife's voice calling out: 'Frank! Mary! Where are you?'

'Here,' I said; 'all right.'

'Indeed,' she replied, 'I think it all wrong to give me such a fright.'

We had reached her by this time; and by the light of the lantern she had brought, she caught sight of Mary's blanched face.

To my wife's interrogatories respecting her illness, the poor girl assured her that she was not ill, but terrified. 'I will tell you all,' she added, 'when I get home.'

I was thankful for the light, and left them walking on, whilst I ran up for Mary's painting materials, and locking the door, I put the key in my pocket, meaning to return again after dinner and try to elucidate the mystery. When I joined them, Mary was asking my wife how she dared come alone all the way from my house to that dreadful place.

She replied, she would rather do so at any hour of the night than be kept in suspense, and added: 'As soon as the day began to close, I looked for you; but as you did not come, I thought Frank must have called for you, and was lionising you in the town. But when fully an hour after dinner was ready, he came back without you, and rushed off like a madman when I asked for you, I was for the moment bewildered; but thinking you must have been taken ill, and that Frank would want help and a light, I hurried to the kitchen for a lantern, and told one of the girls to put on her things and accompany me to the Duke's House, for you were there, and must have been taken ill. But would you believe it? She flatly refused, saying it served you right for going there; you would never be found, for never a person going near that house after dark was ever seen afterwards. I ridiculed her nonsense, and appealed to the others; but neither would go, so I had no alternative but to come alone.'

When we reached home, I went into the cellar, and got a bottle of Moselle, and made Mary drink off half a tumblerful; and then we sat down to dinner. We were just settled to dessert, when a friend dropped in for a hand at whist, and wondered at our being so late. I told him the reason; and then asked Mary for her story, as I had forbidden her talking about it until she had got her dinner.

She began: 'After you left me, I worked on for a long while, until, feeling hungry, I looked at my watch, and found it was past two o'clock. I then ate my sandwiches, and after taking a turn through some of the rooms, settled into work again. I had not been long thus occupied when I was aroused by strange irregular noises which seemed to come from the landing above. I then

awoke to the consciousness that I had been hearing a scuffling of feet for some little time. The scuffling commenced again; and I got up, moved cautiously to the door, which was ajar, and looked out just in time to see an old hag disappear in a doorway above, and the door close softly behind her. I stepped up, and noiselessly opened the door, and peeped in; but to my great surprise, the room was empty. I walked in to see if there was any other door through which she could have passed; but there was not; nor was there a window she could have got out of. I was fairly puzzled, for you know I do not believe in ghosts. I went down to my room, but could not settle to work. I went up again and again; but could discover nothing, nor could I detect a sound. It was broad day when I saw her; and now I found it was getting too dark for me to do any more to my painting, so I gathered all together, and put them in one corner, ready for to-morrow morning, and sat down to wait for you. As it was now getting dark, and I had been expecting you since three o'clock, I thought you must have forgotten me, so I went down to see if I could find any means of egress. As I could not, I returned to my room, where I could watch for your coming; for it was not so dark but I could see any object crossing the court. Whilst I was thinking whether I should tell you about the old woman to-night or wait until to-morrow, the wind rose moaning amongst the trees, which made it very dreary; but soon I heard sounds above the southing of the winds, strange heavy thuds below me; and the legends you told me as we walked through some of the rooms in the morning, rushed to my mind; but I soon banished such nonsense, knowing it must be produced by living beings.'

'What did he tell you?' asked my wife.

'Why, he told me about a very wicked Duke who for some baleful reason whipped his unfortunate wife every night through the house, her lamentations being heard by any one who had the temerity to be near the house after dark. Well, all was quiet again for a little while, when I heard voices, and the sound of something being shuffled and dragged up the stairs towards the room I was in. I crept behind the door, and holding my breath, peeped through the crevice. To my horror I saw two ruffians dragging up something wrapped in a sheet; they dragged it to the room I had examined by daylight. The door opened, emitting a lurid glare. They entered, but did not stay long, for they soon came out, and tramped down-stairs again, leaving the door partly open. I heard the sound of their footsteps die away in the lower basement, and all being quiet, I stole quietly up the stairs and peeped into the room. There, before a fire of red embers stood the old hag I saw go up in the afternoon. She was stirring something in a caldron on the fire, gibbering and muttering like the witches in *Macbeth*. She turned round, and I thought her gaze fell on me. I felt myself sliding down, and remembered no more until I was again aroused by the same two demons coming up with another bundle. What could I do? They would soon be up. I knew now that the old witch had not seen me, for I was left unmolested. I saw I might gain my room before they could possibly reach it, and they would not hear me above their own din.

I did so, and knew no more until you roused me.'

When she had ended, I said: 'Mary, dear, do you not think you must have dropped off to sleep whilst waiting for me, and your gloomy surroundings caused that very ugly dream? You know it has been proved that one minute's doze suffices the soul for vagaries which, in our waking hours, would take weeks to perform.'

'No,' she replied; 'I did not sleep one moment. Besides, should I sleep, do you think, in broad day, especially after I saw the old woman vanish out of my sight?'

'Then you do believe in ghosts!' I laughed out.

'Indeed, I do not; but it is all so puzzling.'

'And you are certain she did not come out again?'

'Quite positive; for I did not take my eyes off the door until I was in the room, and I walked into the large fireplace, and looked to see if she had hid herself there. But it was all clear up to the sky.'

Well, I would believe in its being haunted rather than its being a den of wholesale murderers. Were our town a seaport or near the sea, I should think it was a haunt for smugglers, who had had a scuffle with the coastguard, and had brought home their dead to give them burial. Then I thought of the resurrectionists or body-snatchers; but there was no medical school in the neighbourhood, or I would have put it down at once to those worthies. The more I thought, the more I felt convinced it was the result of my cousin's disordered imagination, from being left all alone at nightfall in such a ghostly building.

After a while I said: 'Whist is out of the question to-night; no one's thoughts would be in his or her hand; so if Tom would like a stroll, I am ready for one.'

He eagerly accepted the invitation; but my wife and Mary both sprung up and intercepted us on our way to the door, saying, I should not go out. She knew I meant to go to the House, and if I did, she would go too. I pooh-poohed the idea of going there, especially after what Mary had told us.

'You don't believe a word I have told you—I am sure you do not; I can see it by the twinkle of your eyes!' she exclaimed.—'And don't you go, Tom, let me beg of you' [Mary had a special interest in Tom]; 'and then he won't care to go alone.'

So Tom promised, fully meaning to keep the promise, I am sure; and we were allowed to pass.

As soon as we got outside, I said: 'Well, Tom, I did not promise, nor do I wish you to break yours; but I am off to the "Duke's." I have the key in my pocket, and wish to satisfy myself; to-morrow may be too late.'

'Then you believe Mary's story?' he said.

'Well, I am bound to believe it; but it is not murderers or ghosts, and I'll find out before I come back. But don't you go in until I return, or you will be sending my wife after me, and all will depend on quiet.'

'Nay,' he said; 'if you go, I will. No great harm in breaking a promise of that kind; and it will be forgiven when I plead anxiety for your safety.'

'Agreed,' I replied. 'But we must have a light.

And if I go into the kitchen for my bull's-eye, it will create suspicion there, and the news will be carried into the parlour.'

'I have one at my lodgings,' he said; 'and it's on our road; we can call and get it.'

We accordingly did; and Tom suggested our taking a pair of pistols, in case of need. I firmly believe Tom hoped for a brush with the villains.

Arriving there, we walked round the house before entering it, and peeped into every nook we could find. At last, we directed our glance to the upper regions; and about half-way up the circular tower we thought we could discern a light. This was the wing Mary had chosen for her sketch. Tom could see it too. So we determined on entering, and if possible solving the riddle. As we reached the second landing—it was a noble staircase with its carved balustrade—we heard voices and thumping as of beating heavy substances against the walls. When we came to the story whence we saw the light on the outside, Tom produced his lantern to find the door, for so well did it fit that we could see no crevice of light to guide us; and having quietly opened it, we peeped in; but all was dark. We entered; but it was quite empty, and the tapestry being stripped from the walls, shewed nothing but the rough stones. All was now so quiet, that it really seemed as though we had disturbed demon phantoms at their revels.

I said to Tom: 'What can be the meaning of this?'

When just as he was going to reply, the noises commenced again, and we stepped outside and listened attentively. At last Tom suggested: 'One of these niches, which look panelled out for statues, must be a door.'

We examined the one carefully next the room we had just left, and sure enough came upon a secret spring. Tom put his light out of sight and put his hand on his pistol. I very gently pressed the spring, when it noiselessly opened sufficiently for us to see into the room. There was the old hag still at her brew, and one man with a knife dismembering the limbs of his victim. He stopped his work to address some beings out of our sight; and we, having seen enough, quietly closed the door, darted down-stairs, and soon reached home. Tom was always very pale, with large dark eyes; and when he entered the room where my wife and Mary were, his look told in a moment where we had been.

'Yes,' I said in reply to their queries; 'we have been there, and have seen enough to appal the stoutest heart.' Here I caught Tom's well-dissembled look of affright, and could contain myself no longer; I flung myself on the couch and roared with laughter.

I laughed so long that my wife began to think my brain was turned. She looked at Tom, but he kept his countenance, and continued his idiotic stare. At last, seeing they were really frightened, I gasped out: 'Murder will out! The corpses were pigs, scalded pigs; and the hag was the old woman that sells such splendid black puddings!'

When I took the key back to the old man, I asked him why he had his butcher's shop at the top of the old building.

'O sir,' he replied, 'don't tell on me. You see, sir, I make a little by letting it very cheap to these

people. I should not be allowed, were it known. They use that room because no one knows of it, and they are unmolested. I can shew the house without shewing that room, to the strangers who visit the town. I used to make a good bit by shewing it in former times, but very few come to see it now.'

I never hear of haunted houses now but I think of the pig-killers.

'DIED ON DUTY.'

MANY are the instances of heroic devotion to duty which the history of every nation affords, and the phrase 'Died on duty' is about the noblest eulogium which can be placed above the tomb of any person, no matter what may be his rank or profession. Seldom does it fall, however, to the lot of what has been termed the inferior portion of creation to be thus spoken of and remembered when their brief span of existence is gone, and hence it gives us great pleasure to record in this *Journal*, though many years after the event, a singular instance of grateful attachment to duty in the case of so unromantic a creature as a goose. The story refers to an interesting relic which is preserved in a glass case in the Coldstream Guards' orderly-room at Whitehall. It hangs in a very appropriate place—namely, between the old colours which that famous corps carried on the field of Waterloo, and consists of the head and neck of a goose, around which is a golden collar with the inscription: 'JACOB—2nd Battalion Coldstream Guards.' Beneath it are the words, 'Died on Duty.' Very few men now serving in the regiment are conversant with the history of this devoted specimen of the feathered tribe, who having once volunteered to serve the State in the capacity of a sentry, never deserted his post until the great commander, Death, relieved him from duty.

In 1838, a rebellion broke out in our Canadian possessions, and two battalions of the Guards were sent thither to assist in quelling it, the battalion already mentioned being one of them. Both corps occupied the Citadel of Quebec, and in their turn supplied the guards which were ordered to be mounted in different parts of the town and neighbourhood. Near one of these guards was a farm-yard which had suffered much from the ravages of foxes—animals that were at that period a great pest to the colonists; and as the farm in question had been suspected of being the meeting-place of the rebels, a chain of sentries was placed around it. One day the sentry whose duty it was to watch the entrance to the farm had his attention attracted by an unusual noise, and on looking towards the spot whence it proceeded, he beheld a fine goose fleeing towards him closely pursued by a fox. His first impulse was to have a shot at the latter; but this would have alarmed the guard, and brought condign punishment on himself for giving a false alarm. He was compelled, therefore, to remain a silent spectator of the scene, while every step brought the reynard nearer to his prey. In the height of its despair, the poor bird ran its head and neck between the legs of the soldier, in its frantic endeavour to reach the refuge which the sentry-box could afford; and at the same moment the wily fox made a desperate grab at the goose,

but too late, for ere he could get a feather between his teeth, the ready bayonet of the sentinel had passed through his body. The poor goose, by way of shewing its gratitude to its preserver, rubbed its head against his legs, and made other equally curious demonstrations of joy; nor could it ever be prevailed upon to quit the post, but walked up and down day after day with each successive sentry that was placed there until the battalion left Canada, when the goose was brought away with it as a regimental pet, to England.

The most remarkable thing in connection with the story is that the goose in turn actually saved its preserver's life. Whether the former knew that the sentry was the same man or not, must of course for ever remain a problem; but it so happened that he was on that particular post again about two months afterwards when a desperate attempt was made to surprise and kill the unwary sentinel. It was winter-time, and although it was a bright moonlight night, the moon was hidden ever and anon by the scudding clouds which seemed to presage an approaching storm. In these moments of darkness a sharp observer might have noticed the shadows of several men who, unobserved by the somewhat drowsy sentinel, were endeavouring stealthily to approach the post where he stood. Suddenly, he heard, or thought he heard, a strange rustling sound, and flinging his musket to his shoulder, he shouted loudly: 'Who goes there?' Not a sound, save the echo of his own voice in the distance, and the sighing of the winter wind among the branches of the trees which stood in the deserted farm-yard, responded to the challenge.

Several minutes elapsed, during which the soldier marched up and down his lonely beat followed by the devoted goose, until, deeming his alarm unwarranted, he again 'stood at ease' before the sentry-box. This was the enemy's opportunity, and the rebels were not long in endeavouring to profit by it. Closer and closer they stole up towards the post, the thick snow which lay on the ground completely deadening the sound of their footsteps. But just as two of their number, one on each side of the sentry-box, were preparing with uplifted knife to spring upon the unsuspecting man, the bird made a grand effort, rose suddenly on its wings, and swept round the sentry-box with tremendous force, flapping its wings right in the faces of the would-be assassins. They were astounded, and rushed blindly forward; but the sentry, fully aroused to his danger, bayoneted one and shot at the other as he was running away. Meanwhile, the other conspirators approached to the assistance of their colleagues; but the bird repeated its tactics, and enabled the sentry to keep them at bay until the guard—whom the firing of his musket had alarmed—came upon the scene and made them flee for their lives.

When this incident became known, poor old Jacob was the hero of the garrison; and the officers subscribed for and purchased the golden collar which the bird afterwards wore until the day of his death.

Jacob bore well the discomforts of the voyage to England on board a ship which was noted for its rickety condition, and which was within an ace of being lost in a tremendous storm that overtook her. On the arrival of the regiment in

London, the bird resumed its old duties with the sentinels posted at the barrack gates; and it was exceedingly amusing to watch its movements as it walked proudly up and down with the sentry, or stood to 'attention' beside the box when the latter was saluting a passing officer or guard. The feathered hero was well fed and cared for, and a circular bath filled with water was always at its disposal. Children were its especial favourites, as they used to bring the creature all kinds of food; but Jacob would never tolerate any liberties except when, in military parlance, he was 'standing easy.' For many years Jacob seemed to bear a charmed life; but he was at length run over by a van in the narrow gateway which formed the entrance to old Portman Street Barracks, and had one of his legs broken. Every effort which kindness and skill could suggest was made to save this extraordinary bird; but it was of no avail, and he died like a true English soldier, at the post of duty, after a 'sentry-go' of no less than twelve years. The body of the bird was buried with all honours, where he died; but the head was preserved in the manner already described, and can be seen by anybody who has sufficient influence with the officers or non-commissioned officers of the gallant regiment concerned to obtain for them a peep into the military sanctum at Whitehall.

It should be mentioned in conclusion, that Jacob when living, attracted the attention of the Duke of Wellington, who admired and appreciated devotion to duty in whatever guise or station he found it.

THE MONTH.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

MR C. W. SIEMENS, F.R.S., has supplemented his communication to the Royal Society on the effect of electric light on the growth of plants, by a demonstration of its effect in the ripening of fruit. He exhibited two pots of strawberries, which were started under precisely the same conditions: one had been exposed to daylight only in the usual way, and shewed a bunch of green berries; while the other, which, in addition to daylight, had been under electric light during the night, bore a cluster of large, ripe, well-flavoured strawberries. Thus, as Mr Siemens remarks, 'the electric light is very efficacious in promoting the formation of the saccharine and aromatic matter upon which the ripening of fruit depends; and if experience should confirm this result, the horticulturist will have the means of making himself practically independent of solar light in producing a high quality of fruit at all seasons of the year.'

From a statement made at the last meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute, we learn that toughened glass can be used instead of iron as sleepers for railways. The molten glass is cast in moulds into the several forms required; is afterwards heated to a high temperature, and plunged into a bath of cool oil, 'the result being that the glass becomes converted from its own characteristic brittleness to the remarkable tough fibrous material known as toughened or tempered glass.' A similar effect, as was stated, can be produced by

passing the moulded glass through an annealing oven. The strength and resisting power of the glass thus prepared may be judged of from the fact, that a weight (nine hundredweight) let fall from a height of seventeen feet upon a plate a little more than an inch thick, failed to break it. And where glass sleepers have been laid by way of experiment, they stand wear and tear as well as iron, perhaps better, for they do not corrode. They are made in three-foot lengths, so shaped on the upper surface, that the rail when placed thereon shall exactly fit. If glass can be turned to account in this way, why not as tools, implements, and other mechanical appliances? Its immunity from rust gives it an eminent claim to consideration.

Pure nickel as a metal seems likely to become more useful than ever, for it can now be made perfectly ductile and malleable by adding to it, while in the melting-pot, a minute quantity of magnesium. Nickel thus treated can be drawn into fine wire, or beaten into the thinnest of leaves, and used as a brilliant and durable coating for iron, or may be forged and fashioned into a variety of useful articles.

The passenger steamers of the Thames, the Mersey, and the Clyde have formed the subject of a paper and a discussion at the Institution of Civil Engineers, in which it was shewn that the severest strain to which river-craft are subject arises from their engine-power and the concentration of heavy weights about their centre; that the danger most to be feared is collision, against which special precautions should be taken in the construction of the vessels. For example, proper water-tight bulkheads; overhanging 'sponsons,' to serve as defence; and perfect engine and steering control. In the large vessels, steam or water power should be employed to carry on the steering, with telegraphic communication from the bridge to the engine-room. Moreover, it would not be unreasonable to require that all seats should be fitted loose, and made buoyant, so that, in case of need, they might be made available in saving life.

But after all, as was remarked during the discussion, immunity from collision must not be expected from the ship-builder or the engineer; that depends on the commanders; and unless the commanders of river-steamers are skilful and competent, it is in vain to expect safety from 'precautions of thoughtful construction.' We notice that the Conservators of the Thames have just published a number of stringent by-laws for regulating the navigation of the Royal river, which are to come into operation on the first of June.

Admiral Spratt, conservator of the Mersey, has published a 'Suggestion' for the improvement of the entrance to that river. He first shews that the intricate and shifting channels by which Liverpool is approached from the sea are formed by the drifting or wheeling of the sand round

and round from the adjacent banks; then recommends that an 'economical structure' should be built from the shore on each side, stretching outwards along the inner part of the sandbanks. As at Port Said, he would convert the sand on the spot into blocks of concrete weighing from five to ten tons each, and with these construct barriers which, so far as they extended, would stop the rotary drift, and arrest and hold the sand as a foreshore or beach in front of them.

It is well known that the mariner's compass does not point to due north, a fact which requires to be taken into consideration by those who have occasion to use that valuable apparatus. Study of terrestrial magnetism has led a F.R.A.S. to the conclusion that the various changes of direction which the magnetic needle has undergone within the last three hundred years can be explained by supposing that its movements have been governed chiefly by those of a *strong* magnetic pole revolving round the pole of the earth in about five hundred years. The present declination of the needle at London is $18^{\circ} 50'$ west of due north. In 1892 it will be $16^{\circ} 10'$ west, and will go on diminishing until about 1990 it will be at 0° or due north. By the year 2702 the declination will be $11^{\circ} 17'$ east, the same that it was in 1580; and the magnetic pole will then have made a complete revolution in four hundred and ninety-two years.

The Meteorological Council have resolved that their system of sea-surface temperature observations shall be extended until it includes the whole of the shores of the United Kingdom. In some places the men of the Coast-guard Service are to make observations, and the Trinity House and Board of Irish Lights have promised that temperature returns shall be supplied from an additional number of light-ships. Some changes have been made in the weather-telegraph stations: Plymouth is given up, and Prawle Point substituted, as better representing the weather of the Channel; and on the east coast the Spurn Head at the mouth of the Humber is to be an observing station instead of Scarborough. The number of stations in 1879 was one hundred and twenty-nine; of which sixty-six were in England, thirty-one in Scotland, the others in Wales, Ireland, Mona, and the Channel Islands. There are seven self-recording observatories—namely, at Aberdeen, Armagh, Falmouth, Glasgow, Kew, Stonyhurst, and Valentia; and a self-recording anemometer is to be erected in one of the Scilly Isles. A suggestion was offered from abroad that observations and storm-warnings should be carried on through all the West India Islands, with Jamaica as central station; but the Council are of opinion that Antigua should be preferred, as from its position to the windward of the other islands, it is the first to feel the influence of an approaching hurricane.

Professor Loomis continues his Contributions to Meteorology, and in the twelfth, just published in the *American Journal of Science*, sets forth some interesting facts. From observations made all over the United States, including stations on high mountains, he finds it to be the fact that storms

travel more rapidly over the eastern portion of the States than they do over the Atlantic Ocean or the continent of Europe. He suggests as an explanation that the storms in travelling from the Rocky Mountains to the Atlantic pass from a dry to a humid atmosphere. The winds on the ocean are certainly stronger than they are over either of the continents, and the Professor is of opinion that the winds of Central Europe are generally stronger than the winds of the United States. According to his deductions, the average velocity of the winds in England is 11.3 miles an hour; in North Prussia 11.8, and in Vienna 11.5 miles. In Europe eleven instances occur in two years of storms which travel a thousand miles in a day, generally towards a point north of east. In the United States similar storms with a high velocity are of more frequent occurrence.

At Salt Lake City the pressure of the atmosphere is nearly half an inch greater in winter than in summer. In Central Asia the difference is an inch. 'It is evident,' remarks Professor Loomis, 'that the same cause operates in North America as in Asia, but with diminished energy.'

A Meteorological conference at which the Australian colonies were represented, has been held at Sydney. A number of well-considered measures were agreed to; and systematic observations are to be made in such a way as to promise a large increase to our knowledge of the weather of the great southern continent. One among the recommendations is deserving of special attention. It is that tide-gauges be established in as many places as possible around the coast, for it has been ascertained by observation of the gauges already in operation, that they 'give valuable indications of distant earthquakes, gales, and sea-disturbances.'

'History and Methods of Palæontological Discovery,' is the title of an address delivered by Professor Marsh to the American Association at their Saratoga meeting. It is well worth reading by all persons desirous to know something of the way in which palæontology, or the history of fossils, grew to its present condition, or to form an idea of its future development. 'What is to be the main characteristic of the next period?' inquires the Professor; 'No one now can tell. But if we are permitted to continue in imagination the rapidly converging lines of research pursued to-day, they seem to meet at the point where organic and inorganic nature become one.' That this point will yet be reached, he does not doubt.

Economy of resources is the order of nature; and economy, or thrift, in all the families and communities that practise it tends greatly to their welfare. This sounds very much like a truism; but it is one of the truisms which must be repeated again and again, before people will believe it; that is, adopt it as a rule of conduct. This truism formed the subject of a conference which was held last month at the Mansion House, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor, among a number of able and distinguished persons who had much to say on different points of the question. One suggested a way in which pence might be made to grow into shillings and pounds; another shewed how easily small investments could be facilitated; another, that in eating and drinking there was constant room for the exercise of thrift; and Lord Derby in closing a speech which ranged over the

whole question, and included an intimation that the conference would be annual, said : 'Pauperism is to my mind national dishonour ; so is drunkenness ; so is preventable disease ; so is the miserable squalor in which our poorest classes in the large towns live even when they escape the workhouse.' Thrift has so much to do with satisfactory culture and progress in science and art, that we may without impropriety allot these few lines to the subject.

The *Transactions* of the Royal Institute of British Architects contain a paper on Buddhist Architecture, by Mr W. Simpson, which in many particulars is as interesting as Sir H. Layard's account of his explorations at Nineveh. On the entry of British troops into the Jellalabad Valley in 1878, Mr Simpson followed them, and made a series of excavations in the topes, or mounds, so frequently met with in Afghanistan. In these mounds, architectural remains of temples, tombs, and other structures have been buried for many generations ; and on some of them forts have been built. In the central cell or grave of the first that was opened, two handfuls of brown dust, a reliquary, and twenty gold coins were discovered, seventeen of which represented reigns of three Indo-Scythian monarchs, and three were Roman of the time of Domitian, Trajan, and the empress of Hadrian. These three, as Mr Simpson remarks, 'come down to the first quarter of the second century of our era, and are of value as giving the limit of possible antiquity to the monument.'

After much digging and searching of topes and of caves (which are also numerous), Mr Simpson concluded that he had made clear 'the existence of a style of art coming from the valley of the Euphrates, and probably dating from the time of Darius,' and that 'beyond a doubt the Greek architecture of Bactria came south and crossed the Indus. Afghanistan,' he continues, 'is the highway by which these styles came, and it is the country in which to seek for knowledge regarding them. There are vast regions beyond Afghanistan of which we literally know nothing. Armies may march and fight in Central Asia, and archaeologists must march also and explore. They at least must conquer. When Afghanistan is archaeologically ours, the student of Indian antiquities will be a long way on towards meeting the explorers of Nineveh and Babylon ;' and he hopes 'that the day is not far distant when they may meet, shake hands, and compare notes, somewhere about Ispahan, Yezd, or Naishapoor.' Readers who wish to discuss Mr Simpson's conclusions will be aided in their purpose by the lithograph plates and woodcuts which accompany his paper.

At the first meeting for the session of the Society of Biblical Archaeology, Mr Hormuzd Rassam gave an account of his explorations and discoveries in Assyria, particularly his finding in the mound of Balawat the famous bronze gates illustrative of the reign of Shalmaneser II., the conqueror of Ahab and Jehu. Photographs of these surprising examples of the art of ages long long ago, are to be published.

Where did the ancient Assyrians come from ? Dr Oppert, Professor of Assyriology in the College of France, Paris, stated that he and other scholars had succeeded in tracing them to an island in the Persian Gulf, now called Bahrain by the Arabs. It is the centre of a small archipelago, and if

explored, would perhaps yield relics interesting to anthropologists.

We have to acknowledge a donation of £1 from *Onward* in behalf of the Fallen Women's Mission.

ANIMALS I HAVE KNOWN AND LOVED.

AN EDITORIAL STATEMENT.

As some of our readers have expressed doubts as to the truth of many of the statements contained in the papers upon Animals, lately published in this *Journal*, we have communicated with our contributor on the subject. In reply, she assures us that everything she has written respecting her animals is 'strictly correct, and without any colouring whatever.' Indeed she informs us that she has suppressed the relation of facts even more surprising than those contained in the series, lest they should appear utterly incredible. 'It does not surprise me,' adds our contributor, 'that many persons question the correctness of these stories, as so few make Animals their study, and educate them as I have done throughout my life. Those I have written about I have made my friends and companions, training them as I would an intelligent child, which is the secret of the remarkable development of those "I have known and loved."'

A SONG IN A SHOWER.

HEYDAY ! 'tis May-day ; the merry winds are blowing,
Shaking snowy blossoms fast from yonder gnarled tree ;
Rough and brown, through tender leaves, the knotted
stems are shewing.

Bearing little promise of the fruit that is to be.
Blow, winds, blow ! we do not heed your bluster.
Hard and fierce your tone may be, yet still your touch
is kind.

Safe and warm the germs lie hid, in many a tiny
cluster,

And we do not mind the blossom if the fruit is left
behind.

Heyday ! on May-day your eyes look sad and weary.
Maiden, leaning listlessly against the gnarled tree,
What has blown your hopes away, and left your life so
dreary ?

Where is your fine lover gone, that once we used to see ?
Know, Child, know, you have lost a faithless wooer.
You are young ; the world is wide—another you will
find.

If the first was fair and false, the second may be truer ;
So don't regret the blossom when the fruit is left
behind.

Heyday ! the May-day of life is dawning o'er you.
Many blessings this rough wind may blow to you to-day ;
Store of patient readiness for what may be before you :
Strength to bear the sunshine that may brighten up
your way.

Youth's first dream in all its subtle sweetness,
Passes like that snowy shower, at breath of wind
unkind ;

After, comes the lasting love, in all its rich complete-
ness ;

So do not mourn the blossom when the fruit is left
behind.

ROBERT MEYRICK.

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THE PEASANT-PROPRIETOR CRAZE.

At intervals of a few years, as long as we can remember, there breaks out a craze, that nothing could be more salutary than the creation of a large body of peasant proprietors, each with his family occupying from five to ten acres of land, so as to form a sturdy intelligent yeomanry, the pride and social safety of the body-politic. The persons who throw out these glowing suggestions for public approval are for the most part politicians or literary theorists who have no practical experience in the treatment of land. They doubtless speak or write in good faith. The topic is attractive. Nothing is more delightful than to picture a cure for poverty by a return to that imaginary period the Golden Age.

Very poetical and beautiful these fancies, but desperately at variance with the mental aptitudes, and the conditions which ordinarily govern society. That such is the case, we may offer the following considerations. In the first place, we take it to be a self-evident truth that the use of land is to produce food, and that the more it produces, the better is it for the community at large. Hence, setting aside exceptional cases where there is a necessity for recreation, any plan which tends to limit productiveness for the general benefit, is objectionable. While, on the same principle, everything that skill and capital can effect should be employed in the improvement and cultivation of the soil, with the view of bringing it into the highest state of fertility. It is a mere truism that land is very various in quality, as is the climate, on which fertility largely depends. The soil of the Netherlands, for example, naturally produces far more than by any expedient can be procured from comparatively sterile and humid districts in England, Scotland, and Ireland.

It would be possible for a family near a populous city to make a comfortable living from no more than two or three acres of rich land, by the cultivation and sale of vegetables; but that would be gardening, not agriculture. In Italy may be seen a combination of agriculture and gardening.

So fertile is the soil, and so fine the climate, that there are commonly two crops a year; and we have the spectacle of vines, oranges, citrons, melons, and pomegranates growing in the open air amidst crops of grain. By this combination of advantages, a farm of three acres and a half will support a family of five persons in comfort. Circumstances are totally different in the north of Europe, where, for the most part, farming is a constant struggle with nature, or at least conducted under difficulties. In obedience to a popular craze, peasant proprietorship was some time ago introduced into Norway; but the prevalent state of affairs is far from satisfactory, for it is signalised by bad farming and pauperism.

In France, owing to a law dating from the Revolution, which enjoins the equal division of property among children, the land has in many cases been divided and subdivided down and down, so as to be at length partitioned into small possessions of only a few acres, out of which a living has to be wrung the best way possible. Those who have not seen it can hardly imagine the intense industry, the severe drudgery, and parsimonious habits of the small French proprietors. Early and late, every member of the family is toiling at hand-labour in the unclosed fields. The fare is of the very poorest. The sole object in life is to save. Not a sou is spent on books, or newspapers, or anything out of the dulllest routine. The costume is of the scantiest and meanest. With a view to limit claimants in succession, families are ordinarily restricted to two children, sometimes only one child; wherefore the population of France is decreasing to a degree that is a little alarming in a national point of view. There are other evils. Brought up in ignorance, the people in the rural districts can lend no intelligent assistance in public affairs, and become puppets in the hands of political adventurers or of official dictators. Surely, even were it practicable, such is not the social condition to be aimed at for any section of the British islands.

The plan of allocating small parcels of land in

long leasehold at a small annual rent, for the benevolent purpose of rearing an independent and respectable body of peasant occupants, has been tried in several places in Scotland, and as far as we have heard, the experiments have been generally unsuccessful. Sooner or later, as it would appear, the families to be benefited get into debts and difficulties, fall away from the original design, and the properties in time are either coalesced or revert to the landlord. Where the families linger on as crofters or cotters, and have no other means of subsistence, they lapse into a condition of semi-pauperism and wretchedness. From all that has fallen under our own notice, any expectation of a family living in decent comfort on the produce of five to ten acres of land, even if but a trifling annual rent be payable, is dismally hopeless. Were the land given even for nothing, the project of so small a farm could not answer. The family making the attempt must have a dwelling, however plain, of two or three apartments, which has to be kept in repair; must either keep a horse or hire one when wanted; must feed cattle for the sake of manure, or buy artificial restoratives; must do all the harvesting, or hire labour for the purpose; must get the thrashing effected at some outlay; must keep a cow for a supply of milk; must possess sufficient capital to pay rates, taxes, and accounts when payment is demanded. To expect that a man, though a Hercules in strength, and reasonably thrifty and intelligent, can with his own hands, aided by wife and children, make a decent livelihood and pay his way out of the proceeds of such a small and difficult-to-be-conducted agricultural concern, is in this country an impossibility. A man farming a piece of ground on so limited a scale, or of a few acres larger, would live a life worse than that of a slave. He would not enjoy the comforts of a hired labourer at a pound a week. His troubles would be endless. His existence a dreary burden. The grave a relief.

No wonder that benevolently conceived schemes of this kind should have broken down. The business of an agriculturist or of a store-farmer in the United Kingdom requires to be conducted on that large and creditable scale in which skill, capital, and enterprise find their proper exercise, not alone for individual benefit, but for the advantage of the entire community. We need not describe an improved system of husbandry. It is embraced in good-sized farms of four to five hundred acres, conducted with the best mechanical and scientific appliances, and entered upon only by persons possessing a capital of at least four thousand, or more likely five thousand, pounds, and who are insured a lease ordinarily of nineteen years, during which there is a fair chance of getting out of the land all that is put into it. According to the practice in Scotland, which we think could hardly be improved upon, the landlord, at the beginning of every lease, puts the farm

establishment in proper tenantable order, so that no claim for improvements has to be put forward by the farmer. It may seem a hardship that a certain specified rent should be paid. But how, with justice, is that to be helped? A good farm in workable order such as we speak of, probably cost the proprietor or one of his predecessors five-and-twenty thousand pounds; and after paying all outlays, the money received half-yearly as rent does not yield two per cent. on the investment. Land, in fact, is the least remunerative of anything that can be purchased. It is for the most part acquired only for the honour of the thing, and a costly honour it is. In some respects the tenant is the better off of the two. If he does not find the farm remunerative, he can give it up at the end of his lease. On some estates, farmers remain from generation to generation, the farm being valued each time the lease is renewed. We know cases where after a successful career, tenants have bought farms and become their own landlords. To this there can be no objection. Only, it is to be kept in mind, that by the system of renting their farm, men with a limited capital are able to enter the profession.

The marked feature in the system of leases of land in Scotland is the perfect liberty on both sides—liberty in the proprietor to give a lease to whom he pleases, liberty in the tenant to take a farm or let it alone. Fixity of tenure at a specified rent would be alike abhorrent to both. Owing to a possible reduction in market prices, fixity of tenure might bring ruin on the farmer, while it would amount to a qualified confiscation of the rights of the landlord. If these views be correct, the cry for fixity of tenure among certain classes in Ireland seems ill-advised and unreasonable. In all cases, as it strikes us, the proper plan is to let land, like everything else, find its natural marketable value. We would go further, and say, that the fewer trammels on the transference, disposal, or occupancy of land, the better for every one.

It may be averred that circumstances have rendered the position of Ireland so peculiar, that there can be no analogy betwixt it and Great Britain. We entertain grave doubts on this point. The state of affairs in Donegal and some other parts of Ireland does not differ materially from what prevails in some of the western isles of Scotland. There, within these few years, we have seen the direst poverty and misery, as a result of precisely the same causes as in Ireland—namely, a habitual dependence on crofts, or small patches of wild land, supplemented in some instances by fishing; and when both sources of subsistence fail, starvation is only averted by doles of oatmeal. It has lately been noticed in the newspapers that in some parts of Skye, charitable relief of this kind was required by the crofters. This does not surprise us. The poor inhabitants live as their forefathers did in centuries long gone by. And so they will remain struggling with starva-

tion, while they continue to speak nothing but Gaelic, and rely for subsistence on the paltry patches of land they are allowed to occupy on the bare sea-margins, and still more bleak hill-sides.

What the English as a nation have done for the spread of civilisation, is well known. Their self-reliant and prosperous colonies are found in every clime. We must be excused, however, for saying that in one respect the English have been remarkably deficient. They have neglected or mismanaged the fragmentary relics of an ancient people at their own doors. The consequence is painfully observable. Within the sphere of the United Kingdom are found stretches of country where the inhabitants know nothing of the English tongue, or English habits of thought. Drifting on from generation to generation as occupants of meagre patches of land, without thrift, capital, or knowledge of the world, they live a wretched hand-to-mouth existence, in a style little better than that of the lower animals, their companions in misery, and are ever on the brink of destitution. The failure of some petty crop finishes them. So dire is their condition, so slight their self-respect, that in the day of distress they are contented to accept doles of food, old clothes, or anything. The blame cast upon them is that they live as they please, without the foresight enjoined by English notions of duty. It would be more correct to say that they are helpless and live as they can, as beings who know no better. Fixed to the soil, as it were, by language and traditions, they deserve our sincere sympathy. Remaining where they are, their condition is hopeless.

Some of our readers may have perused the graphic and faithful accounts of the sufferings now endured in the south and north-west of Ireland, as given by the daily press, and it is not necessary to expatiate on the subject. We offer only the following few scraps from a report of the special correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* at the beginning of January. He is writing of what he saw along the coast of Donegal, where the people are half fishers, half farmers, the patches of land they occupy being two, three, or four acres. 'For several years past the seasons have been bad, and that of last year meant absolute ruination. Potatoes rotted in the ground, and were dug up as masses of corruption; barley and oats and beans, exposed to untimely Atlantic storms, were levelled with the ground or torn up by the roots; turnips sickened in the sour soil—there they are still, some of them, and a pig would hardly deign to root them up; while the incessant rain made it impossible to lay in a store of turf. As for the fishing industry, the poor people have neither the boats nor the gear requisite for deep-sea fishing in winter, and so they are cut off from every means of earning a livelihood. Knowing all this, I was prepared for sad scenes at Kildonay, but even if I had given imagination full play, it could not have conjured up those which actually met my eyes. Our route lay for some time through a dreary and neglected country, sodden with wet, undrained, and in some cases fast going back to a state of bog. Here and there a larger farmstead than usual, surrounded by well-kept fields, shewed that capital, as well as industry, was at work; but these were very exceptional instances, and only, by contrast, deepened the prevailing melancholy.'

By-and-by he comes to a kind of village or hamlet. 'The first cabin into which I went was a place that an Englishman would think too bad for his pig. Its floor, of earth and stones, reeked with damp, and water even stood in the hollows; the only furniture was a few cups and saucers, a stool or two, and as many tubs and pots; in one corner a mass of dirty straw had evidently been used as a bed, and on the wretched hearth smoked rather than burned an apology for a fire. The man of the house—shoeless and coatless, pale and haggard—sat idle upon a bag of Indian meal, beyond which his food resources did not go, and through the gloom around the hearth—there was no window to speak of—could be dimly made out one or two crouching female figures. I never saw anything in the way of a home in a civilised country—and I have seen a good deal—more appalling than this. Yet here was the case of a man renting three acres of land, and usually getting what he would be content to call a living out of them. Now, alas! he and thousands of others like him have reached the end of their miserable last season's crop, and beyond them but a little way lies starvation.

'Not far from this, I was shewn by my melancholy attendants into an equally wretched hovel, where a widow with seven young children was fighting the bitter battle of life, and rapidly getting worsted in the struggle. She herself had gone out gathering what she could of stuff to make a fire wherewith to cook the family dinner, consisting—O my brothers in comfortable English homes—of a single cabbage! But the poor little children, half-clothed, thin, and hollow-eyed, were there to plead with heart-rending eloquence for aid. Once more I heard the old story. The land had yielded nothing; no turf could be obtained for fuel short of a journey of eight miles, and the family had touched absolute destitution. Over the way, in another apology for a dwelling-place, I found three poor women trying to kindle a fire with damp bean-stalks, their only crop, in order to cook a dish of Indian meal, their only food. Another and another house I visited—but why describe over and over again a uniformly dark and dismal picture?'

It is to this, then, that the social condition of large stretches of country in Ireland, and in a scarcely modified degree in some parts of Scotland, has been brought through the inveterately maintained practice of endeavouring to draw a subsistence from small portions of unimproved moorland. The whole is obviously wrong, an anachronism at this advanced stage of history. It should have been put an end to, or at least discountenanced, long ago. Instead of this, it has been fostered, and absolutely applauded by persons affecting to speak as philanthropists or statesmen. Peasant proprietorship, or occupancy in perpetuity, has been represented as the proper cure for the ills under which Ireland unfortunately labours. In other words, that there ought to be an extension and confirmation of a system which, looking to results, has wrought indescribable mischief, and is very deeply to be deplored. Against this, every reflecting individual, we think, will set his face, as either fraught with confiscation of the rights of property, or the purchase of these rights at the national expense, with the certainty of perpetuating in an aggravated form a species of

land tenure that is synonymous with mental decrepitude and beggary.

For the hapless condition into which certain districts have lapsed, there seems to be but one feasible remedy, comprehensive in its operation. The land should be cleared of its superfluous population; and then, by means of drainage, planting for the sake of shelter, and other improving processes of a costly nature, rendered fit for cultivation or grazing on a large remunerative scale. In the execution of such works, probably there would be employment for many of the resident inhabitants; but for all who are not required, emigration is the proper outlet. On no account, should attempts at peasant occupancy be resumed. A good deal has been done in the Highlands, both mainland and isles, to reclaim the lands and meliorate the climate, followed by the substitution of large for small holdings. Hence, the immensely improved sheep-farming and grazing that have taken place, as is observable by the vast quantities of sheep and fat cattle that are now brought to market. All such territorial improvements have been effected by the land-proprietors, assisted in some instances by loans from government, which are extinguished by annual payments, within a limited number of years. What has thus been done in Scotland, may be done in Ireland, if landlords do their duty and know their own interests. Ireland, however, can already offer examples of improving landlords, as well as either England or Scotland; and the methods of reclaiming bogs and initiating store-farming on a suitable scale have only to be introduced into those parts of the country still lying in a state of nature.

The removal of families from spots to which they cling even in the depths of destitution, may not be without difficulty; but by kindly consideration and assistance, and by taking things gradually, all troubles may be overcome. At any rate, we know of no alternative. On the one hand, by remaining in the old country, are starvation and frequent appeals for public charity. On the other hand, by removing to new homes in the western states of America, Canada, Australia, or New Zealand, there are prospects of well-requited industry and comfort. In his book recently issued, Judge Bathgate explicitly tells us that the wage of a labouring man in New Zealand is eight shillings a day. How preposterous, then, does it appear that people should prefer to stay in a poverty-stricken country, perishing for want, when at comparatively small trouble and expense they could reach a place abounding in means for enjoying every earthly blessing.

The facilities now offered for transferring large numbers to new settlements waiting their arrival are so complete, that emigration has more the character of a pleasure excursion than anything else. There is, of course, the pang of departure; but the whole history of man is a history of the migration of races and changes of situation, impelled by urgent necessity or some other controlling circumstance. The very Celtic people who claim our compassion are not indigenous to the soil. They are the descendants of bands of emigrants from Central Asia, who, ages ago, landing in these islands, dispossessed a prehistoric race, now forgotten, or dimly known by researches among sepulchral mounds and monoliths. Facts

of this kind should be eminently suggestive and consoling. The destiny of man is movement, ever advancing onward and upward. Excelsior! Fixature to a spot is apt to degenerate into stagnation. It is, indeed, only through impulses to improve in circumstances, or to benefit in health, that the surface of the earth is to be eventually peopled. We never hear of a shipload of gallant emigrants leaving our shores without connecting the incident with the great migratory hosts in the days of old, for the same impelling influences are at work. With these sentiments, we must deprecate those fanciful and unwholesome schemes which would fix down men to the soil and perpetuate the conditions incidental to peasant proprietorship.

W. C.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

BY D. CHRISTIE MURRAY.

CHAPTER XVII.—HISTORY.

'It's ninety-eight pound ten,' said the rueful man.

HERE let the Muse who guides this chronicle introduce to the reader the host of the *Spotted Dog* in Bloomsbury. Mr James Groves had by nature no more right to a place in a romance or a tragedy than the Derby Dog to gambol in the Elysian Fields. He was a pale and pimply young man, of weedy growth, and his hair and eyebrows were of a faint primrose colour. He was great in the matter of pins and scarfs and fancy waistcoats. His father had been a pugilist, and had fulfilled the ordinary fate of gentlemen of his profession, who being first over-trained, are afterwards not trained at all, and settling down in a public-house to enjoy the *otium cum dignitate* of their lives, take to drinking, and so sink to an unheroic close. With such an ancestry—it might be invidious to trace it further—Mr James Groves might naturally be regarded as an authority on sporting matters. Many matches, of all sorts and for amounts large and small, were made in his house, and the *Spotted Dog* was indeed the chief rendezvous of the sporting contingent in London. I have indicated that Mr Groves was not by nature intended for a place in written romance or tragedy. But one man in his life plays many parts. The heavy-villain of real life has little in common with his prototype of the lending-library and the theatre. Poor old King Lear lets you know when you spend an hour with him that the convulsions of a kingdom have brought about the hanging of the court fool along with other matters. Fate pitchforks people about in an inexplicable way, giving this foolish youngster a place in a tragedy, and that venerable philosopher a part in a farce.

It befell that on the morning of the day on which Frank Fairholt wandered in desperation on to Hampstead Heath, and stood there lonely and half-mad in the rain, Mr James Groves arose and adorned himself with much jewellery; and drove in a high dog-cart in the society of two congenial spirits to the *Spaniard's Inn*, a hostel known to fame, and celebrated in the fiction of that chaste and elegant author the late Lord Lytton. Here the trio bestowed the high-stepping steed and the dog-cart; and after refreshing themselves with certain liquids, they took their unostentatious way to the house of a gentleman in the near neighbourhood. This gentleman lived

for no other end than 'sport,' and was one of those peculiarly constituted people who find their keenest pleasure in witnessing the combats of the lower animals. That is the formula. But for fear of misconstruction, I should have preferred to say the higher animals. The egotisms of humanity shall, however, be respected; and although I have my own opinion as to the relative values of this gentleman's life and those of the rats, dogs, and birds he induced to slay each other, there is no need to impress it on my reader.

There may have been perhaps a score of sporting gentlemen around the cockpit when our trio arrived at it. The brutal restrictions of British law even in those days were extended to the manly sport of cock-fighting, and considerable care was taken by the gentleman at whose house the present 'main' was held, to shroud their pleasure in the profoundest secrecy. No interruption befell the refined enjoyment of the day. Mr James Groves, an admitted authority upon the matter in hand, found many people who were rash enough to bet with him, and having netted a considerable sum of money, was in unusually high-feather. When the main was over, and the greater part of the witnesses had quietly dispersed, Mr Groves and his friends stayed and had luncheon with their host. In the course of the luncheon, Mr Groves launched out in enthusiastic praises of the high dog-cart—which was a new product of the art of Long Acre—and of the high-stepping mare, which had been purchased by the lamented Groves senior, a notable judge of horse-flesh, and was famed for having repeatedly trotted a mile in some quite incredibly small number of seconds. These things to hear did the host of Groves Junior seriously incline, and being blessed with the two things which Groves Junior most admired in others—money and credulity, namely—burned to possess the marvel of a dog-cart and the high-stepping mare of fabulous achievement. This flame of desire being artfully fanned by Mr Groves's friends, and Mr Groves himself declaring with much emphasis that he would sooner be boiled alive than part with either of those his properties, the host determined upon an ocular inspection of them; and despatched his own groom to the inn with orders to bring the matchless mare and unprecedented dog-cart round. This done, he inspected them both with the aspect of a profound connoisseur; and by way of establishing his own cunning in the matter of horse-flesh and dog-carts, admired the pair so highly, that Mr Groves was at length compelled, with many sounding asseverations of his sorrow, to part with them at something like twice their highest value. A formal receipt was drawn up and signed, a cheque handed over, and the transfer was complete.

'And now,' said Mr Groves, 'how am I a-goin' to get 'ome, my pippings?'

This query accorded well with the host's simple ideas of humour, and he laughed loud and long. Mr Groves with great geniality joined in the laughter; but his friends, who had not especially profited by this transaction, 'relucted,' as the Great Essayist puts it, at the idea of walking home.

'I can put two of you fellers up here,' said the master of the house; 'but I can't find room for all three of you.'

Mr Groves had an important engagement at a

most absurdly early hour in the morning, and must go home that night. Would the host let his groom drive him over?—'No; he wouldn't,' said the host, and added humorously: 'Let him walk. It would do his legs good.'

'I'll tell you what we'll do, Grovey,' said one of Mr Groves's friends. 'Bobby and me'll stop here to-night; but we'll walk with you as far as the top of the Spaniard's Lane, and there you're bound to be able to get an 'ackney-coach, you know.'

This programme was accepted; and in the lowering dusk, the three set off together. They had not gone far when the rain began to pelt down sharply, and they took refuge at the inn. The rain rather increasing than falling in force, after the space of an hour passed in the consumption of alcoholic liquors, Mr Groves announced himself as 'gettin' a leetle peckish,' and proposed a steak with onions. His companions, who were pretty generally willing to eat or drink at any man's expense, fell in readily with his views, and another hour went by. By this time none of the three felt at all inclined to move.

'You landed a bit on the main, didn't you, Bobby?' asked Mr Groves from his side the fireplace.

'Five flimsies,' his friend responded sententiously.

'What did *you* fetch out of the pit?' asked Mr Groves of his other companion.

'Oh,' said he carelessly, stirring his grog as he spoke and sipping at it, 'I won about twelve pound.'

'I don't quite know what I won,' said Mr Groves; 'I'll see.' And suiting the action to the word, he drew his chair up to the table, and produced a little chamois-leather bag containing gold and notes, and throwing this on the table, where it fell with a pleasant muffled jingle, he began to count its contents.

Whilst that gambling, horse-chanting, cock-fighting trio sat over whisky-and-water at the hospitable fireside of *The Spaniard's*, one solitary and melancholy figure plashed about the roads of the heath in the darkness and the rain. For poor Frank, the pillars of the world were shaken, and chaos had come again because of the want of a trifle less than a hundred pounds. Emotions in a nature like his are very changeable, and he had come now to a blind angry rage at Fate who had thus cruelly waylaid him. How bitter and how hard it was, you may partly guess. His penitence had been sincere, his reform earnest, his struggle with the worse half of himself severe and constant. He had striven honestly after virtue, had banished his besetting sin of idleness, and had crowned himself publicly with hard-earned laurels; and here and now in the very flush of his triumph and the confidence of his hope, his dead vice and folly came to life again, and laid their hands thus heavily upon him. He saw father and brother and lover broken-hearted; his delicate vanity heard already how the town rang with his disgrace. Then he could bear the thought of these things no longer; he fell into a dull desperation, and in that mood tramped on through mud and rain until he came suddenly upon a gleam of light, and seeing that he stood before an inn, bethought him suddenly of how tired and wet he

was, and so entered. He called for a glass of hot brandy-and-water, and threw his wet coat and dripping wide-awake over a chair by the fire.

'Will you walk in here, sir?' said the landlord, throwing open a door.

Frank accepted the invitation; and entering the room, saw three men standing at a table, two of them laughing, and one somewhat ruefully regarding a quantity of gold and two or three notes which lay before him.

'Well, now, how much is it, Jimmy?' asked one of them.

'Why, it's ninety-eight pound ten,' said the rueful man, with an exclamation which need not be chronicled.

Ninety-eight pounds ten? Those words had been ringing in Frank's ears all day. After his exposure to the rain and his long tramp in the darkness, he felt a little dazed and dream-like on his sudden entry to the warmth and light of the room. The sough of the wind and the splash of the rain and the noise of his own monotonous footsteps were yet in his ears. He was scarcely certain that his fancy had not played some trick upon him in the repetition of this haunting phrase. But he had scarcely seated himself when the man repeated it ruefully. 'I'd have bet twenty to one,' he said, 'that there was a hundred pound there.'

'Well,' said one of his companions, 'you did bet two to one as there was a hundred pound there. Hand over a couple of sovs.—Thankee.'

'Hand over,' said the third man laughingly.

The loser paid both claimants from his purse. 'I'll carry this here ninety-eight pound ten home as I got it, anyway,' he said; and raked the money towards him, and bestowed it in his chamois-leather bag. 'Oh, you fellers can grin as much as you like; but I've done a pretty good day's work, takin' it altogether. I've made pretty near a couple o' hundred out of that little bargain, my boys, and I pulled ninety-eight pound ten out of the cock-fight'—

'Sh!' said another, looking across at Frank.

Mr Groves was somewhat inflamed by liquor, and chose to be very loud and lordly over this interruption. 'Look here, Mister "Sh!"' said he, with semi-drunken importance, mimicking his companion. 'I'm a-takin' it for granted as I'm a-talkin' among gentlemen; an' if any gentleman over-ears me a-remarkin' as I've won ninety-eight ten to-day on a cock-fight, why, so he may, and welcome. I don't suppose as anybody here is a-going to lay a criminal information; but if anybody is, why, my name's Jimmy Groves, and I'm the landlord o' the *Spotted Dog* in Bloomsbury, and what I say I stick to.'

'Oh, all right!' said the other, shrugging his shoulders deprecatingly. 'Say what you like.'

'Well,' said Mr Groves, elaborately desirous to justify himself, 'I'll leave it *with* the gentleman. If a man's won ninety-eight ten on a cock-fight, and he says so, fair an' square an' plain, without palaver, mind you, what's the odds? I didn't say wheer the cock-fight was—did I, stupid? I leave it to the gentleman.—Did I say wheer the cock-fight was, sir?'

Thus accosted, poor Frank responded that the gentleman seemed to him to have spoken most discreetly, and to be admirably worthy of his high good-fortune. This speech which fed the bitter-

ness of his own heart, put Mr Groves into a great state of good-humour, and he refought the great encounter—'main,' as it is termed by the sporting fraternity—of the morning, whilst Frank sickened at him. Whilst he sat there and heard this drunken cad relate his brutal story, the young man thought how wild was the fashion in which Fortune distributed her gifts. Frank looked at this pimpled and bejewelled young publican, and felt very bitterly towards him. 'This howling drunkard,' he thought as he looked at him, 'has made to-day, by his presence at that degrading spectacle, the very sum of money the want of which will be my ruin at noon to-morrow. One can hardly believe in Providence, in the face of it.' Frank became half-frightened at his own thoughts, so dark they grew. He called for more brandy, and drank it; then passed into the outer room, put on his overcoat and hat, and went out into the darkness and the rain again. He tramped along slowly, so wretchedly absorbed that he scarce knew where he went. He filled and lit his pipe mechanically, and coming to a gate, threw his elbows on it and lounged there unconscious of the night, or not caring for it, and smoked as he looked across the gloomy fields.

As he leaned there, he heard loud voices coming up the lane, startling the dreary night with tuneless song. *We won't go Home till Morning* refused to blend with *Auld Lang Syne* and *The Bay of Biscay*. Frank, half-hoping that they would go by in company, and save him from the demon who tempted him, drew nearer to the hedge at the side of the gate, and stood still there. The voices and the footsteps ceased awhile, and then he could hear the murmurs of conversation. Then two voices went away, and one came nearer, unmusically roaring, 'For he's a jolly good fellow.' As the owner of the lonely voice came on and reeled past the gate, Frank knew him for the man who had been boasting of his winnings. 'That blackguard,' thought Frank, 'has in his pocket the very money which would save my whole life. Would it be theft to take it from him, and send it back when my cheque comes? I know who he is, and where he lives. It would save me, and do him no harm.' Thus the demon tempted him. 'Bah!' said Frank; 'I haven't the pluck for it. I can do any amount of filibustering in fancy, but I let the chance go by.' Up to that second of time he had only feared that he might be tempted, and had speculated on what he would do if he were. Now, as if some irresistible hand impelled him, he dashed on at full speed after the stumbling drunkard in front, and coming up with him, in half a minute laid a hand upon him. The man supposing it to be one of his late companions, hiccuped 'Hillo!'

'Listen to me!' said Frank.

'And who are you?' asked the other with an oath, reeling from beneath Frank's grasp and throwing himself into an attitude for defence.

'I am a desperate man,' said Frank. 'You have money about you that I want. I don't mean to rob you. I know who you are and where you live, and I will send the money back again to you; but I *will* have it now. Give me the bag with ninety-eight pounds ten in it.'

'Stand off,' said the landlord of the *Spotted Dog*, 'or I'll blow your brains out! D'ye think I travel down a lane like this without pistols?'

He made a pretence of feeling in his breast-pocket; and in that instant Frank sprang upon him and brought him to the ground. He lay dead-still; and with a frantic haste and horror such as no words can tell, the abandoned madman searched for the bag and found it and dashed away. He then leaped the hedge, and ran in a blind and maddening terror across the fields. It was not the dread of anything that might pursue that urged him onward. His fear dwelt within. His abhorrence of the deed before it was fairly done was a thing that language cannot deal with. There is no such Tophet elsewhere as any man may create within the depths of his own soul. He was bound for ever beyond hope of release to himself, that vile footpad who had just struck down the helpless man in the road behind, and he shuddered at that hideous companionship, and shrank from it with inexpressible loathing. Such a hopeless gulf arose between his present self and that happy misery of five minutes since, that as he ran he sobbed and wailed to think of it. He had not been running for twenty seconds when, with an access of remorse and terror, he stopped and turned, and hurled the bag away from him with all his strength. Then he ran once more like a madman until breath and strength failed him together, and drove him to the ground.

When he came to himself, the rain had ceased, and a watery moon was shining. He arose weakly, and knew the place in which he found himself. Like a man in a dream, he walked homeward, dragging one weary foot after the other. He was three miles from the scene of his crime, when a cab came rumbling by, and he hailed it, and ordered the cabman to drive him to the square nearest to his rooms. When he reached them, he found the house in darkness, except for his own sitting-room, in which a lamp was burning. He entered, and was surprised to find nothing changed. A whole unfathomable gulf of time lay between him and the hour at which he had left the place. He looked on his table for letters, as a phantom returning to the place known in the flesh might do things once familiar. He opened them, and regarded their contents with almost an added misery. All had been well if he had but suffered that little trouble patiently. It seemed quite a puny trouble now in comparison with this awful companionship with himself, which must be endured for ever. The decanter of brandy from which he had poured a glass before going out was still upon the table. He seized a tumbler, and helped himself plentifully. Then he took the lamp into his bedroom, undressed, and got into bed. The brandy and his fatigue sent him to sleep, and he lay in heavy forgetfulness until the sun was high.

He awoke with a sense of rest and ease, and stretched his arms luxuriously. But the terror which waited for his awaking dropped down upon him as swift as light, and oppressed his soul with anguish. Through it all, with a strange automatic exactness, he went through the usual routine of his toilet, bath'd and dressed, and wound his watch, and then rang for breakfast, and even ate a little. Next he called for a cab, and drove to the bank with Benjamin Hartley's cheque. He opened an account there, and drew one hundred and fifty pounds in notes and a hundred pounds in gold. It was strange to

himself how his thoughts seemed to float on the surface of that fiery sea of remorse which lay burning in him. He looked a little ill and tired, he thought, when he regarded himself in the glass. Could such misery look so unconcerned? he wondered. Could men carry such tragedies as his about the town and not declare them in their looks? What numberless horrors there might be in the world, unguessed of! He drove to Tasker's place in Acre Buildings, and found the office boy alone. The lad said his master had not yet come; and Frank waited there, and read the paper the boy gave him, and read understandingly and with interest, whilst that vast sea within lay burning him, and the knowledge of his sin and the eternal presence of his remorse were with him all the time. By-and-by a fellow-countryman of Tasker's came in excitedly, and told the story of the previous night, and stated that Tasker had recovered sufficiently from the first shock of the attack to send for him and to give him a power of attorney; and that he, the fellow-countryman, whose name was Schmidt, was ready to do any business in behalf of Mr Tasker. He had already been to the police station and received the documents found upon his friend's person—amongst them Frank's bill for ninety-eight pounds ten shillings, which he now delivered. Frank paid over a hundred pounds in notes, received his change, put the bill in his pocket-book, drove home, and there burned that fatal paper. He sat awhile after this, and then bethinking him of certain jewellery which he had of late been compelled to pawn, he sought out the tickets, and walked to the pawnbroker's and redeemed them. When he had gone, for the first time, thither, he had walked shamefacedly up and down the street in the dusk; but now, memory left him no room for any smaller thought, and he went into the house unconcernedly and emerged with boldness, with the recovered rings already upon his fingers. He returned home, and again sat vacant for a while, and then rising, he took a towel, and looking carefully over it to see that it was unmarked, he laid within it the hundred pounds in gold, and putting it into a cigar-box, sealed it carefully, using a half-crown as a seal. He wrapped the box neatly in brown paper, and putting the parcel into a small travelling-bag, laid it on one side awhile, and walked the streets, and met friends and acquaintances, and talked with them. Some of them remarked that he looked unwell, and he answered that he had been a little worried. So the day passed in idle routine, and the inward tragedy went on. All ambitions, all purities, all innocent pleasures and sweet hopes were dead—drowned in that inward sea of fire. A score of times when the common vacuities of the day failed him, the pain of remorse came with so intense an agony upon him that he could have cried aloud.

He dined at the old Club. Food and wine were flavourless. He went home when the night had fallen, and took up the black travelling-bag, which bore nothing to indicate its owner, and walked by devious ways towards Bloomsbury. In a by-street in Soho he came upon a ticket-porter, who stood alone at the door of a little public-house with a pewter pot in his hand.

'Will you do an errand for me?' Frank asked. 'Yessir,' said the man, and bustled into the

house with the pewter pot, and returned wiping his lips.

'Take that,' said Frank, 'to the *Spotted Dog* in Bloomsbury.—Do you know it?'

'O yessir,' said the ticket-porter.

'Say the gentleman who borrowed it in *Spaniard's Lane* last night has sent it back again.'

'Any name, sir?'

'No.—Yes. Thomson.'

Frank gave the man a shilling, and he shuffled off. Frank also, bearing his haunting pain with him, went away, and rambled listlessly about the streets. Finally he went home wearily, and slept a horrible disturbed sleep, full of awful faces and night-fears unseen, and sudden gulls that opened for him, and seas that drowned him, or floated some ghastly thing up to him slowly out of the depths. He arose in the morning, had his bath, and dressed, and rang for breakfast. The girl who waited upon him lingered a little.

'Do you want anything, Mary?' he asked.

'Why, no sir,' said the girl. 'But you're looking very ill yesterday and to-day, Mr Fairholt; and if you'll forgive me for saying so, sir, I think you'd better see a doctor.'

Everybody had loved the young fellow, and his kindly generous jollity had enlisted Mary's sympathies these past two years. He dismissed her fears lightly; but she went away with a shake of the head, to indicate that she held her own opinion. Frank toyed languidly with his breakfast for a time, and then opened the paper. And there out of the printed page this struck him like a blow—'Murder and Robbery in Spaniard's Lane.'

TRAMWAYS.

THE practical application of the tramway system took place in the United States, where the straightness and regularity of the streets offer many facilities for such a system. An American—Mr Train—primarily constructed tramways in London, in three or four localities. But he was beset with difficulties from first to last; vested interests combined to baffle him; parish and county authorities, omnibus companies, cab owners and drivers, carriers and carters, all joined in the opposition; and the public were not sufficiently familiar with the conveniences of the system to espouse the cause of the projector.

Tramway companies have been established by degrees, first in the metropolis, then in many parts of the United Kingdom. It belongs to the history of railways to trace the manner in which George Stephenson and other clever men, taking the tramway as their basis, gradually developed the truly mighty railway system. Had it not been for the invention and continued improvement of the locomotive, railways would only have been a kind of superior tramway.

We may incidentally say a few words concerning that curious modification known as the *Wire Tramway*, invented and introduced by Mr Hodgson the engineer. It is in effect a suspended tramway, the rails being over the cars or trucks instead of under them, and running along an elevated wire instead of on the solid ground. The wire, or rather wire-rope, is upheld by posts or poles; and by a most ingenious application of

mechanism the trucks travel along unimpeded by the summits of the posts. If the posts are made of various heights, the wire-rope can be carried across wide valleys or deep ravines without touching the ground. The wire-rope is kept continually moving from end to end by the tractive power of stationary engines. The gradients of the wire or rope are so regulated that the ascent of empty trucks just counterbalances the descent of those laden with minerals. These singular tramways avoid the expense of cuttings and embankments, and that of bridges and viaducts over rivers and deep hollows; they occupy scarcely any land; they are not affected by floods or snow; and they can be readily removed from place to place. Yet, notwithstanding these advantages, the system has commercially failed—in this country at all events. The idea had been to employ the wire tramways to transport slate, stone, and other minerals from quarries and mines to towns and shipping-ports; but the working expenses, chiefly for steam-power, have proved to be too heavy to leave a sufficient margin of profit.

Let us now return to our real tramways. Like Mr Hodgson's system, they dispense with bridges, viaducts, embankments, tunnels, and deep cuttings; but they have difficulties of their own to battle with. The rails must be made of such a form as not materially to interfere with the wheels of ordinary street vehicles, and at the same time so laid as to give a safe groove for the wheels of the passenger cars. These cars are longer, broader, and loftier than the wretched omnibuses that continue to disgrace the metropolis; more comfortable to the passengers inside, better provided with stairs or steps for outside passengers to reach the roof, and easier for ingress and egress to all. The tramways are, in fact, decided favourites with the public; and this will gradually enable the companies to overcome alike commercial and mechanical difficulties.

At present, however, the problem of the mode of traction is a difficult one. The cars are usually drawn by two horses abreast. Where the streets are level, this species of traction is not particularly objectionable; for the animals are not severely tasked. In all cases, however, where the thoroughfares are less or more on an incline, the drawing of the cars is attended with difficulties which it is painful to witness. In such cities, for example, as Edinburgh, which is built on a group of hills, with heavy ascents, the traction by animal power, even when three horses are employed, cannot merit approval. The heavy expenditure on horse-flesh is another matter of serious concern. Many of the tramway companies have succeeded in establishing and organising so large a trade, that they have surmounted the results of this heavy drag upon their resources, and realise fairly good dividends. Nevertheless, the use of some more economical mode of traction—one that shall alleviate the merciless work which in certain districts is assigned to the poor horses—continues to be a problem of serious importance to them all alike.

Can tramway cars be drawn by steam-power through the streets of a busy town without danger to foot-passengers or to horses and vehicles engaged in ordinary traffic? It is known that more than a century ago an engineer invented and constructed a steam-carriage for transporting

heavy articles to short distances. Next after him came Trevithick, Murdoch, and several other English inventors, who one by one introduced numerous improvements in the same direction. The first steam-carriage actually used for conveying passengers, invented by Griffiths, made its appearance in 1812, but was soon abandoned on account of its deficiency in steam-generating power. Next came Burstall, Gordon, Gurney, Anderson, and James, who severally displayed an almost inexhaustible fund of ingenuity in devising new forms of carriage and improved modes of employing steam-power. Gurney made the nearest approach to success, seeing that some of his steam-carriages attained a speed of twenty miles an hour on common rough roads. But this was about the year 1830, when the railway system was beginning to display some of its great capabilities; and the new competitor seriously affected the road-locomotive. Not killing it, however; for Dance, Ogle, Macerone, Church, Maudslay, and above all Hancock, continued to labour in the same direction for several years longer. The Americans carried on experiments of the same kind, and in 1859 placed a locomotive on one of their tramways. Ingenuity was not confined to the use of steam; seeing that compressed air and ammoniacal gas engines were in succession tried, but not with satisfactory results. England and Scotland followed suit by the placing on short lines of tramway various forms of locomotive invented by Perkins, Grantham, Merryweather, Hughes, and other clever mechanical engineers, professional or amateurs.

It appears, from inquiries made by a Parliamentary Committee, that the legislature has had much to do with the frustration of plans for using steam or other locomotives on tramways. A statute has been passed, bearing relation to the use of such a mode of traction on common roads, but it is also found to affect tramways. The desire of the companies to introduce steam is very urgent, due to the expense and waste of horses already mentioned. The Secretary of the Edinburgh Tramway Company informed the Committee that though they purchased good horses at good prices, provided the best fodder and the best stabling arrangements, yet the horses are severely tried, and speedily become worn out. The Committee say in their Report: 'This evidence is entirely corroborated by the experience of the London General Omnibus Company. The Company owns nearly eight thousand horses; and in addition to its own vehicles, supplies horse-power to some of the tramways. The horses are usually bought at about the age of five years; and the average life of a horse after that time, if drawing an omnibus, is four years and a half, or four years only if drawing a tram-car. It follows thus, that in the work of this Company alone sixteen or seventeen hundred horses are broken down every year. Of these no less than one thousand are sent at once to the knacker's yard; while the rest are sold at the hammer for what they will fetch, usually at an average price of nine or ten pounds. Common humanity therefore loudly demands some other motive-power than that of horses.'

Do the horses attached to other vehicles manifest any symptoms of fright at the strange puffing fiery monster passing along the streets and roads?

The answers to this question remind us of the old saying, 'When doctors disagree,' &c. Some witnesses state that horses, even in crowded thoroughfares, appear to be almost wholly indifferent; others hold a contrary opinion, and express serious alarm at the prospect of the introduction into the streets of a new motive-power. This diversity of opinion is most striking in the case of the witnesses who have watched with interest the working of a steam-car upon one of the tramways in Paris. The steam-car has been running over a length of three to four miles, from the Bastille to the Mont Parnasse Railway station; it passes about six thousand horses daily, besides cavalry, and horses brought to a fair in the vicinity. During the period of its running, says one witness, 'not a single member of the public has been killed or wounded; but several accidents have occurred, and in one instance an omnibus was overturned. Much depends on the nature of the traffic; whilst a real public advantage may be obtained at no risk where the roads are wide and the passing horses are chiefly employed in drawing cabs, omnibuses, and carts.' Our own experience leads to the conclusion that the fears sometimes entertained on this matter are exaggerated.

The Committee, after considering the facts and suggestions brought before them, recommend in their Report that all reasonable facilities should be afforded by the legislature and the Board of Trade, with due regard to the convenient arrangements of the tram locomotives—in most instances the steam-engine forming part of the car itself—to protect and conceal the engine and its boiler from view; to keep the cars free from unpleasant noise, heat, and smell; to obtain free ingress and egress for the passengers without hindrance from the machinery; to make the engine consume its own smoke and noxious vapours as much as possible; to supply amply sufficient brake-power; to furnish the engine with a bell or some kind of warning; to keep the maximum speed at eight miles an hour in towns and twelve miles an hour in the open country—these are the recommendations made by the Committee.

As to the total mileage of tramway in the United Kingdom, little definite can be said. Not for want of statistical returns; but because the carrying out of the several schemes is so very uncertain. No Act of Parliament is necessary. If the consent of municipal, parochial, district, and county authorities be obtained, the Board of Trade issues the regulation orders, and the construction of the tramway may commence. We say *may*, seeing that many a hitch is likely to occur. Sometimes the projectors or promoters of the scheme cannot get the public or the capitalists to take shares or advance the money; especially at times when the financial prospects of the country are under a cloud. Sometimes the Company arrive at a conclusion that the route chosen is not the best that could be found; they abandon it, and have to apply for other powers *de novo*. Sometimes they construct only a small part of the length for which they possess powers, and either abandon or indefinitely postpone the rest. But the tram system has taken hold of the public favour, and is sure to triumph over all obstacles. Setting aside the vast metropolis: when we are told that Edinburgh, with only six or eight per cent. as

many inhabitants, has carried some millions of tramway passengers in a year, we may well look forward to a successful future career for the system.

THE EVICTION:

AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

IN TEN CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

I BELONG to the Whartons of Westchester. The branch of the family with which I am immediately connected has never been by any means the wealthiest; and as I was born the youngest of five sons, there was not much for me to look forward to in the way of patrimony. However, my parents did the best in their power for me; they gave me a good preliminary education, and when I had arrived at the age of twenty-one they sent me to Oxford. There, unfortunately, my studies were of a very unpractical nature; in fact, I developed no taste whatever for entering upon a profession. When the time came for leaving college, I had no reason to congratulate myself on my position or prospects; for, save a small legacy, I found myself with absolutely nothing to fall back upon. Thereupon, acting on the principle that 'greater evils medicine the less,' I married a penniless wife. Married for love, without being able to afford it! True it was that the family into which I had married was closely related to that of the Earl of Mahon, and we had hopes that he would exert himself on our behalf. But two years of our married life passed away, and our second child had already been born before any signs of the expected favour appeared.

At last the opportunity came. Mr Carnegie, the agent for many years of the Earl of Mahon's property in Westmeath, Ireland, had died suddenly. By the kindness of his lordship, I was at once accorded the vacant post, despite the fact that a large number of well-qualified men had sent in applications for it. The decease of Mr Carnegie, falling as it did upon the annual rent-day itself, had thrown the business of the estate into considerable confusion. Accordingly, I received instructions from my noble patron to cross over to Ireland forthwith. My wife had not yet recovered completely from her late confinement; with cheerfulness, however, she expedited the preparations for my departure, promising to follow after me as soon as circumstances and her health would allow. The second day after I had received notice of the appointment, I was *en route* for Ireland, a country which I now visited for the first time.

On my arrival there I posted direct for Castle Mahon. It was a fine old baronial hall, the residence of the Mahon family whenever any of its members were minded to visit their Irish estates. But the country swarms with absentees, as an Irish wit has expressed it; and the Earls of Mahon were no exception to the rule. The establishment shewed traces of this neglect. Intrusted to the tender mercies of a care-taker, it had an air of all-pervading mouldiness; environed by gloomy woods, in which the woodman's axe had long ceased to ring, it seemed the very abode of solitude and melancholy. However, I had neither time nor inclination for indulging in such reflections; and the sight of the bailiff of the estate, who, with the housekeeper and a groom, was at the entrance to receive me, soon recalled my

mind to a sense of business. The bailiff was there to obtain instructions from me, and to deliver up certain important papers connected with the management of the estate. I gave him an audience at once; found everything in the main satisfactory; and arranged for the earliest date practicable for the receiving of rents. Business over and the bailiff dismissed, I wrote a cheery letter to my wife, as I knew she had peculiar views about the state of Ireland, which would be apt to unsettle her peace of mind. Thereafter, I addressed myself to a lonely dinner in the dining-hall, and some hours later to a still more lonely couch in the Earl's bed-chamber. It was the first time since my marriage that I had been away from home: I felt unaccountably disquieted and anxious; but I was at any rate glad that I had written the cheery letter to my wife.

The day appointed for the receiving of rents came round. Michael Donnelly—that was the name of my bailiff—was in attendance, and afforded me much valuable assistance in the task. This he was well qualified to do. Independent of a good share of natural ability, he had also a long practical experience with the working of the estate, having served under Mr Carnegie, my predecessor, in his present capacity for the twelve previous years. But no case that required especial attention occurred during the day; thanks to a good season, the condition of the tenants was unusually flourishing, and the rents were paid up in a most commendable fashion. In the afternoon, however, running my eye down the list, I came upon the name of a defaulter, which I had not observed before that time. At once calling the attention of the bailiff to the matter: 'Donnelly,' said I, 'who is this Patrick Scallan? He appears to have forgotten that this is rent-day.'

'Faix, Mr Wharton,' replied the bailiff, 'he's been forgettin' often an' often these past years undher Mr Carnegie. 'Deed this time twelvemonth we sarved him with a reminder in the shape of a notice to quit. That, av coorse, was all well an' good. Sorra a bit of it put him about; fur though the notice was sarved duly, the niver a bit of notice, saving yer presence, was taken by the same boy.'

'Well, of coorse,' interrupted I, 'when the legal interval had expired, Mr Carnegie put the affair into the hands of the sheriff to get possession?'

'No sir; fur jist afore that time Scallan an' the wife—there's only the two of them—kem up to the office with a cock-an'-bull story, an' begged him to stay proceedings fur a week longer, an' so an ever since; till at last the poor ould gintleman tuk the inwardly pains that settled him.'

'This must be attended to at once,' said I. 'But perhaps I had better see the folks concerned before we write to the sheriff. What do you think?'

'I would be a good job, sir, to have thim up here face to face wid yerself an' talk thim over, fur they're slippery folk them same Scallans. Rap-scallions is what Mr Carnegie used to tarm thim.'

'Very well,' said I; 'let them know this evening that I want to see them particularly at the office to-morrow.'

'I'll have thim up, sir, an' no mistake; laste-ways his wife; fur Scallan himself has been on the booze ever since Sunday week.'

'On the what?' I asked.

'Dhrunk, sir. He'd dhrink the say dhry. Shure it's between that an' bad company that he's become to be the politishun he is, sir. An' whin he has a dhrop in, he cares jist as much for a madgistratre or an agent as he does for a gobblin' turkey-cook.'

'Well, well; at all events deliver my message. I want to do the best I can for the unfortunate couple.'

CHAPTER II.

The message was delivered. To it Scallan made no response in person, as the bailiff had prophesied; but he sent his wife Biddy over with plenipotentiary powers, as his representative. She seemed to be a quiet broken-hearted woman. I gave her a seat, and stated as briefly and clearly as I could the position in which affairs were. Her husband had been nearly two years in arrears of rent, when my predecessor in office served him with a notice to quit. Since that time he had apparently made no effort to rid himself of his difficulties, nor fulfilled certain promises made to Mr Carnegie under the pressure of the sheriff's process. Since I had come into office, I had received several offers for the land from persons who were both able and willing to pay the rent, which indeed was ridiculously low. There was no help for it—the affair must be put into the hands of the sheriff. However, as this was the first case of the kind I had to deal with, and as I did not wish even to seem to deal harshly with them, I was willing to allow them an advance of thirty pounds, to keep them going till they got an opening somewhere. I told her that I should do this on my own responsibility—no legal claim for compensation could be established, as it was a simple case of eviction for non-payment.

Biddy listened with great attention and apparent satisfaction to my harangue. At its conclusion, she said: 'Thank ye kindly, yer honner Mr Wharton, fur spakin' so fair intirely. 'Deed an' word, sir, whin Mick Donnelly kem down last night an' tould me that I was going to be served with an injectment pross, if the very breath didn't lave me wid fright. Paddy kem in aftherwards, an' tould me all about what it was. He'll do whatever ye tell him, but not to expict any rint on the premises; an', throe for him, there's not twinty shillins' worth about the whole consarn. 'Deed an' 'deed, yer honner, he's jist dhrunk himself out of house an' home, an' left his wife the talk of the counthry. It wasn't always so wid me, Mr Wharton yer honner; fur I kem of the Maginniasces of Ballybrien, an' there was priests in the family, so there was. An' a sarry day it was for me, a clane daycent Maginnis, to take it into me head to marry a dhurty Scallan. But yer honner, I was young an' foolish. How-a-diver, he was a good man to me whin he kep off the dhrop. An' there was the public-house so handy, axin' him in like to have a glass, as he would say to me. So as I tould him, maybe it's the luckiest job ever happened ye to get clane away from that randyvous an' the dhrinkin' an' the play-actin'. "Prehaps, Biddy," sez he to me, "prehaps yer right." So on the spot I settled wid him to go to his brother's in the County Tipperary, who is well to do, an' wants Paddy down there very bad. An' the money ye offer us

—we've no right to it, good or bad; but it would be very welcome jist at prisent.'

Thus ended the interview. The money was paid over to the unfortunate couple; the legal process was gone through; and the sheriff formally took possession. Scallan and his wife transferred their quarters for the time being to a neighbour's house, whither their furniture, a few wretched sticks, had preceded them. The applicants for the vacant homestead, three in number, formally presented their claims. For one of them, a Scotchman named Nesbitt, I declared a preference, and appointed an early day for settling the matter with him.

Since my arrival, several of the resident gentry of the place had called on me. Among the rest was a Mr Gerald Carnegie, nephew and sole representative of my predecessor in office. He shewed himself very kind, and gave me a warm invitation over to his place. I determined to cultivate his acquaintance; the society of such a man would be not only agreeable, but, for a man circumstanced like me, profitable in the extreme. Towards the latter part of his uncle's life he had taken part in, nay, almost entirely managed the business of the estate. Before he took his leave—he had called on the afternoon of the day that I had been speaking to Nesbitt about taking the farm—I mentioned Scallan's affair to him. He was quite pleased at my conduct in the affair. The fellow, he said, was an arrant ruffian, who had given his poor uncle a great deal of trouble.

'In what respect?' I asked.

'In every way possible. He was constantly in bad company, organising conspiracies and getting up shooting-parties.'

'Shooting-parties!' I echoed. 'That sounds badly for his lordship's preserves.'

'Oh, nothing of that sort,' replied Mr Carnegie, smiling; 'but parties of Ribbonmen, for the purpose of shooting obnoxious bailiffs, agents, and landlords.'

'Merciful powers! he must be a regular villain! I am quite delighted to have rid the estate of him.'

'It is a good job, Mr Wharton; and the neighbouring land-agents should feel deeply indebted to you. I am sure he materially shortened my poor uncle's life by a systematic course of intimidation. When both mind and body become enfeebled, there is a strong temptation to make a truce with villainy; and I'm afraid that was the case with the old gentleman. The fact is, Scallan kept himself quiet; but he was asked for no rent.'

'It was a ruinous principle to go upon,' I remarked.

'That's a fact, and I used to remark the same to my uncle daily. It was no use advising him. There was something in it too—for at any rate the poor old soul died in his bed.'

My visitor dismissed, I went to dinner. A review of the day's proceedings afforded me considerable satisfaction; but this satisfaction was somehow tinged with an uneasiness, caused by the statements which I had heard from Mr Carnegie relative to Scallan's connection with the Ribbon society. After dinner, I felt more secure. But with the evening post came two letters, one from my wife in England, the other from I knew not whom. As a matter of course, I opened my wife's letter first. From it I learned that both

she and the children were much improved, and that she hoped to be able to join me in two or three weeks at the most. She had been reading the account of a murder in Galway, since my departure; how a landlord had been shot by an enraged tenant. Hence she had been very uneasy; but she prayed every night for me beside our children's cot that God would keep me from danger. Then followed a lot of minor details, of no interest to the reader, but of the deepest interest to me, separated from my home for the first time in my life, a stranger in a strange land.

I laid down my wife's letter, and took up the other—a suspicious-looking billet, to say the least of it. It was addressed in a sidelong fashion: 'To WHARTON, Sassenach agint over the Mahon property, Castlemahon.' I tore open the envelope, and plunged into the contents. They were as follows:

Wharton, you villan, this is to let you know that the Boys has had a mealin on you for puttin poor Scallan an' the wife out of there place, an' your to give the same back to thim at waunst. Else prepare your coffin, fur the Boys thinks that the likes of you is not wanted in the County Westmeath. Neglect this warnin at your Perill; an' the next notiss you'll have ill be the Death Billet. Sined by me in the preasence of the Boys.—RORY OF THE HILLS.

N.B.—My freandly advise to you is to lave the counthry intirely. Dhrop the thrade an' quit it.

On the top of the letter was sketched the rude effigy of a coffin; on one side of it, an Irish pike; on the other, a blunderbuss; at its foot, the legend, 'God save Ireland.'

The crisis had come. I threw down the threatening letter upon the table, and leaning back, strove to review my present position calmly. What was I to do? What was going to befall me? Was I to violate my trust, and consent to the dishonourable course proposed to me? Or was I to adhere to my original purpose? which I knew to be the only one in accordance with honesty. In other words, was I to stipulate with ruffians for my life, or were my wife's fears to be realised—that she should soon be left an impoverished widow, and her children helpless orphans? Or was there some third course open to me—was I to fly the country forthwith? I knew not.

CLEVER MARRIED WOMEN.

MARRIAGE is much more to a woman than it is to a man; it only forms a part of his life, while it constitutes the whole of hers. Her chief interests centre, or ought to centre in her home. Some of the happiest unions have been where husband and wife have had intellectual tastes in common, as in the cases of Dr and Mrs Somerville, Henry and Sara Coleridge, William and Mary Howitt, Samuel Carter Hall and his wife. It is to women such as these that Wordsworth refers in the following lines:

The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command—
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.

In the case of clever women being married to a dull heartless class of men, what can be expected but great unhappiness on both sides. Such, from the method of arranging marriages in France, frequently occurs in that country; the misery being aggravated from the circumstance of there being no means of liberation by divorce. The well-known French novelist who wrote under the name of Georges Sand was married when a young, lively, and pretty girl of seventeen to a man old enough to be her father—we had almost said grandfather—a retired military officer, entirely devoted to amateur farming. He spent the large fortune which he had received with his wife in importing new breeds of sheep and magnificent bulls. In Georges Sand's novel of *Indiana*, one of the characters who closely resembled him is thus described: 'He was a man with a gray moustache and a terrible eye; an austere master, before whom all trembled—wife, servants, horses, and dogs.' The Baroness Dudevant, for that was then her name, endured her uncongenial existence with this man for some years. Two children were born to her, and they for a time a little reconciled her to her fate, but only for a time. One day early in the year 1828 she was missing. She had left her home, determined to seek a happier life elsewhere. She first took refuge in the convent where she had been educated; but soon found that she had only exchanged one kind of captivity for another. Again she took flight; and we next hear of her as inhabiting a garret in one of the streets of Paris, and supporting herself by flower-painting and by writing those novels which have made her name famous. Some time afterwards, Georges Sand entered into a lawsuit with her husband, and obtained a separation from him and the restitution of all her property.

Delphine Gay, another French novelist, was the daughter of a French official in one of the departments, and of his wife Sophie, who was the authoress of a number of works both in poetry and prose. Monsieur Gay was doomed to experience one of the penalties which sometimes attend the possessors of clever wives. Sophie having written a witty sally against a prefect of the department, her husband was deprived of an appointment which he had enjoyed under the victim of his wife's satire. Their daughter Delphine married Monsieur Emile de Girardin the well-known journalist, a really good and conscientious man, but one also whose temper had been soured by early misfortunes. His young, beautiful, and witty wife was as great a favourite in society as he was the reverse. Her rooms were the constant resort of the most celebrated literary characters of the day: Lamartine, Alexandre Dumas, Balzac, Victor Hugo, Méry, Théophile Gautier, Eugène Sue, and sometimes Alfred de Musset. Among all these celebrities it is to be feared that the husband was often forgotten; and though Delphine occasionally met him at dinner, nursed him when he was ill, and was ready at all times to help him out of the difficulties into which his quarrelsome disposition had involved him, he inhabited his own rooms, and never appeared at his wife's receptions.

We hardly read of a single authoress during the middle ages. In those days female education was almost entirely neglected, except in rare instances.

If women possessed talent, they were compelled to hide it. No female novelist worthy of the name appeared in England until the reign of George III. The lady who first had the courage to brave public opinion was Frances Burney, the friend of Garrick and Dr Johnson. Miss Burney remained unmarried until she was nearly forty years of age. Romance is then supposed to exercise a less dominant power; but she nevertheless had the imprudence to espouse Monsieur d'Arblay, a French refugee, whose income consisted only of a precarious annuity of one hundred pounds. The marriage, however, proved a very happy one. Macaulay describes Monsieur d'Arblay as 'an honourable and amiable man, with a handsome person, frank soldier-like manners, and some taste for letters.' The pair did not suffer from poverty; the wife became the bread-winner; and not very long after her marriage her third novel, *Camilla*, was published, by which she is said to have realised over three thousand guineas.

Charlotte Brontë in the zenith of her fame married Mr Nicholls, her father's curate, a thoroughly good conscientious man, but possessing by no means literary tastes. It was the woman not the authoress with whom the hard-working clergyman fell in love, and whom he wished to make his wife, and he would rather have preferred than otherwise that she had not written at all. This fact seemed to add to, not to detract from his wife's happiness. Writing of him to a friend shortly after her marriage, she thus speaks: 'One of the villagers when proposing my husband's health described him as a consistent Christian and a kind gentleman. I own the words touched me deeply; and I thought to merit and win such a character was better than to earn wealth or fame or power.'

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu was a great benefactress to her country, and a very clever and beautiful woman; but she was not quite fitted for domestic life; though, however, she chose to reside abroad while her husband remained in England, they regularly corresponded with each other on the most friendly terms. Mr Edward Wortley Montagu was by no means deficient in talent; he was the intimate friend of Addison, and distinguished himself in parliament as an able and upright politician. He was much older than his wife; and it is very probable that Lady Mary would never have accepted him in spite of his entreaties, had it not been to escape from a most distasteful marriage, into which her father endeavoured to force her. Few young ladies would like to imitate her example, and elope with a man with whom they were not in love; but the high-spirited daughter of Lord Kingstoun would not be given away against her will.

The life of Angelica Kaufmann, the gifted Swiss artist, was a very romantic one. It has been said that she actually refused the hand of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Whether this is true or not, it is almost certain that while in England she married an adventurer who represented himself as Count Horn, a Swedish nobleman. Her second and last husband was an artist of the name of Zucchi, whom she had known from a child; and the remainder of her life was spent happily with him in Italy.

The beautiful and enthusiastic Manon Philipon, who so distinguished herself by her devotion to

liberty, and her animosity to the monster Robespierre during the French Revolution, married, at the age of twenty-five, Monsieur Roland, an elderly man of reserved manners, and with a grave, harsh countenance; nevertheless, under this unpleasing exterior were concealed sterling qualities. His political opinions were like his wife's; and her literary ability was of great service to him in his capacity of Minister of the Interior. He entertained for her the greatest affection and esteem; but his love was so selfish and domineering, that he expected her every feeling to yield to it. To this tyranny she submitted without a murmur. Madame Roland was one of the many victims of the Revolution. She perished on the scaffold. A few days afterwards, her husband was found quite dead, leaning against the trunk of a tree, with a paper pinned on his breast. This paper, after explaining who he was, went on to say: 'Whoever thou art that findest me lying here, respect my remains; respect them as those of a virtuous man, who consecrated all his life to being useful, and who died as he had lived—virtuous and honest. Not fear but indignation made me quit my retreat, on hearing that my wife had been murdered. I wished not to remain longer on an earth polluted with crimes.' When the poor old man first heard of his wife's death, he had wished to go at once to Paris, in order to denounce her murderers; but he remembered that if he were tried and condemned, all his property would be forfeited to the state, and his child left penniless, and therefore put an end to his own life.

Probably the happiest years of Madame de Maintenon's life were those which she spent as the wife of Scarron, and yet he was so deformed that it is wonderful that a young girl of sixteen or seventeen could be induced to accept him as her husband. But Madame de Maintenon, then Frances d'Aubigné, was an orphan and nearly penniless, and Scarron was almost the only friend she had. This well-known writer was not born the misshapen being which accident afterwards made him. As a young man he was active and well-shaped. The story of his misfortunes is as follows. He was the son of a wealthy counsellor, and was forced to enter the Church by his father, greatly against his will. He did not perform his duties as an abbé with much propriety. In Mans, as in the greater part of the cities of Provence, the carnival is closed by public masquerades. For one of these Scarron chose the following strange disguise: he first plastered his body over with honey, and then rolled himself in a feather-bed, which he had ripped open for that purpose. Thus transformed, he went to the masquerade, and drew the attention of the company entirely on himself. Of the women, some fled frightened at his approach; others crowded round him, and despoiled him of his feathers; and it was soon discovered who he was. The people now exclaimed against the scandal given to the Church. Scarron at length succeeded in making his escape; but being pursued, and finding a bridge in his way, he jumped heroically over it, and swimming to the opposite bank, lay down among the reeds to conceal himself. The cold now struck into him, and fixed in his blood the principles of those disorders which afterwards overwhelmed him. Sciatica, gout, and rheumatism sometimes seized him successively,

and sometimes all together, and rendered him an epitome of human misery. When Frances d'Aubigné married him, his body was, from the contraction of the nerves, something like the letter Z. His head hung on his breast, and his legs were drawn up; he wrote either upon his knees or upon two steel brackets fastened to the arms of his easy-chair. In spite of his sufferings, however, he was always cheerful, and even merry; and his rooms were the constant resort of the most brilliant society in Paris. When eight years after her marriage, Madame Scarron was left a widow, she wept long and sincerely for the kind and good-tempered husband she had lost.

Genius, when unaccompanied by right principles and self-control, is a more dangerous quality in a woman than a man. Nothing shews this more plainly than the life of Lady Caroline Lamb. No one was more fully alive to her faults than she was herself. When the Hon. William Lamb, then Lord Melbourne, laid his heart and fortune at her feet, she refused him, saying that she was afraid her violent temper would wreck their happiness. Again, however, he proposed; and this time, unfortunately for himself, he was accepted. Lady Caroline's fear that she could not control her temper was by no means groundless. At the marriage ceremony she was seized with a fit of passion, and she thus afterwards described her behaviour: 'I stormed at the bishop, tore my valuable dress to pieces, and was carried nearly insensible to the carriage which was to convey me for ever from my home.' Lady Caroline was certainly at times not quite sane. Lord Melbourne made her a far better husband than most men would have done; and though at last he was obliged to separate from her, he still retained a portion of his old affection.

Without undervaluing intellect, we think that no one will be inclined to deny that both in men and women the qualities of the heart are far more important than those of the head; and we cannot do better than conclude with the following lines of the late Canon Kingsley, addressed to young girls, and which bear closely on this subject:

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them all day long;
So making life, death, and that vast forever,
One grand, sweet song.

A STORY OF ADEN HARBOUR.

It is a common practice on passenger vessels, more especially on board the large 'overland' steamers voyaging to and from India, for certain of the male passengers to assemble after dark in the smoking-room or other snug retreat, and there spend the long evenings in singing songs or telling 'yarns.' On one of these occasions it had come round to the turn of an Indian officer either to sing a song or to tell a story for the benefit of his companions; so after thinking for a few minutes, and urged on by repeated calls of 'Come, go on, B——,' he at length chose the latter alternative, and commenced as follows.

Many years ago, during the last China war, I was attached to a regiment bound for the Peiho and Peking; but most unfortunately, just as we

were on the point of leaving Hong-kong for the north, my health, which had been ailing for some little while, suddenly gave way; and much to my chagrin, after appearing before a medical board, I was ordered home to England by the first mail-steamer. Naturally, the disappointment of taking leave of my companions—all in high spirits at the prospect of seeing a little field-service—was a severe trial to me; but undoubtedly my being sent away from China to a healthier climate was all for the best, for I daily grew weaker, and the disease I suffered from appeared to get a stronger hold on me, so much so, that when the homeward-bound steamer anchored in the harbour of Hong-kong, and the time came for passengers to embark, I was so ill as to be quite unable to walk, and was carried on board as helpless as a child. Soon, however, when the vessel got under weigh and faced the broad ocean, the glorious sea-air worked a gradual change for the better, and by slow degrees I began to pick up strength and spirits. We touched at Singapore to take in a supply of coal, and made a quick run thence to Ceylon, and on the evening of the sixth day came to an anchor in the beautiful harbour of Point de Galle. The Calcutta boat arrived some few hours later; and early the following morning I found myself and baggage on the deck of a crowded 'overland' steamer. After the usual bustle and confusion had in a measure subsided, and I had made the acquaintance of the purser and doctor of the ship, I obtained, by their assistance, a good airy cabin in the forepart of the vessel, away from the noise and heat of the engines, and occupied by one other passenger only—a weather-beaten old General in the Madras army, returning to England at the termination of his service.

Our steamer was named the *Nemesis*, a well-known Peninsular and Oriental vessel of former days. She was a fine large boat, splendidly fitted up and equipped, like the generality of her class, but was nevertheless, for more reasons than one, exceedingly unpopular among overland passengers in general, and deservedly so, for the following reasons. She was built almost entirely of iron throughout, and was so strongly framed that she bore to all outward appearance a greater resemblance to an armour-plated frigate than to a steamer intended to carry the government mails, a heavy cargo, and a large number of passengers. She was ill adapted for a mail-steamer on account of her very moderate rate of speed—still less so for a passenger-boat; for when loaded up with mail-boxes and merchandise she lay so low in the water that her ports could seldom be opened with safety, even in fine weather and with but little motion on the vessel. This fault in her build was a very serious objection to the *Nemesis*; for often during the hot-weather months, when the heat of the Red Sea was something terrible and overpowering, her cabins were filled with poor invalids, returning from India to their native land, to whom a breath of fresh air between the heated decks of the steamer was almost a matter of life and death.

The *Nemesis* had met with several adventures and mishaps during her career. Once, when coming down a narrow and most dangerous channel in the Hooghly, she met with a steamer

from Rangoon bound for Calcutta, passing up the river. The latter should never have been allowed to enter this narrow passage till it was clear of vessels, there being no room for two large steamers to pass each other. The *Nemesis* held straight on her course, and presently struck the Burmah steamer so terrible a blow as to cut her almost in halves without receiving any material injury to herself. This little occurrence had earned for her the sobriquet of 'the Peninsular and Oriental Ram.' On another occasion the *Nemesis* ran on shore near Point de Galle; but her powerful frame again stood her in good stead, for after scraping and bumping about for several hours among reefs of rocks that would speedily have wrecked any ordinary vessel, 'The Ram' was got off little the worse for all she had gone through. But I am wandering from my story.

Our passage from Galle to Aden was fortunately, for the time of year, a remarkably good one. The heat was certainly very distressing; but the sea was so smooth that we were able to keep the ports wide open night and day; and this was no slight boon to an invalid like myself, unable to leave his bed or to enjoy life on deck; for although there was comparatively little breeze to speak of, yet the mere motion of the vessel as she ploughed her course through the deep, caused a slight current of air to blow through the stifling cabin.

At length the bare Arabian coast was reported to be in sight; and some few hours later we slowly steamed into Aden harbour, and safely dropped our anchor amidst a crowd of shipping. I had so improved in health during our run between Galle and Aden that latterly, when the great heat of the day was over, I had been able occasionally to spend a few hours on deck, reclining in an easy-chair, propped up with pillows, and there enjoyed a talk with my companions; and two days before reaching Aden, I had made such good progress towards recovery as to be able to reach the deck without the assistance of the steward. I felt so elated at this change for the better, that a longing desire came over me to accompany some of my comrades bound for a ramble on shore, flattering myself at the same time that if I could not walk far, I could at any rate hire a carriage of some kind, and drive about from one place to another. But my friend the doctor of the *Nemesis* very soon put an end to my project, and dissipated these illusions so soon as he heard of them, by peremptorily forbidding anything of the kind; at the same time earnestly advising me to keep quiet on board ship, for that the least exposure to the sun, or the slightest over-exertion, would assuredly bring back a return of the illness from which I was only then just recovering. Of course I had to give way and submit to my fate; though it was a sore disappointment to me to see my fellow-passengers all going ashore, while I was left behind alone. However, it could not be helped, so I amused myself by looking over a bundle of fresh newspapers giving the latest intelligence from England. But I was not long to be thus left in peace. Soon some immense lighters, deeply laden with bags of coal, and manned by gangs of half-naked savages, approached the steamer; and speedily the babel of voices alongside, the clatter of the coal as it was shot down the iron bunkers, and the cloud of

black dust which began to cover everything, drove me away from my comfortable easy-chair on deck, and forced me to take refuge in the saloon below.

The day wore on; but still the unceasing noise and uproar of the coaling continued, till about sunset, when much to my relief, the din and confusion outside the steamer suddenly ceased, and the vessel once more became quiet. Feeling tired, I made for my cabin. The steward presently came down, opened the port, and lighted a small lamp, to enable me to read while reclining in my berth. And he also brought me a bottle of iced lemonade. Then, quite in opposition to the rules of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, I smoked a cigarette in my cabin.

Gradually eve stole on, and the sun disappeared behind the towering crags of the fortress. I got tired of reading, so blew the lamp out. My berth was exactly opposite to, but considerably above the open port, so that while reclining on my couch I obtained a good view of the harbour, shipping, and shore. The air was calm and still. Lights began to glimmer among the distant houses, and I could see the signal-lamps gliding up the rigging of the vessels riding at anchor. Now and again I heard the tinkle of the ship-bells marking the hour. Presently a bright flash of flame momentarily illuminated the cabin, and then after a pause came the booming thunder of the evening gun across the water. I could hear the distant roll of the garrison drums beating the tattoo; then a profound stillness supervened, broken only by the gentle plash of the waves against the iron side of the steamer. I pulled my blanket closer round me, preparatory to taking a nap, and gradually glided into the land of forgetfulness. I must have slept for some little time, when I gradually became aware of low muttered voices. I must tell you that as it happened I had fallen asleep directly facing the open port, so that on opening my eyes, I could, without moving my position, see what was going on in the cabin. To my astonishment, the first thing I beheld was the half-naked form of a Soomalie—as the woolly headed inhabitants of Aden are called—balancing himself on the lower sill of the port. He was leaning forward and eagerly scanning the various articles of clothing, &c. scattered around. The moon was shining brightly at the time, and rendered objects on the floor and sides of the cabin clear to view; although my berth, considerably higher up, was shrouded in darkness. I was very soon wide awake on discovering this intruder, and eagerly watched his movements. The rascal kept up a low converse with some confederate apparently in a boat on the outside of the steamer; and as he glanced round the cabin, I fancied that I could see the glitter of his black eye. For a second he looked furtively up in my direction, and I imagined that he had discovered me. But no. I was well concealed by the darkness, and remained perfectly motionless. At length, my friend with the curly head seemed to have decided upon making a prize of a gay Cashmere dressing-gown, the property of my fellow-passenger the old General, which article of raiment hung suspended from a peg on the door of the apartment, and as it happened was rendered fully conspicuous by the light of the moon. Presently a long forked stick was handed up from the outside of the ship

to the would-be thief, who stretching out his arm, by a dexterous twitch with the tip of this weapon removed the coveted garment from the peg, and then turning the stick round and round, gradually wound the valuable article into a ball, preparatory to drawing it towards him and removing it altogether.

Things had now reached a crisis. While this scene was being enacted within a few yards of me, I had been rapidly revolving in my mind what was to be done to punish this rascal, and at the same time to prevent him from carrying off my comrade's property. A heavily knobbed stick, called a 'Penang lawyer,' was resting on two pegs within easy reach of my hand; but I felt certain that long before I could possess myself of this weapon, the thief would discover me, and immediately escape. However, there was not a moment to be lost; so I slowly raised myself on my elbow, intending to make a sudden clutch at the stick, when the knuckles of my hand touched something hard lying on the edge of the berth, and the next moment I had firmly grasped the neck of the empty lemonade bottle. And not a moment too soon; for already the thief, who had been leaning forward while disengaging the dressing-gown, was slowly recovering his former position, and in another moment would doubtless have successfully accomplished his design. But I was well above him, and he was yet within easy range. So raising myself on my left hand, I suddenly leaned forward and hurled the heavy glass bottle full at the curly pate of the cabin invader, and with a good aim, for the conical end of the missile struck him a tremendous blow, apparently full in the centre of his skull. With a yell of pain and fright he dropped stick, dressing-gown, and all; and in spite of the thump which he had received on his cranium, which was sufficient to have fractured the skull of a European—though seemingly it made little impression on the thick skull of this Soomalie—he dropped down into the boat with the agility of a monkey, and quickly disappeared. By the time that my shouts had brought one of the stewards of the ship to my assistance, all trace of the thieves had disappeared; though one of the watch on deck, when questioned, remembered noticing a boat paddled by two natives making off at speed from the side of the vessel.

We got under weigh the following morning at daylight; and when the hour to dress came round, it was discovered for the first time that numerous articles of clothing had mysteriously disappeared. Fortunately, however, nothing of any great value had been taken; though a lady in the next cabin had to mourn the loss of a waterproof cloak, which doubtless, like the other missing articles, had fallen a prey to the thieves of Aden harbour.

PLAYMATES.

A tripping footfall on the stair—
A vision from 'Le Follet'—
A sudden fragrance in the air—
Ye gods! can this be Molly?
This 'symphony' in silver white,
Perchance some star—off duty—
Come down to set us mortals right
Upon ideas of beauty.

Or snow-flake that has lost its way—
Its path in life mistaken—
Some dream that flies at break of day,
And leaves us loath to waken.
The Molly that I knew of yore,
Was but a chit of seven,
In sandalled shoes and pinafore—
While I was just eleven.

A pair of youthful lovers we
In days of childish folly,
Ere Time had stole a march on me,
And carried off my Molly.
'Relentless parents' came between.
Behold Miss Mary Seaton
Consigned to boarding-school routine—
And me—a fag at Eton.

Ah, Molly, I shall ne'er forget
The day on which we parted;
I think you cried, you small coquette;
But I was broken-hearted.
A Niobe in garments brief,
Your tears were quite in season;
But then your doll had come to grief—
An all-sufficing reason.

I still preserve with tender care
Your Prayer-book—frayed with kissing—
A relic much the worse for wear,
With half the pages missing.
Have you the many-bladed knife
I gave you once?—I wonder.
The most unlucky gift in life;
It cleft our paths asunder.

My sweetheart of the Past is dead—
That mourned her broken 'Dolly';
And now I turn to greet instead
This most imposing Molly.
Observe—A dress of filmy lace
Beyond my powers of painting—
A tiny vinaigrette—in case
The maid should think of fainting.

A dainty cap (I think I'm right)
The golden head surmounting—
A pair of gloves whose buttons quite
Defy attempts at counting.
A satin fan where baby-loves
That seem to weary never,
Disport themselves in myrtle groves
That blossom on for ever.

A gleam of gems whose elfin light
In weird and fitful flashes
Reflects the eyes—demurely bright
Beneath their shady lashes. . . .

* * * * *
'And did you not forget?' she says—
'Forget you, Molly, never!
The love of Eton jacket days
Is just as green as ever.'
'You silly boy!'—'As silly still,
Ah, Molly, do not doubt it.'
'My glove has come unbuttoned, Will.
. . . . How long you are about it!'

GEORGE WARRINGTON.

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ILLUSIVE VISIONS.

MODERN science has made us aware that the old belief in apparitions rested on nothing more than illusive fancies caused by some kind of physical derangement of the person so affected. It is important that young persons should be made thoroughly aware of the fact, that there never was and never will be any such fancy which is not capable of being explained upon natural grounds. A person in weak health, though in perfect possession of all his faculties, begins to be troubled by waking visions of persons with whom he may be familiar, or who may have been long dead, or who sometimes may appear as perfect strangers to him. The spectres who flit before him, 'come like shadows' and 'so depart.' They represent, in the most perfect manner, the reproductions of things that are or were—utterly intangible creations. The subject of these visitations may hear the spectres converse, and they may even talk in turn to him. He is perfectly aware of their visionary nature, and is as convinced of their unreality as is the friend who sees them not, and to whom the phantoms are described. No suspicions of insane delusion as to these visitations can be entertained for a moment, and the question may therefore naturally be put to the man of science, 'How can these illusions be accounted for?' The answer is to be found in one of the simplest studies in the physiology of nerves and of mind, and shews us that these illusions have a material basis, or that, in the words of the poet, the 'shadow proves the substance true.'

To thoroughly elucidate the subject of illusions within a brief space, we may begin by selecting one or two illustrations of illusive vision, such as have been recorded for instruction and edification in the pages of the physiologist. One of the best known cases—deriving its interest from the fact that the subject of the visitations in question himself narrates the facts—is that of Nicolai, a well-known citizen and bookseller of Berlin, who read an account of his case before the Berlin Academy of Sciences. We shall give the

account in his own words. 'During the few latter months of the year 1790,' says Nicolai, 'I had experienced several melancholy incidents, which deeply affected me, particularly in September, from which time I suffered an almost uninterrupted series of misfortunes, that affected me with the most poignant grief. I was accustomed to be bled twice a year, and this had been done once on the 9th of July, but was omitted to be repeated at the end of the year 1790. . . I had, in January and February of the year 1791, the additional misfortune to experience several extremely unpleasant circumstances, which were followed on the 24th of February by a most violent altercation. My wife and another person came into my apartment in the morning in order to console me; but I was too much agitated by a series of incidents which had most powerfully affected my moral feeling, to be capable of attending to them. On a sudden, I perceived at about the distance of ten steps, a form like that of a deceased person. I pointed at it, asking my wife if she did not see it. It was but natural that she should not see anything; my question therefore alarmed her very much, and she sent immediately for a physician. The phantasm continued for some minutes. I grew at length more calm, and being extremely exhausted fell into a restless sleep, which lasted about half an hour. The physician ascribed the vision to violent mental emotion, and hoped there would be no return; but the violent agitation of my mind had in some way disordered my nerves, and produced further consequences, which deserve a more minute description.

'At four in the afternoon, the form which I had seen in the morning reappeared. I was by myself when this happened, and being rather uneasy at the incident, went to my wife's apartment; but there likewise I was persecuted by the form, which, however, at intervals disappeared, and always presented itself in a standing posture. About six o'clock there appeared also several walking figures, which had no connection with the first. After the first day, the form of the deceased person no more appeared; but its place

was supplied with many other phantasms, sometimes representing acquaintances, but mostly strangers: those whom I knew were composed of living and deceased persons, but the number of the latter was comparatively small. . . . When I shut my eyes these forms would sometimes vanish entirely, though there were instances when I beheld them with my eyes closed; yet, when they disappeared on such occasions, they generally returned when I opened my eyes. . . . They all appeared to me in their natural size, and as distinct as if alive, exhibiting different shades of carnation in the uncovered parts, as well as different colours and fashions in their dresses, though the colours seemed somewhat paler than in real nature; none of the figures appeared particularly terrible, comical, or disgusting, most of them being of an indifferent shape, and some presenting a pleasing aspect. The longer these persons continued to visit me, the more frequently did they return, while at the same time they increased in number about four weeks after they had first appeared. I also began to hear them talk; sometimes among themselves, but more frequently they addressed their discourse to me; their speeches being uncommonly short and never of an unpleasant turn. At different times there appeared to me both dear and sensible friends of both sexes, whose addresses tended to appease my grief, which had not yet wholly subsided; their consolatory speeches were in general addressed to me when I was alone. Sometimes, however, I was accosted by these consoling friends while I was engaged in company, and not unfrequently while real persons were speaking to me. The consolatory addresses consisted sometimes of abrupt phrases, and at other times they were regularly executed.

Such was Nicolai's account of the phantom-visitors who addressed and consoled him in his domestic affliction. It is interesting to pursue still further his account of their disappearance. The reader will recollect that Nicolai had neglected to repeat at the end of 1790 the blood-letting in which it was customary in the days we speak of for our forefathers to indulge. It was at last decided that leeches should be used, and on April 20, 1791, at eleven o'clock in the morning, Nicolai informs us the operation was performed. 'No person,' he continues, 'was with me besides the surgeon; but during the operation my chamber was crowded with human visions of all descriptions. This continued uninterruptedly till about half an hour after four o'clock, just when my digestion commenced. I then perceived that they began to move more slowly. Soon after, their colour began to fade, and at seven o'clock they were entirely white. But they moved very little, though the forms were as distinct as before; growing, however, by degrees more obscure, yet not fewer in number, as had generally been the case. . . . They now seemed to dissolve in the air, while fragments of some of them continued visible for a considerable time. About eight

o'clock, the room was entirely cleared of my fantastic visitors. Since that time,' adds Nicolai, 'I have felt twice or three times a sensation as if they were going to reappear, without, however, actually seeing anything. The same sensation surprised me just before I drew up this account, while I was examining some papers relative to these phenomena, which I had drawn up in the year 1791.'

Such is a historical account of what may appear to the senses of a sane and reasonable individual. Before entering on their scientific explanation it will be advisable to give one or two further examples of the phenomena in question. On the occasion of the fire which destroyed part of the Crystal Palace in the winter of 1866-7, part of the menagerie had been sacrificed to the flames. The chimpanzee, however, was believed to have escaped from his cage, and was presently seen on the roof endeavouring to save himself by clutching in wild despair one of the iron beams which the fire had spared. The struggles of the animal were watched with an intense curiosity mingled with horror and sympathy for the supposed fate which awaited the unfortunate monkey. What was the surprise of the spectators of an imminent tragedy to find that the object which in the guise of a terrified ape, had excited their fears, resolved itself into a piece of canvas blind, so tattered, that to the eye of the imagination and when moved by the wind, it presented the exact counterpart of a struggling animal!

Such an example is of especial interest, because it proves to us that not one person alone, but a large number of spectators may be deceived by an object imperfectly seen—and aided in the illusion by a vivid imagination—into fancying all the details of a spectacle of which the chief actor is entirely a myth.

A singular case has been given on strict medical authority of a lady, who, walking from Penrhyn to Falmouth—her mind being occupied with the subject of drinking-fountains—was certain she saw in the road a newly erected fountain, bearing the inscription, 'If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.' As a matter of course she mentioned her interest in seeing such an erection to the daughters of the gentleman who was supposed to have placed the fountain in its position. They assured her that no such fountain was in existence; but convinced of the reality of her senses on the ground that 'seeing is believing,' she repaired to the spot where she had seen the fountain, only to find, however, a few scattered stones in place of the expected erection.

We may now turn to consider the scientific explanation of such curious phenomena in human existence. The causes of these illusions are not difficult to understand, since they in reality depend upon a slight derangement of the powers whereby we see and hear in an ordinary and normal method. To make our meaning clear, let us briefly consider what takes place in ordinary sensation, when we see or hear the objects and sounds of every-day existence. The eye alighting on an object transfers an impression of that object

to the brain through the special (optic) nerve of sight, which leads from the eye to the part of the brain exercising the sense of sight. We in reality do not see with the eye. That organ is merely an arrangement of lenses adapted to receive, focus, and otherwise adjust rays of light streaming from the objects we see. The function of the eye is simply that of adjusting and correlating the conditions necessary for the production of an impression. This impression is carried in due course to a special part of the brain, where it becomes transformed into a special sensation—that of sight. We thus truly see not with the eye, but with the brain, or rather with that portion of the brain which lies in direct relation with the nerves of sight. The eye represents the lenses of the photographer's camera; but the brain corresponds to the sensitive plate which receives the image of the sitter, and on which all subsequent alterations of the image are effected. Of the other senses, the same prominent feature may also be expressed—namely, that in the brain and not in the mere organ of sense must be allocated the true seat of knowledge. The ear modifies waves of sound; but it is the brain which distinguishes, appreciates, and acts upon the information conveyed by the organ of hearing. The finger touches an object; but the seat of knowledge does not exist at the extremity of the hand. The impression of touch is duly conveyed to the brain as before, there to be analysed, commented upon, and if necessary, acted upon as well.

On the appreciation of the simple fact that the brain is the true seat of the senses, rests the whole explanation of the ghosts and apparitions which occasionally attend the footsteps and meet the eyes of humanity. When we are conscious of looking at a real object, a sensation of sight is formed in the brain, as we have seen. Such a sensation we called an 'objective' one, because it is derived from a veritable object. So also, when we hear a tune played by a person whom we see, or of whose existence, even when unseen, we entertain no doubt, the sensation of sound is then called 'subjective.' But there are many familiar instances in which the power of the mind to reproduce the sensations, sights, and sounds we have received, is demonstrated. The day-dreamer can sometimes bring the scenes in which he has once taken part so vividly before his mental gaze, that his reverie may actually be broken by the words which unconsciously flow from his lips as his imagination starts into bodily action. Such a power of fancy and imagination is the beginning or faint imitation of a still more powerful means which we possess of bringing before ourselves the forms and scenes which have once been objectively present with us. In the dream this power is illustrated typically enough. From the background of consciousness so to speak, we project forwards, in our sleep, the pictures which a busy brain is reproducing, or it may be piecing together from the odds and ends of its fancy to form the ludicrous combinations we are familiar with in the 'land of Nod.' And if we carry the idea of this same power being exercised in our waking moments, to form the ghosts of science, the explanation of the otherwise curious and mysterious subject of illusive visions will be complete.

We know then, that the brain has the ordinary

power of forming images which may be projected outwards in the form of the fancies of every-day life. But these projected fancies may grow into plain and apparent sensations or images under the requisite conditions. When we hear 'a ringing in the ears,' we know perfectly well that no objective sound exists, and scientifically we say that the sensation of hearing in such a case is an internal or subjective one. When we see flashes of light which have no existence in the outside world on which we happen to be gazing, we explain their occurrence in the same way. Now, on such a basis, the ghosts of science are both raised and laid. The images and phantoms of Nicolai, like the sparks or flashes of light, are subjective sensations. They arise, in other words, from some irritation of that part of the brain, which would have received the impressions of sight had the objects in question had an actual existence. But the subject also involves a reference to bodily condition and to memory itself. Primarily, it will be found that illusive visions appear only when the health of the subject of these visitations is in a weakly state. The derangement of the health is the primary cause of these curious states.

It is, however, equally worthy of remark that many of the phantasms of Nicolai were persons whom he knew. Such visions then may be supposed to simply represent the effects of very recent images which had been received and stored in the brain, and which were evolved by the exercise of unconscious memory. Of the deceased persons whose images appeared to him, the same remark may be made—memory again reproducing, by the subjective impressions of the brain, the forms of dead friends. But what, it may be asked, of the strange visions whom Nicolai did not recognise? The reply which science offers, is that these also were images or conceptions of persons whom Nicolai must have seen at some time, but whom he could not remember; mysterious reproductions, by the brain, of events which had been impressed thereon, but which had escaped remembrance by ordinary memory. Even the characters whom Nicolai may have simply heard described, could be thus produced, and present apparently the images of persons with whom he was not, as a matter of conscious memory, familiar. The brain, in other words, registers and remembers more than memory can evolve; and it is reasonable to conceive that forgotten images of things or persons once seen formed the mysterious strangers of Nicolai's waking dreams.

It is noteworthy that only after a long period of visitation from his fantastic friends, did Nicolai begin to hear them speak. Thus, the sense of hearing had also come in time to lend its aid in propagating the illusions; and the fact that the visions addressed Nicolai concerning his own immediate affairs and his personal griefs and sorrows, clearly shews the unconscious action of a mind which was brooding over its own trials, and which was evolving from within itself the comfort and consolation of kindly friends. Last of all, that the material basis of these visionary friends resided in the weakly body of their host, is proved by their disappearance on the resumption of the customary blood-letting and the improvement of the health—an additional

fact shewing the relation of the healthy body to the sound mind.

One of the most interesting cases of vision-seeing by a person of culture and intelligence is that related in the *Athenæum* of January 10, 1880, by the Rev. Dr Jessopp, who, in Lord Orford's library, when engaged in copying some literary notes, saw a large white hand, and then, as he tells us, perceived 'the figure of a somewhat large man, with his back to the fire, bending slightly over the table, and apparently examining the pile of books I had been at work upon.' The figure was dressed in some antique ecclesiastical garb. The figure vanished when Dr Jessopp made a movement with his arm, but reappeared, and again vanished when the reverend narrator threw down a book with which he had been engaged. Dr Jessopp's recital called forth considerable comment, and a letter from Dr Andrew Wilson of Edinburgh, presenting a theory based on the principles of subjective sensations, treated of in the present paper. After detailing the fashion in which subjective sensations become projected forwards, Dr Wilson says (*Athenæum*, January 17, 1880): 'The only point concerning which any dubiety exists, concerns the exact *origin* of the specific images which appear as the result of subjective sensory action. My own idea is that almost invariably the projected image is that of a person we have seen and read about. . . In Dr Jessopp's case there is one fact which seems to weigh materially in favour of the idea that the vision which appeared to him in Lord Orford's library was an unconscious reproduction of some mental image or figure about which the Doctor may very likely have concerned himself in the way of antiquarian study.' It is most interesting to observe that in the succeeding number of the *Athenæum*, a Mr Walter Rye writes: 'Dr A. Wilson's solution "that the 'spectre' . . . was an unconscious reproduction of some mental image or figure about which Dr Jessopp may very likely have concerned himself in the way of antiquarian study," seems the right one, and I think I can identify the "ghost." The ecclesiastically dressed large man, with closely cut reddish-brown hair, and shaved cheek, appears to me the Doctor's remembrance of the portrait of Parsons, the Jesuit Father, whom he calls in his "One Generation of a Norfolk House," "the manager and moving spirit" of the Jesuit mission in England. . . Dr Jessopp when he thought he saw the figure, was alone in an old library, belonging to a Walpole, and Father Parsons was the leader of Henry Walpole, the hero of his just-cited book. Small wonder, therefore, if the association of ideas made him think of Parsons.'

All such illusive visions are thus readily explained as the creatures of an imagination which, through some brain-disturbance, is enabled to project its visions forward, on the seats of sense, as the 'ringing' in our ears is produced by some irritation of the hearing-centre of the brain. The known vision is a reproduction of a present memory, and the unknown vision is the reproduction of a forgotten figure which has nevertheless been stored away in some nook or cranny of the memory-chamber.

Science may thus—as we have before had frequent occasion to assure our readers—dispel the illusion by its free explanation; and science has

no higher function or nobler use than when, by its aid, a subject like the present is rescued from the domain of the mysterious, and brought within the sphere of ordinary knowledge.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER XVIII.—HISTORY.

'War's declared! Hurrah! Come and join us.'

NEITHER Mr Tasker nor his assailant gave prospect of early recovery. Tasker had received a terrible shaking; and Closky had been thrown with such force against the railings of Dr Brand's house, that he incurred a severe concussion of the brain, and made no conscious movement for many days. With the wide benevolence of British charity, which falls like the rain of heaven upon the just and unjust, this man was nursed as carefully for penal servitude as if it had been intended to restore him to lifelong happiness and comfort. The emotions which agitated Mr Tasker's bosom when he recovered his senses and discovered that Closky lay in the next bed to him, may in some measure have retarded recovery; but be that as it may, five weeks elapsed before he was able to leave the hospital walls and go in pursuit of the friend and compatriot to whom he had intrusted his affairs. The friend and compatriot was not to be found. Mr Tasker found his place of business in Acre Buildings, closed; and the inquiries which he caused immediately to be set on foot resulted in a discovery. The compatriot had realised everything realisable, and had disappeared with the proceeds into space. Detective ingenuity revealed the fact that the land to which he had betaken himself was one with which England had no extradition treaty. Tasker's creditors were for the most part of his own people, and had compassion upon him; and he with a true Eastern love for jewellery, had got together in the days of his prosperity a large collection of gauds of value, the which he now disposed of as circumstances pressed him.

When Closky was so far recovered as to be able to endure with safety the first examination before a magistrate, he was taken from the hospital to the police court; and Hastings, Benjamin Hartley, and Dr Brand met Mr Tasker there, and gave their evidence. The prisoner was formally committed for trial; and the business being over, Tasker essayed an appeal to his old employer. Mr Hartley would have none of him, and bade him sternly, if he valued his own freedom, to speak to him no more. Tasker went away sadly and disposed of a jewel, and broken-heartedly drank away the proceeds. He was so crushed, that he made none but the feeblest efforts to recover his position; and he had, moreover, so little will to curb his old propensities to extravagance, that by the time the trial came on he was on the very edge of the gulf of poverty. The counsel for the prosecution alluded to Tasker's losses, which he deplored in feeling terms as the result of the ruffianly and unprovoked assault of the prisoner. Closky was found guilty, and sentenced to twelve years' transportation beyond the seas. Penkridge, his old companion in Bolter's Rents, sat by Mrs Closky

in court whilst sentence was passed, and took the poor woman out and offered her whisky, which was by that time perhaps the only consolation he knew.

The necessary attendances at the police court and at the assizes brought Hastings and Dr Brand together. Hastings took a fancy to the Doctor, who returned the young man's liking cordially. Grief for the death of the dearest cannot last for ever, and Hastings was growing reconciled to loss; but he stood steadfast to his resolves, and accepted the responsibilities which his new position threw upon him. Mrs Brand would fain have enlisted him in the cause of Bolter's Rents; but beyond money he could be persuaded to give nothing to that enterprise. The little lady accepted his donation with reluctance, and would have refused it outright but for the thought of that great ocean of poverty on the shores of which she now walked so often. All this time the rumours of war were growing, and Benjamin Hartley made money as only millionaires make money when the fate of nations approaches. He was much in London negotiating on 'Change and in the arcana of Croesus Brothers and others of that golden breed, for vast coups of financial policy.

One night Will Fairholt walked quietly into the chambers to which Hastings had recently removed in King's Bench Walk, Temple, and where, to keep himself out of harm's way, he was assiduously reading for the bar. Hastings sprang eagerly to salute him. 'What brings you to town? Have you any news?'

'None,' said Will, shaking his head. 'I am here on business. The poor old governor is quite broken, and can attend to nothing.' His voice quivered as he spoke, and he looked pale and wretched.

'Will, old friend,' said Hastings gently, 'you are wearing yourself out. It ought to lie more heavily on me than you; for though, heaven knows, I would do anything now to undo what I did, I know I helped to this miserable end, and that all your strength went to prevent it.'

'You meant no wrong,' said Will, 'nor I; but I'm afraid we all did wrong together. There is nothing to do but to wait now, and no hope that waiting will do anything for us.'

'The scoundrel who ruined him has met with his deserts,' said Hastings; 'and there's some comfort any way.'

'Little comfort,' said Will, shaking his head.—'Hastings,' he added suddenly, 'I must tell somebody, or I shall go mad. Before this terrible thing happened, and poor Frank disappeared, he and I were rivals. And I feel sometimes so hideous a temptation to be glad that he is gone and out of my way, that it is killing me.' After saying this, he buried his head in his hands and leaned above the table.

'A morbid dread of a foolish shadow, Will, believe me,' his friend said kindly. 'I know you better. A casuist torment, which a man of your conscientious and sensitive nature is safe to create for himself as often as he can. No, no, Will. Don't fight phantoms of that sort any longer. Turn daylight on them. You are worn and tired just now. Come into the streets, and let the wind blow the cobwebs from your brain.' He clapped his companion on the shoulder.

Will arose without a word, and they went out

together. They passed up the silent walk, and through the narrow way beyond it, and came out at Temple Bar, where they turned westward. As they passed the western church, there broke upon the air the sound of a scattered cheer, and then another and another. A chance acquaintance of Hastings' came by at that moment arm-in-arm with a friend, and turning at the sound of the cheering, lifted his hat and shouted 'Hurrah!'

'What's the matter, Ward?' asked Hastings, laying his hand upon the arm of the man who cheered. 'Is war declared?'

'Hillo!' cried the other, turning round. 'That you, Hastings? Now, old man, you always said that if there was any fighting to be done, you'd get a commission. Go for it. Now's your time.'

'Is war declared?' Hastings asked again.

'Yes,' roared the other in reply. 'War's declared! Hurrah! Come and join us. We shall sail in less than a week.'

The street was full of excited people. Stranger questioned stranger. Men who had never seen each other before shook hands upon the news, and cheered. Some doubted, some denied, but all were wild at the prospect, and the general heart beat with a fierce joy. Rickety clerks and pale shopmen felt the blood tingle in their thin veins, and were ready to march and fight and die. Most people after this lapse of a quarter of a century have come to believe that the Crimean War, that terrible and splendid crusade, was a huge blunder; but in '54 the large soul of England was throbbing to the old heroic music, and beat to another measure than that mean tune of '77, which still jars on our ears. It was the old great mission on which the sons of this Mother of the Nations were going—to lay the Oppressor low, and to succour them that had no other helper, and to hold Europe clean of tyranny. A great purpose, and howsoever it failed or fell, carried through with a great spirit. Ay! and even you—pale shopman and rickety clerk—had a right to cheer in such a cause; and it was well for you that your thin blood ran warm and tingled, and well for the land that bore you that your hearts responded to her call.

Hastings' chance acquaintance went eastward, cheering still, and left the two friends facing each other, pale and excited.

'I shall volunteer,' said Hastings, catching Will by the arm, and walking on rapidly.

'I wish I could,' said Will, sighing. He caught his breath at the thought. No; it was not possible. His father was dying. He could not leave him to bear the burden of his griefs alone.

'At last,' said Hastings, hurried by the excitement of the time into forgetfulness of his companion's sorrows and his own—'At last the world has something in it for a man to do. I'm told they fight—these fellows; and it won't be an easy business. But to think, Will, to think that at last we are let loose with leave to pull that bragging bully down! *Ca ira, ca ira, ca ira,*' he sang under his breath, and marched on wildly, with Will silent at his side.

Hastings went to work next morning; and before Will Fairholt left town, rushed in upon him with news that he was certainly going to the Crimea. Will heard him sadly, but congratulated him with all his heart, and envied him not a little. All he could do was to go home, and make the

poor old father's last days a little lighter than they could be without him. And he had within him—or so he held it—a greater enemy than the Czar of all the Russias could bring against him. So when the time came, he went back home, and soothed the old man's fretful grief, and buried his own, and lived in outward melancholy quiet, and prayed hard, poor soul, and did his duty, and found no rest.

When Frank read that terrible heading to the paragraph in the morning paper, he sat still for a moment, stunned. Then he smoothed the paper out mechanically, and folded it, and read the hard dry narrative through. It ran thus:

Early yesterday morning, two men, named respectively Isaac Shakell and John Turner, were proceeding to work, when they were arrested by the sight of a well-dressed figure which lay prostrate in the mud in Spaniard's Lane, at a distance of about three hundred yards from the *Spaniard's Inn*. The figure was that of a man of about twenty-five years of age. He was quite dead, and had apparently lain there all night, for his clothes were saturated with mud and rain. Letters were found upon him, addressed to James Groves at the *Spotted Dog Tavern*, Bloomsbury. Inquiries were at once set on foot; and the deceased was immediately identified as the landlord of that well-known hostel. All that is known of this tragic incident is that, at a late hour on the previous evening, the deceased left the *Spaniard's Inn* in the society of two friends, who returned almost at once, and shortly afterwards left the house for that of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, with whom they spent the night. These gentlemen agree in stating that the deceased was in a condition to take care of himself. When the body was found, the head rested upon a large and jagged stone, upon which he had evidently fallen backwards. Except for the wound thus produced, which was clearly the cause of death, there were no marks of violence upon his person. A pocket in the breast of his overcoat was turned inside out, and a chamois-leather bag, known to have contained the sum of ninety-eight pounds ten shillings in notes and gold, had been abstracted. The police on visiting the spot believed that they could discern evidences of a brief struggle, and their attention being called to a breach in the hedge near at hand, they succeeded in tracing foot-steps for some distance. The most singular fact in the whole of this mysterious and tragic business is, that the bag above alluded to was found at the side of the field, at some distance from the track left by the footsteps of the criminal, and that a purse containing a considerable sum of money was found on the person of the deceased! The police have as yet no clue to the perpetrator of this apparently purposeless outrage.

After this came another paragraph, headed 'Mysterious Restitution,' which set forth that a ticket-porter had delivered a package containing a sum of one hundred pounds in gold at the *Spotted Dog Tavern*, with the statement that the gentleman who borrowed it on the previous evening in Spaniard's Lane had sent it back again.

All this, understanding it quite clearly, Frank read over, and then laid the paper down. He put on a velvet wideawake, and left the house, and walked quietly away. Nobody paid him any

unusual regard, and he walked on, not knowing where he went, and not caring. He passed through Uxbridge and the two Wycombes; and night fell as he entered on that lonely stretch of country which lies northward on the Oxford Road. He had not tasted food or drink, although he had put thirty miles between himself and home since he started. Nor did he feel any want of food or drink, or think of anything but the one consuming terror which dwelt with him. The inexorable terrible Past set its pillar of cloud by day before him, and its pillar of fire by night. All day long the sordid and hideous crime of which he had been guilty enacted itself in shadowy form before him, and in the night it glared in fiery lines. Fire seemed within and without him as the weary automatic feet went on, hour after hour, hour after hour, until, before the eastern skies were gray, he sank from sheer exhaustion, and lay until the sun aroused him from dreams which enacted his crime with horrible iteration. He rose again, and once more the automatic feet carried him on. Where he had lain on the bare road, he was mud from head to heel. His eyes were bleared with the sleepless agony of his soul, and his knees bent beneath him. Country people passing him stared and laughed and pointed, believing him to be tipsy. He scarcely saw them as he staggered by. Coming to a little village inn, he entered, and called for bread-and-cheese and ale. He tendered a sovereign, and was going away without the change, when the host ran after him and placed it in his hand. He took it like a man in a dream, and roamed on again with all his senses clouded by the action of the food he had taken, and by the fatigue he had undergone, and the aching pains which followed his rest upon the muddy road. Yet the cloudy presentment of his tragedy was still before him in the cloud, and the dry fire of Remorse burned on within him. And he knew that though he lived beyond the uttermost span of human years, the fire would burn.

Thus with horrible automatic step, without volition of his own, he walked on slowly and more slowly, until he reached the little town of Thame. It was with no thought of escaping the detecting hand of justice that he avoided the better sort of inns. Exhausted Nature cried aloud for food and sleep; but he went wearily about the town until he came upon a little public-house in a by-street, and ate coarse food there ravenously and without relish, and then mounted the rickety stairs, and threw himself upon the uninviting bed and slept. Through the dark hollows of the night his dread walked with him, nameless, indefinable, full of unspeakable fear, unrecognised. When he awoke, he knew the companion of his sleep; and first as an added terror, and then as a first faint gleam of hope, and then again as an added terror came the thought, 'I shall go mad!'

The landlord and the landlady of the place had been discussing him, and when he descended the rickety stairs in the morning, the landlord questioned him.

'Might I make bold to ask where you're a-goin', mate?' asked the landlord.

Frank had not thought of going anywhere, but had started on that vainest of all vain enterprises, the attempt to outwalk himself. But he answered 'Liverpool,' thinking that would do as well as another place, and that he would go there.

'You bean't a seafarin' man?' said the landlord, pursuing his inquiry.

'No,' said Frank.

'Lookin' out for a job anywheer?'

'No,' said Frank again.

'Got money, maybe?' said the landlord.

'I have enough to pay your bill,' Frank answered, weary of the questions, but scarcely resenting them.

'That's right enough,' returned the host; 'a man's business is a man's business, and yourn ain't mine, and mine ain't yourn. But I suppose you can guess as it looks odd to see a man like you a-coming into a place like this.' Frank returned no answer, though the landlord waited. By-and-by he went on again. 'You've been on the loose, I reckon?'

'Suppose I have,' Frank returned, lifting his eyes for the first time. 'That gives you no right to question me. What do I owe you?'

'That's reasonable enough,' said the landlord; 'but a man like you can't help knowin' as it's suspicious-like, don't you see?'

'Will that pay you?' Frank asked, laying five shillings on the table.

'For a gentleman as doesn't want no questions asked, and doesn't want to be interfered with,' said the landlord, 'I think an extra five bob ud be the handsome thing.'

Frank laid down two other half-crowns, and went his way without further question. The landlord looked after him, jingling the ten shillings in his hand as he stood. His wife looked over his shoulder at the retreating limping figure. 'Poor young gentleman!' said she; 'I wonder what's wrong with him? He's in some sort o' trouble.'

'Ah!' said the landlord, shaking his head with an air of prophecy, 'we shall hear of him again. He's done something;' and with this sage conclusion, the landlord walked indoors, and threw the ten shillings into the till.

'I thought he was a gentleman,' said the landlady, 'directly I set eyes on him, for all the dirt on his clothes.'

'Anybody could ha' seen that,' said the landlord, 'if he'd had a heaviylauch o' mud on him.'

Frank went onward in the old mood. There was a gap between his common life and this which his mind almost failed to bridge; and he looked back dimly and with a lack of interest not easy to understand, on a happy life which somebody else seemed to have led a long long time ago. And all this time he never said to himself, 'I am miserable,' or 'My punishment is heavy,' or had any really conscious form of thought at all, except for instants of time, when Memory stabbed him, and then he always fell back into the dreamy horror which had before possessed him. Late that night it rained, and he was out upon a lonely road with only one light in sight, and that shone ruby red in the darkness. The road led him towards this light, and the telegraph wires made a mourning noise in the wind as he plashed along below them. Losing the red light now and then among the trees as the road twisted, he found himself suddenly below it, and near a railway arch. A set of wooden steps led towards the rustic railway station, and not knowing why, he stood before them in the rain until the far-off roar and whistle of an approaching train reached his ears. Still scarcely knowing why, he mounted the wet steps,

and faced a porter who was stamping down the platform in a gleaming tarpaulin cloak.

'Going by this train?' said the porter. 'She doesn't stop till Rugby.'

'Give me a ticket for Rugby,' Frank answered. It mattered nothing where he went, and he allowed chance to drift him.

The train came lumbering up, and he entered one of the carriages. But for himself it was empty; and as he sat there, the monotonous clank of carriage and engine sent him to sleep, and for an hour he was at peace. But Remorse stood ready for him with that Nessus cloak of torment which she carries, and wrapped him in the fiery shroud when he awoke. So in the rain, he turned into the streets of the familiar town. Rugby! he had spent the happiest hours of his life, the happiest years there, as many hundreds of English gentlemen had done before, and have done since his day. And as he walked about the silent rainy streets, the magic of things familiar laid a hand upon him, until recalling what he had been, he was seized with such a passion of self-pity that he laid his head down upon a garden-wall and wept as if his heart would break. As if his heart would break? His heart was broken.

Though pity for himself unsealed his tears—and few men ever weep tears of real passion but at the bidding of their own sorrows, and not another's—his soul, unclouded for a moment, looked back, and saw all whom he had left and lost who loved him, and he wept for their sakes and for the tears which they would weep. And thereby—as I would fain believe—God's hand of healing for the first time touched that sinful and suffering soul. Shine out, Repentance, with angelic eyes, sweet opposite of harsh Remorse; shine out, and lead us to a purer stream than Lethe's, which is all Remorse dare pray for!

PROFESSIONAL ROBBERS OF THE PESHAWUR VALLEY.

PESHAWUR, which is about sixteen miles from the Khyber Pass, has a population of fifty or sixty thousand. Its position at the entrance of the chief gateway into Cabul gathers within its walls men from almost every district in India and every country in Central Asia. About two miles from the city is the military cantonment. It is perhaps the most important in the whole country. In general there are stationed in it nine or ten regiments and three or four batteries of artillery. It is not my intention to discuss the importance of its position or give a sketch of its history. My purpose is to give a short account of some of the robberies which took place when I was quartered in it some years ago.

Many soldiers who have been stationed at the cantonment have left Peshawur without any knowledge of the city itself. This does not arise from any unwillingness on the part of the British soldier to visit the city, but from a garrison order forbidding him to enter it without a written permission from his commanding officer. Such an order is seemingly a very hard one, but it is one which is absolutely necessary. In the bazaars are to be found men from almost every district in India; and what is more to our purpose at present, men belonging to the many tribes which occupy the neighbouring hills. These tribes in their form of

government and in their devotion to their chiefs are very similar to the Highland clans of Scotland in former times. Though they are at constant enmity with each other, there are two things which can band these tribes, and these are by them considered as one—a war with the English, and the defence of their religion. Such a people are readily excited, and street brawls in the native city of Peshawur are consequently by no means uncommon. The appearance of the British soldier has often a maddening influence on the more religious Mussulmans; and Europeans, at least those belonging to the military branch of the service, have not yet learned to take meekly any insult offered to them by natives. It is on this account that permission to enter the city is so carefully guarded by commanding officers.

Arms, horses, and money are the chief things sought after by the thieves and robbers in the Peshawur Valley and adjoining hills; and there is no breach of charity in stating that the men of the hill-tribes are professional robbers. To secure these articles, they adopt almost every conceivable plan, and shew no little skill and daring, as may be seen from the following illustrations, which, I may add, are given without any colouring, and are strictly true.

Mr Lowenthal, a well-known missionary, stationed at Peshawur, was one night sitting at his desk, when he saw his *dhurree* (carpet) quietly lifted up by a man's head rising apparently out of the floor. An exclamation of surprise and a call for help caused the head to disappear. On inspection, Mr Lowenthal found that his house had been entered in a way somewhat unusual, but by no means new. The thieves—there must have been more than one engaged in the affair—had dug a hole close to the study, and run a tunnel right under the wall to the middle of the floor of the room. Some idea of the skill of the miners may be learned from the fact that Mr Lowenthal was not disturbed by any noise until the head of the robber was actually in the room. A year or two after the above incident took place, this eminent oriental scholar was murdered in his veranda by one of his own servants.

Earthquakes are of frequent occurrence in the Peshawur Valley, and on this account nearly every house is built of mud mixed with chopped straw, the same material being used for out-house buildings, of which the stable is generally the most important. A mounted officer has perhaps two hundred pounds invested in horses, and it is therefore a most important matter for him that these animals should be protected from the hands of thieves. Many are the plans used for this purpose. Perhaps the most successful, and consequently the most popular, is to fasten an iron chain round each hind-leg of the horse, and padlock the chains to an iron bar driven firmly into the ground. This, however, does not always defy the thieves, as they know the use of a file as well as their pale-faced neighbours. There are instances known when the robbers, finding all their attempts fail to get rid of the chains, in their anger have had the brutality to cut the feet off the horse.

Many officers trust to *chokedhars* or watchmen; but these men are only to be implicitly trusted when there is no danger near. The Sikh watchmen are an exception, but they are difficult to

find. There has ever been a deadly feud between the Afghans and the Sikhs, and a sleeping Sikh watchman found by an Afghan prowler receives no mercy. A knife driven into his heart ends sleep and life together. In general the watchmen are natives of the district, and are quite aware that the most pleasant part of their duty is to draw their wages once a month. They may actually see the thieves loosening their master's horses, and the groom may be lying within a yard of the horses watching with fear and trembling every movement; yet neither will interfere. They will not even shew any sign of being awake, because any attempt on their part to disturb what is going on, or to raise an alarm, would make the thieves take notice of them in a way far from pleasant. There is, in fact, no plan to protect horses which has not occasionally proved a failure. The gallant General commanding the Peshawur Division at the time to which I am alluding, had a very valuable mule—an animal greatly prized in a hilly country—which he placed for security in front of a guard of native soldiers and within a few yards of the sentry's beat. It attracted the notice of some of the hillmen, and a little cautious daring made it their prize. Selecting a dark night for their enterprise, they crawled along the ground until they reached the animal. With one slash of their knives the head and heel ropes were cut; and before the sentry could do anything, one of the thieves was on the back of the mule, and both were lost in darkness.

The most popular plan of horse-stealing is, however, somewhat different. It requires at least three men to carry it out comfortably and successfully. One of them quietly steals his way into the stable, and lays hold of a cord which has been pushed through one of the air-holes in the wall by one of his friends outside. The two use the string as a saw, while the third man pours upon it a plentiful supply of water. The cord silently and speedily cuts its way down the mud wall. In a wonderfully short time the three craftsmen manage to saw round a portion of the wall, which when pushed outwards, leaves a space sufficient to allow a horse to pass out. This done, the remaining work presents no difficulty. The ropes which bind the horse are cut, and in a short time he is cantering to the hills with generally two and sometimes his three new masters on his back.

A somewhat bold and impudent exploit in the horse-stealing line was the amusement and the talk of the station for some days. The cantonment is literally a camp. At sundown a chain of sentries communicating with each other is posted right round it. This demands a great number of men, and all regiments, cavalry and infantry, European and native, nightly give their proportions. A native trooper on the occasion to which I refer, fastened his horse to the peg fixed about the middle of his 'beat;' and to keep up his courage and himself warm—the night was very dark and bitterly cold—walked pretty smartly backwards and forwards on his 'beat.' The extent of his walk was not more than thirty yards, and thus at no time could he have been more than fifteen yards from his charger. He was armed in the usual way with a short rifle and a tulwar or sword. While thus doing duty, a hillman was

watching him with an eye to business. He managed to crawl quite close to him without exciting notice; and waiting quietly until the sentry was near the end of his walk, and of course with his back to the horse, the robber cut the charger's rope, mounted him, and in a moment was galloping from the station. The sentry fired his rifle in the direction in which his steed had gone; guards turned out, and a lot of noise was raised; but the outwitted soldier never saw his horse again. To him the loss was a serious one, as the horses of the native cavalry regiments do not belong to the government, but to the troopers themselves.

The Peshawur robbers are not only daring fellows by nature and training—conscience being a commodity of which they do not know anything, and for which they have really no word in their language—but their courage in their enterprises is kept up by the careful preparations which they make before beginning any serious undertaking in their line. They strip themselves of every article of clothing, and then smear themselves over with oil or ghee, which is butter prepared in a particular way for keeping. Thus they can literally give the slip to any one attempting to lay hold of them. In addition to this precaution they carry a knife about the length of the arm, somewhat heavy, and of the keenest edge.

Farther 'down country' there prevailed a strange custom among the professional thieves, which I have not seen noticed in any books. They fasten iron hooks—very similar in shape to our ordinary fish-hooks—to their fingers. Should they be disturbed in their operations, and attacked, they claw the faces of those trying to capture them, and thus inflict four terrible wounds.

One of the most common preparations to insure safety made by the hillmen when they intend to rob a house in the cantonments, is a very simple one. They provide themselves with ten or a dozen stones half the size of the fist, which they lay down on the ground at intervals on their approach to the house on which they contemplate operations. Should they be disturbed or pursued, they retreat on the line of the stones, and picking them up as they retire, throw them at their pursuers, and with such precision and force, that we have never heard of a capture under these circumstances.

Seldom indeed do the thieves, unless compelled, use violence, though they, like all their countrymen, hold life cheap. They prefer to carry off their booty quietly. I was in a camp on one occasion, when some thieves came into the regimental bazaar and lifted the tent in which the baker and his wife were sleeping without disturbing their slumbers, and carried it away. The silence of the movements and the gentleness of the touch of these men are wonderful. One has difficulty in believing the story about the native who climbed a tree and took an egg out of a nest without disturbing the bird which was sitting on it; and one has a little more difficulty in believing the addition to the story, that while the man was taking the egg, a second man climbed the tree and stole his trousers. But I have known servants who put the socks on the feet of their masters without disturbing them, before they awoke them for morning parade with, 'Sahib, Sahib, bugle gone;' and it is a well-known fact

that a good 'professional' will take the sheet from under a person lying upon it, even after he has given warning that he will do so. The plan adopted is ingenious. The performer folds very smoothly the one side of the sheet which is not occupied. He then tickles the ear or the nostril of the sleeper gently, but sufficient to cause him to turn round a little. The piece of sheet thus gained is added to the folds. The process is repeated until one half the sheet is in folds. The operator then goes to the opposite side of the bed, and with a delicate use of the feather he soon has the sleeper over the folded portion, and the delicate trick accomplished.

A very good illustration of the confidence which the hillmen have in their ability to do their work quietly, occurred some years ago. One of the highest military officials, whose name is well known along the western side of India, and who should have been a very prominent person in the late war, was promoted on account of excellent services to an important post 'down country.' A night or two before his departure, and after all his goods had been packed up, he and his wife were awakened from their sleep by a noise in their bedroom. Before them were several men coolly removing their boxes. The officer, with perhaps more courage than prudence, at once made an attempt to defend his property, but this quickly induced one of the robbers to fire a pistol at him, with fortunately a badly directed aim. They knew that the report would arouse the neighbourhood, and that further chance for that night was gone, and accordingly they took to flight. Subsequent inquiries shewed that the robbery had been deliberately planned, and that many were engaged in it. Men were placed at short distances from each other a considerable way along the road leading to the country, to hand the boxes one to the other. The men who entered the bedroom had the handihood to light a candle, and the cunning to shade its light from the eyes of the sleepers by keeping the lady's parasol, which they had opened for the purpose, between them and it. It was found that some of the officer's servants had a hand in the attempt to rob him, and one or two were punished; but their accomplices were never caught.

I have only to allude to the way in which the hillmen try to get possession of firearms. There is nothing they prize so highly as the British soldier's rifle and some rounds of ammunition. Every precaution is taken to secure the rifles, but during the time I was in the station many were stolen. An order was given commanding every soldier to place his rifle under his cotton mattress and sleep upon it. Still the rifles were lost. There was a suspicion that some of the soldiers sold them; and accordingly strong presses were placed in the barrack-rooms, in which the rifles were lodged every night; but still now and then rifles were missing. The hillmen, finding that their chance in the barrack-rooms had gone, turned their attention to the guard-rooms. The guard consisted of a sergeant and twelve men at least. Each man had his rifle, and every sentry had his rifle loaded. The thieves easily managed to escape the notice of the sentry in a dark night, and slip into the guard-room; and there they generally succeeded in finding at least one rifle handy, and made off with it. If the sentry

discovered what was going on, he was unwilling to fire, because if he sent a bullet through one of the robbers, he was tried by a general court-martial. Though 'honourably acquitted' was always the finding, the trial nevertheless brought a great amount of trouble to him—a fact of which the thieves were doubtless aware.

THE EVICTION:

AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

IN TEN CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

My reverie was interrupted by the low prolonged sound of a horn, proceeding apparently from some point not far from the mansion. I at once extinguished the lights upon the table, and, going to the dining-room window, partially undid the shutters. From the point where I stood I had a view of a long strip of lawn, bordered on both sides by a dense wood. I looked and listened attentively. The night was very calm, and the moon lit up the whole place almost as bright as day. Soon again the dull booming of the horn could be heard; and immediately after, I saw three men emerge from the trees on the right hand at some distance from the house, cross the lawn leisurely, and plunge into the wood on the opposite side. This observation made me very uneasy. It was now well-nigh midnight, and all honest country-folk would be in bed long before that hour. I might have concluded the persons I had observed to be poachers; but poachers do not usually rally together at the sound of a horn. I remained standing at the window for some time longer; but, nothing more presenting itself, I closed the shutters again carefully, and went up to bed. All night long I was oppressed with sad forebodings, and sleep fled from my eyes.

Early next morning, Donnelly the bailiff came to me in a state of great excitement and alarm. He declined to utter a syllable till we were alone in the office. Then, after having carefully examined the doors and apertures, as if to preclude the possibility of an eaves-dropper, he returned, and remarked to me in a sepulchral tone: 'Mr Wharton, this affair of Scallan's is goin' to be a bad business. Me boy Mick brought me home a quare letther last night—the murderinest letther I ever read. It called me the stag Donnelly, an' wint on to say that the bhoys wor goin' to have me life for intherfarein' in the eviction, an' backin' Nesbitt for to get the farrum. It made me blood run could. An' there wos thrampin' o' men round me house the whole blessed night.'

'Could your son,' I asked, 'recognise the man who gave him the note?'

'No sir, barrin' that he was a dark low-set man, an' apparently a sthranger in these parts. Ochone! I'm not the same thing at all at all since I got it. Here it is, sir.'

I took the letter from the bailiff's trembling hand, and perused it carefully. It was apparently written by the same hand as the letter I had received, but conveyed threats much more dire and peremptory. No wonder that it unnerved him; it would have unnerved many a stouter-hearted fellow than he apparently was. I strove to reassure him as best I could, assumed a jocular air, and told him that doubtless some folks were

trying to frighten him. But jocularly sat ill upon me in my present mood; and I utterly failed to reassure the unfortunate bailiff. He talked dismally about his wife and family—he asked me to make his will. He reminded me of a fact which I feared was but too true—that I didn't know the class of people I had got to deal with. He said it was easy for me to see my way. I could come and go as I liked; but he, in virtue of his little holding, was doomed to live among them, for better or worse; and the tenor of the letter left little doubt that it would be for worse. These were facts; and facts were stubborn things. As I was casting about for some device, it occurred to me that I might do worse than get young Mr Carnegie's advice upon the matter. No sooner said than done. I went to the desk and wrote a short note to him, stating that I wished to see him as soon as possible on some very urgent business. Having directed it, I gave it into the hands of Donnelly to deliver. He readily divined its purport, and appeared considerably satisfied withal, if I could judge by the alacrity with which he left the office to execute his errand. I had been careful to conceal as much as possible my own uneasiness, and of course forbore mention of the threatening letter which I myself had received.

Scarcely had he left the office when the Scotchman Nesbitt entered it. The latter came to tell me that he had changed his mind about the taking of Scallan's farm; that he had been over it, and found it generally unsuitable for his purposes. 'The land was as bare as a tin whistle,' to use his own expression. Besides, he had got an unco unplaisant epistle owen-nicht, full o' threatenin' an' murder; an' he, for fear that he wad get his 'head in his hand,' wad like to let the matter drop.

This view of things, so advisable from the Scotchman's point of view, put me in a very awkward fix. However, without loss of time I set myself to get out of it, by sending a special message to the two other competitors for the land, who luckily lived in the neighbourhood. They answered my call with sufficient promptness; but they also had caught the contagion. It was thrue, they said, that they wor lookin' for land, but each of them had got better offers since they wor spakin' to me about Scallan's farrum. An' forbye that, the farrum was in the height of dissolution, the ditches bruk down, an' not as much grass on it as 'ud graze a Tom-cat. Wid respect, they wouldn't go no farther wid the job, an' shure there wus no harrum done.

I was in a state of mind far from enviable, as a result of these negotiations, when the servant entering, announced Mr Carnegie. I hailed his arrival with extreme satisfaction. I felt that he was just the man to direct me in the present crisis. He knew the country, and he knew the people. His genial spirit was calculated to invite confidence; so I talked to him without restraint. I detailed to him the incident of the morning, and shewed him the two threatening letters. I asked him for advice in the matter; there was no one, I said, better qualified to give it. As for myself, I was at a dead-lock.

'Is there no prospect of applications for the land from elsewhere?' he asked.

'I fear not,' said I.

'And you don't feel inclined to hush up the business by giving back the land to Scallan?'

'Certainly not. Besides, even if I were ever so much inclined to that course, it is impossible to adopt it, after what has occurred between the parties concerned.'

'Well then, the farm must run to waste unless something is done.'

'I suppose so.'

'A happy thought strikes me. Why not stock it yourself? It will get you out of your dilemma, and prove a profitable way of investing your extra capital besides.'

'The idea is really very good, Mr Carnegie. But I don't know anything about cattle or fairs; and I would like to get the thing settled at once, if at all.'

'There is a score of bullocks down at my place, that I'm preparing for the Nobber Fair. You might step down and have a look at them. If they please you—and I think they will—we could get them quietly slipped over to Scallan's lands after dark without any unnecessary fuss.'

'I am sure I am extremely obliged to you for your suggestion; it is just the thing. I am quite satisfied to leave the entire matter in your hands.'

'Nothing of the kind, my dear sir. Friendship is all very well in its way; but business is business. Send your man Donnelly down; he is a good judge of cattle, and can drive a bargain with any cattle-jobber in the country. Between us, we can settle the value of the lot, and he can have them back with him. The whole thing is quite simple.'

'Take care, however,' I put in, 'that you don't allow the fellow to cut you down in the price of the bullocks. Their value to me is greatly enhanced by the circumstances of the case.'

'There is no ground for alarm on that score,' replied Mr Carnegie, smiling. 'I know how to take care of myself.'

'I certainly feel greatly relieved at having my difficulty solved so satisfactorily.'

'Oh, that is all well enough. I should be much better pleased to know that you realised your exact position. At this moment, you are in a state of extreme peril. By receiving tenders for Scallan's farm you have thrown down the gauntlet to the Ribbonmen; and doubtless ere this they have arraigned you before their dreadful tribunal.'

'Oh, I am not unprepared,' said I, throwing back my double-breasted coat, and displaying to his admiring gaze a Colt's revolver and a pair of pistols.

'All very well; but useless, sir—perfectly useless, if you intend to move about the country. You don't suppose that the Ribbonman is going to have a duel with you? No sir; he will have at you from behind a wall or a hedge. You must keep indoors this weather; it is your only chance. Leave the bailiff, or somebody, or anybody, to manage your business, and to come down periodically to report progress. The rascals may be, and probably are lying in wait for you at your own gate. I observe a number of very suspicious characters about the neighbourhood just at present.'

'But I am not my own master; it is absolutely necessary that I should go out. Besides, constant

staying in the house would be insupportable; it would be worse than imprisonment itself. What means of protection would you suggest for me to adopt out of doors—to employ occasionally, you know?'

'Well, the best thing you can do is to mount an inner coat of mail, one that's bullet-proof. There is such a one down at my place, which my poor uncle wore in the bad times. You are welcome to it, of course. I daresay you'll find it somewhat heavy; but that is a thing of small importance when life is at stake. I shall send it over to you this evening by Donnelly.'

'A thousand thanks. You could not have hit upon anything better. By the way, talking of arms and armour, don't you think that a little revolver practice would do me no harm—just to steady myself if any difficulty arose? It would give me something to do indoors.'

'It is a most excellent idea: I was on the point of broaching it. During the bad times, my uncle went in for three or four hours of it every day; it was his favourite pastime. He used to remark that every land-agent in Westmeath should be able to hit an ace of hearts twice out of three times at fifteen paces.'

'It will be a long time, I fear, before I arrive at such a pitch of excellence.'

'You can only do your best. Believe me, it is most important; for if in an encounter with those rascals, you happen to miss your mark, it's bound to be all up with you. Independent of that, it will give them a hint in season.'

'In what way?'

'When they come to hear that you are a marksman. There are spies about, who will be safe to report your movements to the fraternity; ay, spies where you least expect them—among your own domestics, perhaps. The fact is, every man in the country is a Ribbonman; he must be one, to be able to live in the country at all.'

'What about Donnelly?'

'Oh, he's all right; he's as true as steel. A bailiff stands on the same footing as a policeman in Ireland; and both are considered as the tools of English despotism. Donnelly might be trusted with untold gold; but he's a doomed man, sir, if there was ever one in Westmeath.'

'Poor fellow! he will leave a wife and family behind him,' I sighed, thinking of my own case.

'Ah, yes; that is the worst point about most of these occurrences. When a fellow is single and unencumbered, he doesn't mind running risks. But we must hope for the best; and if the worst does come to the worst, why, sir, it is the visitation of Providence. But I must be off. Don't forget to send Donnelly over.'

'Before you go, allow me to thank you again for your very great kindness. Believe me, I can never forget it.'

'Tut, tut, man—nothing of the kind. But if anything does occur where my advice or assistance would be of use, be sure to let me know. By night or day, at whatever time the message comes, I shall be ready. Meanwhile, expose yourself as little as possible. So good-bye.'

That evening, the bailiff went over to Mr Carnegie's place; looked at the cattle; purchased a score of the best; and after nightfall, drafted them over into Scallan's meadows. He brought

the coat of mail back with him also. I saw him cast very wistful looks at the same as he handed it to me. For his own protection, I gave him a brace of pistols and an American bowie-knife; for which he seemed grateful. Poor man! he seemed to require such things more than myself. He went home in high feather.

When all the domestics had retired to rest, I went up to my bedroom and tried on the coat of mail. It was somewhat heavy, but appeared fully up to its business—that is, of stopping a flying bullet. The possession of such an apparatus should, I suppose, have eased my mind considerably. But somehow it did not. On the contrary, I felt as despondent as ever. I could not but reflect that such armour afforded a very poor protection after all. At that very moment, midnight assassins might be surrounding the house; perhaps might be lurking in the very next chamber. I slept very little that night; and what sleep I had was troubled with harassing dreams.

THE FATE OF THE SPANISH ARMADA OF 1588.

THE great Armada which in 1588 was prepared by Philip II. of Spain to conquer England and Ireland, in order to crush the Protestant religion in these countries and to punish Queen Elizabeth and her subjects for their apostasy from the faith of their ancestors, will always be considered an interesting historical event. As is well known, the preparations of Philip had lasted eight years, and were on a great scale. A fleet of one hundred and thirty-two large vessels, commanded by the Duke de Medina-Sidonia, carrying three thousand one hundred and sixty-five guns, and about thirty thousand soldiers and sailors, sailed from Lisbon; while an army of forty thousand men under the Duke of Parma was assembled in Flanders, to co-operate with the Armada. On the 20th of July, the Spanish Admiral, having received information that the English fleet had taken shelter in Plymouth, made for that port, in order to destroy it; but during the night the English ships glided out of the harbour, and on the following morning attacked the Spanish fleet in its rear.

After various vicissitudes, the Armada, as every reader knows, suffered dreadful disasters; but as the ultimate fate of many of the ships and their commanders may not be so generally known, we propose to offer a few words on the subject.

One of the squadrons, commanded by Don Juan Gomez de Medina, which consisted of about twenty ships, was wrecked on Fair Isle, between Orkney and Shetland, where those who escaped drowning suffered great hunger and cold for six or seven weeks. The commander having at length obtained a vessel, the shipwrecked Spaniards put to sea, and at last found themselves off the little seaport town of Anstruther in Fife-shire, where the officers landed, and asked for shelter and assistance. The bailies of the town, surprised at the arrival of so many strangers, notified this unusual event to their minister Mr James Melville, who happened to have some knowledge of Spanish, and who thus records what took place: 'Up I got with diligence, and assembling the honest men of the town, came

to the Tolbooth; and after consultation taken to hear them and what answer to make, there presents us a very reverend man, of big stature, and grave and stout countenance, gray-haired, and very humble-like, wha, after meikle and very low courtesy, bowing down with his face near the ground, and touching my shoe with his hand, began his harangue in the Spanish tongue, whereof I understood the substance, and being about to answer in Latin, he having only a young man with him to be his interpreter, began and tauld ower again to us in gude English. The sum was, that they were come hither, as to their special friends and confederates, to kiss the king's majesty's hand of Scotland—and therewith becket [bowed] evin to the yird [ground]—and to find relief and comfort thereby to himself, these gentlemen, captains, and the poor souldiers, whose condition was for the present maist miserable and pitiful.'

The Laird of Anstruther entertained the commander and his officers; while the soldiers, to the number of two hundred and sixty—described 'for the maist part young beardless men, silly [weak], trauchled [worn out], and hungered'—received shelter and a supply of 'kail, pottage, and fish.' The names of the officers, besides Juan Gomez, were Capitan Patricio, Capitan de Legoretto, Capitan de Luffero, Capitan Mauritio, and Signor Serrano.

Melville also relates an interesting anecdote in connection with this circumstance, which was, that on his return home, the Spanish Admiral shewed great kindness to the crew of an Anstruther vessel which he found arrested at Calais. 'He rade to court for her, and made great roose [praise] of Scotland to his king, took the honest men to his house, and enquirt for the Laird of Anstruther, for the minister, and his host, and sent hame many commendations.'

It is interesting as connecting these remote events with the present time, that in 1870 a Shetland gentleman, Mr Edmonston of Bunes, presented to the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland a chair which belonged to the Spanish Admiral wrecked on Fair Isle. There is also preserved in the family of Mr Balfour of Trenaly a silver cup, given by the Admiral to a native of Fair Isle, named Malcolm Sinclair. It is also believed that the shipwrecked Spaniards instructed the natives of Shetland in knitting and dyeing the fine wool of their country, articles made of which are now so much esteemed.

On the west coast of Scotland, several ships of the Armada were wrecked. About the beginning of October 1588, one of the larger ones, in which there were five hundred men, sixty brass besides other guns, and a great deal of gold and silver, was driven ashore near the Mull of Cantyre. It was suddenly blown up with gunpowder, when two or three hundred men perished. Another ship having found its way into the Firth of Clyde, sunk near Portincross Castle, Ayrshire; but in this case some of the crew were saved. In 1740 several guns were recovered from this wreck by divers, one of which, having traces of the Spanish crown and arms, lay for many years beside the old castle. In 1855 a descendant of one of these Spaniards, who was said to have retained many of the peculiarities of his race, died at an advanced age at Ardrossan.

Another vessel of the Armada, called the *Florida*,

was blown up and destroyed off the harbour of Tobermory, a plot for that purpose having been planned and executed under the direction of Maclean of Dowart, for which he obtained a remission under the Privy Seal. Remains of this vessel have been within a recent period occasionally brought up. Part of the wood was presented by Sir Walter Scott to His Majesty George IV. on his visit to Edinburgh in 1822. Several attempts were made to recover the sunk treasure in the *Florida*; one in 1688 by Sacheverel, governor of Man, who tried diving-bells with success. The report of the country was that he recovered many valuables. Another attempt was made in 1740 by Sir Archibald Grant and Captain Roe to raise her by means of divers and machinery. This attempt was unsuccessful; but some guns were brought up. Within the last year or two the question has been again mooted.

On the coast of Ireland, above seventeen ships of the Armada, with nearly twelve thousand men, were wrecked or destroyed; and such of the crews as escaped shipwreck were either executed or murdered by the natives. In the beginning of October 1588, during a storm, a galleon of one thousand tons, named *Our Lady of the Rosary*, went to pieces on the coast of Kerry. Out of a crew of seven hundred men, five hundred had died, and the remainder—most of whom were gentlemen—there perished; the son of the pilot, who had lashed himself to a plank, alone being saved. Seven ships were dashed to pieces on the coast of Clare, and only one hundred and fifty men, who struggled through the surf, escaped. A galleon commanded by Don Lewis of Cordova surrendered at Galway, and other vessels went on shore at different points of Connemara. Any survivors of these crews were shot or hanged; the only exception being Don Lewis, whose ransom it was supposed might be valuable. A galleon commanded by Don Pedro de Mendoza ran aground behind Clare Island. The Don landed with one hundred companions, taking with them their chests of treasure; but the chief of the island, Dowdany O'Malley, set upon and killed them all; while a few days afterwards the ship itself was in a storm dashed upon the rocks, and all the crew were drowned. Another galleon was wrecked in the immediate vicinity of Clare Island, and the crew were either drowned or killed by the people. On the coast between Sligo and Ballyshannon, the principal destruction of the Spanish Armada took place. There the scene was one of the most frightful ever witnessed. Sir G. Fenton wrote at the time: 'When I was at Sligo, I numbered on one strand, of less than five miles in length, eleven hundred dead bodies of men, which the sea had driven upon the shore. The country-people told me the like was in other places, though not to the like number.' It was computed that eight thousand Spaniards perished between the Giants' Causeway and Blasket Sound. Any that the sea spared were killed on land. Sir Richard Bingham, the governor of Connaught, claimed to have killed eleven hundred! A man named Melaghlín M'Cabbe was also reported to have despatched no less than eighty with his gallow-glass axe. When a galleon came ashore, the natives flocked like wolves to the scene. As the crews were flung on the sands, some drowned, some struggling for life, they became the prey of the

savages who were watching for them. 'A stroke of a club,' says Froude, 'brought all to a common state, and stripped of the finery which had been their destruction, they were left to the wash of the tide.'

The fate of one of the ships of the Armada called the *Rata*, commanded by Don Alonzo da Leyva, one of the bravest and best loved of the Spanish officers, forms perhaps the saddest episode in the history of the expedition. To the care of this officer many of the noblest youths of Castile had been intrusted. His ship had been in the thickest of every fight, and although much shattered, found its way to Blacksod Bay, and anchored outside Ballycroy. In a storm about the beginning of September, the ship was driven on shore, and Don Leyva with his crew managed to land, and took shelter in an old castle in the neighbourhood. After a short time they fell in with another galleon and a galleass of the Armada which happened to be off the coast, in which they put to sea; but they were afterwards driven on the rocks, and again were shipwrecked. In October, however, a galleass that had gone on shore at Callibeg was repaired, and Don Alonzo taking the half of the survivors on board, at length ventured to set sail for the west of Scotland. The vessel, however, struck on a rock off Dunluce and went to pieces. Only five out of the whole number were saved, while Don Alonzo and the Castilian nobles at last perished. Two hundred and sixty of their bodies were washed ashore, and committed promiscuously to the grave.

Of the whole Armada, only fifty-four ships, with between eight and nine thousand men, returned to Spain; the latter in such a wretched state that it was piteous to see them. They were so overcome with hardships and fatigue, and so dispirited with their discomfiture, that all their country was filled with accounts of the desperate valour of the English, and of the tempestuous violence of the ocean by which their islands were surrounded. Nearly every noble family in Spain was thrown into mourning, from having lost sons, brothers, or other relatives, who had entered the Armada as volunteers in this holy crusade. 'They had rushed,' says Froude, 'into the service with an emotion pure and generous as ever sent Templars to the Sepulchre of Christ. They believed that they were the soldiers of the Almighty.' These delusions, however, were dispelled by the English cannon; while to complete their misfortunes, the elements hurled them upon the most dangerous coasts in the world.

MY LITTLE SWEETHEART.

A STUDY FROM LIFE.

WHEN I first knew her, she was fifteen years old; I was twenty-four. She was a schoolmaster's daughter; I, a schoolmaster's son. We first met one September evening. Her father was a struggling pedagogue, with a family of seven children to support, and few pupils. I had it in my head to become his partner, and went down first to see how things were looking. I arrived after a lengthy journey; and the first thing I saw when ushered into the room was a little girl seated in an old arm-chair, with a

big book upon her knee. Such a little girl, in short frocks, hardly up to my shoulders. She shook hands with me; and as she did so, I noticed her eyes were blue, her hair was a golden brown, escaping from its bonds in rippling wavelets; and that she had a curiously winning smile, smiling not only with her lips, but with her eyes and face and all. Later on, I was struck by the way her little head was poised upon her shoulders. She was upright as a dart; and when she moved, it was with an infinite grace, as some tiny queen.

Her name was Emily; to her friends she was always Em. I am not, and was not particularly susceptible; but in some strange fashion this little fifteen-year-old lady wound herself round my heart as no one ever did before or since. She was the greatest puss. She was full of mischief as an egg of meat. She was lazy; she was untidy; she was perpetually—and deservedly—in hot-water; but with it all, she was as some little maiden stepped down from fairyland.

She and I struck up a friendship. She always did make friends with all male creatures, whether five years old or fifty. I was a scribbler even then; and I fancy the pride of authorship, even in so small a degree, had a certain charm for her, which set me up in her eyes. She wrote her name in my birthday-book; and beneath it I wrote, 'My Little Sweetheart.' It lies before me at this moment. She was the most audacious talker; would prattle of all things under heaven, and was never happy if her tongue were still. She was full of the grandest projects; meant to do the greatest things; and in moments of enthusiasm would pour forth her ambitious soul. But she had no idea of anything beyond its commencement; she knew not what system was, and would take up a plan but to fling it from her, just like the idle puss she was. One thing, and one thing only, would she persevere in—mischief.

'Reform!' she would say, when very penitent, her sins being anew found out. 'Now, did you ever hear of anybody reforming at fifteen?' This with her hands behind her, and the most solemnly comical look in the blue eyes which waited for an answer to her question. 'I think,' she would say, if you could manage to be in earnest with her five minutes in succession, 'if you only give me one more chance, I will—yes, I will be better.'

But no. She would fly through her work like a bird flinging unwelcome showers from its wing. She could not see that life was real.

Yet had she good cause to see that it was so. It was the hardest struggle in the world for her father and mother to bring two ends together. Very little money was ever hers. Her wardrobe was of the scantiest. She knew nothing of pleasure, as some people understand it; she had never been ten miles out of the town where she was born. Yet there must have been some fairy present at her birth, for she was like a summer's day, always bright. Not that she could not be grave. That was one of her rarest charms—her gift of sympathy. Only let some one whom she knew and cared for be in sorrow, and Em would not be far away. Dark indeed would be that

sorrow which did not change to light when her sun was shining. Her voice, her eyes, her arms, all joined to drive the shadows away, and soothe the sufferer with the presence of her love.

Yet was it love? That is a question I have been long revolving. Did My Little Sweetheart understand what love might be? Hardly. There was no depth in her nature; and that foundation of patience on which love must rest, was scarcely there. Hers was a heart which felt for all the world, but only till it laughed with her. Absence never made her heart grow fonder; and if she sorrowed to part with you to-day, she joyed with your successor on the morrow. Constancy was more than she could fathom; and he would have been a foolish fellow who would have had her wait till he carved his way to fortune. She could not understand that life was real.

Time sped. I had now known her more than two years. I was going for a rambling expedition to foreign parts; and though I knew I was a fool for my pains, to me it was a bitter parting. And so for the time, I think it was to her; for in some way links had been joined between us without our ever knowing they were being forged.

'Well,' said I to her, the day before I went, we being alone together, 'Blue Eyes, how long shall I be missed?'

The only answer was to throw herself upon the hearth-rug, place her hands upon my knees, and turn her eyes up towards my face.

'Ah, Blue Eyes,' said I, trifling with her sunny hair, 'you'll have another sweetheart in a week.'

'In a week?' said she, in that curiously clear voice of hers. 'Do you think so?' She looked up at me and watched me for a moment. Then she turned and got upon her knees, kneeling in front of me. 'Perhaps so,' she said. 'But'—leaning forward, so that her breath mingled with mine—'he'll never be a sweetheart like you.'

What could I do? I knew her so well! I knew that this was just what she would say to any one by way of comfort. I knew that her words were as trifles, light as air.

'Make no vows,' said I, 'only to be broken. You and I have had happy times; why should I begrudge the same to another?'

She was silent. She was now nearly eighteen; but she was so small, that it never occurred to me to think of her as anything but a little girl. She put her hands out and took mine, still in the same quiet fashion. 'Would you like me to?' said she—'would you like me to—to take another?'

'Em,' said I, 'what does it matter what I like? Before the sun has gone down upon my going, another day will have dawned for you.' I looked at her. It came to me that this was very bitter, and however great a fool I might be, I could not entirely hide what was in my heart. 'Little Sweetheart,' said I, 'of one thing be sure—I never shall forget you.'

She came to me, and I kissed her. She still kept her face near mine. 'Bertie,' said she—it was the first time she had ever called me Bertie; it had always been plain Mister before, and the name rang in my ears—'Bertie, I'll not forget you in a week.'

I almost pushed her from me. I knew this dalliance was worse than folly—I knew her so well—and rose to my feet. 'No,' said I, with bitter mirth; 'not in a week, but in eight days.'

She made no answer, but still knelt at my feet. And so we parted; for the farewell on the morrow was but a formal one.

Two years passed by. Occasionally I sent her little notes, pictures of noted places, foolish curiosities. But I never gave her my address. I knew letter-writing was not her strong point, and for some reason I did not like to think that she would not write, although she could. Through it all I bore her memory with me, and wherever I might be, at times would come the shadow of her sweet face. I would not own it to myself; but now and again I hungered for a sight of her, and because I knew it was so, and that it was such foolishness, I stopped away longer than I had intended. But at last I came back. One of my first visits was to B—; for, try how I would, I could not deny the longing for another sight of her. I found that the position of the parents of Em had little improved; and her mother told me that she had gone into the world as a governess. Such had always been the intention; but I wondered what sort of governess she would make. A staid *gouvernante*? with those blue eyes, and that smile, that everlasting spirit of mischief which would be bubbling out? Fancy her a sober preceptress! And who were her sweethearts now? Was there a pupil old enough to be made the recipient of her favours? Or was there some one who was not a pupil, still more capable? Well, what did it matter to me? She and I had each our way to go.

Her mother told me her situation was in the neighbourhood of Ryde. Happening to have friends in that town, I made them an excuse for a visit there. Yet, on my arrival, I was in no hurry to find them out; and taking up my quarters in a quiet inn, I prepared to have a day or two alone. It was a Saturday afternoon, lovely weather; and I set out for a walk well known in years gone by, through the Lovers' Lane, past Quarr Abbey, to Fishhouse, nestling by the water's side. It was so warm, and the country was so alive with beauty, that I took my time and lingered, noting spots memory once held dear. Reaching Quarr Woods, I wandered through the brushwood to the water's edge. Along the shore there runs or ran a wall, an old moss-grown wall; and within this wall an ancient garden—so ancient it deserved no better name than wilderness. The weeds grew rank and thick, and no hand but Nature's had much to answer for in it. There was an old green gate at the bottom, which moved on rusty hinges; under the trees was a garden-seat, much the worse for weather and wear; and on the left was an old summer-house, damp and mildewy, with steps up to the roof, and seats upon it.

Now once upon a time when I was a tutor at Ryde, I was wont to linger with my young charges in this same garden. They would play upon the shore or among the woods; while I would lie upon the roof of the old summer-house, sheltered by the trees, looking out upon the summer sea, smoking, reading, or in a waking dream. So, partly because of old times, partly

because it was so fine a day, I entered the garden and climbed up to the old roof-seat. My pipe, in sympathy with the weather, was soothing to my nerves. Gradually substance became shadow; the soft wind sang sweet music to my languid ears, and a gentle charm came over me. I fancy it was sleep. Utopian to lie there, the wavelets rippling softly upon the shore; a dim suspicion of unclouded skies pervading my dreams!

Something woke me—a sound. I opened my eyes, dreamily conscious that voices were somewhere near. I lay listening with a sort of curiosity, and became aware that I was listening to the prattle of children; little voices were borne upon the breeze, children's laughter mingling with the rippling waves. But every now and then there was another voice, not a child's, yet childlike. It was familiar to my ears, and as I listened, its sound woke within me chords of forgotten music. Before many seconds had gone, I knew it was Em's voice I heard. But I did not move, nor did I turn to see. I lay as in a tower of strength; and it was a comfortable feeling to know that I had but to turn upon my elbow, and there before me would be the little lady who once was My Little Sweetheart. But at last I moved. I rose upon my elbow quietly, so as to make no noise, and looked over the side of the summer-house on to the garden below. And there I saw her. She was on the seat under the trees. About her were four children, two boys and two girls. They stood at her knees close together, watching her make a chain of daisy flowers. She had grown, but not much; she was still a little maiden, and it was plain she never would rank among big women. She was dressed in blue—a little blue cloth cap perched daintily upon her dainty head, still poised like a queen's upon her shoulders, and a blue serge dress, which fitted better, I noticed, than her dresses used to do. Even from where I was I could see her blue eyes flashing, and that wonderful smile upon her face. She was certainly prettier than of old, and she still looked like a maiden stepped down from fairydom.

I lay still and watched, content to be near her. I knew I had but to open my lips, and she would be with me on the instant. But I did not choose. I preferred, like a child, to play with pleasure, spinning it out to its full length. It was a summer's ecstasy, and for a while I would not break the charm. But then the thought came to me, what would she do if she knew that I was there? Wondering what the answer might be, softly, hardly above a whisper, I gently called 'Em!' But she, engaged with the daisy-chain and with her little ones, did not hear, and paid no heed. So, smiling as I watched her, a second time I called a little louder—'Em!' But still she did not hear. The daisy-chain and little ones seemed to engross all her thoughts, and my voice blew past her with the wind. How would it do, I thought, since she was so obstinately deaf, to rouse her by confronting her? If she would not hear, she should see, and her eyes, if not her ears, be opened. With some such fancy, I was just about to rise and intrude myself upon her presence, when I noticed the figure of a man coming down the path.

I had no objection to children witnessing our meeting, though I could have spared even them;

but a third party, and he a stranger, I did not want. So I waited till he should have gone. He was a young man, a gentleman beyond doubt, good-looking, dressed in a gray suit of Scotch tweed, and bright red necktie. His was a fair young face. He had a promising moustache, which he tended with one hand; and he was smoking a mighty meerschaum. Instead of passing as I expected, when he reached the wall he paused and looked at the group within. There was I, peeping over the outer edge of the summer-house, wondering what kept him there. There was he, leaning with one hand upon the moss-green wall. There was she with her daisy-chain, and children at her knees. Just as I thought he would surely be moving on, to my surprise he vaulted lightly over the wall, hiding behind the very summer-house on which I sat. Then quickly and quietly, he passed from tree to tree, as though he wished to do so unobserved, until at last he was behind where the unsuspecting maiden sat.

While I watched with angry eyes, he darted from his hiding-place, ran to her from behind, drew her head back to him, and kissed her twice or thrice upon the lips. The blood boiled within my veins. I did not doubt that this was a dastard outrage, and that my darling needed a defender. In a minute, vengeance would have been done, and he or I would have lain low. But her answer shewed I was mistaken. 'Charlie!' cried she, with that sweet smile I knew so well; 'how can you kiss me before the children!'

'Why not?' said he. 'Don't I kiss them before you?' And to prove his words, he snatched up a little girl and kissed her again and again, she laughing at the fun. Then he sat down by her side, and putting his arms about her, drew her to him. The daisy-chain dropped to her lap, and she looked at him as though he were all the world to her. 'Darling!' said he, not loudly, but loud enough for me to hear, 'I have spoken to my mother about you and me to-day; and she thinks I am very foolish; but since I always have been, and always will be so, she thinks I may as well take you to be my little wife—though you will be very foolish for letting me.'

Her answer was to lay her head upon his shoulder, and flash her blue eyes with a still softer blue upon his face. 'Charlie!' said she, 'are you sure you love me?'

'Love you?' he returned, and he meant it—'my darling, more than I can tell!'

'And you are sure,' she continued, 'your mother will not be angry? I could not bear to anger her.'

'Angry?' said he, closing her lips with kisses. 'Who in all the world could be angry with My Little Sweetheart?'

And so on. The children looking on, at what was a new experience to them. What mattered? They would have to learn themselves some day, though perhaps they were beginning early. And I—I had to listen to it all. Who could have shewn himself, placed as I was, at such a time? They cooed and cooed, and made love as love has so oft been made, until the afternoon was spent, and then they went. And I was free to go as well. Was I disillusioned? Partly, though the fault was all my own. Once I knew her well. The knowledge which for a time was lost, was only found again.

I have not seen her since. For some cause, her happiness stuck in my throat, and I left Ryde that evening. I may never see her again. Ere this, doubtless she is another's wife. But when I think of her, even to this hour it is as My Little Sweetheart.

BY A POET'S GRAVE.

THE Spring has come and gone,
Yet silent sleeps he on;
His poet-heart unstirred
By leaf or song of bird.
Though daisies dot the lea,
And blossoms crowd the tree;
Though Earth responsive all
Awakes from Winter's thrall,
And finds restored what Autumn had decayed,
No Spring-tide reaches where the dead are laid.

The Summer calls in vain;
Not here he wakes again.
The south wind's balmy breath
Weeps not the car of Death.
Not all the wealth of flowers—
Not all the sunlit hours
Making Earth glorious,
Can bring him back to us.
And for his sake, but half is ours, I ween,
Of Summer's gladness and its golden sheen.

Then, pensive, Autumn come,
With woodlands bleak and dumb,
When garnered are thy sheaves,
And shed thy flowers and leaves—
Come, veiled, his grave to greet
Who, laid at Nature's feet,
Had listened rapt and long
To learn her matchless song.
Come, wail him, Autumn winds and weeping skies;
Moisten the sod where our dead darling lies.

Yet let him sleep, nor rave.
The boon we idly crave,
That he might live again
In mortal strife and pain,
Though joy to us it brought,
For him were dearly bought.
Then let him sleep, great heart,
Since but the grosser part
To dust is given, and where his spirit wakes,
The dawn of heaven's eternal Summer breaks—

And though his sun be set
For us—a glory yet
Beams on us through our tears,
That all the after-years
A light and guide will be—
A hallowed memory.
He liveth still—above,
And lives he in our love.
And though, alas, the cold grave lies between,
That love will keep his grave for ever green.

G. P. D.

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THE INFLUENCE OF WOMEN.

DURING the Lancashire riots of 1878, a mob of rough men went out of Burnley with the intention of wrecking one of the houses which stood a little way out of the town. The owner of the house, one of the employers, was away from home; but his young wife had remained, and was alone with her servants. Hearing that the dreaded mob was coming, she went out and stood at her door to receive the rioters. Seeing her, they paused; then she addressed them, told them that her husband was away, and that she was there alone at their mercy. She offered them what food she had, and asked them to go and leave her in peace. The result of this appeal was remarkable. The rioters threw down the stones which they had brought with them to cast at the windows, and went away quietly, leaving her house untouched. Such is woman's influence. Strong in her very weakness, she tamed the rude mob, which would have laughed at threats, and been deaf to any other appeal.

There could not be a better illustration than this of the strange power which a good woman can exercise over men. But the exercise of this power is nothing new, as the pages of history can testify. From the very earliest times, the influence of women has had a very marked effect for good or for evil over the lives of men with whom they have come in contact. It was through the influence of Marcia that the Christians were leniently treated by the vicious and cruel Emperor Commodus in the second century. Again, it is well known that no one had any influence over the passionate Emperor of Russia, Peter the Great, but his wife; as a celebrated writer says: 'She acted as mediator between the monarch and his subjects.' These and many other instances which must occur to the mind of any reader of history, only shew that there is a great amount of truth in the aphorism which states that 'men are what women make them.'

If the influence of women is so great—if their society has such a great effect on the lives and

characters of the men with whom they are associated—and if this influence is to be for good, it is very plain that they must be regarded as the social equals and not the social inferiors of men. One of the greatest mistakes that the world has ever made has been that of regarding women as inferior to men, simply because of their physical inferiority. In consequence of this mistake, men have at all times and in all parts of the earth seriously injured themselves. Instead of looking upon woman as a 'helpmeet' for man, the tendency has been to regard her merely as a slave or plaything; and so the true position of woman has been altogether lost sight of. In degrading woman, man degrades himself; therefore, by raising women—or rather by not allowing them to sink below the position which they were intended to fill—men in reality serve their own interests. The position of woman is fully recognised throughout the inspired writings, and in whatever place Christianity has been recognised, woman has been raised to her proper position of 'helpmeet' to man, and consequently permitted to develop her higher qualities, and exercise her refining influence unchecked. Thus the responsibility of women under the Christian régime is very great. With increased influence comes increased power for good or evil. And this power may be exercised in a variety of ways.

In many cases a woman is a 'helpmeet' to some particular person, such as her husband. As a rule, the influence of a wife over her husband is very great. Insensibly she guides him; with keen perception she detects his best qualities, and encourages him to develop them; with loving tenderness she points out the faults in his character, and with sympathy that none but a woman can shew, helps him to do battle against them. If he is despondent, she is hopeful; if he lacks perseverance, she animates him with her energy; if he is crushed with sorrow, she is strong for his sake; if he is distracted with anxious cares, she is his counsellor; and if all the world looks coldly on him, if friends fall away in the day of trouble,

she shares his lot, and clings to him still. Thus, a true woman may guide a man over the ocean of life, keep him in his best course, and bring him safely past many a dangerous reef; just as a single hand on the wheel can steer the strongest vessel over waves which would drift the rudderless bark to destruction.

Then a woman may exercise the most powerful influence for good over a father or a brother. How often has a daughter been the means of reclaiming a father from evil, and leading him to develop good qualities that have long lain dormant? Many a man has torn himself from vicious company—many a man has been reclaimed from the path of the drunkard, through the holy influence of a daughter; and in the same way many a brother has been kept in the path of honour and virtue by a sister's influence.

But a good woman's influence may extend far beyond her own home circle. When she meets her friends and acquaintances in social life, when she goes among strangers, her presence must make itself felt in some way, especially by men. A refined gentle woman exercises, unconsciously, a powerful influence for good over every man with whom she comes in contact. She wins respect—without which her influence can never be for good—because she is refined, gentle, and womanly. She holds men's passions in check by that strange and commanding power which virtue alone can give. And by shewing in her life, in her actions, and by her sympathy 'how divine a thing a woman may be made,' she elevates the tone of every man who knows her; and does more to promote purity and a real love of virtue than sermons from a thousand pulpits.

It is a great mistake to suppose that a woman can only exert her influence for good, as a wife and mother. There are some women who think that marriage alone can place them in a sphere of real usefulness. But it is to be hoped that women are learning better; for under any circumstances, a woman cannot associate with men or women without to some extent affecting their characters. Moreover, the influence of women is great in any station of life. Whether a woman is a princess or a maid-of-all-work, there are some lives on which her influence must tell for good or evil. The higher a woman's social position, the greater is her responsibility, it is true; but she cannot live in any position without being responsible in some degree for the way in which her influence is exerted. On the banks of a canal in Belgium, there is a chapel built in memory of a good and virtuous barmaid, so that even in such a calling, where women are exposed to contaminating influences and great temptations, it is nevertheless possible for them to win respect and use their influence for good.

There is no necessity to point out how fatally a woman's influence may be exerted for evil. As wives, unscrupulous women may suppress all that is noble in the characters of their husbands, and develop all that is base; as mothers, they may bring up their children to be worldly, scheming, and utterly devoid of principle; and as fast, pleasure-seeking girls, they may exercise the most pernicious influence on the men who admire them and seek their society. It is to be regretted that so many women in all classes are so careless about their responsibility, and so thoughtless

about the way in which they exercise their influence over others, especially men. If men are what women make them, it is time that women should learn to appreciate their position, and realise the great responsibility their influence entails upon them. There would not be so many fast and dissolute men, if women shewed (as they could if they chose) a disposition to shun the society of such men. If they were to treat dissolute men as they treat their erring sisters, there would not be so many rouses, and what is more important, there would not be so many women among their victims.

Among the lower classes especially, women might use their influence far more effectually than they do. There is no reason why there should not be more refinement among them, and why they should not use their influence to check foul language and drunkenness. If English women would keep the young men of our towns and villages waiting for wives until they gave up swearing and drinking, a very wholesome reformation would soon be effected among the godless and coarse youths of the country. 'Whatever may be the customs and laws of a country,' says Aime Martin, 'the women of it decide the morals.' The better this fact is recognised by women, and the more frequently women are found to act as if they understood its truth, the purer and better in every way will men become. But it is very certain that women will never increase their influence for good if they follow the example of that miserable minority among their sex who clamour for what they are pleased to term 'woman's rights.' It is a woman's right to be honoured, respected, beloved, so long as she remains, in the highest sense of the word, womanly. And if she retains this right, she needs no other; and will exercise a refining and purifying influence, that will continue to live and act long after the days of her pilgrimage are over.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER XIX.—AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

The mystery in which he moved was unforgotten and unforgettable.

THINGS went smoothly with me at Hartley Hall for many days. Maud was my tutor and my chief companion, and was still the same sad and gentle creature as at first. I learned something of her secret from herself and something from Sally; and looking back on myself at that time, I am inclined to believe that I knew the melancholy story of her lost lover as well as I know it now. It was Sally's one romance; and being at that time of somewhat a romantic turn myself, we fell continually upon it in our talk. Sally was especially fertile in suppositions as to the whereabouts of the lost lover, over whom so singular a mystery hung. She was sanguine of his return, and of Maud's final happiness; and sometimes amused herself and me by wild imaginations in which she pictured his coming back in a coach-and-four with outriders. After these flights, a reaction generally took place, and she cried, and had mournful thoughts of what would happen if Bob should disappear. At the close of one of these conversations, which had wound up in the common way, a housemaid tapped at the door of my room, and asked for Mrs

Troman; for by that name Sally was known to the household.

'There's a person at the back wants to see you,' said the housemaid.

'What sort of a person?' asked Sally.

'In black clothes, with a sandy beard on,' the housemaid answered.

'Say I'll be down directly, if you please,' said Sally; and the housemaid departed smiling. My faithful friend gripped me and kissed me, and laughed and wiped her eyes, blushing all the time, and said, as she smoothed her hair with her fingers: 'Master Johnny, I believe it's Bob.'

There was something so comic and so pleased in Sally's fluttered expectation, and I was so glad at the thought of seeing Bob again, that I laughed and clapped my hands. Sally laughed and clapped her hands; and we went down-stairs together. There, in a paved yard behind the kitchen stood Bob, attired in funereal, holiday black, and a tall hat, and white thread gloves—like an undertaker's mute. He saluted Sally by one nod of the head, sideways, and said to me: 'Well, young master,' as though he had seen me yesterday. I shook hands with him, and asked him how he did, to which he responded: 'Theer's nothin' the matter wi' me, so fur as I know;' and then nodded his head at Sally again. He was so very solemn, that I began to think he had some bad news to communicate; but just as the fear crossed me, he grinned very broadly and winked at Sally, relapsing instantly, and looking as solemn as before. The wink and the grin were accompanied by a backward jerk of the head; and the three taken altogether seemed intended as an invitation to 'a more removed ground.' That Sally accepted them in that sense, was evident; for with a brief injunction to us both to wait a moment, she retired into the house, and presently appeared with my cap, and a bonnet for herself. Then we all walked solemnly into the kitchen-garden, and Bob after his own manner unfolded his purpose. He spoke with a very broad Staffordshire accent and with great deliberation.

'Have yo heerd annythin' about the war as we am gooin' to have wi' Roosia?'

'I have heard tell of it,' Sally answered.

'Do yo remember Bill Hince, Becky Hince's brother?'

'Of course I do,' said Sally.

'He's 'listed for it,' said Bob, turning his head round slowly in his high shirt collar, and rolling his eyes on Sally, who said 'Dear me!' in a tone of some distress.

'Yis,' said Bob, still keeping a solemn eye on Sally across his collar; 'he's 'listed; an' he ain't the only one as ull 'list. Mind that.'

'No?' said Sally, in a questioning way.

'No,' said Bob, biting at the word; 'he ain't. I know a feller as wo't be long behind him, if things ain't altered. I know a feller as ull goo back to-night, an' 'list to-morrer, if things do't get along more prosperous-like.'

'Dear me!' said Sally in a tone of disinterested assent.

'Yis,' said Bob, ruffling his beard against his collar, and still keeping his eyes on Sally; 'I know a cove as ull be off to-morrer, if things ain't altered. An' what's more, he ain't fur off.'

'Really now,' said Sally, with an eminently artificial toss of the head; 'you don't say so.'

'I say so,' Bob returned with great gravity. 'Good-bye, Sally.' But Sally released my hand, and stood before him, crying with an hysterical break in her voice: 'O no, Bob; you couldn't!'

'I could,' said Bob stolidly; 'an' what's more, I wull, if things ain't altered. I hain't gooin' to be kep' danglin' no longer. Settle it how you like it. Say "Yis," an' I'll stay. Say "No," an' I'll be off an' 'list for the Roosian war to-morrer.'

'O Bob!' cried Sally, 'how can you be so cruel? Think of the child.'

'I've done little else but think o' the chile the last five year,' said Bob a little sulkily.

When things had gone so far, I understood the drift of the conversation perfectly. Sally would not leave me to marry Bob, and Bob was making it a question of choice between us.

'Why,' I asked in a sudden inspiration, 'couldn't Bob come and be a carpenter in the village? Higgs is dead.'

'Higgs is dead, is he, young master?' Bob responded.

Sally, who was on her knees, hugging me for the suggestion, looked up, and explained that Higgs now defunct had been the village carpenter; and that since his demise, there was nobody of the trade nearer than Wrethedale.

'Will that suit yo?' said Bob.

Sally swiftly and slyly snatched loose one of my boot-laces as she knelt beside me, and whilst she tied it up with her face very close to the ground, with only her red ears to shew how much she was blushing, made answer: 'Yes; it'll suit me very well, Bob, if it'll suit you.'

'That's all right, then,' said Bob; and Sally, rising from her knees, adjusted my collar and set my cap with unnecessary exactness; and finally, having kissed me in such a vigorous fashion as to rumple my collar about my ears and knock my cap off, she fell to wiping her eyes with her apron. The matter being thus happily adjusted, they began to discuss ways and means in a calm and business-like fashion, over the remembrance of which I have laughed a hundred times. But Bob had a surprise in store for us, which turned out to be eventually a greater surprise than he intended. When the time had come for him to leave—for he had availed himself of an excursion to the Cathedral city fifteen miles away to get a cheap journey over here, and was bound to catch the homeward train—he pulled out something from his pocket. It was carefully wrapped up in brown paper, and after the removal of numerous foldings it revealed itself as a gold watch with a handsome chain attached.

'I meant yo to ha' this,' said Bob, 'whether yo said "Yis" or "No." An' now I've got a bone to pick wi' you. Why dissent [didst not] thee call o' me when yo come down last time along o' young master here; ch?'

'Well, Bob,' said Sally taking the watch and chain, wonderingly, from his outstretched hand, 'I ought to ha' come, I know; but we was in such trouble, an' in such a hurry.'

'Trouble,' he repeated. 'What about?'

'Why,' she answered, 'there's a poor young gentleman from over yonder'—she pointed towards Island Hall—'as disappeared sudden-like, nobody knowin' why, an' Master Johnny saw him close by mother's cottage, in clothes like a workin'-man's; and we went there wi' the poor gentleman's

brother to see if we could hear anything about him.'

Whilst she spoke Bob regarded her with a look of wonder so remarkable, that she was impelled to take him by the hands; and they stood so, looking into each other's eyes for half a minute.

'Why, the poor creetur,' said Bob at last. 'O Sally, Sally, yo' ought to ha' come to me. We might ha' found him. He's gone to the war.'

'What does the man mean?' cried Sally, looking terrified and eager at once.

'Do yo' remember, Sally, the night as yo' left along o' Johnny an' the lady as come for him?'

'Yes, yes,' she said, and waited.

'That very night, as I was walkin' o'er the Waste, I found a mon i' the road, pretty nigh dead. I thought at fust as he was drunk, but I picked him up, an' found as he seemed nigh dyin'. So I carries him whum wi' me; an' mother, her gets him to bed, an' he lies theer for pretty nigh three we'ks wi' rheumatic fever. He was dressed like a workman, but his hands was all o'er wi' rings an' as pretty as a lady's. Well, one mornin' when we gets up we finds him gone, an' that theer watch an' cheen on the table, an' just a scrap o' paper wrote all shaky like, sayin': 'Thank you; keep it for your trouble.'"

'It must be him,' cried Sally. 'But what do you mean by saying he's gone to the war?'

'Why,' said Bob, speaking to the full as eagerly as she, 'Joe Brittle come in one night when he was lyin' theer, an' see him abed i' the kitchen, an' about five we'ks later, he went into Brummagem o' business, an' see him again with a recruitin' sergeant, an' knowed him at once.'

'Come to Mr Hartley,' said Sally, laying hands upon him once more—'come to Mr Hartley. He'd gives a thousand pounds for this news.'

We passed into the house. In the eagerness of my interest, I followed Sally to the door of Uncle Ben's private room, furnished—like no other apartment I had ever seen at that time—in the fashion of a business-office. There Sally poured out an incoherent breathless story, finishing up by placing the watch in Mr Hartley's hands.

Uncle Ben rose in a state of great excitement.

'Bring the man here at once,' he said.—'Tell me what you know about this feller, Johnny.'

I told him briefly what I knew of Sally's sweetheart. There was very little to tell; but before I had well done, Sally, in defiance of all decorum, came bursting into the room with Bob behind her. The examination lasted but a few minutes. I was sent from the room whilst Bob told his story, and being called back again, told mine. Uncle Ben sat down at a table, and wrote one or two hasty lines, telling Sally to ring the bell meanwhile. He gave an order that a horse should be saddled, and that the groom should ride at speed to Island Hall with a note for Mr William Fairholt. Then we were all dismissed for the time, and as we left the room Uncle Ben took the watch to the window, where he examined it with great closeness.

I should be satisfied if I could convey only a hint of the manner in which this reappearance of the stranger whom I had seen beside the clay-pit affected me. I speak of this renewal of my memories of him as a reappearance advisedly, and without exaggeration. He came back to my mind as clearly as though I had only seen him yester-

day, with all the sense of mystery which belonged to him, and all the terror he inspired. And in a way which is common to imaginative children I began in fancy to associate my life with his, until for the time I was absolutely certain that by me, or in some occult manner through me, and only by or through me, the mystery would be cleared, and the lost man discovered. It would have been stranger than it was, if my enforced association with his history had not seemed strange. I had been deeply impressed by the discovery of his identity when I went down with Sally to our old home in the Black Country, but this last reiteration of my own part in the story made the mark deeper. I will not forestall the tale I have to tell, but it seems to me now not less marvellous than it seemed then. I, a child playing negligently in the Black Country, encounter, by what seems the wildest accident of chance, a relative of mine who for some inexplicable reason has thrown away the most brilliant hopes and snapped the promise of a happy life in two. Three days later, by what again seems but an accident of chance, I find myself, not knowing it, settled in the home he has for ever deserted. Further on, lest I should lose the remembrance of his face, he appears again, is identified, and so stamps his own portrait on my brain that I could not fail to know him if I saw him among ten thousand. Yet again I find the very garments he wore when I first saw him, and with them the link between the well-dressed and the ill-dressed stranger. Yet again through my migration here, I draw my old nurse's sweetheart to the only place in the world where the story he had to tell could have been even of the faintest service.

Henceforth Frank Fairholt and the mystery in which he moved were forgotten and unforgettable.

Whilst I still pondered these things in my childish mind, Cousin Will, with the groom a little way behind him, came pounding along the avenue on horseback, and made straight for the hall-door, as if he would have ridden into the house. He pulled up within a yard or two of the steps, dismounted, and hurried in. He was closeted with Uncle Ben for perhaps a quarter of an hour, when Bob and Sally were sent for, and I was left alone. Before another quarter of an hour had gone by, he was away again. It was arranged that a bed should be found for Bob, and that he should leave on the morrow. I was not as a rule allowed to go about the servants' quarters, but on this occasion nobody interfered with me, and Bob and Sally being formally invited to the housekeeper's room, I invited myself thither, and we spent the evening together. The talk was all of young Mr Fairholt and Miss Maud; and the housekeeper described to us how clever and how handsome young Mr Fairholt was, and what a favourite in the county. She was a very stately old lady, was the housekeeper, and I had an idea that she would have rather looked down on Bob on common occasions, and that it was only the interest she felt in the singular story of which his narrative formed a part, which induced her so to condescend to him at all. But Bob was very respectful, and very communicative. He remembered all the things his mother had told him about the stranger's broken sayings in his illness,

and repeated some of them, which left no doubt upon our minds, and could leave no doubt upon the mind of any, of the sick man's identity. When the time came for me to go to bed, I thought all these things over and drifted into sleep with the strangest mixture in my mind of myself with them. In my dreams they mingled again with all the figures I had known. On all these confused and intricate fancies a red light seemed to fall, and I came back to my own bedroom again, and heard a voice say brokenly: 'It was God's hand that brought him here.' Looking up, I saw Maud and Uncle Ben regarding me together. There were traces of new tears upon her face, but there was a light of hope upon it too, by which it seemed almost transfigured. Uncle Ben put out his hand and stroked my hair when he saw that I was awake, and bade me go to sleep again. They both kissed me, and went away quietly with the lamp, leaving the suffering and hope of Maud's face somehow present with me. It touched me vaguely, yet keenly, into tears; and before I fell asleep again, I knelt in my bed and prayed that she might be comforted, and her hope fulfilled.

I was present on the morrow at another conference between Sally and her lover, in the course of which it was definitely arranged that Bob, who had saved a little money, should migrate to the village, bringing his mother with him, and that as soon as it could be seen how things were likely to turn out, they should be married, allowing always that the prospect seemed favourable. Before he went away in the afternoon, Uncle Ben sent for him, and after being absent for about five minutes, Bob returned, with a beaming countenance.

'I took the freedom, like,' said Bob, 'of tellin' of him, as a man may say, as I was a comin' here to settle down; and he gin me this.' Opening his hand, he displayed two or three gold coins cautiously, and closed his fingers over them again. 'He seems to be wonderful pleased at havin' come across anybody as knowed the poor young gentleman; and the young gentleman's brother is a-goin' down wi' me to find Joe Brittle, an' see if he can find the recruitin' sergeant.'

Not long after this, Cousin Will drove up in the dog-cart; and Bob taking his place behind with the groom was whirled away to the railway station.

Perhaps three weeks later, as nearly as, after this interval, I can compute the time, Mr Fairholt, Cousin Will, and a gentleman whom I had not seen before, were at Uncle Ben's table at luncheon. Mr Fairholt looked greatly aged, and the irritability of his manner had notably increased. Everybody treated him with an air of pitiful respect, and I thought I noticed that he resented this. The gentleman whom I had not seen before had blue eyes, and a complexion like a lady's. He wore his hair rather long, and it was parted in the middle and golden like a girl's. He had a long silky light-coloured moustache, with which he played with delicate and much jewelled fingers. He was dressed in black, and seemed very languid and quiet. I sat next to Maud, who somewhat to my humiliation minced my food for me as she was in the habit of doing. I could see that she was in a state of much agitation, and I noticed that Cousin Will glanced at her often with a pained and anxious look. There was but little talk

during the progress of the meal. There were no servants present, but the conversation on indifferent matters went very dismally, and nobody seemed inclined to eat.

'Well, Mr Fairholt,' said Uncle Ben at last addressing Cousin Will, 'I think you've taken the very best course as could be taken, and I wish you luck. Here's to you. And I hope as them above'll guide you, and bring you safe back again.' He poured out a glass of claret with a shaky hand, and his eyes glistened as he drank it.

'I would rather not discuss this question, now,' said old Mr Fairholt in an absent tremulous way. Then turning to me, he added: 'You can run into the garden, Johnny, and amuse yourself.'

'Oh, never mind the child,' said Uncle Ben, with a jovial loudness which it was easy to see was not quite natural to him at the moment; 'he's all right where he is. I think Mr William's right in not takin' a commission, Mr Fairholt. It might hamper his movements and keep him from coming back again with a good grace. If you find him,' he said turning again to Cousin Will, 'well and good. You can fight it through then, and get attached to his regiment, no doubt, and bring him to reason, an' anyhow he'll have somebody to look after him. If you want any influence used at home, let me know, and all I can do, I will do.'

'I am assured of that, Mr Hartley,' said Cousin Will.

'An' you'll sail together?' said Uncle Ben turning to the lady-like gentleman.

The lady-like gentleman nodded. 'The Lieutenant's out theer a'ready,' said Uncle Ben. 'If you meet him, you tell him not to be afraid of anythin'; not even of drawin' on his father. Tho' I never knowed him to be particular afraid of that, either.' He chuckled as he said this, and turned round on Mr Fairholt. 'That *ain't* a thing as they're afraid of as a rule.—Is it Mister?'

'There is a circumstance, sir,' said Mr Fairholt, 'of which you cannot claim ignorance, which might have restrained that question.'

Uncle Ben arose and stretching out his hand to Mr Fairholt, cried: 'I beg your pardon, sir. Nothin' meant, I do assure you. I wouldn't, for the world.'

Mr Fairholt arose stiffly, and feigning not to see the outstretched hand before him, said: 'I came to your house, Mr Hartley, at my son's request, to recognise what he chose to regard as a quite disinterested friendship for his brother, and a kindly interest in his unhappy fate. I was not ignorant, sir, of the motive which created your regard for my poor Francis, and it is a comfort to me in the midst of my sorrow to know that your plan is frustrated. But I should have carried my knowledge away with me silently, but for the open and gratuitous insult you have now put upon me. I wish you a very good-day, sir.'

He started to go, overturning his chair in his haste, but he paused at the sound of Uncle Ben's voice. Casting a frightened look about the table, I saw that the one stranger to me was regarding Mr Fairholt with a look of languid curiosity, and that Maud and Will and Uncle Ben were all pained, though evidently in different ways.

'You're an old nuan, sir,' said Uncle Ben, 'an' I've been told you're a gentleman, an' you've had a lot o' trouble, as I'm well aware. Now them's three claims as you've got on my respect, and I'll

bear 'em in mind. But don't you come into my house again, till you've changed your opinion o' me. As for what you may say about motives, why, look here : I can give my niece enough to make a Dook glad of her, if I like, let alone a country gentleman.'

'Mr Hartley !' said Will in a low tone of remonstrance. Uncle Ben's eyes following the direction of the other's glance, fell upon Maud, who was blushing painfully. She cast an appealing glance at her uncle, and hurried from the room.

'All the same,' Uncle Ben went on, 'I'm sorry if I hurt your feelings, and I didn't mean to do it; an' between man an' man, I won't and can't say more.'

'I am sure, father,' said Will, 'that Mr Hartley had no wish to offend.'

'I do not care,' said Mr Fairholt, 'to be troubled with an endeavour which would probably be perpetual to distinguish between the desire to offend and the incapacity to avoid the commission of offences. I accept Mr Hartley's apology; and I believe he had no wish to hurt my feelings by his very inconsiderate speech. But I will take Mr Hartley at his word, and will not intrude again upon his hospitality.' With that Mr Fairholt left the room, with an air of quavering dignity, having first bowed to Uncle Ben, who regarded him with a stern and unbending countenance. Cousin Will stood for a moment as if uncertain how to act. Recovering himself, he spoke a few hasty words to Uncle Ben and hurried out of the room after Mr Fairholt. The lady-like gentleman all the time remained seated, and when Will had gone he faced round in his chair and looked at his host. Uncle Ben shook his head gravely, and quitted the room by the door through which Maud had passed. The stranger beckoned me across to him with his forefinger, and told me a fairy story, of which I can remember nothing now, but that there was a droll blue-bottle in it, whose singular sayings and doings convulsed me with laughter. He began his narrative with no sort of preface or exordium; and when he had finished it he rose gravely, shook hands with me with much ceremony, and walked to the door. I had been delighted with the fairy tale, but this curious behaviour rather disconcerted me. I suppose my looks expressed it, for he turned round gaily and said that I should arrive some day at man's estate, and that I was never to forget that the two things which made small boys happy were fairy tales and tips. Then taking a sovereign from a netted purse, he put it into my hand. 'Be this,' he said, laying one hand upon my head, and striking an extravagant attitude, 'the soldier's epitaph graven on thy young heart: "He, a stranger, unfolded to my young mind the veracious history of the comic fly, and tipped me a sov at parting." Fare thee well.' With that he patted my head rather heavily, and went out with a walk which I afterwards discovered to be an imitation of that of Mr Charles Kean, but which seemed to me at the time a very extraordinary performance. I was not at all sure that the lady-like gentleman might not be a harmless lunatic. I ventured that night to put the suggestion before Maud, who rebuked me for it, and told me that Mr Hastings was very clever indeed, and that he was going out, like a brave man, to fight against the Russians in the

Crimea—'and to try to find,' she said, but checked herself suddenly, and walked away. I followed her to the window and slid my hand into hers to comfort her. She drew me to her side, and we sat there whilst the mist and the darkness met each other and hid from us the trees which surrounded Island Hall. But when I looked, I saw a light upon her face, and as the shadows gathered round us, she sang to me.

PHOTOGRAPHIC PROGRESS IN 1879.

ALTHOUGH the year 1879, on account of its extreme wet and dull weather, was the worst possible for the purposes of sun-pictures, it will be ever memorable in the annals of the photographer because it has seen a marvellous revolution in the manner in which his work is conducted. The substitution of a film of gelatine for the time-honoured collodion, as a support for the chemicals sensitive to light, has already formed the subject of a short article in these pages; but the importance of the matter, affecting as it does many of the arts and sciences, thousands of photographic artists, and indirectly every one who cares to sit for his portrait, warrants a more extended notice of the new process.

The employment of gelatine in photographic manipulations is in itself not new; indeed it was used in one way before collodion itself. Glass-plates and paper coated with gelatine were sensitised in the silver-bath; but the results were so unsatisfactory that the process was soon abandoned. The first attempt at the gelatine process of to-day was that published by Dr Maddox in 1871. It was gradually improved by many different workers; and hints of its wonderful simplicity, rapidity, and general excellence found their way occasionally to the newspapers. But its practice was limited to the hands of a few experimenters and amateur photographers. Professional photographers would have nothing to do with it. The old collodion process gave them certain results—their clients were pleased with those results; and what was the use of trying a new process full of uncertainties, and requiring new chemicals and appliances? Perhaps the professional photographer was right; perhaps too, guided a little by that laziness common to us all, which lets the wheel run in the same rut year after year, so long as it serves our purpose to do so. It is true that the gelatine process was rather uncertain in its action; but this uncertainty was due not to any inherent defect in the process itself, but to the ignorance of its action and treatment which must accompany the adoption of all things new.

The year 1879 has, however, seen such rapid improvement in the gelatine method of photography, and the proofs of its work have been so marvellous in their nature, that the professional suddenly woke up to the desirability of giving it a trial. This he was easily enabled to do; for a new trade has sprung up having for its object the supply of sensitive dry plates for photographic purposes. These plates are supplied in boxes impervious to light, and are ready at a moment's notice for use in the camera.

Under the new process most of the difficulties are obviated. It is so rapid in its action, that a picture can be taken in very dull weather; indeed on a rainy day, with a leaden sky, the exposure in

the camera need not exceed one second. Indeed, on bright days the difficulty found is to make the exposure short enough; and many mechanical aids to secure this—to which we shall presently allude—have been devised. The sitter has merely to take his place; the plate is ready; the operator focuses the image in the camera; and while his customer is unconsciously laughing and talking, his portrait is instantaneously secured. The development of the image need not be proceeded with at once, as in the wet process, but can be postponed until next day—or next year if need be. This delay is of vast importance to a busy operator, who can leave this part of his work until the evening, when customers have heretofore ceased to present themselves.

The new process, however, affords the means of taking portraits at night, and some photographers specially invite this branch of custom. The electric light is of course sufficient in intensity for either the wet or dry process; but few photographers care to go to the expense of the plant necessary to produce it. Another artificial light has been devised for the photographer under the name of the 'luxograph.' This light is due to the combustion of a pyrotechnic mixture, in which powdered metallic magnesium plays a prominent part. But sufficient light can be obtained from coal-gas for the purposes of gelatine photography. The kind of burner used is that known as the Wigham light. This light has been adopted in many of the Irish light-houses, and is nightly to be seen in London shining, when parliament is sitting, from the summit of the Westminster clock tower. It consists of an assemblage of ordinary fish-tail burners, crowned with an oxidiser of talc. This insures complete combustion; and the light given is most intense. The fact that gas can be had at command, makes this light peculiarly convenient to the photographer.

It may be thought that extreme rapidity is not of great consequence in taking a photograph; but the man who has to earn his bread by the work will tell us that many of the subjects who daily come before him, require specially quick treatment. Nor does he refuse such sitters, for he knows well that they will go to some other artist who will prove more complaisant. Of these tiresome clients, the one he most dreads is the inevitable baby. A dog is bad enough; but it can by certain deceitful noises more or less resembling rats and cats, its natural foes, be made to prick its ears and keep still for a moment or two. But the baby is not half so obedient. It will kick, squall, and do everything else common to babyhood, but it will not be photographed. Most photographic artists keep a small stock of toys, whistles, bells, drums, and other noisy artifices to delude fractious humanity into momentary quietude. Occasionally these pacific engines are effective; but more often the baby's picture turns out to be so excessively vague about the eyes and mouth, that it is at once condemned as a gross libel upon the 'darling little cherub.' This was often the case under the old regime. But now, thanks to gelatine, there is no need to keep baby quiet. He may jump, tear his hair if he has any, kick to his heart's content, in short comport himself in any way he may think proper; but whatever he does, the gelatine is too

quick for him. A string is pulled or a button is pressed, and baby's image is captured, 'a thing of beauty, and a joy for ever,' to his delighted parents.

As already stated, these necessarily quick exposures of the gelatine film to the action of the light in the camera, are obtained by mechanical means. In the old method, the lens had an outer cap or lid, which the operator removed and held in his hand until the image was secured. This cap is now commonly replaced by what is called an instantaneous shutter, which is placed within the camera. It may be a curtain of thick silk held down by india-rubber straps; a slight pull will raise it for a second, and the straps will immediately draw it back again. Or it may take the form of a little shutter with a slit in it, which will fall on being released by a catch actuated by the pressure of an electric button. Another plan is to blow it open by pneumatic means; the pressure upon an india-rubber ball held in the operator's hand, and connected by a tube with the camera, being sufficient to attain this end. The principal feature in all these contrivances is that the shutter can be acted upon while the sitter is quite unconscious of it. The photographer watches his opportunity, and when he notices that his model is not prepared, and when therefore the features and expression are in repose and natural, the picture is secured.

The really wonderful pictures which are possible by the new process, coupled with these mechanical aids, were well seen in the last autumnal exhibition of the Photographic Society of Great Britain in London, as well as in some which have since been submitted to our inspection. We will select one or two as examples. A group of fishing-boats tossing on gently rolling waves; every ripple of the water being clearly defined, and every spar and rope beautifully reflected on the glassy surface of the sea. This picture deservedly won a prize. Here is another, a silent pool overshadowed by trees. One bright patch of light is reflected from the sky on to the surface of the water, and above that bright background appears a veritable flying swallow, its shadow being cast below! Another prize was rightly bestowed upon some splendid pictures of the noble lions at the Zoological Gardens; every hair seeming to stand out upon their coats with marvellous clearness. Here we have the inverted image of a gunboat in the sky, appearing above a church steeple; this was the effect of a mirage seen at Tenby, and which would have probably disappeared long before an old-style photographer could have had his chemicals ready. Two more pictures may be noticed as examples of the marvellous celerity of the gelatine process. One, a representation of the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race in full swing, with its accompanying rabble of steam-boats and rowing-boats of all descriptions. And the other perhaps more extraordinary production—an express-train at full speed, passing through Chislehurst, on its way to Dover.

The extreme rapidity of the process opens up many new fields to the photographer. Portraits can now be easily and satisfactorily taken in private sitting-rooms; and we need hardly point out that such pictures with home surroundings must have additional charms. Dark interiors of public buildings as well as of private apartments

—and many such apartments in these days of art refinement are veritable gems of beauty—can now be secured in the camera. In the old days, the photographer would have laughed at the possibility of attempting such subjects; but now such feats are accomplished with comparative ease. The figure of a trotting horse in several positions, each position having been photographed while the animal was in quick movement, was recently published. The various positions were said to have been each secured in the two thousandth part of a second. This photography of muscular movements may possibly some day be applied to artistic purposes. What more valuable aid could an artist have than the varied movements of an athlete as he drew a bow or hurled a spear? The increased sensitiveness of the photographic plate will also no doubt be taken advantage of in other branches of science. The spectra of the stars have already been photographed; indeed the art of photography has had more to do with the progress of spectrum analysis generally, than most people are aware of. For instance, one scientist may remark certain lines in his spectroscope which may be totally unseen by another. But upon the photographic plate these lines are represented with unflinching accuracy. The truth of the old aphorism, that 'seeing is believing,' has long been questioned by most thinking people, for they know that sight is as liable to err as other human faculties. But the photographic lens stamps its records upon a retina which never forgets, and which, with due care, cannot make a mistake.

It is evident from what has been stated, that the introduction of the gelatino-bromide process marks quite an important era in photography. As usual, in cases where a new method of working an old art is discovered, there are many who will insist upon sticking to the wet process, just as there are said to be some old stagers—literally old stagers—who refuse to travel by railroad. These maintain that the results of the older method are better than the new, and that the time is not far distant when it will be made as rapid. Should this last prophecy come true, the wet process may perhaps still hold its own; but as we have already pointed out, it will never compete with gelatine in the question of convenience or aptitude for certain classes of work.

THE EVICTION:

AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

IN TEN CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER IV.

On the following day I was called away to Dublin, where certain rent-deposit business had to be transacted. Under the circumstances, it was desirable that my movements should be known to as few as possible; and save the bailiff, none knew of my departure. I went over to his house in the forenoon; gave the cattle into his charge; told him to keep an eye on things in general, and on Scallan's movements in particular; made my way to the railway station; and caught the train for Dublin. Having arrived there, and transacted the business for which I had come, I was suddenly struck with a happy thought. 'Why not go to the detective office,' said I to myself, 'and put the

matter into the hands of the detectives? The plan may succeed; and even if it does not, it is worth at least a trial.'

I wended my way to Exchange Street—the Scotland Yard of Ireland—and had an interview with one of the officers connected with the secret inquiry service. He was a very gentlemanly looking man, and extremely intelligent. A short time sufficed to put him in possession of all the details of my case; he saw at a glance everything that I wished to explain to him. Scarcely had I finished my recital, when he had his plan of action matured. It was as follows. He would go down to Castle Mahon at once, in the character of a visitor. Major Croker, an old friend of my family, has come over to Ireland on a tour. I meet him at the hotel in Dublin, and of course ask him down to stop a while at my place. He is delighted at the opportunity of seeing something of the Irish peasantry. We arrange to start by the evening train. At the last moment, business has cropped up to detain me in town overnight; the Major runs down to the country before me; and I arrange to follow as early as practicable. I write to the housekeeper, stating who he is, giving her directions to make him comfortable, and so forth.

Such was the plan he sketched out for himself. He informed me at the same time that extreme caution would be necessary; above all, that it was absolutely essential for the success of the scheme that his incognito should be strictly preserved. I was to divulge the secret to no one, not even to the wife of my bosom. It was a perilous game at which he and his coadjutors were playing, and it was only just and right that such precautions should be taken.

In dealing with such an intelligent officer, suggestions would have been idle; it only remained for me to accord with his arrangements *in toto*. He went down to Castle Mahon in his assumed character, on the evening of the same day; and I followed after, two days later. Certain repairs had to be made in my coat of mail; this fact, besides my anxiety to return at an unexpected moment, occasioned my delay in town.

Upon my arrival, I found Major Croker comfortably ensconced in his new quarters. He said he had been looking about him in a general way; but nothing of importance transpiring, he had been unable to attain any definite results from his investigations. However, now that I had returned, things would begin to look a little more lively. For myself, I sincerely wished that they would not. I asked him whether any persons had been inquiring for me. None, he said, except Donnelly the bailiff, who seemed to have something of importance to tell me, if one could judge by the frequency of his visits and the troubled aspect of his countenance. We concluded that it would be well to have him up as soon as possible. I sent a special message, which brought him to the castle half an hour later. I had him ushered into

the private room in which the pseudo-Major and I were sitting; the Major of course, as a friend of the family, not being out of place when such important questions were at issue.

CHAPTER V.

'Well, Donnelly, what news?' said I cheerily.

'No good news at all at all, Mr Wharton. Last night, sir, no later, three of the bullocks wor houghed, sir, an' a fourth runnin' so lame, that I'm afeard he has got a touch too, sir.'

'I'm very sorry to hear that. But perhaps they got the injury some other way; by leaping over fences or the like?'

'O no, sir; there could be no mistake about it, for me own gossoon Pether caught the fellows doin' it. You see, every mornin' since you wint up to Dublin, I used to get up at sunrise, an' go over to Scallan's meadows to have a look at the bastes; but this mornin' not feelin' too well to stir out, I called Pether, an' he riz in me place an' wint out to see thim. An' shure enough, whin he kem in sight of the place, if there wosn't two min wid their faces blackened a-carvin' away at the blessed cattle! An' the momint they seed him comin', they dhropped the game they wor at, an' run like hares, an' him afther thim. An' whin the hindmost of the pair saw that Pether wos gainin' on him, what does he do but he turns on the gossoon wid a horse-pistol an' lets fly at him. An' only for an ould bit of a sack that Pether had round his shouldhers, to kape aff the dhrizzlin' rain, he'd a niver cum back to tell the tale; fur the pistol wos loaded wid duck-shot an' slugs. But as it wos, it downed him; an' be the time he kem to, the raskils wor clane gone an' disappeared.'

'Bless me, this is a terrible affair! I hope your son was not much injured?'

'Not much, thank God; he wos only a bit scarified about the chist—jist skin-deep, that's all. It wor the blessed saints an' the sack saved him.'

'I'm glad to hear that, at all events. But this ham-stringing of cattle is shocking. Is it a usual thing in this neighbourhood? I thought that the Ribbon fraternity confined their tender mercies to the shooting of landlords, land-agents, and such meaner game.'

'No sir; it's not usual here; thanks be to Providence. An' I don't think that this wos done be the residenthers aither. I see a hape of quare-lookin' sthrangers about the counthry these last few days.'

'Where have you seen them?'

'Well, mostly about the O'Reillys', where Scallan an' the wife is stoppin' since they wor put out. An' av coorse, there's a lot of thim to be found at the public-house convanyent; where Scallan, they say, is thratin' all hands wid the money you gev him.'

'I must put a stop to this work, at all risks. Have you any idea of their recent movements?'

'No sir. Av coorse, thim boys wouldn't be for lettin' me know more nor shuits me, an' by the same token, that same doesn't shuit me less or more. Iver since you wint to Dublin, they've been houldin' their meetins to thry the case finally like. I got that out av one of thimselves, who warned

me to fly in time, an' tould me at the same time not to let out that he mintioned it to me; "for," sez he, "I'm your frind; but if I find you iver breathed it to man or mortal," sez he, "I'll be the first man to shoot you meself."

'When was that?'

'The day afther you wint to Dublin, sir. An' forbye that, shure I heerd wid me own ears the blowin' of the death-horn.'

'The death-horn?'

'Yes sir. What they blow at night to call the boys together, whin a murder-case has to be thried. It was fit to dhrive me out of me senses; for it med me think of poor Mr Park of Grange-gorman, that wos shot jist this time twelvemonth—shot sir, in his own dinin'-parlour, forinist his own wife an' family. Ochone! Mr Wharton, to think that I should live to see meself knocked down a dead corp, murdered in cowl'd blood! For me frind tould me that some owld hands—delegates, is what he called thim—has come from all arts an' parts to attind the meetins; an' among the rest, three or four of the very pick of Tipperary.'

So ran the report of Donnelly. It was clear to me that things were approaching the crisis. I resolved to bestir myself, despite Mr Carnegie's caution about venturing out of doors. Doubtless, his advice was good; still, I could not abide the idea of submitting to butchery in a passive manner, like a helpless lamb. And then there was the unfortunate bailiff, in a far worse predicament than myself. It was due to him that I should do something.

A council of war was then held, the Major taking part in our deliberations, such a part of course as a friend of the family would naturally take. Such was that gentleman's caution however, that even before the bailiff, he was anxious to preserve his incognito. The upshot of the debate was that all three of us, the Major, Donnelly, and myself, well armed, sallied out to make a raid upon the O'Reillys' house, where Scallan and his wife had been living since their eviction. It was the headquarters of the enemy. I wanted to shew the country-folk that I was not afraid; I wanted the Major to get a look at the parties, which might be useful in future for purposes of identification; I wanted to take the Scallans to task with regard to their delaying in the country; I wanted to find out how the land lay, as the phrase goes; I wanted to encourage my almost intimidated bailiff. It was deemed advisable that we should keep our weapons out of sight, but yet concealed in such a manner that they could be brought into requisition at a moment's notice. The ostensible purpose of my visit was to adjust some claim with regard to bog which the O'Reillys had made to me. Donnelly, of course, as bailiff was an indispensable adjunct on such an occasion; and the Major was very anxious to see the interior of an Irish cabin.

CHAPTER VI.

It was still early in the afternoon when we arrived at the O'Reillys' house. Save Mrs O'Reilly, there was none of the family at home. We found her seated by the kitchen-fire, presiding over some cooking operations, which apparently were on a large scale, as if she meant to entertain a goodly number of guests. Beside her sat Mrs Scallan, wife

of the evicted hero. In one corner lay Scallan himself, sleeping away a drunken debauch, or perhaps pretending to do so. In the other, a strange man in the garb of a travelling tinker. At our entrance, both of the women exhibited signs of confusion. As for the men, they retained their recumbent positions with apparent indifference. Addressing Mrs O'Reilly first, I told her that I had come to see about the bog. She said that her husband was out with a lot of men that he had working for him, and that he would not be home till night-fall. As for herself, she could do nothing in the matter; but if it would be all the same to me, she would send him up to the office on the next day. The bog question having been postponed, I proceeded to address myself to Mrs Scallan, who since my entrance had been standing by the side of her chair, fumbling uneasily with the corners of her apron. I did not deem it advisable to say anything to Scallan himself, though he was now sitting up, and striving to attract my attention by certain inarticulate grumbings. So turning my back to the corner which he occupied, I remarked: 'Well, Mrs Scallan, I am surprised to see you here still.'

'We'll go whin we like,' grumbled the occupant of the corner. 'Ajint nor bailiff won't grind us down no longer—do ye hear? There's bhoys comin' from Tipperary that'll see me all right.'

'What does your husband mean?'

'Och, yer honner, don't be afther mindin' what he sez at all at all,' cried Mrs Scallan in a terror-stricken fashion. 'Shure, it's only fur the carts that meself an' him is waitin', to bring our flittin' away out of the place; an' that'll not be longer than three days at the furdest.'

'As you please, Mrs Scallan; but your money won't stand long at this rate.'

'Is it the money ye'll be wantin' back—yer dirty thirty pounds?—Throw it to thim, Biddy. No; ye can't, fur I have it meself. Ay, an' I'll keep it too, to thrate the bhoys wid, the sthrappin' bhoys av Westmeath. I like to stand thrate to daycent fellows—do anythin' at all I want, from pitch-an'-toss to manslaughter.'

'This is going a little too far, Mrs Scallan.'

'Och, Mr Wharton, yer honner, he's out of his twelve sinses wid the whisky to spake to yerself in such a way. An' it's himself'll be sorry about it the morrow whin he comes to. Shure, I'm thryin' hard to get him out of the place as soon as I can; but the naybours come from all arts an' parts to see him afore he goes, an' he hasn't the heart to sind thim home dhry, as long as he has money in his pockets.'

'I have a hundhred min in Westmeath that ud die for me this minit. I'm lavin' it; but I want to shew ye that I am a better man than any agint or bailiff in the country.—Isn't that a fact, Joss?' added he after a pause, addressing himself to the occupant of the opposite corner.

The latter individual, who had hitherto been perfectly silent, replied to Scallan hurriedly in an undertone and in the Irish language.

'Who is that man?' I asked of Mrs Scallan.

'Shure sir, he's only a thravellin' tinker, sir, that Mrs O'Reilly brought in to mind her kittles. An' a good thradesman he is too, sir; but he doesn't know how to talk a word of English barrin Irish, sir. He's a grand hand at kittles, sir.'

'Ay, an' forbye kittles,' growled the incorrigible again from the corner, 'he's a first-class man in a pinch; yes, he's a frind an' a brother; that's what he is.—Aren't you, Joss, avick?'

Thereupon ensued a dialogue in Irish between Scallan and his friend Joss, under cover of which we thought it advisable to withdraw. Mrs O'Reilly was to send her husband up to the office next day to settle the bog difficulty; and so ended our interview.

'Rather unprepossessing folk those,' remarked the Major, as we quitted the house. 'Certainly not calculated to prepossess one in favour of the Irish character.'

I was too much annoyed to make any reply.

'They're a murderin' lot, the whole jing-bang of thim, an' that's the holy all of it,' interposed the bailiff warmly. 'Did ye undherstand what that other sthrange chap was remarkin' in Irish about yerself, Mr Wharton? If ye didn't, all the better; fur it was terrible.'

'No, Donnelly. Scallan's English was quite enough for me; perhaps a little too much.'

'Do ye believe me what I'm goin' to tell ye, sir? That chap is here for nothin' good. He's no more a tinker than meself, or you, or the Major is. No sir; he's a Tipperary man of the name of Kelly, an' high up in sthripes among the Ribbonmin. He carries the goods. But ye don't know what that manes, av coorse. It manes that he brings the new passwords from one lodge to another through the counthry. That's what he is, sir. I seen him in this naybourhood afore, sir, when poor Mr Park was shot.'

'Well, it's something to know that; it may be useful in future. In fact, I have a good mind to lodge an information without further delay, and have the whole pack up before a magistrate.'

'Och sir, what good ud that same be? Shure you could make nothin' out of thim, good or bad. They'd jist be afther snappin' their fingers at ye, if ye thried it on wid thim. Why sir, last year there was hardly a week wint by widout an agint or a bailiff bein' popped. An' how many convictions tuk place accordin'? Why, sarra a wan at all at all, sir. They're as knowin' as foxes, sir, an' sarra a grip can ye git on thim.'

'What do you say, Major? You have seen and heard the folks?'

'I am of the same opinion with your man,' replied he curtly.

'Deed an' 'deed, Mr Wharton, the law and the pölis is no purtection whatsomdiver. An' if wan of the lot was tuk up, the whole counthry would gether round the house to murder us all, an' burn us alive preaps into the bargain. An' shure, Mr Wharton, darlint, if you had a hundhred pounds to spare, I'd say give me the lind av it, an' let me be af to Ameriky or Liverpool or some other foreign land, before we're all kil't an' massacred. Deed an' word, sir, it's aff I'd have been long ago ony for the wife an' the childher. I want to bring thim wid me, fur the ruffins ud slaughter thim whin me back was turned, fur spite that I had got clane away from their claws.'

I was deeply impressed by the bailiff's pathetic appeal. I saw myself in no less helpless a plight; and

A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind.

I began to reason that if an appeal to the civil

authorities were useless in the present attitude of affairs, it might be made too late at some future time, when agent and bailiff had already fallen victims to the brutality of an organised gang of murderers. Surely it were better to follow my bailiff's example, and fly the accursed land for ever. But then, what would the world say? Public opinion would readily interpret such legitimate caution as cowardice. While I was thus vacillating, I caught the Major's eye fixed upon me in apparent disapproval; for he readily divined the state of my feelings. A look from him settled the business; so I dissembled, and told the bailiff to be calm. I reminded him that we were in a position of trust. Until we were reduced to the direst extremity itself, we would not be justified in abandoning the posts assigned to us. That time at least had not yet come. I sent him home with the assurance that every protection would be afforded him and his family.

When we were once more alone: 'What's your opinion now, Major, about the aspect of affairs?' I asked.

'Time, sir, is all I ask,' he replied. 'Do you merely keep yourself quiet, and trust to me for the rest.'

So we reached Castle Mahon.

Upon our arrival, I found Mr Carnegie there waiting to see me. Having heard about the houghing of the cattle, he had dropped over in a friendly way to learn the exact extent of the damage—which indeed had been greatly exaggerated by the country-folk—and whether there was a probability of bringing the miscreants to justice. I insisted upon his remaining to dinner. I introduced the Major to him, and all three of us spent the evening in a warm discussion of the question. The Major renewed his advocacy of a cautious defensive policy; Mr Carnegie was of the same opinion, and justified it by local experience. It remained for me to subscribe a mild assent. But I felt like Job sitting among his comforters. Some sort of action—no matter what—would have been preferable to the terrible suspense, which racked my very inmost feelings. But feelings apparently counted for nothing with my case-hardened advisers. I felt for once the disadvantage of being an Englishman.

On the stroke of ten our guest rose to leave. By our direction, he looked to his pistols before going out; remarking at the same time in a laughing way, that he at least was quite safe; he might go through any part of the country at any hour of the night. For a short time he stood at the outer door, to repeat his warning to me about venturing abroad; then he bade us good-night, and the great door closed behind him. We had not long regained the dining-room, when we heard the report of a shot fired outside, upon which we rushed back to the door, opened it, and, waiting for a few seconds till the butler procured a lantern, proceeded in the direction of the shot. We found Mr Carnegie lying prostrate on the ground scarcely a hundred paces from the house. He had been shot at! By the light of the lantern, we could see that his features were ashy pale, and that his hand was pressed to his side in the convulsive manner of a man who is suffering mortal agony. To our eager inquiries he could make no answer; he was speechless. The absence

of blood on his person or on the ground, shewed that he had escaped at least the assassin's bullet; but his unconsciousness, his attitude of pain, all the circumstances of the case, made us fear that he had received some serious internal injuries. Carefully lifting him up, we carried him back into the castle, and stretched him on a sofa in the dining-room. We administered stimulants. Soon he opened his eyes. Never shall I forget the look of silent anguish which he cast upon me at that moment! He apparently did not as yet realise the fact that he was surrounded by friends.

We proceeded to make an examination; our every movement being followed by the anxious eyes of the sufferer. The result of it proved that we had been right in our conjecture. The ball had been aimed at his left side. Penetrating his thick ulster and the coat and waistcoat underneath, it had stopped just at the watch-pocket, having failed to reach his person. Never had escape been so narrow! We told him so, and the news reassured him greatly. In a little time he was able to talk to us, but very feebly at first. It appeared that, upon leaving us, he had been going down the avenue at a tolerably brisk pace, when on a sudden he heard a footstep in his rear, as if some one had sallied out from behind a tree. He turned round to see who it was, and observed at a little distance off, a stalwart fellow with a mask on his face in the act of presenting a pistol at him. The next moment he was conscious of a shot being fired; then, of his being hurled with violence to the ground. Then he felt a strange giddiness come over him; and—he knew no more till he found himself in the dining-room. There was no doubt but that our timely arrival had saved his life, so completely was he in the villain's power. The assassin apparently thought that he was dealing with me, from the frequent mention made of my name, accompanied with horrible imprecations.

Such was the gist of Mr Carnegie's statement. Now that the sufferer was sufficiently tranquil, the Major and I sallied out to revisit the scene of the catastrophe. On the walk, the gravel was in a torn-up state, as if a severe struggle had taken place there. Close at hand, lay a recently discharged pistol, and the half-burned shreds of a newspaper, which had probably been used in loading. Beyond these we could discover no evidences of the recent affray. As for the assassin himself, a systematic search would be perfectly idle in such a place and at such an hour. Besides, our delay had given him ample opportunity of getting clear off. So we returned to the castle.

I spoke to the Major about the advisability of calling in the police. To this he objected as a measure practically useless; at the same time hinting, *sotto voce*, that it was quite out of keeping with his plans. I appealed to Mr Carnegie. He was of the same opinion with the Major. In the midst of a population made up of assassins on the one hand and of their sympathisers on the other, the greatest caution was necessary; and in order the more effectually to achieve the ends of justice, the affair would have to be kept a profound secret. We should wait for a clue. When it was found, we could follow it up with effect. I had no relish for such delay. But of course there

was nothing left for me except to acquiesce in the opinion of two such competent authorities. At daybreak, we smuggled Mr Carnegie to his home, in a close carriage.

MAN-EATING TIGERS.

OUR Indian government, as we have had occasion to mention in former articles, make a practice of publishing yearly a detailed Report shewing the loss of life occasioned among the natives of Hindustan by the ravages of wild beasts, and the still more terrible list of deaths attributable to the bites of venomous snakes and other dangerous reptiles. It is satisfactory to observe that although this melancholy total is still lamentably large, yet that the exertions of the government in recent years to keep down the numbers of wild animals and other pests so destructive to human life in British India have not been without good effect, for the Return last published—that of 1878—shews a steady improvement on those preceding it.

Unfortunately, however carefully these statistics may have been compiled from the information supplied by district officials, they cannot be accepted as altogether complete, or as furnishing the full number of deaths from the above-mentioned causes; and this remark specially applies to deaths from snake-bites. The natives of India are in general exceedingly superstitious, and are great believers in *kismet* or fate; and it is surprising how little notice is taken of any unfortunate who may be bitten, and in a few hours carried off, by the bite of some deadly snake. In large towns or villages under the direct supervision of the police the circumstance would undoubtedly be reported to the officer in charge of the district; but in out-of-the-way parts like the wilds of Central India—and still more so in large independent states such as Rewah and Gwalior—hundreds of poor creatures yearly perish whose deaths are not returned under the true heading.

Although the great majority of deaths—which have reached the enormous number of twenty thousand in a single year—included in this gloomy Report are rightly put down to the terrible bite of the cobra, the krait, or other venomous snakes, yet in spite of large rewards offered for their extermination, we learn that panthers, and others of the *felidae*, as also bears and wolves, still roam through the jungles, and that tigers still carry off human beings. Happily, in our times this majestic creature, the royal tiger, is less common than formerly was the case, and indeed in many parts where once he ruled king of the jungles, he has now, from being constantly hunted and shot down, become almost if not altogether extinct. Still, in the wilder and more hilly tracts of country, or in parts where the forest, on account of the swampy nature of the soil, has not been cleared away, and where the land has not been brought into a state of cultivation, tigers yet hold sway, and constantly prey upon the herds of the poor

natives. These cattle-devouring tigers, however, though by their constant depredations they prove to be a sore tax and a source of constant dread to the people of the country, will yet, if left unmolested, as a rule seldom take to man-killing. And it may here be mentioned that it is a common mistake to imagine that the tiger, savage and blood-thirsty by nature as he undoubtedly is, will *readily* attack human beings, the exact contrary being the case. The tiger, like all other wild animals, has an instinctive fear of man; and unless pressed by hunger, provoked, or come upon suddenly face to face, when on the spur of the moment, and more from fear than anything else, he will sometimes make use of his terrible powers—the animal will on meeting a human being almost invariably turn aside from the path, and with a surly growl quietly slink off into the thicket. But if such is the general character of the royal tiger, how then, it will naturally be asked, is this lamentable loss of life yearly laid to his charge to be accounted for? and this question we will endeavour to answer.

We often read and hear about man-eating tigers; but most fortunately these terrible creatures, once so common, are nowadays exceedingly rare in British India. Probably not one tiger in a hundred is a professional man-eater. Now and again, however, one is heard of, generally speaking in Central India, or further south, towards the Madras Presidency. When once a tiger takes to devouring human beings, he will seldom touch any other prey; and consequently, unless the detestable monster be speedily sought out and destroyed by some English sportsman or native hunter (*shikary*), the awful roll of victims continues to increase with alarming rapidity, till at length many scores of poor creatures are carried off in a comparatively short space of time by a single animal. The husbandman ploughing his field is taken away in broad daylight. The village maiden on her way to the river with her water-pitcher, disappears mysteriously. The watchman posted to scare the flocks of parrots from the ripening corn, returns not at sundown.

In vain the poor oppressed villagers endeavour, by taking increased precautions during the day-time and securely barring their doors after night-fall, to guard against their common enemy. For a few days, perhaps for a whole week, nothing is seen of the tiger, and once more the inhabitants venture forth and resume their daily occupations. A renewed sense of security begins to be felt, mingled with a hope that the animal may have departed elsewhere; but the probabilities are that the cunning creature may yet be lurking in the neighbourhood, and only watching for a favourable opportunity to spring upon a fresh victim. Again the terrible foe, now grown bold from uninterrupted success, suddenly appears, and carries off yet another human being from the devoted village. At length matters reach a pass beyond all human endurance; a panic seizes upon the terror-stricken inhabitants, and hastily packing up their goods and chattels, they desert the spot, driving before them their flocks and herds, and depart *en masse* for some neighbouring town, leaving their humble dwellings to fall to ruin, and the ripe crops to perish unharvested in the fields.

This is no exaggerated picture ; though happily it is, as already mentioned, becoming rarer. Still, scenes of misery such as we have described have frequently occurred amidst the wilds of Rajputana, in the Nagpore country, and in other districts bordering on Central India. Not only have individual villages been thus rendered uninhabitable for a time by the ravages of a single tiger, but in former days it was nothing uncommon to hear of several large villages being depopulated by these animals.

It is one of the many onerous duties incumbent on the magistrate and collector of a district to check by every means in his power the inroads of wild animals in his particular circle. Ever since the Mutiny of 1857, our Indian subjects have been disarmed ; though, generally speaking, in villages bordering upon a forest country, one or two of the inhabitants are licensed to carry a matchlock ; but this rude weapon, though useful in driving off crop-devouring deer and wild-hogs after nightfall, is altogether unsuited for tiger-shooting ; consequently, when a roaming man-eater makes his appearance, and begins to make a practice of carrying off human beings, the poor country-people are altogether powerless, and unable to cope with their fell oppressor without the aid of their European masters. It then becomes the bounden duty of the magistrate or one of his subordinates to take immediate steps for their rescue.

Probably the district officer himself, or his police-officer, is a sportsman ; if so, one or the other of them will at once take the field, pitch his camp somewhere near the tiger's stronghold, and in conjunction with the village people, use every endeavour to destroy the animal. Sometimes their efforts are successful ; but often the contrary is the case ; and in spite of the most carefully devised plans, the hunters are thwarted again and again by the extreme cunning so often displayed by the wily game. Unlike the generality of tigers, which during the hot-weather months can usually be discovered in certain favourite spots, and when once marked down are driven out and destroyed with comparatively little difficulty, the man-eater is almost invariably a skulking coward, who, as if conscious of his evil deeds, is ever suspicious and on his guard against danger, seldom shewing fight, even when closely pursued, fired at, and driven into a corner, and sneaking off on hearing the first shout of the beaters.

Not the least pleasing among the attractions of tiger-shooting is the value and extreme beauty of the trophies of the chase ; and there are few prizes more coveted by the young Anglo-Indian sportsman or more carefully preserved when gained than the glossy striped coat of his first royal tiger ; but the man-eater, when at last he has been outmanœuvred and met with his just deserts by a well-aimed rifle-bullet, seldom presents a prepossessing appearance. It may be a thin under-sized tigress, in poor condition, and altogether wanting the elastic form and graceful beauty of her sex ; or perhaps an old decrepit male tiger, with decayed fangs and mangy hide, the latter hardly worth the stretching. But in spite of this drawback, which, however, is not always the case, the true sportsman who, after many disappointments, at length comes off victorious, and rides the country

of the most terrible of all wild beasts, feels within him the sensation of having done a really good action, which more than repays him for the time and trouble he has taken.

LIVING BY THE WITS.

SOME time ago, professional pursuits took me about thirty miles from home, and kept me there until I had just time to catch the last return train. Although I knew every inch of the road, yet I somehow had made a false turn, the consequence of which was that albeit I made more haste than was prudent to retrieve lost time, I had the mortification of seeing the red light of the tail-lamp of the train pass out of sight around a sharp curve of the line. Coming to a dead-stand, I said (to myself I imagined) : 'There ! I'm in for it now. What is to be done ?'

'Make the best of a bad job, sir,' said a voice at my elbow in a cheerful tone.

Looking round, I saw a middle-aged and kind-looking farmer, who seemed to regard my loss of the train with compassion ; for before I had time to reply, he said : 'There's many a worse case existing at this moment than yours, friend ; the saddest part of it is the disappointment of friends at home.'

'That's the very thing that troubles me,' I said ; 'for I know I cannot wire my loss of train to them.'

'Bring your mind to your circumstances, friend,' was the philosophical advice of my newly-found acquaintance. Then added : 'As for yourself, you need not be long in suspense ; for if you can put up with such accommodation as my house affords, you are welcome to it. What say you ?'

Seeing that nothing better could be done, I gratefully went with my friend-in-need ; and in about ten minutes I found myself at the door of the moderately sized farm-house of Mr Samuel Pitchforth. As we were about to enter, we almost stumbled over a man who was in the act of knocking at the door. He turned out to be a broker from the market-town at which I had done business, about two miles off, and had come respecting some furniture which my host had spoken to him about. It was not much past nine o'clock ; and as the newcomer had ridden in a light-cart, he was not in haste to return ; so it was not long before we all three were snugly seated in the farmer's best room, chatting merrily.

'I'll tell you what, Pitchforth,' said the broker in a somewhat testy tone ; 'I have hardly got over the effects of a bad bargain I made the other day ; it affects my feelings yet, and will do so, I guess, for a day or two longer.'

'It must be something serious, Barker,' replied our host, 'to affect you so much. I hope it won't drive you into the Insolvency Court.'

'I'm not afraid of its doing that,' said Barker. 'It is not the amount of money I've lost, as the thought that I've been *done*, that troubles me. I thought I was up to every kind of trick that could be played off on me, and so believed that I could not be taken in by the cleverest rogue ; hence the fact that I've been swindled does not sit lightly on my mind, I can tell you.'

My host laughed heartily as he good-naturedly

replied: 'And so Jemmy Barker has met his match in craft and cunning!'

'He has indeed,' said Barker with a sigh and a few reconciling nods of his head.

'Come, come, Barker boy, cheer up!' said Pitchforth; 'even you may live and learn. But come; let us hear the tale of Diamond cut Diamond, and I will supplement it by relating a story of sharp dealing in which I was lately concerned.'

Barker, who was smoking his well-seasoned pipe, looked significantly towards the table, where it was pretty clear he had expected to see the usual accompaniments of a well-to-do farmer's sociality; but as they did not meet his gaze, he seemed ill-disposed to comply with our host's request. It was also equally clear that the latter had suffered a temporary lapse of memory; for uttering a good-natured exclamation, he asked me to be kind enough to touch the bell at my elbow. This was enough to put Barker into good-humour and a talking mood; for while the maid who answered the bell was getting the decanter and glasses laid on the table, the broker was refilling his pipe with complacent face. When he had got his pipe well a-going, he spoke as follows:

'I need not tell you, neighbour Pitchforth, that I am not so thin-skinned as many folks respecting what is called cheating the revenue; for if I can buy a bit of contraband on the sly, I scruple not to do so; and as the case in hand is one of that sort, you may be ready to say that I am right served. Well, I am not disposed to argue the point with you, but will just tell you the story as it occurred. It was last market-day morning, I was standing at my door, looking down the street, when a man rushed past me into my shop bearing a small keg or barrel on his shoulder. Lifting it off and placing it on my counter, he said in much haste: "Friend, do me the favour of letting this stop here an hour or so. It is a couple of gallons of brandy which has not done duty to the Queen. I have brought it at the request of a gentleman who promised to meet me here at ten o'clock. I've been all through the market looking for him, but have not found him. Just now, I got a glimpse of the exciseman; and as he has some little knowledge of me that is not good, I became afraid of being seen by him; so if you will let the keg abide here while I look for its purchaser, I will do you a good turn some time."

"You may put the barrel on the floor, and leave it there," I said. "But mind, if the exciseman should come and ask about it, I'll not say that it is mine."

"It will have to take its chance, friend," he replied, and went his way.

About three o'clock in the afternoon he came back. Rubbing his hands as he looked down upon the barrel, he exclaimed: "Good, good! So the receiver of the Queen's revenue has not found you out. So far so good." Then looking me in the face, he said: "I've had my trouble for nothing; my customer has not turned up. What to do with the keg of brandy, I know not." Then after a pause, he asked: "Will you buy it, friend? It is a drop of as good brandy as ever went into anybody's mouth. Come, you shall taste it. Just fetch a glass!"

'Having no objection to his offer, I got a glass.

Taking a small tap out of his pocket, and driving it into the taphole with a piece of wood he saw near him, he soon had drawn a glass, which he handed to me. It was really first-rate brandy.

"Now," said the rascal (I can call him by no better name), "as you have done me a good turn to-day, I'll put a few shillings into your pocket in the way of trade. You shall have this two-gallon keg of brandy for a sovereign."

The brandy was dirt-cheap at that price. I knew where I could sell it, if I wished; so giving the fellow the money, I took my purchase into the cellar. At night, after I had shut up my shop, I bethought me of the brandy. Thinks I: "I'll keep it for my own use and comfort; and as it is not often we indulge, I'll draw myself and wife a glass; it will make us a good nightcap." So getting a couple of tumblers, I went down into the cellar, and soon drew a glass of brandy. But when I began to draw a second, scarce a drop could I get. "How's this?" I exclaimed, and gave the barrel a shake. It sounded all right. But not another drop would flow. "There's something wrong in the state of Denmark," I exclaimed aloud, and waxed very wroth.

'That's just like you, Barker,' said my host, who seemed as if he had a license to say to him what he liked.

'Like or not like,' he replied, 'I was resolved to bottom the mystery. So putting the barrel on an end, I knocked off a hoop and took out one of the staves of the lid. I was almost petrified at what I saw. The barrel was nearly full of Adam's ale—clear water. "Where in the world did the brandy come from?" I exclaimed. Pouring out the water not in the best of tempers, the mystery stood explained before me. A tin tube had been fixed, one end in the bung-hole, the other end in the taphole; this had been filled with good liquor—scarcely half a pint. All the rest of the space contained water.'

There was such adroitness combined with novelty in this trick, that both my host and I burst into a loud laugh.

Ere long our host said: 'You are a wiser if not a happier man, friend Barker.'

'I have no doubt you both are saying inwardly: "The biter was bit, and serve him right;" but it has been a nettlesome piece of business to me, I assure you. However, it's among accomplished facts now, and so let it rest there.—But now, Pitchforth, let's have your story. It's dry work talking and smoking, I find,' concluded Barker, emptying and refilling his glass.

'My story,' began Pitchforth, 'is of another order, though it relates to an impostor who would have come over me to the tune of twenty-five pounds if I had not been too sharp for him. The facts are these. I had bred a fine young horse, which I valued at twenty-five pounds. Having no use for him, and needing a little ready cash, I took him to Sheffield fair to sell. I had stood all day without effecting a sale, when just as I was about to leave the fair, a fine good-looking man in top-boots and a velvet coat, with a riding-whip in his hand, stepped up and asked the price of my horse. I replied: "Twenty-five pounds." "I'll give you twenty-three pounds," he said. Thinking that I could not do better, as the fair was near its close, I closed in with his offer. He then took out his pocket-book, and presented me with

an accommodation bill for twenty-five pounds, and asked for the change.

"What is this, friend?" I said, looking at the paper.

"It is a genuine bill of exchange, which any bank will readily discount," was his reply.

"I don't know that," I said; and added: "Besides, the banks are closed for the day, so I can't test your paper. But," I said—a thought striking me—"if you will go with me to my house, where you can stay for the night, and my neighbours approve of the bill, I'll ratify the bargain." To this proposal he readily agreed; and mounting the horse I had offered to sell him, and I my mare, we trotted off from Sheffield. We had eighteen miles to travel; but as the evening was a fine one and our horses were in good fettle, we did very well. On crossing Criggleston Common, however, I felt rather timid, for the thought came—"What is there to hinder your companion making off with the horse he is riding, or, for the matter of that, giving you a knock-down blow, and escaping with both horses?" However, he did neither, and we reached home all right. We had a merry time of it, for he was a capital talker, full of horse-dealing adventure and other kinds of anecdote; and as we both made pretty free with the gin-bottle, we went to bed tolerably happy.

Next morning, I took the bill to such of my neighbours as were likely to advise me concerning it. Some said: "Take it; it is right enough;" others said just the contrary. The dealer in horse-flesh, however, grew impatient at my delay, and at last became cross; so yielding to the weight of advice given me, I closed with the bargain; and away trotted the horse with its new master on his back. He had not been long gone, however, before I began to feel uneasy, especially as my daughter, who was among the dissentients, continued to give me upbraiding looks. At last I got so wretched that I could not rest; so sending a man to saddle my horse, and hastily putting on my riding-suit, I set off after the horse-dealer as fast as my steed could gallop. I met one and another of my acquaintances, who really thought I had either gone mad or was trying to play Johnny Gilpin. But I neither stopped nor wavered until I came in sight of my quarry, who was giving his horse a drink at a roadside trough. I had marked out my course as I had gone along; so, pulling up at his side, I asked him quite calm-like, if he would buy another horse.

"Yes, if you will take another bill," was his reply.

"Then let us talk the matter over in a quiet way," I said.

Presently, seizing the bridle of the horse I had sold to the man, I said: "I rue the bargain we made a while ago; here is your bill; dismount, and give me my change." He was so nettled, that he lifted his hand threateningly.

"There's another that can play at that game, my man," I said.

"I know not what would have been the issue of this burst of passion, had not Mr Turnbull the brewer ridden up at that moment. To him I related the matter in dispute and shewed the bill.

"You can claim this man's presence at a bank while you present the bill," said Mr Turnbull;

"and my advice is, both of you ride on to Sheffield, and have the bill discounted or rejected as it may turn out to be good or bad.—Your friend"—addressing me—"can't reasonably object to this proposal."

The dealer in horse-flesh thought it best to fall in with this suggestion; and so we continued on our way. We had not gone far, however, before he came to a dead-stand, and making some lame excuse for not going on with the agreement, he offered, amid a host of angry expressions, to dissolve the bargain if I would allow something for loss of time. To this I agreed, and so we parted, but not before I had exhorted him to cease living by his wits and work like an honest man.

"I can't say exactly, but I think it was about three months after this that I took the same horse to Rotherham fair. As I was entering the fair-ground, I was astounded by a sight which met my gaze: there was the identical horse-dealer gyved to two policemen! Our eyes met. Drawing up my horse as the procession passed, I said aloud: "Did not I tell you that you would come to this, and advised you to work for your living as an honest man?"

"Too late! too late!" was the wretch's response.

I watched the newspapers, to see the end of this matter. I found out that the rascal's name was Hunt; that he had been long wanted by the police for frauds of various kinds, and that for them he soon after got seven years' penal servitude.

This recital ended, Mr Barker took his leave, and soon after we went to bed.

I have had no reason to regret my having missed the train at Greenhead Station on that well-remembered night.

SHAM BUTTER.

OLEO-MARGARINE, otherwise 'butterine,' otherwise 'bosh,' really only animal grease in disguise, is the outcome of an ingenious Frenchman's notion that the butter diffused through the milk of the cow is due to the absorption of the animal's fat. Taking some minced beef-suet, a few fresh sheep's stomachs cut into small pieces, carbonate of potash, and water, M. Mège subjected the mixture to a heat of a hundred and thirteen degrees Fahrenheit; and so, by the action of the pepsine in the sheep's stomachs, separated the fat from the other tissues. By hydraulic pressure this fat was again separated into stearine and margarine; and putting ten pounds of the latter into a churn with four pints of milk, three pints of water, and a little arnotto, M. Mège succeeded in turning out a compound sufficiently like butter to pass for that article.

Whether he had produced a deleterious stuff, containing the germs of disease and of all manner of loathsome parasites, as one set of scientific experts pronounced; or something far more wholesome than half the real butter in the market, as another set emphatically declared, was of little moment to the discoverer, so long as the thing was likely to prove profitable. He patented his process; and found no difficulty in selling licenses to work it in France, England, Holland, Germany, and America.

In the last-named country the manufacture of oleo-margarine developed so quickly and so enormously, that our own Board of Trade thought it necessary to request Mr Archibald, the British Consul-general in New York, to furnish all the information he could obtain respecting the manufacture and exportation of mock-butter.

His Report has been printed, and is now before us. From it we learn that the sole right to issue licenses for the making of oleo-margarine by Mège's process lies with the American Dairy Company, which has already granted such licenses to factories in Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Baltimore, Cincinnati, New Haven, and New York. One or two outsiders have embarked in the business without troubling themselves about paying for the right to do so; but the bulk of the trade is in the hands of the licensed firms—the Commercial Manufacturing Company, of New York, taking the lead, and being the largest manufacturers of mock-butter in the world.

In his Report, Mr Archibald says: 'The Commercial Manufacturing Company commenced operations in 1876, and their business soon attained considerable proportions, as much as half a million pounds of fat per week having been converted by them into oleo-margarine or oleo-margarine butter, which at the rate of two and a half pounds of fat to one pound of oil, would produce two hundred thousand pounds of oil or butter. This rate of production was maintained up to the middle of 1877, when it fell off, owing to two causes: one being the passage of an Act of the New York state legislature forbidding the sale of "oleo-margarine butter" as butter; and the other, the generally lower prices which have prevailed for butter during the past two years, which at times have rendered the manufacture of oleo-margarine butter unremunerative. For it is stated that when the retail price of genuine butter falls below twenty-three cents a pound, it does not pay to manufacture imitation butter. The average wholesale price procured here for oleo-margarine oil and butter since 1876, has been thirteen cents per pound for the oil, and fifteen cents a pound for the butter.'

'During the past two years, the quantity of fat manufactured into oleo-margarine and oleo-margarine butter by the Commercial Manufacturing Company has been about two hundred thousand pounds per week, yielding eighty thousand pounds of oil and butter. Of this, about seventy-five per cent., or sixty thousand pounds per week, was the oil product "oleo-margarine," all of which was exported in barrels or tierces, for the most part under the name of "oleo-margarine," but sometimes as "butter-fat," or simply as "oil." This would give a yearly exportation by this Company alone of about three million pounds; but it is estimated that nearly an equal quantity is now being made by the outside manufacturers, so that the total quantity of oleo-margarine exported from this port may be stated in round numbers as about six million pounds annually.'

Besides this quantity of oil for making mock-butter, a large quantity of the butter itself is exported, the United Kingdom coming in for the greater portion. Sometimes this is shipped as butter-grease, butter-fat, oleo-margarine, butterine, 'or possibly as butter itself.' Very possibly indeed, we should say, since the article is put

up in half-butts or firkins in precisely the same way as butter; or made up into pound 'pats,' covered by muslin or thin cotton wrappers, stamped as genuine butter is stamped, and packed in boxes. We have seen it in this last shape and in the form of rolls in some London shops, ticketed one shilling a pound; while in others it is retailed under its proper name at tenpence and ninepence.

For the 'oil,' the great bulk finds its way to Germany and Holland, enabling the latter to keep up its reputation as a butter-producing country without troubling to keep up its stock of cows. Rotterdam receives the chief portion of the shipments of the Commercial Manufacturing Company; from thence the oil is sent to a place called Oss. There it is mixed with a certain proportion of milk, to give it a taste of the flavour of real butter, coloured to make the outward resemblance perfect, and then converted by churning into butterine. This butterine the Hollanders re-ship to France and England. Most of it comes here direct, to be sold as Best Dutch Butter; and what does go to France, eventually appears in our market as the product of the dairies of Normandy and Brittany, side by side with tubs of Irish butter, hailing originally from the same American factory.

These facts suggest the propriety of every housewife looking carefully into the nature of the butter she is in the habit of purchasing—her best protection possibly being that of dealing only with tradesmen on whom perfect reliance can be placed.

A SUMMER DAY.

The flowers lay sleeping beneath the dew—
But the Mother had watched the whole night through.

The wild sweet carol of one small bird
Was the sound that the weary watcher heard.

And the Summer dawn grew into the Morn,
But still she sat weeping beside her first-born.

Life was fading from cheek and brow,
And the Mother's heart was hopeless now.

Not one sound in the chamber of death
Was heard—save the Maiden's labouring breath;

No word of murmur the Mother spake;
Silent and calm are the hearts that break.

Morning passed—and the Noon so still
Bathed in warm loveliness wood and hill.

Slumbrous airs from the West went by,
And the Mother watched for her child to die.

Afternoon came—and the Maiden lay
Lifeless and soulless—a mould of clay!

Rain came down as from eyes that wept,
Watching was over—the Maiden slept.

Through the quiet falling of evening rain
The bird's soft carol stole in again!

Then the Mother said—"Tis a message for me,
To tell me, O child, that 'tis well with thee!"

And the Summer day ended, for 'late or long,
Every day weareth to even-song.' J. H.

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BONAPARTE AND JOSEPHINE.

So much has first and last been written about Bonaparte, that it might seem as if nothing more could be said. Yet, there was something wanting. It was an account of his private habits and character, written from personal knowledge. This information has at length been furnished in the *Memoirs of Madame de Remusat*, a work in the French language, but which has been translated into English by Mrs Cashel Hoey and Mr John Lillie, and is now issued from the press in two octavo volumes. We have had the pleasure of its perusal, and may confidently say that besides being of considerable historical value, it forms an acceptable addition to entertaining biographic literature. The writer, Madame de Remusat, had the best opportunities for observation, and she was a good observer. She occupied the position of Lady-in-Waiting to Josephine, Bonaparte's first wife; while M. de Remusat was Prefect of the Palace, which gave him a general superintendence of the court in its domestic relations.

As a preliminary, it may be advantageous to give some little account of Josephine, on whom interest is very naturally concentrated. She was born 23d June 1763, in Martinique, a French colonial possession in the West Indies, where her father, Tacher de la Pagerie, was captain of the port of St Pierre. Josephine de la Pagerie had only an indifferent colonial education; but her amiability and beauty won universal regard. When about fifteen years of age, she came to France, and soon after was married to Alexandre, Viscount de Beauharnais, of which marriage there were two children, Eugene and Hortense. Beauharnais, her husband, like many of the French aristocracy, was condemned and beheaded during the Reign of Terror, 1794. Josephine nearly suffered the same fate. She was seized, and committed to the Conciergerie, and only escaped death by the fall of Robespierre. Alison in his 'History of Europe' mentions a strange circumstance, which he asserts to be on good authority, concerning Josephine. It is to the

effect that while she was a girl in the West Indies, an old negress prophesied that she should lose her first husband and be extremely unfortunate, but should afterwards be greater than a queen. The recollection of this sustained her hopes while in the Conciergerie; and she told the ladies, her unfortunate companions in captivity, that some day on rising to her good fortune she would name them as her maids of honour. The prophecy of the old negress came true; but of course it was no more than a lucky coincidence.

On occasion of the general disarming of the inhabitants of Paris, the sword of Beauharnais, who had served as a general in the army, was taken from the family. Soon afterwards, Eugene de Beauharnais, a boy of ten years of age, waited on Bonaparte, to request that his father's sword should be restored to him. Bonaparte was so much pleased with his appearance, that he not only returned the sword, but paid a visit to the boy's mother, the Countess Josephine de Beauharnais. Bonaparte was charmed with the Countess and her stories of the court at Versailles, where her husband, one of the handsomest men and best dancer of his age, had frequently had the honour of dancing with Marie Antoinette. This casual acquaintance with Bonaparte ripened into an intimacy. Josephine was so much interested in his history and appearance, that she exerted herself to facilitate his promotion to be the general in command of the Army of Italy, and she was married to him on the 9th March 1796. As Bonaparte's remarkable victories in Italy were the means of getting him appointed First Consul, Josephine's intercessions in his favour laid the foundations of his fortune.

It was shortly after Bonaparte was put at the helm of affairs as First Consul, that Madame de Remusat, at twenty-three years of age, entered court-life and became a confidential companion of Josephine, and further had the advantage of being intimate with Talleyrand, Minister of Foreign Affairs, also of being placed in constant communication with Napoleon's brothers

and sisters, and of Josephine's daughter, Hortense. From time to time she took notes of what she saw, and these, along with some other records, she retained after the fall of Napoleon in 1814. On his unforeseen return from Elba, she became apprehensive that her house would be searched, and without further reflection threw the manuscripts in the fire. This needless act was bitterly regretted. She could only draw upon her remembrance for the past, and write her recollections, in which she was wonderfully successful, for she possessed a more than usually tenacious memory. At her decease in 1821, her papers were bequeathed to her son, who, not being able to attend to their publication, left them to his son, M. Paul de Remusat, who now edits and brings them forth as a tribute to the memory of his grandmother. Such is briefly the history of these interesting Memoirs, to which we give a glance, with a view to stimulate public interest in the work.

Madame begins by describing Bonaparte as being of a moody contemplative disposition; he was fond of reverie, of twilight, of melancholy music, of the moaning of the sea, of the rhapsodies of Ossian. He was always meditating, planning, thinking. He cared nothing for the ordinary polite rules and manners in society. He went awkwardly out of or into a room. 'With great difficulty, he had acquired the art of shaving himself. M. de Remusat induced him to undertake this task, on seeing that he was uneasy under the hands of a barber.' In ceremonial processions within the palace, he hurried on, to the discomposure of all before and behind; and especially to the ladies, who, to preserve order, required to carry their trains over their arm.

In character, he was above all intensely selfish. His will was to be the universal law. He considered himself entitled to do what he liked, and how he liked. Moral principle was a chimera. 'He did not value sincerity, and he did not hesitate to say that he recognised the superiority of a man by the greater or less dexterity with which he practised the art of lying. "M. de Metternich," he added, "approaches being a statesman—he lies very well." One day he said to Talleyrand: 'There is nothing really noble or base in this world; I have in my character all that can contribute to secure my power, and to deceive those who think they know me.' As he was devoid of principle himself, so he believed every one to be the same. All good actions, so called, were in his opinion tricks to cover some selfish design. In his egotistic monologues, he was fond of being attentively listened to. 'Like an actor who becomes excited by the effect he produces, Bonaparte enjoyed the admiration he watched for closely in the face of his audience.' Having attained power by his military promptitude in suppressing revolutionary excesses, he made no attempt to create durable institutions independently of himself. On the contrary, his sole aim was to exalt his own name, forgetting after all that he was but a perishable being. We learn that 'On starting for his first campaign in Italy, he said to a friend who was editor of a newspaper: "Recollect, in your accounts of our victories, to speak of me, always of me. Do you understand?" This "me" was the ceaseless cry

of purely egotistical ambition. "Quote me, sing, praise, and paint me," he would say to orators, to musicians, to poets, and to painters. "I will buy you at your own price, but you must all be purchased." In other words, he placed his main reliance on being puffed.

Bonaparte, says Madame de Remusat, was simple in his dress, and 'could not endure the wearing of ornaments; the slightest constraint was insupportable to him. He would tear off or break anything that gave him the least annoyance, and the poor valet who had occasioned him a passing inconvenience would receive violent proofs of his anger.' His impatience was conspicuous in the most trifling circumstances. If displeased with any garment, he would burst into a passion, and throw it on the ground or into the fire. He would not even take time to have a fire mended in the usual way. When it burned low, he stamped on it with his feet. This bad habit cost him many pairs of boots and shoes. He could brook no opposition or contradiction in argument. The attempt to shew that he was wrong in anything he had done, threw him into a rage. He closed all remonstrance with *Je le veux* (I will it). That was his favourite phrase. Madame de Remusat says that, 'when the Emperor uttered that irrevocable *Je le veux*, the words echoed through the whole palace.' What he did or said was right, and it would have been at their peril for any one to object. With a temper so imperious, he held all about him in awe. Josephine had serious grounds for complaining of his depravities, but she could only remonstrate with her tears.

Bonaparte's treatment of his wife was indeed truly scandalous. As has been seen, when he was poor and comparatively unknown, she so successfully exerted her interest that he was employed to take the command of the Army of Italy, which was the beginning of his good fortune. As a young and beautiful widow, with two children, and moving in the first circles, she married him. In every point of view, he owed her a debt of gratitude. How mortifying then, to find by conclusive proofs, as narrated by Madame de Remusat, that she had to complain of his misconduct, and to have her remonstrative tears answered with bursts of rage and the eternal *Je le veux*. Had Josephine not been a singularly amiable being, there must have been a domestic explosion, greatly to the discredit of Bonaparte.

Madame de Remusat's description of Josephine and her struggles to endure and hide Bonaparte's indignities is, we think, the most interesting part of the two volumes. Some of the passages are very touching. Bonaparte appears to have had a contempt for women. He viewed them as a kind of inferior animals, not worth reasoning with. Paint, lace, jewellery, and fine dresses would be sufficient to keep them in good-humour. It is to be owned that Josephine's intellect was not of a high order. Madame de Remusat says she was frivolous, and never took up a book or a pen; but 'she was aware of her deficiencies, and never made blunders in conversation. . . . She was deficient in depth of feeling and elevation of mind. She preferred to charm her husband by her beauty, rather than by the influence of certain virtues. . . . She feared him, and allowed him to dictate to her in everything.' When Josephine became Empress, her extravagance in dress and

other outlays went beyond all bounds. 'She had a personal allowance of six hundred thousand francs, and every year she was deeply in debt.' She was the ready prey of tradespeople. 'Diamonds, jewellery, shawls, stuffs, and finery of every kind were continually being brought to her; she bought everything, never asking the price, and for the most part forgetting what she had purchased.' Her dress was magnificent. She changed every article three times a day, and never wore a pair of stockings twice. . . She possessed from three to four hundred shawls; she sometimes had them made into gowns, or bed-quilts, or cushions for her dogs. I have known her give eight, ten, or twelve thousand francs for a shawl.' A thousand francs are equal to forty pounds; a twelve thousand franc shawl would therefore cost four hundred and eighty pounds. Though extravagant, she was exceedingly tasteful in all she wore. She studied her appearance to the minutest particular, and so far she was right. Some ladies by thinking only of fashion spoil their figure, and render themselves ridiculous. Bonaparte used to observe that 'Josephine was grace personified.' Madame de Remusat says that her love of dress never passed away. It survived her divorce and retirement from public life. 'She breathed her last sigh attired in pink satin, with ribbons of the same colour.'

Josephine laboured under the misfortune of having no children to Bonaparte. Here was a source of frequent bickering. Dispeace on this score was aggravated by the envy and jealousies of Bonaparte's brothers and sisters, more particularly of his brother Louis, who was married to Hortense, Josephine's daughter, and of Madame Murat, one of his sisters. Having no family of his own, Bonaparte looked upon the infant Napoleon, son of Louis, as his natural heir. He was quite entitled to do so if he thought proper; but Louis complained that he was passed over; and other members of the clan Bonaparte were equally indignant. In fact, as we learn from the present work, Bonaparte was tortured by his brothers and sisters. He had been the making of every one of them. They would never have been heard of but for him. After becoming Emperor, he, in the plenitude of his power, made some of them kings. But nothing satisfied them. They were all squabbling about what should fall to their share. Louis openly threatened that if he was passed over in favour of his son, he would quit France, and push on for himself. One almost pities Bonaparte. He remarked, that if he had to begin over again, he would dismiss his brothers and sisters on some pecuniary allowance, and give himself no further trouble about them. In these views, men who happen to have promoted the fortunes of brothers and their descendants, and got no thanks but rather ill-usage for their pains, will doubtless sympathise.

Disconcerted at having no children, but trustful that a suitable heir would cast up, Bonaparte suggested to his Council of State that he should be asked to be raised from the life Consulship to be hereditary Emperor. This was accomplished in 1804. In his own account of the affair, he left out any reference to the suggestions to the Council. He said: 'I found the crown of France in the dirt, and picked it up with the point of my sword.'

Madame de Remusat describes the magnificent display at the coronation. To this assumption of Imperialism the people at large made no objection. They were so much afraid that the Republic might revert to a state of Anarchy and Terror, that they gladly consented to a Despotism, which, though reducing them to the condition of slaves, at least kept their heads on their shoulders. Anything not to bring back the guillotine! Then, was superadded the pleasure of military glory with a series of conquests which laid nation after nation at the feet of France. There arose intoxicating visions of Paris becoming the metropolis of the whole earth, and of all the Kings, Princes, Electors, and what not coming to bow down before the great Emperor at the Tuileries. Such were the brilliant expectations formed in France from 1806 to 1809.

When the court was at Fontainebleau in 1807, hunting took place on certain fixed days. Each lady who attended was required to wear a peculiar costume, and in making her selection she was assisted by Leroy, the famous costumier. This afforded Josephine a fresh opportunity for exhibiting her taste. She wore a dress of 'amaranth velvet embroidered with gold, with a *toque* also embroidered in gold, and a plume of white feathers. All the ladies-in-waiting wore amaranth. Queen Hortense (wife of Louis Bonaparte) chose blue and silver; Madame Murat, pink and silver; Princess Borghese, lilac and silver. The dress was a sort of tunic, or short *redingote*, in velvet, worn over a gown of embroidered white satin; velvet boots to match the dress, and a *toque* with a white plume. The Emperor wore a green coat, with gold or silver lace.' The display on setting out on horseback for the chase through the glades of the forest was picturesque and magnificent. About this time, Bonaparte took a fancy for driving a *calèche*; but he drove badly, being too impetuous. In attempting to drive a four-in-hand, he turned awkwardly through a gateway and upset the vehicle. He escaped with a sprained wrist, and fortunately no other persons were injured.

At the summit of his glory, after the victories of Austerlitz and Jena, Bonaparte, without being aware of the fact, entered on his downward career. His first and most prodigious mistake was issuing Decrees designed to ruin England, by excluding British merchandise from all continental ports. This fatal step, from one thing to another, led to his final overthrow; for it was a quarrel on this point that produced the Russian campaign, after which the descent was marked and disastrous. Another of his errors which produced painful emotions in France was his divorce of Josephine. On this latter subject, Madame de Remusat has a good deal to say. She tells us that for several years the project of a divorce had been talked over at court. Bonaparte, in as delicate a way as possible, had occasionally hinted of such a measure to his wife, always dwelling on the importance of his leaving a direct heir to the throne. With all her weakness of character, Josephine shewed considerable tact in meeting his observations. She did not try to argue with him. In a calm and dignified tone, 'she assured him that she would obey his orders, but that she would never anticipate them.' The meaning of this was, that she might be turned out of doors, but would not go

of her own accord. She was his wife, and had in all cases done her duty.

In private conversations, Madame de Remusat, as her oldest and confidential Lady-in-Waiting, assured the Empress that she would loyally follow her in her exile from court; and she did so. The decree of divorce was issued by the Senate 16th December 1809. M. de Remusat retained his official position at the court. We are not furnished with any particulars of the transaction. No doubt, there were many tears, on quitting the Tuileries, and taking up her residence at Malmaison. For his pushing forward the divorce precisely at this time, Napoleon had a sufficient reason. He had been victorious over the Austrians at Wagram, and Marie Louise, Archduchess of Austria, was ready to become Empress. The marriage took place April 1, 1810. We do not hear that Josephine repined in her forced retirement. She corresponded with the Emperor, rejoiced in his successes, mourned his misfortunes, and with a good state allowance, was ever treated as an Empress. When Bonaparte was exiled to Elba in 1814, she, like a faithful and forgiving wife, begged to be allowed to accompany him—his second wife with her infant son having already returned to Vienna. The request was not granted by the allies. Josephine died shortly afterwards, near Evreux, 29th May 1814.

With all his rudeness of manner and coarse habits, Bonaparte is admitted by Madame de Remusat to have been a man of commanding intellect. What he did for France ought not to be forgotten. He stamped out the Revolutionary frenzy, and established social order. He arrested the progress towards barbarism by introducing education and religious worship, and giving encouragement to science and art. He abolished the absurd Revolutionary calendar, and he instituted the calendar dating from the Christian era. For a chaos of ancient and unintelligible laws, he gave the country the Civil and Criminal Code, which is now in use in some other continental nations besides France. This is considered his greatest work. It has survived the disappearance of his dynasty. His attempt to secure a direct heir to his name and power by the divorcing of Josephine, proved a failure. The son of Marie Louise, who was taken to Austria by his mother, died young. The tomb of this blameless youth, the abortively designate Napoleon II., may be seen in the form of a metal sarcophagus, in the imperial burial-vault at Vienna. How the son of Louis Bonaparte and Hortense assumed the government of France as Napoleon III., and how he lost it and died in exile in England, need not be told. Nor is it necessary to do more than allude to his son, the unfortunate Prince Imperial, the best, as it seems to us, of his race, and whose sad fate, in being killed by savages, has been universally lamented.

There is some satisfaction in knowing that the death of the Prince Imperial did not blot out the lineage of his great-grandmother, Josephine. Her son, Eugene de Beauharnais, an estimable man and brave soldier, who pursued an adventurous career under his step-father, Bonaparte, died in 1824, leaving several daughters, who were married to royal personages, and whose descendants still survive. The amiable and beauteous Josephine is

now represented in blood-relationship in various courts of Europe.

What a romance in real life, and within living memory, was the whole of that strange affair of Bonaparte and Josephine! The wonder is that it has not formed the subject of an historical drama in the manner of Corneille or Shakspeare.

W. C.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER XX.—HISTORY.

'Does dog eat dog in your part of the country?'

A VOICE had sounded in half-conscious ears for such ages of time, that when it broke upon the light slumbers of receding fever, it seemed altogether familiar. Yet the room in which the half-awakened man found himself was strange to him. The walls were whitewashed, and hung with cheap prints of Scripture subjects. From one of the rafters in the low ceiling hung a dried and withered scrap of mistletoe, and bits of dead holly were stuck about the pictures on the walls. It was night-time, and there was a red flicker of fire-light on the walls and roof, on which these objects reeled before his eyes. An eight-day clock ticked with slow remorseless monitory sound behind him. The voice talked on, and the sick man still half-drowsing, listened to it with a dim sense of wonder. Whose was the voice, and where had he heard it before? It had no associations for him. Yes; it asked him to drink long since, and came with the hands that smoothed his pillow, an hour or a year ago—which was it?—calling him 'Poor creature' with a pitiful accent. Another voice broke in, gruff and bassoon-like, and the sick man became broad awake. There were two people seated at the fireside before him, a man and a woman. The man's body was turned to him; but he could see the woman's face. A good face and a kindly, with a widow's cap round it, and smooth bands of gray hair below the white border. She was looking at the fire whilst her companion spoke. The man's accent was quaint, and here and there the listener lost a word, but the meaning was plain enough.

'The poor creatur,' said the man, 'might ha' done summat wrong for aught as we knowin'; an' if he's a-runnin' away from the police, it wouldn't be a nice thing for we to gi'e him up, do yo see?'

'I can't help thinkin', Robert,' said the woman, with her eyes upon the fire, 'as we ought to tell 'em as he's here. Becos you see, if his poor mother misses him—think o' that! What should I do, if yo was to goo a-wanderin' about the country, as he's a-doin', poor thing?'

'Yis,' returned the man; 'that's right enough. But s'posin' as I was to goo an' fatch the parson, an' let him see him, now he's gettin' better. Yo see, mother, it een't our business to gi'e folks up to the police, specially when they've been a-lyin' in our house for three weeks at a time. It wouldn't seem fair, like.'

'P'raps it'll be better to fatch the parson to him, as yo sayin', Robert,' the woman returned. 'An' p'raps it'll be better to wait a day or two till he gits a bit stronger.'

'He een't well yit,' said the man, rising as he spoke and crossing over to the bed. The patient

closed his eyes and feigned sleep. His heart beat wildly. It was impossible that he should submit to the benevolent plot these people were laying for his welfare. But was it possible that he could escape? Could he muster strength enough to walk, before the day or two's respite the woman proposed had expired? For he knew that he was terribly weak, and that he had been a long time ill. The resolve grew up desperately in his heart, and he said within himself that he *would* be strong enough to escape, and that, whether he lived or died, he would take the first chance of flight.

The man bent above him and listened to the breathing of the patient. The patient knowing this, controlled himself, breathing regularly and softly.

'He's havin' a nice sleep,' said the gruff voice. 'Yo go to bed, mother, an' I'll sit up wi' him for an hour or two, an' see if he wants anythin'.'

The mother kissed her son and bade him good-night. The patient heard her ascend the uncarpeted stair, and listened to her feet as they went to and fro in the room above until silence came again, broken only by the ticking of the clock, the occasional noise of ashes falling from the fire, and the shuffle of the watcher's heavy boots. After a dreary time the clock began a faint and dismal gurgle, indicative of a sleepy desire to strike the hour. This passed away, and came again, and passed away again, and at last the clock wheezed and tinkled eleven. The watcher arose and went out at the door, returning almost immediately with a great lump of coal, which he placed upon the fire. Having banked this all around with ashes, he made fast the door, took off his boots, and went silently up-stairs, pausing on the first stair to look back at his patient, and then closing the stair-door behind him.

The sick man lay in almost breathless silence and listened until the last movement in the house was still. Then with great pain and difficulty, he dragged himself into a sitting posture. Once as he struggled, the bed creaked loudly, and he lay down again, and made shift to pull the clothes about him, fearful lest his attempt should be discovered. He lay there sweating and panting for a while, and the clock behind ticked threats at him. The room was dark, and the shadowy corners held vague terrors. Suddenly a great tongue of flame darted through the bank of ashes, and made those recesses visible. Some of the ashes dropped into the fender, and the sudden noise sent another pang of fear to his heart. The flame broadened, and a ruddy glow played hide-and-seek with the shadows. The glow gathered strength, and the shadows faded until the room was light enough to read in. With painful slowness the sick man wrestled himself out of bed, and walked tottering to where a few rough garments lay thrown across a chair. They were a heavy burden to him as he went back to the bed. One by one, with great difficulty he put on these garments, pausing often to rest meanwhile, and panting heavily. Suddenly he looked at his hands, as if for the first time missing something. Searching the pockets of the rough clothes he had assumed, he found wrapped in paper several rings, which glistened in the fire-light. One of these he kissed passionately, whilst tears chased each other down his face. After a pause he put them back again, and drew from another pocket a watch and chain and a purse.

For some time he regarded these thoughtfully, then returning the purse to his pocket, he took out a pocket-book, and wrote in it by the firelight, in a hand as shaky as that of Guy Fawkes after the rack, these words: 'Thank you. Keep this for your trouble.' He tore the leaf from the book, and laying it on the table, placed the watch and chain upon it. As he tottered back towards the bed, the flame which had hitherto lighted him shrank suddenly, and in the darkness he lurched against a chair, which jarred and scraped along the quarried floor. He listened for a full minute in an agony of apprehension; but no other sound following, he went feeling his way with his feet inch by inch along the floor until he found the bed again. All this time bodily pains racked him until he could have cried aloud. The flame rose again, and once more the little room was filled with broad light. He made search for hat and boots, and after some little trouble, found those belonging to himself. Boots in hand he made for the door, carefully and quietly loosed the primitive fastening, and in another moment was out in the night. A distant church clock chimed the half-hour as the first cool breath of the open touched his forehead. He pulled the door close again, fixed the hasp, drew on his boots, and stole cautiously away. Every movement cost him an inexpressible pang; but he went doggedly on, not caring whither, so that the road led him from discovery. The full moon hung pale and watery amongst ragged clouds, and lent a faint light to his steps. All the low-lying sky to east and west and north and south was aglow with the colour of molten metal, and he was belted round with fires that leaped with flickering tongues towards that sullen and lurid heaven. As he dragged his miserable body along, memory was busy with him; though how he had come to the house in which he had found himself but a few hours ago, and who were the people who had nursed him in his illness, he neither knew nor cared. His bodily pains gave his mind no ease, now that memory was once more awakened; but his heart was moved to pity for his father and his lover rather than for himself; for he said, sitting in judgment upon himself, that these things which he endured were for him but a slight penalty. And so, in agony of body and grief of heart and remorse of soul unspeakable, he went his way.

It was an hour after midnight when he paused before a pair of great gates of iron, and glancing through the bars, beheld a scene which looked as though it were translated clean from Pandemonium. In the glow of great fires, beneath low-pitched sheds open on all sides to the night, half-naked men toiled in the swink and sweat of a labour the like of which he had never seen. In the dusky light and half-opaque yet gleaming shadow of the place, the bare bodies shone like red-hot bronze. Out of one of the furnaces was drawn an enormous 'bloom,' which cast an almost insupportable light and heat to where he stood; and this being swung beneath a Nasmyth hammer, the ponderous weight crashed down upon it, and drove myriads of sparkles into the night. 'What a picture!' thought the wanderer outside, 'if one could only paint it;' and for just a minute he went free of sorrow, and thought of nothing but the sight before him. The air was warm, and comforting to his sore limbs. He was weaker than he

knew, and as he stood there he felt his knees fail him, and with his hands upon the bars of the gate he slid helplessly down. A little door in the projecting wall beside the gate opened, and a man came out.

'Hillo, mate!' said the man gruffly; 'what's the matter wi' yo?'

Frank turned his hollow eyes and his pale face upon him. 'Can I go inside and sit down a little?' he asked. 'I am very weak and tired.'

'Yo look it, the man made answer, not unkindly. 'Why, yo am as cold's death. Here; let me get my arm under thee. Now then; come along.' He helped the wayfarer into a sort of rough office, where a fire blazed brightly upon the hearth, and set him in an arm-chair before it.

'What's the matter, mate?' he asked.

'I have been ill,' Frank made answer; 'and I—I have lost my way.'

'Which way are yo gooin'?' the man asked again.

'To Liverpool,' Frank made answer, faintly.

'All right,' said the man, poking the glowing fire with a rough bar of iron. 'There's one of our boats gooin' on as far as 'Hampton i' the mornin', an' yo can get a lift on that.' He settled the wanderer in the chair much as he would have handled a child, and added: 'Now, yo go to sleep theer; an' when it's time to start, I'll come an' wake thee.'

Before the kindly forgerman had well gone, Frank was asleep. He slept until the gray light of morning crept through the dingy window of the office; and would have slept on still, but that the forgerman returned and shook him by the shoulder, saying that the boat was ready. He rose and followed his guide, who led him along a path paved with crackling sheet-iron, and lined on one side by furnaces, and on the other by cumbrous machinery. A sudden turn to the right brought them to a canal, where a boat, laden with iron bars, was ready to start upon its journey.

'Here he is, Jim!' shouted the forgerman to a rough-looking fellow on the far side of the canal. 'Jump down,' he added to Frank; 'they'm ready to goo.'

Frank drew a shilling from his pocket and offered it to the forgerman. The man drew back with an offended air.

'Does dog eat dog in your part of the country?' he asked.

'I beg your pardon,' Frank said meekly; 'I am very much obliged to you. Good-day.' He held out his hand without the shilling. The man shook hands with him surlily, watched him as he stumbled awkwardly and painfully into the boat, and turned away. The boatman called to the four sturdy horses, who stood with each his nose buried in a tin of provender suspended from his head-gear. Frank sat upon the roof of the cabin; and the boat glided through the vile water, past wharfs piled high with coal in solid squares—past fleets of boats laden with coal and bricks and timber, and iron in every form, and harmless uncharged shells awaiting the order for the arsenal—past furnaces whose roar made the air tremulous, and huge steam-hammers, the noise of whose falling came with a shock upon the air like the discharge of siege-artillery—then past great spaces of waste land with dismal pools of weedy water festering in them, and here and there

a dejected leafless tree, whose barren branches drooping seemed to mourn their own decay—past long lines of chimney-stacks, whose volleying clouds insulted and obscured the heavens—past the clanking noise and rancid steam of colliery engines; and all the while, as the foul water gurgled at the bows, and slipped greasily along the side of the boat, the watcher saw these things, and did not see them, for his mournful self-accusing thoughts were far away. As he sat thus, a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and turning round, he saw a pleasant-looking brown-faced woman, who proffered him a cup of tea. 'It'll do you good, master,' she said kindly; 'an' I've put a drop o' whisky in it, as'll warm thee up a bit.'

He took it gratefully; and the woman nodding at him with a cheerful smile, went back over the roof of the cabin and into her small house below. The tea was a mere excuse for hot grog, as Frank discovered on tasting it. But it sent warmth through his starven frame and comforted him. He set the cup down after emptying it, and sleep came upon him again. When he awoke, he found himself snug and warm beneath a blanket and a heavy tarpaulin. He heard the rain pattering without upon it, and lay still. 'If these people knew,' he thought, scarcely daring to give his terrible reflection even a mental form, 'that they were harbouring a highway robber and a murderer, how they would shrink from me!'

But my reader will know that these thoughts were always with him in his wanderings, and I will not weaken my story by driving repetition into the region of commonplaces. It is enough to know that such a man had fallen to such a crime. Every instinct in him revolted from himself, and stood there in passionate hatred and detestation of his crime. Every fibre of his soul thrilled with intense desire after an impossible revolution. When the Psalmist cries, 'The pains of hell got hold upon me,' be sure that the pangs which racked him were the bitter fruit of his own remorse. In the one hell which mercy has made possible for the human soul, the criminal lives in companionship with his own crime, and loathes it with an inexpressible loathing.

Wolverhampton was reached at last, and Frank's offer of payment was again rebuffed. He bade those who had entertained him good-bye, and crawled up the wharf into a dirty and narrow street in the rear. Along this he walked feebly, and found by-and-by a strange object at his side keeping pace with him. It was a man apparently about fifty years of age, bent and gnarled and grizzled almost out of human seeming. A black patch obscured his left eye, his hands were yellow and claw-like and dirty, his clothes were a heterogeneous jumble. Half a sack with three holes in it—one for the head and one for each arm—served as a coat. The sleeves had served a broadcloth garment once, and in the breaches of their shaky junction with the sacking shewed the man's bare skin. His feet were shoeless, but wrapped in fold on fold of rags, so that his steps fell noiselessly on the muddy pathway. Torn corduroy trousers much too large for him, and a silk hat which would better have become a dunghill than a human head, completed his attire. A bristly beard and moustache of dirty white stood in uncompromising straightness from lip and cheek

and chin, a full inch long, without the symptom of a curl.

'On the road, young man?' said this apparition. 'So am I. You don't seem to get along in a very lively way.—No answer? Well, companion, you may be a swell in your own line, and you may be as lofty as you like with me. I'm used to meeting lofty people. I was lofty myself once. Got a bit o' bacca?—No? Then I shall be compelled to use my own. Have a pipe?—No again? Neither civility nor conversation. Perhaps you're a decent working-man, and don't care to be seen walking with a scarecrow. All right. Wait till we come to the end of the road, and I'll relieve you. But I'm fond of society; I always was. Society has been my ruin, I do assure you. I'm a monument erected by Providence to warn the whole human species against the wiles of their brothers and sisters. That's what's the matter with me, I do assure you.'

Frank stopped short. The man's insolent flippancy was intolerable to him.

'Choose your way,' he said with some faint reflection of his old manner, 'and I will choose another.'

'A gentleman!' cried the creature with a grating laugh. 'Buono giorno, eccellenza! A swell, and nothing short of it. Au plaisir, monseigneur. I was a swell myself once, but it's so long ago that I'm almost ashamed of the remembrance. Not quite ashamed, you know, because I'm hardened. Yes, my friend, I'm hardened—quite hardened, I do assure you.'

'Oblige me by choosing your way,' Frank answered. The old man leered up at him, laughing, filling his pipe meanwhile. Frank resumed his walk, not looking behind him. He came into a more populous street after a time, and looked about him for some humble place of refreshment into which he could venture without exciting surprise by his attire. He saw at length a cook-shop which seemed to belong to a rather better class than he had hoped to find in such a neighbourhood, and entering, sat down at an uncloth'd wooden table. A slipshod slatternly girl appeared before him and asked what he wanted. He ordered food; and she went away, returning by-and-by with a woman, who repeated the girl's inquiry.

'You don't look none of the most respectable,' said the woman, glancing at him scornfully. 'I should like to see the colour o' your money first.'

Frank drew out his purse, thinking he would have to change gold some time, and that he might as well change it here as elsewhere. What was to become of him when his slender store of money was gone, was a question which had not yet occurred to him. He drew a sovereign from his purse, and handed it to the woman, who bit it and rang it on the table, and then handed it to the girl, bidding her go for change. With an altered manner, she proceeded to lay a cloth upon the table, and after a time brought in a mutton chop and a cup of tea. These Frank despatched; and feeling a little stronger, took his change, and went away again. He made no inquiries as to the road, but took that which lay before him. The day cleared as it grew older, and by noon the air felt warm and pleasant. He had often to rest by the wayside, and was so weak that he had not

made more than four miles when night began to fall. The lamps were already alight in the town he came to; and he felt more desolate and alone than ever as he entered the uninviting streets. A grating voice rose from near his elbow, and looking down, he saw the man who had addressed him in the morning.

'Well, my gay companion,' said the intrusive tramp, speaking past a short black pipe which he held between his teeth, 'how do you find yourself now? I can't say you're the best pedestrian I ever met with in my life. It's my belief, sir, that Captain Barclay would have beaten you off your legs. Where are you going to? Don't know the town, I'll bet a tanner. This is the town of Bilston, my eminent stroller; and I am a welcome and a well-known lodger at the best crib in the place. Come along; capital accommodation. The beds are threepence, and clean, for a wonder. Cooking gratis; but you do your own; and they won't keep me waiting for the frying-pan. This turning—third door to the right.' Saying this, he took Frank by the sleeve, and led him into a dismal entry, and through an open door into a large quarried kitchen, where two or three people sat talking round a great fire.

'Sit down there,' he said, in an undertone, forcing Frank to a seat on a bench. 'Nobody will notice you.—Hallo, mother! Got a couple of nice beds for two gentlemen-wanderers, eh?'

Frank was too weary and exhausted to resist, and was almost too weak to have a will in the matter at all. Why, he thought, should one place seem worse or better than another, now? After a little space of time, during which the man had bargained with the mistress of the place, and Frank had almost fallen asleep, he felt himself pulled gently by the sleeve. His unwelcome comrade whispered to him: 'I've paid for the beds, companion, and I'm cleaned out. Just lend me a shilling, and I'll get some grub, and make tea for both of us.'

Frank gave the man a shilling, inwardly resolving that he would take train to somewhere next day, and escape this fellow. The tramp went out; and returned with an ounce of tea and two ounces of sugar wrapped in separate screws of paper, a halfpennyworth of milk in a cracked and discoloured half-gallon jug, a loaf, and a rasher of bacon in a scrap of newspaper. Of the banquet prepared from these materials, Frank declined to partake, and the man in the sack made unto himself a plenteous feast. As the evening waned, the society in the kitchen thickened. Had Frank been less miserably circumstanced, the people amongst whom he sat would have been full of picturesque interest for him; but he only felt now the shame of mingling with them, and the deserved wretchedness of his own lot. He drowsed often in the course of the evening, and lost his surroundings and himself. He was awakened at last by the mistress of the place, who handed him a diminutive scrap of candle, which adhered by its own grease to a shard which had once been part of a willow-patterned plate. The old man led him up-stairs and pointed to his bed. It was one of a dozen in a large low-roofed barrack-like apartment. The thought of undressing in such a den was repugnant to every nerve in him. He drew off his boots, and lay down in the rough clothes he wore, and fell into the dreamless sleep of pure

fatigue. When he awoke in the morning he was alone; and he left the house without speaking to any one, and took the way once more. Two or three hours later, he discovered that his purse was gone, and that his whole stock of money was represented by twenty-two shillings in silver.

THE VERNE CITADEL.

THE national song which complimentarily tells us that 'Britannia needs no bulwarks, no towers along the steep—her march is o'er the mountain waves, her home is on the deep,' will require some modification. At this moment there is preparing a formidable bulwark, defiant of everything, on the south coast of England. It is a fortress or citadel of considerable dimensions, crowning the summit of a height in the small island of Portland on the coast of Dorsetshire. The height or hill is known as the Verne. In front of it are a breakwater and harbour, of which the fortress is designed to be the defence. So here, as may be said, are preparations on a considerable scale for any attempted hostility.

A stranger taking a trip westward from the Isle of Wight would be surprised at Verne Citadel, as it is called. Perhaps the most remarkable features of this stronghold are the enormous bomb-proof barracks, which are arranged to accommodate a war garrison of no fewer than ten thousand men. The barracks consist of large arched casemates or rooms, approached from the parade-ground—round two sides of which they stand—by doors, and are lighted by immense fan-lights. Doors also lead into a long corridor running at the back; and as each room is fitted with two fireplaces, by putting up a central partition, two separate and commodious apartments can thus be obtained. The whole range is completely protected from the effect of bomb-shells by roofs of enormous thickness, constructed in the following ingenious manner: The arched roofs immediately covering the barrack-rooms are four feet thick of solid brickwork; above this two feet of concrete, which is again protected by a stratum of one foot of asphalt. Over this is a layer of one foot thick of shingles; and above all a depth of eight feet thick of solid earth, covered with neatly trimmed green turf. The magazines are roofed in the same manner—whilst the walls are of enormous thickness.

These buildings are nowhere visible from the outside, and therefore can only be assailed by vertical fire, from which, as we have shewn, they are completely protected. Damp is guarded against by raising the floors of the chambers several feet above the rocky ground, by which means ample storage-room is obtained; and water is now laid on to almost all parts of the fortress from a spot about two miles to the south of the Verne, where a pumping-engine has been erected, and the water conveyed, by underground pipes, into several immense tanks in the citadel, each said to hold sixty thousand gallons. But besides this, there is

another vast tank cut in the rock beneath the parade-ground, and stated to be eighty feet long by fifty-six feet wide, and eighty feet deep, intended as a reserve, and only to be used in the event of a siege. Smaller tanks are also provided for rain-water; and the whole are shot-proof. Whilst a gymnasium, racket-court, and bowling-alley have been provided for the healthy, the sick have been carefully remembered in the erection of a bomb-proof hospital for five hundred patients, with medical quarters and stores adjoining. In short, almost everything that care and forethought can suggest has been done to render the interior arrangements of this fine citadel as nearly perfect as possible; four of the great necessities of life—namely, light, water, air, and drainage—having been specially cared for.

As the east and north-east faces of the citadel look out over the Roads and Harbour from the top of the perpendicular cliffs, they are to a great extent protected by nature; but on the south-west side the Verne Hill falls abruptly, leaving a kind of long narrow valley, leading direct downwards to the West Bay, just above the village of Fortune's Well. To guard against a landing or assault on this side, a magnificent fort of thirty-six guns has been erected, which completely commands these slopes and the West Bay beyond. Besides this formidable battery, an ingeniously constructed stone parapet-wall runs along the summit of the cliffs, which is loopholed above and below; so that a constant fire of rifles could be kept up in every direction over the sloping ground of the East Weir, immediately below, right on to the decks of any ships within range, whilst the riflemen would be protected from all but vertical fire.

The outside defences of this extensive fortress consist first of an enormous ditch, or artificial ravine, said to be the largest defensive work of the kind ever undertaken, being from seventy to one hundred and twenty feet deep, according to the irregularities of the ground above—for the bottom is one dead level throughout—with an average width of one hundred feet, and perpendicular scarp and counterscarp.

A somewhat curious geological fact may be here stated—namely, that in cutting this great fosse, at regular intervals of about thirty yards, commencing twenty feet below the surface, a series of vertical fissures or 'faults' about two feet wide, were discovered. These are supposed to penetrate to the lowest substrata of the island, and to traverse it completely from north to south. In these curious clefts, human bones, with those of wild-boars and the bones and horns of reindeer, have been found, *not fossilised*. Besides these, the bones of saurians, sharks' teeth, shells now only found in Asia, large ammonites of stone and copper, and even gold coins, British weapons, and Roman pottery, were brought to light. These long gaps have all been carefully filled in with solid masonry, so as to render the walls of the ditch smooth and even throughout.

This great fosse nearly surrounds the citadel, except on its north and east faces, where the inaccessible cliffs before referred to are quite defence enough; but on the south and south-west, towards the land, it protects the fortress, by completely surrounding it on those two sides. Two

small entrances from the floor of the great ditch lead upwards on to the parade-ground, one from the west side, the other from the East Weir outworks. This latter reaches the ditch by a subterranean gallery, directly connecting it with those outworks. In each case the parade-ground is gained by long steep narrow ways cut in the rock, which are loopholed on all sides for rifles. Besides being loopholed for rifles, three small batteries of four or five guns each defend the interior of this mighty fosse, every part of which is thus completely commanded.

On the rocky sloping ground below the cliffs, called the East Weir, outworks, consisting of a series of open batteries, have been erected at different elevations of one hundred feet and upwards on the eastern side facing the Roads, but to the south, or outside the Breakwater. These batteries, five in number, are beautifully constructed of earth and stone, and carry from three to seven rifled guns each, whose long range would cover the approaches to the Breakwater and Harbour from the Channel.

The great Verne Citadel with its outworks—if all proposed are ever built—will constitute the whole of the defences of the harbour of refuge and Breakwater, at least as far as the isle is concerned; but the Breakwater itself is fortified by a small circular battery of five guns on its shorter arm which runs out from the shore; whilst an immense round fort has been reared at the outer termination of its longer arm, on a vast foundation, consisting of a hundred and forty thousand tons of rubble stone, 'dropped' from a staging into the sea, which is here twelve or thirteen fathoms deep. It is expected that the works here will greatly add to the defensive character of the place. The design is that every part of the harbour of refuge, as well as Weymouth Bay itself, would be commanded by guns on all points, and their cross-fire would render the position of hostile vessels inside the Breakwater quite untenable, always supposing the—very questionable—probability of such vessels getting there at all, by managing to run the gantlet of the East Weir batteries, the Verne Citadel, and the Breakwater forts, the fire, in fact, of something like eighty heavy rifled guns at almost point-blank range—a very doubtful possibility indeed.

Portland Isle, from its peculiar situation midway up the English Channel, and nearly opposite to Cherbourg, is becoming in the eyes of military engineers a place of much strategical importance. It is believed that when the whole of the grand works are completed around the great Verne Citadel, and on and off the island, for the defence of the harbour of refuge and the naval depôt of Portland, we may point to this 'New Gibraltar' as a fortress practically impregnable. Whether eventualities absolutely warrant these elaborate and costly defences, or whether defences anywhere of a fixed nature are desirable, are questions we would rather not go into. We remember the time when enormous sums were lavished in building martello towers along the coast of England and Scotland, which have proved utterly valueless; and this suggests by no means pleasant reflections concerning the stupendous affair at Portland. It strikes us, in a common-sense point of view, that if ever a hostile

invasion is attempted on the coast of Great Britain, it will not be where there are towns, guns, or citadels, but in wholly defenceless situations, where a landing could be effected.

THE EVICTION:

AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

IN TEN CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER VII.

DURING the two following days I did not move abroad at all; truth to say, I was afraid to do so. I had several conversations with the Major about the advisability of calling in the aid of the local authorities; but he was very strongly opposed to this measure. He had pushed his investigations in the neighbourhood to some purpose, and he only wanted time to bring them to a successful termination. Police interference would spoil all. This view of things brought very little satisfaction to me in my present condition; but he advocated it so stoutly that, though puzzled, I felt compelled to give in.

The Major's habits were very peculiar. During the day, he would move about the place with all the bearing of a distinguished veteran in Her Majesty's service. When night came on, he, as true to the habits of barrack discipline, would retire early to his bedroom, which was situated in a wing of the castle. From his apartment, which was on the ground floor, a means of exit to the grounds was afforded by a private door, opening to a latchkey. The moment he had retired to his bedroom, the character and costume of Major would be laid aside, to be replaced by disguises of different kinds, as seemed most suitable for his purpose. The transformation effected, he would sally forth into the darkness; but whither he went or what he did, I knew not. From certain trampling upon the gravel-walk, which used to awake me from my uneasy slumbers at unconscionable hours, I came to the conclusion that he spent most of the night abroad. But his 'Bohemian' propensities stopped at that; and he always turned up for breakfast at nine o'clock with strict military precision, on the following morning.

The third day at length arrived, and found me still, to all intents and purposes, a prisoner in my own house. I did not neglect the revolver practice, as directed; indeed I had little else to occupy myself with. But much revolver practice is apt to become monotonous to most people; to me, situated as I was, it soon became absolutely disgusting. The fact is, my close confinement was gradually making me ill. I felt that I must venture out of doors, no matter at what risks. After all, it would make little difference whether I were slain on the open field, or met my death by slow degrees submitting to the horrors of a close siege. So, despite the warnings of Mr Carnegie and the gallant Major, I sallied out for a short stroll in the grounds, to breathe the fresh air that I needed so much. I had not forgotten to mount my coat of mail under my ordinary walking apparel; the Col's revolver I held in my coat-pocket ready for use at a moment's notice; a brace of pistols I put away carefully in my breast-pocket, as a sort of reserve. My route was down a back avenue which ran parallel

to the wall of a kitchen-garden. Turning the corner of this wall, I came face to face with a man half-sitting, half-lying at the foot of a beech-tree. It was the strange tinker whom I had seen lying in O'Reilly's kitchen. The moment he saw me, he leaped to his feet; but I, holding the revolver to his head, told him calmly that if he moved another inch, or uttered a syllable till I gave him permission, I would shoot him like a dog. I feared he might have firearms himself, or armed accomplices not far off; but neither of these appearing, I ventured to cross-question him.

'Who are you?'

'I'm a tinker, sir—only a tinker, sir; that's all I am, sir, at all at all.'

'What's your business here?'

'O sir—I'm' [confusion]—'I'm lookin' fur a job of coorse, sir. The grove was a short-cut, sir; an' wid respect, I med bould to take it, sir. An' I jist sot down awhile at the fat of this here three, to rest meself like; so I did, yer honner.'

'Where do you belong to?'

'Shure sir, I don't belong to no place in particular; but I go about wheriver I can get a job. The likes of me must make a shift to live whatever way we can. Ye see I'm no scholar, like yerself, yer honner, an' I have to rough it.'

'Still, you have managed to learn a new language since I saw you last—in O'Reilly's kitchen three days ago. You could speak nothing but Irish then.'

'Shure, yer honner, that was only business policy of mine. I niver spake Irish barrin' whin English wouldn't shoot; an' I could git twinty jobs in Irish fur the one I could git in English. An' I niver use the English talk barrin' whin I am spakin' to the quality. But Ireland fur the Irish, an' the Irish fur Ireland; an' shure yerself wouldn't spake agin that same.'

'Now, my fine fellow, the law only gives me the power to order you off the grounds this time; though you are here under very suspicious circumstances. But I may as well warn you—and your condjutors as well—that if you are found within this demesne after this notice, without being able to give a better account of your business than you have just now done, I shall prosecute you with the utmost rigour of the law. So now be off; and thank your stars that you are able to do so with a sound carcass.'

'I'm aff this mortal minnit. Good-bye to yer honner; an' I hope that the next time we meet, we'll be able to come to a better undherstandin'.' So saying, the rascal disappeared through the trees. Under the circumstances, I did not feel inclined to continue my walk any farther; so, turning on my heel, I sought the friendly shelter of the castle without delay.

I met the Major at dinner, and mentioned the recent adventure to him. He heard the details of it with provoking coolness; only suggesting to me that such dangers might be avoided by keeping within doors. This would be only for a few days at most; for he flattered himself that he had discovered a clue. But what prevented that I should not be shot meanwhile? Where were the grounds for believing that it would come out all right in the end, when I was not sure that even a good beginning had been made in the business? I began to lose faith in the Major.

Dinner over, the Major retired unusually early,

to resume his masquerading rambles, and I was left alone. The post came in, bringing a number of letters, including one from my wife. The sight of it reminded me that I had not written to her except once since my arrival. But what news had I to give her except bad news? My silence, however, was not the only thing calculated to make her uneasy. Inclosed in the letter, I found a clipping from the *Times* newspaper of the same date, giving a short notice of the recent eviction, the threatening letter, and the hamstringing of the cattle. The letter itself was full of pathetic appeals to me to come back at once before I was massacred by those Westmeath savages. Had I lost my regard for a loving wife, or for her helpless infants? It was not proper for me to peril my life any longer; it was foolhardy; it was positively sinful. I had done my duty faithfully hitherto; and the Earl could not but accept my resignation under the circumstances. As for herself, her life depended upon mine. So the letter ran.

'Bother take those penny-a-liners! Nothing can escape them. What a state they have left that poor woman in, to be sure!' thought I. She had learned facts—hard facts! How was I to gloss them over to her?

I turned to the other letters. Amongst these I found one marked 'Immediate,' 'Most Important.' I opened it, and read as follows:

This is to warn you of your danger in regard of stoping in the country any longer. I am a family man myself that gives you this Notiss, for I hear as how you have a wife and childern in England, and do not wish to draw down the curse of the Widow and Orphant on to my head, so wish to give you timely Warning of the same. No use to keep under cover no more, else Cassel Mahon will be Burnt over your Head. You were tryed, and Sentence of Death was brought in against you in a regglar sitting of the Lodge, and know that Eight (8) men was appointed to shoot you and the first man (1) failed in his purpose through his being a Stranger, and shot Mr Carnegie a good man's nephew which grives us all though no business to interfere in what did not consarn him. I am Number Two (2) and a Residenter. So no mistake this time, for I am bound to shoot you or to be shot myself. And if I fall there is Six (6) more to follow suit. So make up your mind that you can't escape from me as I am an Old Hand at the Work and have put down a good many landlords in my time. There is spyes all round the house to watch your movements. Fly before it is too late.

(Signed) THE MAN THAT MUST SHOOT YOU.

Reader, put yourself in my place, and consider the proper course for me to pursue. Two threatening letters in succession—my cattle hamstringed—the evicted rascal threatening me to my face—my guest-friend murderously attacked at a few paces from my own door—the whole country impanelled to try me for my life—eight desperadoes bound by the most solemn oaths to take it—ruffians lurking about the house with murderous intent—my health failing—my poor wife and children—Reader, what course was open to me, but to accept the friendly warning, and flee? Before another sun should set, I was resolved to bring matters to a crisis—one way or another.

CHAPTER VIII.

On the following day, I was much more easy in my mind than hitherto, owing perhaps to the prospect of a speedy release from my present misery. Since the hamstringing affair, I had not ventured down to see the cattle; so, without apprising any one of my intentions, I ventured out about noon to inspect them. The time was very suitable, and I considered that there was less risk in the open country than in the castle grounds. I reached Scallan's meadows all right; inspected the bullocks; and was in the act of regaining the road by which I had come, when I heard the sound of loud voices not far off. A little farther along the same road was situated the shebeen or public-house which had been pointed out to me as a favourite resort of the Ribbonmen in general, and of the evicted Scallan in particular. It was from this public-house that the noises in question were issuing, as of persons engaged in angry altercation. It did not seem to be a common drunken brawl. What with the vehemence of angry threats, and the earnestness of pathetic expostulations, it seemed nothing less than an affair of life and death. Pausing in the act of stepping into the road, I stood still and listened.

'Get out of my house, I say. I'll have none of your murderin' work goin' on here. Settle yer scores outside; but I'm not goin' to loss my license for the downin' of a bailiff.'

'Och, for the love of mercy, Mr Connolly darlint, save me from thim. Don't throw me out to be massacred on the hard road. Don't, Mr Connolly, as you hope for hiven; fur they're bint on me life.'

'Among you be it. Whatever you'll get, you can't say but you brought it on yourself, wid your meddlin' ways. Out you go!'

'Merciful hivens, the dure shut in me face! But shure, bhoys, it's not goin' to kill me, yez are. Shure, yez are only goin' to give me a batin'. Isn't that all, bhoys?'

'Sorra a bit of it. We'll make an example of you that'll be heard of all through Ireland—so we will.'

'Oh, murder, murder, bhoys! It's not fair-play, two agin one.'

'Don't touch him, Joss; I'll be able fur the spalpeen meself. May I swing fur it, if I don't settle him—the owdacious evictor of widows and orphans.'

There was not a moment to lose. With revolver in hand, I leaped into the road and ran to the rescue. My bailiff was engaged in a mortal struggle with the rascal Scallan, and apparently getting the worst of it, if I could judge from his earnest appeals for mercy. The irrepressible tinker stood by looking calmly on, whilst his fellow-conspirator was wreaking a cruel vengeance. Nobody else was visible. Mr Connolly the inn-keeper did not care to interfere in political questions. The noise I made by leaping into the road, diverted the attention of Scallan so far as to make him let go hold of his victim. Nor was the latter slow to avail himself of the diversion, but fled towards me, till he got within shelter of the friendly revolver. Then he sank at my feet exhausted. As for Scallan and the tinker, they fell back at their ease, and, entering into the court-yard of the public-house, disappeared from view.

'Donnelly, my poor fellow, what's the meaning of this?' I exclaimed.

'Och sir, the holy saints—sent you, Mr Wharton—this blissed day—to save me life,' answered Donnelly, panting for breath. 'They wor goin', sir—to massacre me—in could blood—on the king's highway! They thought they had med shure of me—this time, so they did—but your revolver scared thim; so it did—the murderers!'

'Let us pursue the rascals. I suppose you have got your pistols, eh?'

'Och, shure, I forgot thim—left thim behind me in the house. An', jist whin I want thim, I haven't thim.'

'Well, here are my own. Be quick, or the fellows will escape.'

'Och, Mr Wharton, fur hiven's sake, don't ax to follow thim till we get help. Shure, you wouldn't be fur puttin' yer hand into the lion's mouth that way? If we dared to go down, we'd be champ'd to pieces, sir; fur the whole place is swarmin' wid Ribbonmin, so it is.'

'Well, let us go down to the police barracks at once; it isn't far off. Let us go down at once, I say, and put them in possession of the facts. It would be a positive crime to let those scoundrels escape.'

'No good, sir; they'll be in hidin' afore this, mebbe. They're ould hands at the work, Mr Wharton.'

'I observed them just now going quite leisurely into the public-house yard. If we let the police know at once, they will have a good chance of catching the rascals.'

'You may thry, sir; but I tell you, it's no use at all at all. As for meself, it's sick sore an' tired of the job I am, so I am. I'll go back home, an' not lave it till I lave it for good, wid respect to you, sir, an' no offence meant. An' shure, ye can't blame me, afther what ye seen wid yer own eyes the day.'

'My life is fully as precious as yours; but I am determined to have these ruffians brought to justice.'

'Let me lave the counthry, clane work, Mr Wharton. Shure, three days ago, afore this happened, I was on for it; an' ye worn't for lettin' me, becase there was a chance of things mendin' like.'

'I am just as tired of the whole business as you are; but those fellows I must have; that I am determined upon, at all hazards. If nothing comes of it, I shall resign my post as agent, without subjecting you or myself to any further peril. God knows that I have suffered enough to kill twenty men, since this unfortunate eviction was made.'

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN EQUESTRIAN MANAGER.

BY C. W. MONTAGUE.

FIFTH PAPER.

LEAVING Brighton, my memories transport me to a far-distant and different town, Hanley in the Potteries. While there with the circus, I made the acquaintance of Mr Taylor Ashworth, Chairman of the Board of Guardians; and during our conversation one day, the question of a treat for the paupers was discussed between us. Mr Ashworth was much pleased with my proposition, but

he added: 'Stoke Union is a good three miles away from here, and the great majority of the paupers are either too young or too old to walk that distance. How can you get over that?'

It certainly was a drawback; but after thinking the matter over, I said: 'If I can provide a sufficient number of vehicles to convey them both ways, I presume I have your consent to go on with my arrangement?'

'Certainly,' replied Mr Ashworth. 'And after the performance is over, I will find them all something to eat and drink before they return to Stoke.'

As there were about seven hundred inmates, men, women, and children, to be provided for, I had imposed upon myself no slight task; and it was necessary to set about it at once and briskly too. I commenced my quest with those gentlemen who, I thought, would most readily consent to lend me their vehicles, and once having a good list of promises, I got along famously, the charitable object in view pleading powerfully for me. It was not long, therefore, before I was in possession of promises for an ample supply of broughams, landaus, phaetons, gigs, and open traps of all kinds from all the leading gentry of the district; among others, from Mr Lichfield, Mayor of Newcastle, and Dr Hayes, physician to the Duke of Sutherland. In addition to those thus obtained from private sources, we had omnibuses, cars, and cabs from the various owners of such vehicles. In each case, definite instructions were given as to the precise time at which the driver was to be at the doors of the workhouse.

The day arrived. At the appointed hour, an immense array of vehicles of every description blocked the road for a considerable distance right and left of the entrance; and it caused some trouble to reduce them into starting order. It was arranged that the children should go first, and the adults follow. The rear of the procession was closed by myself, riding in state with an old lady who had never seen the outside of the workhouse for twelve years, and whom the matron had confided specially to my care. Arrived at Hanley, I shall never forget the unexpected reception which greeted our procession. The entire population had turned out to meet us; and the cheers that burst from the dense crowds, as each vehicle passed by with its load of their poorer brethren, were such as it did one good to hear. The old lady who rode with me was particularly moved by the stirring scene; so full indeed was her heart with childlike pleasure and emotion, that, finding no readier way of expressing her gratitude, she must needs insist upon embracing me in the most demonstrative manner, before a delighted multitude of cheering spectators! Each juvenile upon passing into the building was presented with an orange and a bun; each adult received a packet of tobacco or snuff. Respecting the entertainment itself, nothing need be said, except that the delight of the children and the old folks too was more than sufficient reward for all the trouble that had been taken.

After the performance was over, the entire body was marched into the town-hall, hand by hand, which had kindly been placed gratuitously at our disposal for the evening by the Mayor, Colonel Roden. Here the paupers found an abundant spread awaiting them: good rich cake and milk for the youngsters; bread and cheese and beer for

the old people—as much of each as they could eat or drink. For this glorious winding-up of their outing, the feasters were indebted to Mr Taylor Ashworth, who had displayed the greatest liberality and genial kindness of heart throughout. As the medley array of vehicles deposited the poor people once more at the workhouse gates, the day's treat was over. But the pleasant memories arising from it helped to cheer their sad and uneventful lot, and afforded to both young and old an unfailing topic of talk for months afterwards.

While at Hanley, I drove over to Trentham Hall, the seat of the Duke of Sutherland, to ask his Lordship if he and the Duchess would honour our circus with a visit. With his usual condescension, the Duke received me very kindly; and in answer to my request informed me that they were expecting the Prince of Wales for a short visit in a few days' time; and not only promised that the Duchess and himself would attend, but stated that I might safely reckon upon the presence of his royal guest as well. This was indeed good news, and I returned elated with the successful result of my journey. Special arrangements were immediately commenced in order to do full honour to our august visitors. The decorations were overhauled, flags and banners placed in readiness, the 'Royal Box' prepared; and some very nice programmes printed in gold and blue and red upon a satin ground. Everything that we could do was done. The eventful day arrived; and in order to clench the undertaking that the Duke had made me, it was arranged that we should follow his Royal Highness to the Hall, and obtain a confirmation of the promise that had been given in his name. A pair of horses were harnessed to an open carriage, in which Mr Newsome and I drove to the station. Arrived there, we found hundreds of vehicles, whose occupants, hearing of the expected arrival of the Prince, had gathered together from the district for miles round, to see and welcome him. Mr Newsome alighted and passed into the station, in order to learn at the earliest possible moment that the Prince had actually arrived; thus enabling us to take our place early in the long file of vehicles which would follow on to the Hall. The train steamed into the station; our expected guest stepped from the saloon carriage in which he had travelled; ringing cheers greeted him, and were heartily acknowledged; and then we all scrambled into line, and followed as well as the crush of carriages would permit. Arrived at the Hall, a card was sent up at the earliest opportunity, and we waited patiently for the response. Should any of my readers consider that we were a little too brisk and pressing in this affair, I would submit that nothing pleases the leading members of our royal family so much as promptness and alacrity in the arrangement or management of all matters in which they are personally concerned. 'Business before pleasure' is with them a guiding maxim; and to find others business-like around them, materially lightens the burden of the large share of public duty they are always so willing to perform. An answer was shortly sent down to us. The Duke was sorry to have to inform us that a telegraphic message, announcing that something of a very painful nature had happened to a member of the royal family, had reached the Hall

shortly before the Prince's arrival, and necessitated his immediate return to town.

We came back to Hanley oppressed with this painful news, though unaware of its nature. But soon the tidings of the catastrophe flashed with lightning speed throughout the length and breadth of the land; and the entire nation heard with an indignant thrill of the dastardly attempt upon the life of our Sailor Prince, the Duke of Edinburgh, during the visit he had made to our fellow-subjects on the distant shores of Australia.

Lord Lindsay, eldest son of the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, resides, or did reside, at the beautiful estate of Haigh Hall, near Wigan. In the year 1868, when we had been in the town of Wigan some eight or ten weeks, we heard that Ludovic, Lord Lindsay's eldest son, would shortly attain his majority; and the people of the district were in high hopes that the celebration of the event would take place at Haigh Hall. In due time intelligence came to hand that it had been decided to hold the festivities there, and that preparations for the event on an elaborate scale had already been commenced. The details of the arrangements were soon known in the neighbourhood. We learned that the festivities would be held on three successive days—one for the peasantry and poorer tenants, one for farmers and shopkeepers, and the grand day of all for the nobility and gentry who were invited to take part in the proceedings. Jennisons, the well-known fashionable caterers of Manchester, were to find everything for the hundreds of guests, gentle and simple, with the one exception of butcher-meat; and this was forthcoming in unlimited quantities from the estate itself. Games of all kinds were provided; and illuminations, fireworks, and the various attractions and diversions appropriate to an occasion of this nature had been duly arranged.

We were also informed, among other items, that a former Lord Lindsay, a great lover of horse-racing, had constructed a capital racecourse in a part of the Park adjoining the Hall, well adapted for the purpose, and offering excellent positions for a large number of spectators. It at once occurred to me that if we obtained permission to hold an equestrian fête on the racecourse, it would furnish a very notable addition to the attractions already provided. Upon discussing this with Mr Newsome, the question arose, To whom should we apply? Lady Lindsay, we heard, had just arrived at the Hall, and we knew there was nothing like going to headquarters. But then we were fully aware that her Ladyship had given general instructions to the steward, and had left all arrangements in his hands. Now this same steward happened to be a frequent visitor to the *Victoria Hotel*, which being immediately opposite the circus, was a convenient house of call for myself and other members of the company. The steward being a most important man in these parts, and holding himself, as well as his office, in no slight esteem, looked down upon 'those circus people' with undisguised contempt—in other words, he snubbed us. Could we then expect much favour at his hands? We thought not, and decided not to give him the chance of refusing us. Putting a pair of spanking horses to the carriage, Mr Newsome and I started for the Hall, and requested the favour of an interview with Lady Lindsay. This being granted us, we preferred our request in

person, pointing out that we considered ourselves in a very good position to materially add to the attractions of the fête. Her Ladyship thanked us for our offered services; but regretted that, as the superintendence of everything had been left entirely to the steward, who had already made ample provision in the way of amusements, it would not be convenient for her, even if desirable, to interfere in any way with his arrangements. We hastened to assure her Ladyship that we did not presume to question the excellence or completeness of the steward's arrangements as far as they went. But it would be impossible for him to provide an entertainment at all approaching in character to what we could give, without incurring an outlay of two or three thousand pounds; whereas we, being on the spot with our entire company of picked performers and a numerous stud of trained horses, were well prepared to do justice to the occasion at a comparatively small cost. After further consideration, her Ladyship asked us what we could do for five hundred pounds; and together we sketched out a tempting programme, comprising flat-races, hurdle-races, Roman-car races, hippodrome performances, and a host of novel equestrian feats. Her Ladyship seemed pleased with the projected entertainment, and ultimately engaged our services for the principal day of the coming festivities.

At the appointed time we repaired with the full strength of our company to Haigh Hall, where we were most kindly received by the hero of the day, the young nobleman who had just attained his majority. Accompanying him were the butler and the head-groom, to take instructions respecting the bestowal of ourselves and our horses, and our bounteous treatment during the day. In effect he said, after Hamlet, 'Will you see the riders well bestowed?—Do you hear—let them be well used.' And certainly the young Master's injunctions were liberally observed; for while we ourselves were feasted upon the best of everything, our stud was also well stabled and cared for until the time for our departure came.

The day's sports passed off brilliantly—triumphantly, without a breakdown of any kind; and we had the satisfaction of being assured that our part of the proceedings was by no means the least appreciated by either host or guests. The Master owned to the unbounded pleasure he had experienced in witnessing our outdoor sports; and we afterwards received an autograph letter from Lady Lindsay, expressing the great satisfaction our performances had given her.

A curious practice had obtained in Wigan for some years, and its annual recurrence came round during our stay there. It was the custom of the entire population (or close upon it) to make a general holiday of one summer's day; and instead of spending their holiday and their money in their own town, all the good people cleared off by early morning train, lavishing their earnings at a distance, and returning to Wigan late in the evening, too late at all events to come to the circus.

My friend Mr Jonathan Hallam, landlord of *The Three Crowns*, in discussing the approaching festival with me, complained of the loss thus inflicted upon the trades-people of the town; indeed it touched his pocket, and his interests and ours were thus identical.

I said to my friend: 'We must not let them go.' 'That's all very fine,' replied Mr Hallam. 'But how are you going to keep them here?'

'We must try what can be done,' I answered; adding after a little reflection: 'I suppose you have various benefit societies in the town—Odd-fellows and the like?'

'O dear, yes; any quantity of them. There are Odd-fellows and Foresters and Shepherds, and trade societies of all sorts. What about them?'

'I'll tell you, Mr Hallam. These societies must take it into their heads to make a grand "walking-day" of the coming holiday; a monster procession must be organised; and Mr Newsome must be asked to allow his company to join the procession with their horses and band; and then the town must be paraded with banners and flags and music; and I'll warrant you won't find many folks leave the town *that day*.'

Mr Hallam at once approved of the idea; and being a gentleman of considerable influence, and well known in the town, he set to work in the proper quarters to initiate the movement, and to make it public by means of advertisements and placards.

On the appointed day, the streets of Wigan began at an early hour to assume a decided holiday aspect; but it was at first uncertain whether the bulk of the pleasure-seekers were bent upon wandering forth, as in other years, to spend their holiday in other towns, or staying at home to witness the unwonted scene of the grand procession. But as the day wore on, a universal bustle was observable about the streets; men with a coloured rosette in their button-hole, or otherwise 'dressed in a little brief authority,' were hurrying to and fro, full of the importance of the occasion; while the rank and file of the different societies soon commenced to troop steadily from various parts of the town towards the spot at which the procession was to form into line. Then the crowds of holiday people began to throng the streets through which we were to march; and by the time fixed for the start, it was abundantly evident not only that Wigan had stayed at home to a man, but that hundreds, perhaps thousands of visitors had poured into the town from the whole neighbouring district. The procession started, and perambulated the thoroughfares as arranged beforehand, our company in full parade bringing up the rear, while our band enlivened the proceedings with music specially selected for the occasion. The town held high revel all the day; and when evening came, instead of finding ourselves without an audience, as we certainly should have done without this staying of the yearly exodus, our trouble in connection with the procession was amply repaid by a crowded house.

One day while at Wigan, the waitress of the hotel where I was staying came up to tell me that a seedy-looking man was below at the door and wished to speak to me; and upon going down, I found him to be a London actor of the name of Dale, whom I knew to have seen much better times than those that appeared to have then fallen upon him. Having first of all seen to the wants of his inner man, I asked him to explain the causes of the miserable plight in which he found himself. (But first let me state that I knew the man through having seen him act a part in the

favourite play of *Richard Cœur-de-Lion*, in which he appeared as the English monarch; while another equally tall and finely built man, N. T. Hicks, a well-known actor, took the part of Saladin. Hicks being a 'powerful' player, was a favourite with the gods; and whenever he appeared, he was invariably recognised by those exalted critics, and saluted with cries of 'Bravo, Hicks!' Hence the sobriquet by which he was afterwards known.) To return, however, to my story. It appeared from Dale's statement that he had started a theatrical booth on his own account, and begun to work the neighbouring colliery districts. But times were bad; colliers were on strike and without money, and the state of the theatrical exchequer was anything but flourishing. In this emergency, the most useful members of his little company began to leave him; the venture was irretrievably ruined; and poor Dale, after honourably paying off his debts, found himself absolutely penniless and friendless. In this emergency he wrote to Mrs Theodore Martin—more widely known to the general public as Miss Helen Faucit—and explained his position to her. By return of post a letter of sympathy was received from the kind-hearted actress, and with it a cheque drawn and signed by her husband. Dale judged that now certainly he was out of his difficulty, and should be able to tide over till he found work. But his troubles were not yet over. Dale tried at various shops and other places to change the cheque; but in vain! His woe-begone appearance told against him, and made people suspicious of the genuineness of the document he held, or of his title to it if genuine. Thus the cheque—Theodore Martin's cheque!—went begging all over the town of Wigan; while as for poor Dale, seedy of garb and feeling hunger's pinch, 'amid profusion still he pined;' until at length he chanced to apply personally to my friend Mr Hallam, who at once sent him round to me. I gave Dale the amount of the cheque; and the poor fellow went on his way, rejoicing at this happy termination of his troubles.

[We take this opportunity of making the *amende honorable* to Mr Richard Chapman whose name was mentioned—in a recent instalment of these *Recollections*—in connection with the large barn at Harrow. The inference was that Mr Chapman was an ignorant and unrefined man, who could not speak correct English, whereas we are assured by one who knows him well that he is a gentleman of education and refinement.—ED.]

MAKING AMENDS.

A wrong confessed is half redressed may be a sound saying from the wrong-doer's point of view; but the wrong-sufferer is likely to think differently, and decline to accept a bare acknowledgment of indebtedness as equivalent to a fifty per cent. dividend. Much depends upon the manner of confession. It is possible to admit a wrong in such a way as to add to the original offence—a method of making amends often adopted by the too ready writers of the press when victims to their inventiveness claim reparation at their hands.

Not long ago, a South London paper amused its readers by informing them that the officials of the

Southwark County Court had, in expectation of a visit from the newly appointed judge, 'put on clean shirts and had easy shaves.' The gentlemen concerned did not appreciate the pleasantry, and let the editor know it; whereupon he announced that 'the officials did not put on clean shirts nor were they shaved on the day in question,' and expressed the hope that everybody would be satisfied. Strangely enough, the officials of the County Court were not.

A French journalist made no attempt at justification when an irate novelist, known to be as clever with the pistol and the sword as he was with the pen, gave him the choice of apologising for a certain satirical sketch, or meeting the subject of it in the field. Not desiring to permanently vacate the editorial chair, the offender took the alternative; and after disclaiming any intention to annoy the romancist, went on: 'Rest assured, sir, that I will not repeat the offence; for I most solemnly promise you, that never by any chance, or under any circumstances, shall your name appear in my journal.' And yet the aggrieved author was not happy.

American editors are not of an apologetic order; but that they can, if necessity compels, make the *amende honorable* let this specimen shew: 'There is a fly in our office, one particular aggressive fly, distinguished from its brethren by a pertinacity and untiring energy that if properly directed, is enough to make him President. Other flies we can dispose of by whisking a paper at them or putting them out of the window. But this fly we can't manage. We don't like to kill flies. There is something so confiding about them, that it seems like a breach of hospitality to kill them. That fly tumbles into our inkstand, crawls out, and dries his little feet by walking over our paper as we write. The compositor has hard work to decipher our manuscript sometimes. And in this connection we would make a slight correction. In the last number of our paper we called the Hon. Mr. — "an unprincipled demagogue;" we should have said "a high-toned patriot." It was all the fault of that fly. The honourable gentleman's brother came into our office this morning with a new and substantial-looking cane, and reminded us of the misprint.'—If this worthy was liable to having his ingenuity much taxed in this way, he would have done well to have imitated an accommodating brother who gave notice: 'If any subscriber finds a line in his paper that he does not like, and cannot agree with; if he will bring his paper to the office and point out the offending line, the editor will take his scissors and cut it out for him.'

The judge, addressed by an apologising counsel with, 'Your lordship is right, and I am wrong, as your lordship generally is,' might reasonably be uncertain whether the learned gentleman was complimenting or disparaging the court; but Mr. Commissioner Kerr could have no doubt respecting the sentiments of a witness who persisted in addressing him as 'my lord' and 'your lordship,' and when told he must not do so—'I am not a lord, and you must not call me so'—replied: 'Then, my lord, if your lordship isn't your lordship, your lordship ought to be!'

'Well, soldier,' said Daniel O'Connell to an

officer he was cross-examining. 'I am no soldier; I am an officer,' exclaimed the indignant man. 'Well,' said O'Connell, 'well, officer who are no soldier,' &c.

Captain Bugbie of the United States army was not only an officer but a soldier, and a good one too; notable as a strict disciplinarian, and as notable for his fondness for creature-comforts—a fondness he found great difficulty in indulging when marching through a wild bit of country. One day the column had just left a small hamlet, when the Captain noticed that one of the drums gave forth no sound. He expressed his anger very emphatically, and ordered a lieutenant to go and rate the delinquent well. By-and-by the subaltern returned, and whispered to his superior that the drummer had got a couple of roasted chickens and two bottles of whisky in his drum—one bottle and one chick being for the captain. 'Why didn't the poor fellow let us know his legs had given out?' cried Bugbie. 'I don't want men to march if they're dead-lame. Put him in the ambulance immediately.' The order was obeyed; and having thus made amends for his injustice to the drummer, the Captain took the earliest opportunity of going to examine more particularly into his condition.

A dramatist sitting by a friend at a theatre, contrived to extract a handkerchief from his pocket and transfer it to his own. Presently, a man behind him, tapping him on the shoulder, whispered: 'Beg pardon; here's your purse. Didn't know you belonged to the profession; all right!' at the same time slipping into the amateur's hand the purse he had extracted from his pocket. The story may pass, for although honour among thieves has no existence, it is probable that regular practitioners act on the principle that dog should not eat dog. That they ever go an inch beyond that we do not believe, even though we have it on the authority of the *Gaulois* that Charles Dickens once lost his watch at a theatre in Paris, and found it at his hotel with a note running: 'SIR—I hope you will excuse me; but I thought I was dealing with a Frenchman, and not a countryman. Finding out my mistake, I hasten to repair it by returning herewith the watch I stole from you—I beg you to receive the homage of my respect, and to believe me, my dear countryman, your humble and obedient servant —A PICKPOCKET.'

If the anecdote be true, we should rather attribute the restoration to the pickpocket's appreciation of his victim's genius, than his consideration for his nationality.

Thieves do occasionally make the best of all amends—full restitution. Even an umbrella has come back to its owner because it 'praid' on the purloiner's conscience. A banjo mysteriously disappeared from the door of a dealer in musical instruments at Eastbourne. Some months afterwards, he received the following unique epistle:

NEW CUT, LONDON.

DEAR SUR—I am taking the liberty of writing to you to tel you as i av sent you the gitar as I borred from your chop in easbun wen i was done ther as I mens to be onest for the tin comin i was ard up wen i tok it and my mats didnet give me mi chare so i left em so i hop you think i am onest cos I sent It bak and i ant dun much wi it

sinc i ad it it is a good wun an i fels sorry as I tok it and i ant got no money to pa carrege so i carnt an i hops as you send the wod case bak as it cost me a shillin and i hops as I av bin onest as you wud send me a shillin if you ples i am very ard hup hand you wunt mis it I paked it in paper an i dont think as it ul be broke and i knos you wud send me a shillin if you wud ples send it to the post office in Chandy St new Out London and i can cal fur it i ant hyt the gitar as it as ben in porn al the tim and il never do it agen i mens to be onest in the tim to cum. I remane Yours truly, M. R. wich i hop youl cal me wen you rite.

The banjo, surely enough, arrived in due time.

A well-educated young Irishman filling the post of cashier in a Liverpool house of repute, decamped one fine day with three thousand pounds of his employers' money. Nothing was heard of him for some years, when the firm received a packet by post from the long missing one, containing an order upon a bank for three thousand pounds, and five per cent. interest on that sum, calculated from the day the sender had decamped. The packet also contained an account of his career since. On reaching America he had obtained a situation in a New York dry-goods store, and remained in it till the outbreak of the Civil War. His 'governor' was an enthusiastic Republican, and offered to advance a large sum of money to any of his clerks who volunteered for the army. The Irishman was the first to close with the offer; saw service at Fredericksburg, Seven Oaks, and other hard-fought fields; was with Sherman, under whom he held a subordinate command, in the famous march to the sea; and wound up by marrying the wealthy young widow of a Northern General who fell at Gettysburg; the last exploit enabling him to make amends for the misdeed of his hot youth.

Not quite so genuine was the repentance of an inventor of a tobacco-stick, whatever that may be, who, the *Releigh News* tells us, was summoned to appear before the brethren and sisters of his church to answer sundry charges of drunkenness. He pleaded guilty; expressed profound penitence, and implored forgiveness in such pathetic tones, that the deeply moved congregation acceded to his prayer with one accord. Then the pardoned one rose to his feet again, and said: 'Brethren! it is seldom I have the opportunity of seeing together so large and intelligent an audience, and I shall take advantage of the occasion to say that my patented tobacco-stick, recently invented by me, is of so superior a model, that everybody is using it; and I would be glad to exhibit a sample one to any brother who wishes to see it in operation.'

Triflers with feminine affections do not always get off cheaply. A young clergyman, wise enough to choose well, but foolish enough to allow himself to be ruled by his friends, after proposing to a young lady, declined to fulfil the engagement; and being sued for breach of promise, was cast in damages—five thousand pounds. This brought him to his senses. Seeking the plaintiff, he owned that he had behaved infamously, but vowed that he had loved her all the while and loved her still, and prayed her to forgive and

forget. 'My friends,' said he, 'can make no objection now; they cannot say you are without a penny, since you have five thousand pounds of your very own.' His pleading proved irresistible, and the lady and money were soon his own again. Marriage made amends for all.

THE AUDIPHONE.

In our review of Science and Arts in the April part of this *Journal*, we gave a short account of an ingenious American invention called the *audiphone*, by which not only persons hard of hearing were enabled to hear distinctly, but even deaf-mutes were made to hear musical sounds. Since then, we have had numerous inquiries made to us for the name of the makers of these instruments; but this we are as yet unable to give. In a recent number of *Nature*, however, we observe that improvements are being made on the original invention, which will have the effect of both cheapening and simplifying its construction. The audiphone of Mr R. G. Rhodes, of Chicago, the original inventor, consisted, as already described, of a thin sheet of caoutchouc, fixed in an elastic frame, about the size and shape of an ordinary palm-leaf fan, and furnished with a handle. Strings attached to the upper edge served to bend it into a curving form, a small clamp fixing the string at the handle. When thus strained into shape, the instrument is pressed against the upper front teeth by the deaf operator, the convex side being turned outwards. The sounds received upon the thin sheet cause it to vibrate, and the vibrations are thus conveyed through the teeth and bones of the skull to the auditory nerves. Its use is therefore confined to the partially deaf, or at least to those in whom the auditory sense is not entirely absent, or the nerve atrophied. The caoutchouc or ebonite rubber of which Mr Rhodes' instrument was made being costly, a French Professor, M. Colladon, had, as mentioned by us in April, discovered a cheap and efficient substitute in the form of a strip of elastic cardboard. Mr Thomas Fletcher, of Warrington, a most ingenious gentleman, has since effected a still further improvement. After a long series of experiments, he has found the best material of which the audiphone can be made is birch-wood veneer. If cut in an oval about twelve by eight and a half inches, and steamed and bent to a curve, it does not require the cords of the Rhodes' pattern, and is more convenient for use than Colladon's form. Mr Fletcher states that a disk of half the above size suffices for a musician who may, in consequence of partial deafness, require such aid, and who cannot use a hearing-trumpet on account of the inconvenience of holding it while playing his instrument. The disk of veneer is so light that it may be held between the teeth without effort, and almost without consciousness of its presence. If stained black, it is less visible.—We are disposed to think, from the simplicity of Mr Fletcher's instrument and the accessibility of the material used, that those of our readers who may be anxious to test the invention for themselves need have little difficulty in the construction of an audiphone after this pattern.

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PROFESSOR NORDENSKJÖLD AND THE NORTH-EAST PASSAGE.

THERE have been numerous attempts to ascertain whether there is dry land, open sea, or impenetrable ice at the Pole. Many attempts were made before Parry's remarkable sledge-journey, and many others since; but still the ice blocks the way long before the Pole can be reached. The latest was the most noteworthy of all—that of Captain Sir George Nares. His ship the *Alert* reached a higher northern latitude than had before been attained by any vessel, while his sledgers penetrated farther north than any other human beings are known to have reached. Nevertheless there were three or four hundred miles of unknown region between the sledges and the veritable Pole. Sir George has declared his belief that any further attempts will be quite hopeless. The Americans, however, do not give up hope; they believe, from the explorations of Kane, Hall, Hayes, and Morton, in the existence of an Open Polar Sea.

Far more numerous have been the expeditions in search of what is termed a North-west Passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific round the north coast of the American continent. Almost to this day the search has been kept up, and with considerable geographical success. The gallant, ill-fated Sir John Franklin virtually realised this result, although he died before the fact could be recognised in its fullness; while M'Clure has in later years discovered another passage between the islands that fringe the northern coast of the New World. But though geographically valuable, these discoveries possess little commercial importance, seeing that ice blocks the way.

The stage is now clear for noticing in a rapid way the third class of Arctic expeditions—namely, those connected with the *North-east Passage*. Here it is that the learned and energetic Swede, Professor Nordenskjöld, achieved a result which will always be associated with his name and fame, and in which his brave and stout steamer the *Vega* will be recorded as the first vessel that

ever circumnavigated the Old World of Europe and Asia.

The vast region of Russia and Siberia has for many generations been believed to be bordered on the north by an ocean bound up in thick ice during the winter and partially thawed during summer; but whether the land is continuous, or is fringed and broken with islands, is an item of knowledge that has had to be groped for. Among many rivers, three of grand dimensions flow through Siberia nearly from south to north, all having their rise in little-known regions of Central Asia, and all emptying their waters into the still less known Arctic Ocean. The Obi, one of them, flows through Tobolsk, the Yenisei through Yeniseisk, and the Lena through Yakoutsck. Siberia, although inclement and almost unbearable in winter, has bright skies, warm sunshine, and fertility during the short summer. Corn, hemp, and other crops ripen; forests grow good timber; flocks and herds furnish skins, hides, and tallow; the trees facilitate the making of tar, resin, and turpentine; fur-bearing animals furnish peltry which is much valued in Europe; while the mineral wealth comprises gold, silver, platinum, and other choice metals. The natives gradually placed small vessels on the rivers, and conveyed cargoes to the sea, where sale and barter took place with other traders hailing from other rivers. This was really the groundwork of what is now known as the *North-east Passage*; for the traders cautiously creeping on a little east and anon a little west, discovered small portions of the Arctic coast of the Old World.

Nordenskjöld, a naturalist and scientific man, took part in many minor expeditions to Greenland and Spitzbergen before he turned his attention to the North-east Passage. It was during one of these journeys, undertaken mostly for scientific purposes, that he shared in an incident which has so much amused the readers of his animated narratives—that of *four men sleeping in two bags or sacks!* These sleepers, two Swedes and two Greenlanders, had nothing but a waterproof cloth between them or their bags and the snowy ice,

and nothing over them but the heavens; the proverbial 'three in a bed' far from equals the closeness of their packing; and the Professor, though anything but a grumbler, admits that they all four passed a very comfortless night. Nordenskjöld's experience during these minor expeditions led him to a conclusion that, however interesting for the researches of naturalists and scientists, they were not likely to develop a commercial or mercantile route. He therefore began to turn his attention, about the year 1875, to an eastern or north-east route.

The Professor knew what the Russians and Siberians had done, in tracing several of the great Asiatic rivers to their mouths in the Arctic Ocean. He furthermore formed a happy conjecture that these rivers carry a vast body of warmish water to the sea during the summer months, and that this water is diverged into an east current by the diurnal rotation of the earth—offering facilities to vessels sailing or steaming parallel to the coast. This conjecture proves to be correct, and has had much to do with his subsequent success. He formed a scheme for steaming along the whole distance from Norway to Behring's Strait, passing on his way the wide-spreading coasts of Sweden, Finland, Russia, and Siberia, and emerging at the Strait into the Pacific Ocean—thus accomplishing the *North-east Passage* from the Old World to the New.

Being simply a scientific man by profession, he was unable to bear the cost of such an enterprise. The king subscribed to a fund, the Swedish parliament voted a small supply, and a Russian gentleman named Sibirakoff assisted; but the main prop and stay was M. Oscar Dickson, a large-hearted Swedish merchant, who came forward with the munificent sum of twelve thousand pounds. Thus guaranteed, Nordenskjöld proceeded in 1877 to organise his plan by degrees.

The first thing to do was to provide a vessel; and a fortunate choice was made. The *Vega* is a whaler of about five hundred tons, painted black; it carries a small steam-engine capable of developing, without the aid of sails, a speed of five miles an hour; and bunkers capacious enough to hold coals for the whole distance of four thousand miles that intervene between Norway and Behring's Strait. These coals, however, were not all in the ship at one time; subsidiary vessels went part of the way as tenders or store-ships. Attention was next paid to the provisions, of which enough was taken, wholesome and varied in quality, to last nearly two years in case of need. Ship's stores of every sort were ample, and the *Vega* became gradually filled in every corner.

It was in the summer of 1878 that the expedition started. Many naturalists and cultivators of the physical sciences eagerly took part in it; while Captain Palander was intrusted with the command of the ship and its navigation—Professor Norden-

skjöld being leader or director of the whole. On July 21, the *Vega*, with a crew of about twenty-four men, started from Tromsø, nearly at the extreme north of Norway. She was accompanied by the small steamer *Lena*, intended to go up the river of the same name to Yakoutsik, and there be employed as a passenger and cargo vessel.

On the 23d of July they passed between Waigatz and the mainland, where they were joined by the *Fraser* and the *Express*, English vessels intended to trade on the Yenisei. August began, and matters went on so steadily that by the 19th the *Vega* had reached and rounded Cape Tchelquiskin—the extreme northernmost point of the Old World, about midway between the Atlantic and the Pacific; they had a warm current of fresh water from the Obi to the Yenisei. On the 27th the *Lena* parted company from the *Vega*, and started for Yakoutsik, taking letters and telegrams from the expedition.

September set in, and with it the troubles of the *Vega*. Low temperature brought snow; and then came the last day of hoisting sail, for the floating ice, increasing daily in quantity, required a very cautious use of steam and paddle to pass safely between the masses. In truth the summer had come to an end earlier than had been anticipated, and much earlier than officers or crew wished. After the middle of the month the temperature was continuously below zero—itsself 32° F. below the freezing-point; and the speedy approach of winter was evident to all. Would the *Vega* be able to reach Behring's Strait in time to beat round into the Pacific Ocean, where a warmer temperature might reasonably be expected? This question was anxiously discussed by Nordenskjöld and Palander; but the climate soon settled the matter, for the *Vega* became so hemmed in with ice that she could no longer move. The 28th of September 1878 was a day which neither officers nor crew will ever forget; seeing that it marked the beginning of a detention that was destined to continue no less than ten months. Bitter indeed was the disappointment. Calculations shewed that the position was only about one hundred miles from Behring's Strait, a distance that the *Vega* could have steamed in a couple of days had she not been hemmed in immovably by ice. Professor Nordenskjöld is not the man to make the worst of troubles; but he speaks most feelingly of this sudden quenching of sanguine anticipations.

What to do during the rapidly approaching winter, with its dismal darkness and piercing cold, had now to be determined on. The scientific men on board soon decided on a plan so far as they were concerned. Being naturalists, astronomers, meteorologists, magneticians and electricians, geologists and mineralogists, they knew that even the ice-bound Arctic coast of Siberia would yield a harvest for those who sought it sedulously. The proceedings they adopted were as follow: They built an observatory on the coast in a curious

way; the sailors sawed lumps of ice into brick-shaped pieces, made walls of these, and constructed a little house as well as an observatory. A staircase cut in the ice led up from a small anteroom to the observatory, which was only six or seven feet square. From the roof of the place bearing this dignified name hung a never-extinguished lamp. In the middle was a little table, on each side of which was a gutta-percha air-mattress laid on a sack filled with straw. In the angles of the chamber were the magnetic instruments; while near at hand were books, diaries, and various documents. A stove was ready to prepare hot coffee. The whole building was covered with reindeer skins and woollen blankets in the coldest part of the winter. Magnetical and meteorological observations were continued with great regularity. Sometimes the fog was so dense that it would have been very possible to lose one's way on passing to and fro between the ship and the shore; to prevent this a long avenue of a hundred and seventeen ice pillars was formed, and a rope stretched from pillar to pillar to keep the wayfarers in the right track. The worst tribulation to bear was that of the terrible storms of wind, which blew the snow along with furious violence. These were the times to keep housed as comfortably as possible. In quieter weather, officers and scientific men alike indulged in skating and various kinds of ball-play, healthful to the system and invigorating to the spirits. The whole proceedings illustrated the good effects of alternate work and play.

Nor were the crew neglected in the various arrangements for making the winter-quarters as comfortable as possible. The ship was in the ice, about a mile from the shore, to which it was attached by a strong rope. The sides of the *Vega* were composed of two strata of wood, with an intervening lining of felt. At the stern, hot air was made to pass through an open space left between the wood and the felt. By this means the cabins could be maintained at a temperature fifty or sixty degrees higher than the external air. Five stoves were kept constantly heated in different parts of the vessel. Food was good and plentiful, scurvy was 'conspicuous by its absence,' and the general health of all on board was satisfactory. The men had books and simple games, they could sing, and they passed through the long winter cheerfully.

Thus came to an end the year 1878, and thus began the year 1879. The months of October, November, and December gave to the inmates of the *Vega* a taste of Arctic darkness; January, February, and March had the advantage of presenting a gradual renewal of daylight, but with the accompaniment of much more intense cold. April, May, and June ushered in beautiful spring; snow melted and greenery made its welcome appearance on the land, or rather, as Nordenskjöld and Palander tell us, winter burst out into summer without any spring at all. Nevertheless there was the *Vega* still ice-bound, quite immovable.

At length the day of deliverance came. About the middle of July the ice was observed to loosen around the ship. The engine fires were lighted, steam was got up, and on the 18th the paddles set the vessel in motion. Oh, the joy of all on board! Oh, the delight of escaping from the three hundred days of icy imprisonment! To shew how tantalising had been the frustration experienced

in the previous September, it may suffice to say that the *Vega* reached Behring's Strait from the wintering-place in two days, and soon afterwards went round into the great Pacific Ocean, having Asia on one side and America on the other.

During this prolonged detention the *Vega* was seen at some distance by a few men engaged in the whale, seal, and walrus fisheries, and visited by a few native Siberians who found their way to the coast. Letters and telegrams were sent by Nordenskjöld through two or three of these natives to Europe: a handsome reward tempting the messengers. But the distance travelled was so immense, extending over so many thousands of miles, on foot and on sledge, by boat and by posting, that Europe knew nothing of the messages till many months afterwards. When the lapse of time and the statements of natives made it evident that the *Vega* was hemmed in by ice near Behring's Strait, schemes of rescue were planned; but as the ship escaped from her imprisonment unaided, we need not describe them.

Nor is it needful to dwell on the triumphant return of the good ship to Europe. Nordenskjöld was under no necessity to hasten his voyage; he sailed leisurely down the Pacific on the Asiatic side, making stoppages at Kamtchatka, Japan, China, and so on to Singapore. Then came the voyage across the Indian Ocean to Ceylon and Aden, followed by an advance up the Red Sea and through the Suez Canal to the Mediterranean. On reaching European shores quite an ovation was in store for Nordenskjöld and his trusty companions. The second half of 1879 and the first quarter of 1880 were consumed in these proceedings; until at length all the civilised world knew something about the discovery of the North-east Passage.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER XXI.—HISTORY.

'It's a very curious case, ladies and gentlemen. Notice two or three things about it.'

For the first time, Frank began to think of the future which lay before him. Despair has no capacity for fear, and the time to come looked blank, but not terrible. There would come a time before long when his last penny would be spent, and after that he would die of starvation. If he were found, an inquest would be held upon him. So then he must destroy the last trace of his identity. As he crawled along the road in the chill sunshine, he took out his pocket-book, and tore from it carefully all the leaves on which any sort of memoranda had been written. These he scattered in fragments at long intervals; and the remnant of the book he dropped into the sluggish waters of a canal. Though he was still in great pain, he was stronger than he had been at starting, and still walking without care as to the direction he took, he came at nightfall to Hookley Hill, and found himself on the outskirts of the great mid-land capital. He had walked nine miles that day, and felt quite broken down with fatigue. He had not penetrated far into the town when he saw the sign of a pawnbroker, and a new idea occurred to him. The rings he had about him would surely serve to identify him. Some of them were valuable, were even costly; and he had an indefinite

sort of fancy that though he had a right to die when his last coin failed him, he had no right to hasten death for his own relief, or to avoid any such open means for prolonging life as the rings afforded. Dim and undefined as this feeling was within him, it was yet the first dawn of a sense of returning duty. He entered the pawnbroker's shop, and proffered the rings—all but one. That was Maud's gift, and he would not part with it until he knew that the end of all was near. Then he resolved that he would bury it in some quiet place in the fields, and lie down near that last relic of his love, and die there. Whilst he thought of these things, and seemed to see in fancy the place where he should lie, the pawnbroker was examining the rings through a glass. He laid them down on the counter and looked at the man who proffered them. He saw a man who, in dress, looked like one of the poorer sort of labourers from the outlying mining districts—a man haggard with a month's beard, pallid with sickness, bent with fatigue and pain, hollow-eyed, unwashed—a melancholy spectacle.

'How did you come by these rings?' he asked, taking in all those mournful characteristics at a glance.

'They are my own property,' Frank answered; 'and you need not be afraid to take them.'

'H'm!' said the pawnbroker. 'Where do you live?'

'I have no address,' Frank made answer; 'I am going to Liverpool.'

The man looked keenly at the rings and at their owner. 'I'll lend five pounds on 'em,' he said, and drew them towards him.

It was with no care for the money, but only for the dim thought that he had no right to lay down the burden of his punishment before his time, that Frank, taking up one of the rings, responded: 'I gave forty-five pounds for this alone.'

'Daresay,' said the man briefly. 'I don't know that I ought to take 'em in at all, unless you give some account of yourself. I won't give more than five pounds for 'em.'

Frank assented wearily; and the pawnbroker without asking further questions made out, at the cost of a penny, a ticket, and paid four pounds nineteen shillings and elevenpence across the counter. The pawnbroker was something of a fictionist, and having given his imagination scope, had invented the name and address of 'Joseph Jones, Summer Lane.' 'If I am discovered,' Frank thought, 'inquiries will be made here.' He tore the ticket stealthily bit by bit in his pocket, and dropped a piece here and there until it was all gone. Then not caring to inquire of any one he met, he wandered down street after street, looking for an advertisement of lodgings. He saw many, but avoided them all, for some no-reason, until some no-reason drew him into one. The old man who kept the place came forward and demanded his fee; and being satisfied, marshalled his visitor to the fireplace, where in a shadowy recess sat the intrusive tramp of yesterday. There were perhaps a dozen people in the kitchen; and Frank, neither observant nor observed except by his yesterday's acquaintance, took the seat pointed out to him. That one should enter dejected, travel-soiled, and weary, was not a thing to excite attention there, and he was glad to be unnoticed. The men and women about him discussed the

things which interested themselves. They were all professional tramps and cadgers, and though they might be strangers to each other, they had common friends in the trade. Thus the wooden-legged miner had met the one-armed warrior's particular friend at Leicester the week before last, and the one-armed soldier had recently made the acquaintance of the wooden-legged miner's ancient companion and sworn brother at Worcester. The talk drifted hither and thither, until a new-comer, who had walked from Dudley, brought news of a dreadful murder committed there the night before. On this they all seized with avidity. The new-comer was a hero for the time, and told his tale with sickening amplitude of nauseous circumstance. The chief point of the story was that not the slightest clue to the murderer had declared itself; and from this point the talk flowed on in an unbroken stream of reminiscence of undiscovered crime. Frank sat in his shadowed corner with bent head and folded arms, until one began the story of the mysterious murder and robbery in Spaniard's Lane. He listened to the talk like a man in a nightmare. It was not wonderful to know that the history of his crime was public property; but as he sat with closed eyes and eager ears and trembling heart, he seemed to feel a strong and resolute hand approaching him from the darkness, whilst invisible walls narrowed in upon him, and invisible fetters held him from escape. He learned that the two men who had accompanied the DEAD—the speaker put it in that way every time he made mention of the murdered man—had been arrested and discharged.

A woman broke out with: 'Throth, thin, if 'twas meself had done the murther, an' another was *had* for it, I wouldn't lie aisy in me grave till I give meself up.'

'Thru for you, Nelly,' said the woman's husband. 'It's base conduct.'

What human creature's opinion could Frank Fairholt afford to despise? He had never until now contemplated the possibility of another being charged with his crime, and the knowledge that these innocent men had been suspected laid an added weight upon him; although he told himself, and that truly, that he was not hiding from Justice for his own sake. He would have welcomed any atonement, however fiery, if the shadow of his sin might fall no more heavily than it had done upon his father and his brother and Maud. When the first madness of his flight was gone he had resolved on sacrifice; and since then his only hope had been that he might die obscurely and be forgotten. He could think more clearly now, not because the night of his trouble was more lightened, but because he was used to its thick darkness, and could see a little farther through it. A plan of life grew slowly up within him as he sat in the shadow, and these male and female scoundrels discussed his deeds and speculated on his identity and his whereabouts, and the chances of his detection. He was bound to elude Justice still, if that were possible. It was his clear duty not to denounce himself; and it was just as clearly his duty to live till God should call him, and to make such poor atonement as lay in him to make. As he sat thinking of these things, a voice broke harshly on his ear.

'It's a curious case—a very curious case, ladies and gentlemen. Notice two or three things about

it. The police found the purse, evidently thrown away by the thief. That makes it clear that the man had changed his mind, and repented of the robbery. Next day, a trifle over the amount taken by the thief is sent to the dead man's house, with a message to the effect that the man who borrowed it had sent it back again. That proves two things—first, that the man knew the amount of money in the purse he stole, and next that he didn't believe he had killed the man he stole it from. It proves another thing. It proves that the thief had money. Then you'll ask me, why did he turn footpad? Doesn't it stand to reason that he was pushed for money—that he was afraid he wouldn't get it in time—that he found out somehow that this man had money about him—that he knocked him down, and took it, finding a chance to do it in a lonely place like Spaniard's Lane—that he repented directly he'd done it, and threw the purse away—that he got his own money and some to spare next day, and sent the amount stolen back to the owner, and that he never knew the man was dead till he saw it in the paper, most likely? Doesn't that stand to reason, ladies and gentlemen?

'Faix,' said the Irishwoman, 'it's you for the long head, anyway, darlin'. There was the fine lawyer spoiled when you was made.'

The listener in the shadow caught his breath. Did these things lie so plainly on the surface of the story, that any one who chose might find them there, or did the man who so closely hit the truth know more than he professed?

'The lawyer wasn't spoiled when I was made, my dear,' said the harsh voice, with a chuckling laugh. 'He was spoiled five-and-thirty years later.'

'Then you wor a lawyer?' said the Irish tramp.

'Yes,' said the man in the sack, for it was he who spoke; 'I was a lawyer, and a pretty good lawyer too, till twelve men entered into a conspiracy against me, and blackened my character.'

'What was you tried for?' asked the one-armed soldier, piercing this transparent metaphor.

'Having a short memory,' said the reprobate in the sack. 'But I studied at Botany Bay, ladies and gentlemen, and improved it, and I never forget anything now.'

Was there a threat in that? thought the listener in the shadow. Did the man know anything? *Could* he know anything? He turned slowly round, and looked across the light to where the ugly old reprobate sat sucking his pipe in the opposite corner. Was it only by chance that the old man's eyes were fixed upon him with so keen a look? Frank received the gaze calmly, or with outer calmness, and closing his eyes, sank back into his old attitude. He had been robbed the night before, not improbably by this man, and it might be that the tramp himself feared suspicion, and wished to disarm it by effrontery.

'You don't seem to know me again, companion,' said the harsh voice. 'We chummed together last night at Bilston.' Frank bent his head a little lower, and returned no answer. 'There's a comrade for you!' the tramp went on. 'Won't own his friend because he wears a peculiar coat.'

Nobody took verbal notice of this appeal, but one or two turned lazily and looked in the direc-

tion indicated by the old man's outstretched finger, and then turned lazily back again. When the time came for bed, it fell again to Frank's miserable lot to lie in the same room with this intrusive acquaintance whom he feared. The wretched night wore itself away, and with the first dawn of light the wanderer rose and stole softly from the room. The outer door was fastened by a bolt, which he drew back carefully, yet with now and then a rusty shriek, and the door itself scratched noisily upon the brick floor. He drew it after him, and came upon the street. He heard the voice of the man he had feared to awake, above him. Looking up involuntarily, he saw the silk hat and the tramp's face below it projecting through the window.

'You're leaving early, companion,' said the tramp. 'Wait a bit, and I'll join you.'

Frank turned without an answer and walked on, sickening. But his limbs were weak and stiff, and he travelled so slowly that before he had gone a hundred yards, his aversion came panting up beside him and jogged on grotesquely at his side.

'You can see,' said Frank, 'that I wish to avoid you. Why do you follow me?'

'My dear young friend,' returned the tramp, pantingly, 'I'm one of the tenderest creatures in the world—one of the most impressionable, and I've taken a fancy to you.'

Frank put himself to his best speed; but the other kept pace with him. They walked on until they were clear of the town, and the leader without knowing it struck on the Warwick road. The tramp's pursuit of him strengthened the hapless young artist's fear into certainty; and when they had gone in silence for more than an hour after quitting the town, he turned upon his follower.

'You shall dog my steps no longer,' he exclaimed.

'No?' said the old tramp, leering at him. 'Why not?' His dirty features creased themselves into a laugh. 'Who's to prevent me from going where I please?'

'You have some reason,' said Frank, with a deathly sickness at his heart, 'for dogging me in this way. What is it?'

'I'm pleased with your society,' the tramp answered with a horrible smile. 'It does me good to think that I'm mixing with people of my own rank again.—Well, if that isn't the true reason, shall I try another? Don't be impatient, my dear young friend. Will you walk on again? Then, I'll come with you. Here's the other reason. I'm a sort of modern Autolycus, you must know—a picker-up of unconsidered trifles. Ah! It's quite refreshing to be able to refer to these poetic memories, and to know that you're in the society of one who understands them. Well you know, my young friend, I take an interest in you, and I've picked up a trifle or two about you.'

Frank stopped short again and looked at him. He could not have spoken a word then for life's sake.

'You're rather a heavy sleeper,' the tramp went on, his ugly features creasing themselves into a laugh once more, 'and I'm a light one. A friend of mine stayed in the same room with us the night before last—a gentleman whose chief mental characteristic is a passionate curiosity. He *will* know things. He won't allow himself to remain

in the dark. Now, that's quite a commendable characteristic, quite a commendable characteristic, my dear young friend.—Where was I? O yes! My curious friend was anxious to know what you had in your pockets. I had mentioned to him—I confess it freely—I had mentioned to him that I had seen you receive change for a sovereign, and he felt quite a burning longing to know what you had in your pockets. So he looked. And I believe, if my memory serves me right, that he found a purse there, and I think—mind, I'm not sure, but I *think* that he forgot to put it back again. He found some things there besides, some trinkets—rings I think they were. And they looked valuable. My friend put *them* back again, and remarked to me—and that's why I remember them so clearly—that they weren't safe things for a poor man to have about him, because they looked suspicious.

There the rascal paused, and laughed once more. Frank could not have answered for his life, and so stood there, wordless, with a beating heart.

'Now,' the tramp went on, 'when a gentleman with hands like those—I'm sure the rings would have fitted them—is going about the country in your peculiar way, and when he has money enough for decent clothes and decent lodgings, and when he never says a word to the police about being robbed—for that's the word, you know—it seems to stand to reason that he has very particular grounds indeed for keeping quiet, and for not mingling in that gay circle of which he may have been the ornament. I hope I'm putting it pleasantly, and not in a way to wound your feelings. I wouldn't do that for the world, I do assure you.'

'And now,' Frank answered, drawing himself together by a supreme effort. 'What does all this lead to?'

'Lead to?' cried the tramp. 'Why, to this pleasant little explanation, and the formation of a partnership. I'm sure I shouldn't be surprised if you turned out quite generous. I do assure you that I should regard without a shadow of amazement an offer on your part to share the proceeds of those nice rings. I believe you're going to make the offer now?'

'And so, having robbed me already,' Frank answered, striving to speak steadily and to belie his fears, 'you wish to rob me again.'

'I rob?' said the tramp. 'What an erroneous estimate of my character you must have formed, to be sure! Rob you? Nothing of the sort, my dear young friend. I offer silence. Silence is golden, my young companion, and I offer that, in return for a share of the proceeds of those nice rings.'

'Silence about what?' asked Frank, once more breaking the bond of fear which held him like a nightmare.

'You don't know,' said the tramp, with the old repulsive laugh, 'what a knack I have of putting two and two together, and making four of 'em. Perhaps you heard me put two and two together last night about that curious affair in Spaniard's Lane. You may have noticed the compliment the Irish lady was good enough to make me. Well, my young friend, it may be worth your while—I don't say it is, mind—but it may be—to ask me not to put two and two together about *you*.'

Were there only vague suspicions in the man's

mind, or was the allusion to Spaniard's Lane renewed of set purpose? Frank, fighting down the fears which beset him, tried to face that dreadful question calmly. After what seemed a long pause, he said, looking straight into the tramp's evil eyes: 'I am not the first broken gentleman the world has seen, by many. If there be anything suspicious in my being here, and I suppose there is, I cannot help it, and I do not greatly care to help it. I shall not try to purchase your silence or your complicity, because I know that even if your silence were worth buying, you would only pretend to sell it, and would sell me afterwards if you could. Now, for the last time, choose your road, and let me choose mine.'

'You dream out loud,' said the tramp, with the same unchanging ugly smile. 'And when my friend looked at your pockets—an unwarrantable liberty, no doubt, but prompted by a laudable thirst for knowledge, I do assure you—he found a pocket-book with a name and an address in it. A swell address it was too, my dear. Perhaps they'd pay more there than anybody else would.'

'Take your own course,' said Frank, thinking the bold way the best. 'Suspect what you please. Do what you please; but choose your way now, and let me choose the other.'

'If Maud should know! If Maud should hear of it!'

When the tramp spoke those words, Frank staggered as though a blow had struck him, and a pallor like that of a corpse overspread his face. A second later, moved by a fiery impulse, he advanced upon his torturer, who leaped backwards with more agility than might have been expected of him, and cried out: 'Hands off, or take care of yourself!' Frank stood still, shuddered, sickened, and fell. His hardships, and his illness, and the tempestuous agitation of his mind, had so dragged him down, that he swooned like a girl, and lay there dead white on the miry road. The tramp bent down over him.

'That little quotation from his dreams appears to have hit the young gentleman hard,' said he, plunging a hand into one of Frank's pockets. 'You're as good as an income to me, my dear young friend, I do assure you.'

'Whoa!' shouted a coarse voice, which sounded almost in the ruffian's ear. Behind the hedge came a ploughman with his team. Scattering a few silver coins in his haste upon the ground, the tramp made off as fast as his legs could carry him townwards. When he found that he was not pursued, he paused, and looking at his haul, discovered that he had something less than a pound's worth of silver. Thereupon, he stood still and blamed his luck. Half an hour later, a farm-labourer passed Frank lying on the road, and being a soul with an eye to the main chance, and seeing the scattered silver, he picked it up, and sped with eager feet and fearful heart down the road, leaving the man helpless in his swoon behind him. When this amiable person passed the tramp, that scoundrel was still blaspheming over his small gains. 'I know he pawned 'em,' whined the tramp, 'because he walked into My Uncle's straight under my nose. And just when Providence led him afterwards into the very crib I was staying in, and when I had him in a dead-faint under my fingers, that clumsy idiot of a yokel comes and frightens me away. Well, well, well. The cup and the

lip—the cup and the lip. I never *did* have luck like other people. It was well played, and I frightened him about the address. I wish I'd seen it, but I hadn't time. I wonder what he'd been up to? It might have been the Spaniard's Lane business after all, though he never gave a sign when I mentioned it.

The next man who passed poor Frank as he lay upon the highway was a gentleman-farmer on horseback, in a hurry to get to town. He acquitted himself of duty's call by riding carefully on one side, and objugating the senseless man for a drunken scoundrel. Then came a carter, with less brains perhaps, but more heart; and he, taking the helpless figure in his arms, set it in a comfortable posture on the bank at the side of the road, and having twice or thrice sniffed at the patient's breath, took to slapping the slender soft hands with his own horny digits until the fainting man awoke, looked dimly round him, and staggering to his feet, went blindly on.

'Hil'yo, mate!' called the carter; 'you hain't fit to walk. Get into my cyart, an' have a lift.' Frank paused. He was yet half-unconscious. The carter helped him into the rough vehicle, and spread sacks for him to lie on, and then taking his seat upon the shaft, jogged on without inquiry or observation. In an hour's time, Frank sat up and looked about him, at the broad white road, and the green fields, and the bare trees and hedges. The carter turned round upon his shaft: 'D'ye feel better, mate?'

'A great deal better, thank you,' Frank replied. 'I will get down here.'

'Why?' asked the carter. 'Where be you goin'?'

He had walked quite blindly for the last two days, and was altogether ignorant of the topography of the country. He could not tell for the moment whether he were going east, west, north, or south, and the question confused him. He could only say again: 'I will get down here, thank you.'

'D'ye belong anywheer about here, mate?' asked the carter. How was he to know that his questions were embarrassing, and that embarrassment meant torture? His passenger was silent; and the carter was a little offended at this, and whipping up his horse, started a droning tune. Wishing to conciliate the man, Frank asked him how far he was going.

'As fur as Warwick,' the carter answered. 'How fur be you goin'?'

'I am going on to Warwick,' Frank answered. He passed now into a condition of sheer vacuity. He was quite purposeless, and in some sort at rest. There was a cloud about him, and he knew that he was miserable, but he had but little bodily or mental pain, and he cared for nothing. The carter had a great tin bottle of cold tea with him, and a plentiful supply of bread and meat. He shared these with his passenger, and the two sat in the cart together eating and drinking as the slow horse plodded on. When the meal was over, the cart stopped before a wayside public-house, and the horse had a feed and the carter a drink, for which Frank paid. Then they plodded on again until they reached Warwick, after nightfall. At the entrance to the town, Frank descended and proffered money to the carter, who at first refused it, and finally took it, and having gravely spat

upon it and pouched it, lumbered off in the darkness. It suited the wayfarer to be lonely, and he wandered heavily about the streets, looking for a house in which to pass the night. He saw no announcement of lodgings anywhere. The night was late, and most of the houses were in darkness; and caring little, he wandered through the town and out of it. The skies were clear, and the moon was nearly at the full. The words came into his mind as if somebody had whispered them—Purposeless, hopeless, lost.

(To be continued.)

SOME SINGULAR CHARACTERS.

EVERY generation has its eccentrics, its curious characters, its mysterious men; exciting the ridicule, wonder, and curiosity of more commonplace people. Here are a few for the entertainment of our readers.

The year 1866 saw the end of René Lartique, a Parisian of more notoriety than reputation; a man of regular habits, who had spent the best part of the last fifteen years of his life in the Palais-Royal. Every morning at ten o'clock, clad in a patched coat, buttonless waistcoat, ragged trousers, and a rusty old hat, he would install himself in his particular corner at Tissat's restaurant; there to remain eating and drinking until three in the afternoon, by which time he would have got through half-a-dozen bottles of wine. He then walked up and down the garden until the clock struck five, when he returned to his seat for another meal, which occupied him until half-past nine, his time of departure. Such a customer might reasonably expect a little favour at the restaurant-keeper's hands. He did not meet with it. One day Lartique craved credit for his dinner; the lady presiding at the *comptoir* demurred to complying with his request; whereupon calling one of the waiters, Lartique went with him into the office, and unbuttoning, took off a broad leather belt, and shewing the astonished garçon two hundred gold pieces of a hundred francs each, tossed one of them into his hand to settle his bill—and Tissat's knew him no more. Thenceforward his patronage was bestowed elsewhere; but he continued to visit the Palais-Royal as regularly as before, and eat and drink in the same fashion, until he fell, as he deserved, a victim to over-indulgence.

The Mysterious Oriental—so dubbed by the Parisians in default of knowing his proper patronymic—did nothing to call forth astonishment or disgust. He was simply a Persian gentleman, to be found wherever lovers of gaiety congregated, of whose antecedents nobody apparently knew anything. Upon his death, however, the mystery which had surrounded him was cleared up by M. Chodzko, Professor of Oriental Languages at the Collège of France, furnishing *Galignani* with the following account, professedly taken from the official annals of the empire of Persia: 'In the year 1219 of the Hegira (1802 A.D.), the Shah sent an embassy to Bombay; and the envoy, Hadji

Khalil Khan Kazbini, was received with great consideration. Two hundred soldiers of the East India Company's army were given as a guard of honour to the mission, which was lodged in the most splendid palace of the city. Unfortunately, the servants of the ambassador, in seeking to amuse themselves, shot some adjutants—birds held sacred by the Hindus. A disturbance occurred, and words soon led to blows. The ambassador seeing all from his window, tried to interpose; when a bullet, probably unintended for him, killed him on the spot. On receipt of the news, the Governor-general hastened to send a representative to the court of Teheran to declare that he had remained neutral in the affair. The Shah believed that statement, and consented that the matter should be compromised between the Company and the family of the deceased. All was arranged in a friendly manner; and the Indian government undertook to pay a certain sum to the son of the ambassador. This child was no other than Ismail Khan, the Persian who lately died in Paris, and who for so many years had received a pension of a thousand pounds a year from England.

Taking the Professor's account of the Mysterious Oriental to be authentic, its subject had no real cause for keeping his history secret. It was different with the 'Man in Green,' who for many years spent his afternoons parading the Gallery at Brussels, never interchanging a word with man or woman. In 1871, the familiar figure failed to put in an appearance for three successive days, and the police set about inquiring what had become of him. They found him, only to see him carried to his last lodging before the week was out; but not before he had made a confession, unless the story made public regarding him was a pure invention. It was a strange one. Serving under the Russian government in the Caucasian diamond mines, he had in the course of his duties come into possession of a stone of such extraordinary size and beauty, that the temptation to appropriate it proved irresistible. That was easily done. To get away with it was not so easy. Making an incision in his neck large enough to receive the diamond, he waited until the skin had grown over it. Then he asked for a holiday on the score of ill-health, and escaping the vigilance of the searchers, reached Amsterdam with his spoil. There he disposed of it for something like twelve thousand pounds; the diamond eventually passing by purchase into the hands of its proper owner, the Czar; while the thief, keeping his own counsel, lived quietly on the proceeds of his crime in the Belgian capital.

About three years ago, a Frenchwoman calling herself Madame Lambert took a large house in Jersey. She dwelt in it quite alone, and allowed no one to cross its threshold; and all her neighbours knew about her was that she seemed to be a lady of between forty and fifty, that she was rather handsome, and wore a semi-monastic habit. On

New-year's Day 1878, this female recluse was found lying insensible in King Street, Jersey; and she died soon afterwards. Upon searching her residence, it was found she had left behind her a quantity of valuable jewellery, a large sum of money in French notes, and sundry bills of Parisian jewellers, one of which amounted to about fifteen thousand francs. Photographs of the dead woman were forwarded to Paris; and the jewellers recognised them as portraits of Madame Regnier, Madame Gordon, and Madame Bernier; but they all agreed that she was a queer customer, who, whenever she bought anything, paid in notes, taken from the recesses of her under-garments. She was also well known at Nice. But the French police could give no information as to her real name; and there being no identification, a coroner's jury, four months after death, returned a verdict accordingly.

A rare good fellow, a man of infinite mirth, was butcher Wilson, the fattest and funniest man in Romford, albeit he was eccentric alike in his shop-keeping, eating, and worshipping. His bills were written in various colours and divers hands; for he was an admirable penman, and delighted in exhibiting his proficiency that way. Instead of sitting down to dinner like anybody else, Wilson would take a joint in his hand, put a quantity of salt in the bend of one arm, a small loaf under the other, and stroll through the streets until he had eaten all he carried. He was a capital singer, and went early to church on Sundays, to amuse himself and the congregation by singing psalms until the minister took his place in the desk; and one fast-day distinguished himself by remaining in church in the long interval between morning and evening service, going from pew to pew repeating the Lord's Prayer and singing appropriate psalms, until he had performed his devotions in every pew in the church.

Tobin's Rolando would have applauded the young fellow of independent means, who, more than fifty years since, taking apartments over a breeches-maker's shop in New Bond Street, expressly stipulated that no woman was to put foot in the rooms while in his occupation; and to obviate all excuse for feminine entrance, had whatever he required placed outside his door. In other respects, Mr Sturgis was a model lodger, paying liberally, and giving no trouble, going off to his club regularly every day at the same hour, returning only to dress for the evening, which he invariably spent abroad. Time sped on; the breeches-maker died, leaving business and lodger to his son; after some years, he too died; and at Mr Sturgis's urgent request, the widow kept on the house, until the woman-hater's turn came to die, in the lodgings he had occupied for fifty years; leaving behind him a fortune of a hundred and sixty thousand pounds.

Even more afraid of woman's wiles was Anthony Tripp, who, for aught we know to the contrary, still exercises the rights of citizenship in New York state. So unsociable a mortal was Anthony, that he held intercourse with his own sex only when it was inevitable; but if a woman approached his domicile, its door was instantly barred, and the proprietor made for the cellar. This hater of womankind was a man of so little curiosity, that

although he dwelt within a mile and a half of a railroad, he had never set eyes upon it. He might have met a friend to his liking could he have made the acquaintance of a certain resident in Lambeth, London, who boasted that he had never slept in any house but that in which he was born; and that in his fifty years of life he had never seen Buckingham Palace, the British Museum, or the Crystal Palace; never been on the Thames, or entered a railway carriage.

People not infrequently talk as if intemperance were confined to drunkards, instead of its being a vice taking many shapes, all having the characteristic of rendering a victim oblivious of the duties and decencies of life. Magliabechi with all his wondrous knowledge was but a poor creature; and men of lesser note have made themselves worse than ridiculous by their eccentricities connected with books. Mr Ryan, librarian to the Kilkenny Library Society, made books his idols, denying himself every luxury and not a few necessities in order to add to his collection; the well-furnished library of which he was custodian being insufficient to satisfy his literary cravings. He lived in the upper part of the Society's premises, but admitted no one to enter his rooms for any purpose whatever. On his sudden death in 1866, their privacy was perforce invaded. His bedroom, or what passed for such, was found to contain nothing in the way of furniture save an old sofa, which had served him for a bed, upon which lay a pair of old blankets, his sole nightly covering. Piles of books were heaped up promiscuously in every direction. So in his sitting-room there was scarcely space to move for dust-covered volumes, of which the owner had apparently made very little use, contented, like many another collector, with merely having acquired them.

A wealthy eccentric living in a French provincial town was not open to that reproach. He dwelt alone in a secluded house, admitting no one but a charwoman, who prepared his meals; and a news-agent, who brought him thirty or forty journals at a time. One day even they could not obtain admission, and the police were called upon to intervene. Upon entering the solitary bedroom in the house—a room as squalid as it well could be—the recluse was found dead on the bed, which could only be reached by passing through a ravine, the sides of which were composed of thousands of newspapers and novels, whose perusal had been the sole delight and occupation of his wasted life.

THE EVICTION:

AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

IN TEN CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER IX.

No time was to be lost. I went straight to the adjacent country barracks, and put the affair into the hands of the police. Unfortunately, most of the men had been drafted off, to quell some disturbance in Mullingar, the day before; but the three remaining men were put at my disposal. Under my guidance, they marched down to the public-house, effected an entrance without difficulty, and searched the place from top to bottom. Scallan had disappeared; but we found the tinker

calmly smoking a long clay-pipe in the kitchen. The nature of the crime and the vagrant character of the culprit suggested to us the importance of securing him at once in barracks; so, without pushing our investigations any farther for the present, we had one offender safely landed at the barracks, before we went any farther to capture the other. Indeed, as the head-constable informed me, the law required that my bailiff or I should lodge an information before a magistrate with regard to Scallan, and get a warrant out for his body. Previous to that, it would be advisable to have the tinker searched; as something calculated to throw light on the affair might be discovered about his person. I saw at once the importance of this. We had our prisoner brought into an inner room, where we subjected him to a rigorous overhauling from head to foot. Even the budget itself was not forgotten. We were successful far beyond our expectations, and made some very startling discoveries indeed. In one of his inner pockets we found a letter without date, signature, or address; circumstances which in themselves were calculated to excite suspicion. The contents of the letter were as follows:

Meet me in Scallan's meadows on to-morrow (Saturday) night at about half-past eleven, and we'll give the Saxon's bullocks another thinning. This will answer our purpose of chasing him out of Ireland just as well as the shooting at him or his friends would. And it is far less dangerous; for he is getting quite too good at that revolver practice, and too confident from wearing that coat of mail, which I'm told he has on him constantly. The next thing we'll hear is that he has taken to sleeping in it. Remember Scallan's meadows then, at half-past eleven on Saturday night.

So much for the letter. Encouraged by our success, I resolved thereupon to see the matter out. The time had come for action; and with this important document in our hands, it would be idle to dally any longer. It was impossible for the Major any longer to preserve his incognito; so, with the consent of the head-constable of the barracks, I despatched a policeman to request his immediate attendance there on a matter of importance. This having been done, we continued our search. In the pockets of our tinker we found twenty-five shillings in silver; an unusually large sum for an itinerant mender of pots. There was also a crumpled piece of paper, on which something almost illegible was written. It appeared to be a sort of rude programme of Ribbon meetings, from the occurrence of the names of days in the week, followed by the names of certain farmers in the neighbourhood who were suspected of being connected with the Society. The programme for every day in the week except Saturday appeared to be quite full; but, as the head-constable remarked to me, that omission was explained by the letter we had just read. We overhauled the budget last of all. In it we found a map of Castle Mahon house, demesne, and neighbourhood, with certain markings in red ink scattered through it. This I readily divined to be points of vantage, from which I could be attacked

with safety. I shuddered to observe among other spots thus marked out, the very spot where Mr Carnegie had received his bullet, as also the spot where I had surprised the tinker, waiting presumably to catch me off my guard. We found also an old rusty pistol, some gun-wads, and a handful of percussion caps. The pistol was apparently of very little use; for, besides its ancient appearance, it wanted a nipple. However, we discovered two or three such nipples at the bottom of the budget; so we came to the conclusion that the firearm in question was about to undergo repairs at the tinker's hands.

At this point of our investigations, the Major arrived. Leaving the prisoner under guard, the head-constable and I went out and spoke to him, now no longer as a Major in the army, but as a Superintendent of the detective force. He heard all we had to tell him with great attention.

'I have been leading up to this for some time,' said he. 'The crisis has come sooner than I expected, owing to this lucky chance.'

'Well, yes; the detective force has to thank chance for a good share of their boasted successes,' remarked the head-constable, who was rather dissatisfied to find that a detective had been prowling about the district without his knowledge.

'You are very hard on us,' returned the Superintendent.

'Not a bit. Mr Wharton is entitled to all the credit that's to be got out of the affair; he took the short-cut. You detectives are a slow, round-about lot.'

'Wait a while, Mr Head-constable,' answered the Superintendent, with strange self-possession, 'and I'll give you a specimen of what we are able to do. Has the prisoner disclosed anything yet?'

'No; of course not; he has not so much as opened his mouth since we arrested him.'

'Well then, to make a beginning; let me have a private interview with the fellow; I have an idea that I shall be able to squeeze some information out of him.'

'As you please, Mr Detective; but I'm afraid you'll have your pains for your trouble, as the saying is.'

'Oh, as far as the trouble goes, I don't mind. —But what do you say, Mr Wharton? Will you make it worth the fellow's while to confess? Of course, I must be able to answer such questions if he put them to me. The Queen's pardon, for instance, and a respectable sum of money to make him easy for the rest of his life? Something in that way, you know.'

'I think you may safely offer him in the Earl's name,' I replied, 'anything you like up to three hundred pounds. As for the Queen's pardon, I and my friends for me shall leave no stone unturned to obtain it.'

'Enough. After that, I think I sha'n't be long detained with him.' With these words the Major entered into the inner room where the prisoner was in keeping.

After having been closeted with him for about a quarter of an hour, he returned with a triumphant smile upon his face. 'Our prisoner has surrendered,' said he, 'and is now prepared to turn Queen's evidence. I have gleaned from him the facts of the case. These are too numerous to be at present recapitulated. Suffice it to say, that there

is to be an attack upon your cattle to-night at half-past eleven o'clock. We must be in attendance there, and catch the villains *flagrante delicto*, catch them red-handed. Meanwhile we must discharge the prisoner.'

'With what view?' asked the head-constable.

'To avoid suspicion on the part of his former accomplices. They are to suppose that our examination has failed—that, in fact, we could make nothing of him.'

CHAPTER X.

Night came down upon Castle Mahon. All our plans were arranged by the Major in a quiet business-like style which served greatly to allay my excited feelings. Everything about the place went on as usual; a thing which of course was vitally important to the success of our scheme, with so many lynx-eyed Ribbonmen about. On the stroke of ten o'clock the Major, true to his usual habits, retired to his bedroom. Soon after, I followed his example, and having extinguished the light, lay down upon the bed with my clothes on to await the summons for rallying forth. The household had retired for the night, and perfect stillness reigned in the mansion. At eleven the Major tapped gently at my door. I rose and let him in. The time had come for starting. By the light of the moon I could see that he was fully accoutred. The only thing that remained was to complete my own martial preparations. It was a grim enough toilet, supervised by a still grimmer *valet de chambre*. In a few minutes more I was ready. We made our exit from the Castle by the private door which the Major had availed himself of in his nocturnal rambles. *En route* for the scene of action, we were joined by two stalwart policemen and—the tinker. This latter worthy the Major absolutely insisted upon bringing with us; his presence, he said, would be important for the purposes of identification. I had no alternative but to concur, though I was far from satisfied at the position of things. I knew that I was in a strange country, amongst a strange people, whom I had infuriated by certain acts, which they had been taught to look upon with the greatest abhorrence. I knew that there were only five of us at best; and that one among our number might possibly be a traitor, luring us on into the jaws of some hostile ambuscade. Night too, added to the horrors of my situation. What was there to protect us from being riddled by the cross-fire of assassins, lurking behind the hedges along which we passed? What to prevent us from being annihilated by a horde of Westmeath savages, pouring down upon us from all sides? Absolutely nothing. I began heartily to wish myself safe out of the entire business.

But we reached the meadows without harm. Once there, we noiselessly and rapidly took up our positions according to a preconcerted plan of the Major. The particular field which the cattle happened to be occupying was square, and skirted by dense thorn hedges; lying behind which a person might be concealed from view and at the same time be able to observe everything going on about him. It was also hilly and of considerable extent; so that to invest it completely would be a matter of no small difficulty, even for numbers much greater than our own. But in the centre of

the field lay the cattle which were to be attacked; and the Major wisely distributed us in such a manner that, from our several positions we might have them in full view, and at a given signal be able to surround an attacking party on all sides. His dispositions having been made, the Major came and lay down beside me without any further ado. Pointing out a gap in the hedge opposite to ours, he told me to watch that, as the attacking party would most probably enter by that way. This was the only remark he vouchsafed to make.

And now all around us had resumed its usual appearance. It was almost midnight; and save the barking of a dog from some distant farmhouse, there was nothing to break the silence. In the centre of the field the devoted cattle lay huddled together, sleeping the sleep of innocence, unconscious of the doom that awaited them. The time passed slowly; every minute seemed an hour.

At last twelve o'clock boomed stroke after stroke across the intervening valley that separated us from the far-off towers of Castle Mahon. The sounds died away on the midnight air, and all was still once more. Suddenly my heart began to palpitate with nervous excitement; I began to hear sounds, as of persons approaching from the opposite direction. But I lay close. A few moments more, and I could distinguish in the moonlight the forms of two men entering the field through the gap which the Major had indicated to me. I saw them take a few paces into the field; then pause for a moment and look all round them, as if to reassure themselves that they were not being watched; then advance boldly towards the objects of their fiendish purpose, the poor helpless cattle. My excited feelings prompted me to rush out from my concealment, and to surprise the wretches ere they accomplished their horrid mission; but the strong arm of the Major, who divined my thoughts, restrained me. At last I heard a deep groan, almost like that of a human being in an agony of pain. One of the cattle had been stabbed! Instantaneously, the Major started to his feet, and uttered a shrill prolonged whistle. In answer to this signal, we rose up simultaneously on every side, rushed upon the delinquents, and hemmed them in, so as to preclude the possibility of escape. They, paralysed with guilty fear, seemed as it were rooted to the ground, and made no attempt either to flee or to resist. Coming to close quarters with them, the Major directed the light of a bull's-eye lantern first upon one of the delinquents, and then upon the other.

Reader! imagine my astonishment at recognising the well-known features, first, of Donnelly, my own devoted bailiff; and secondly, those of Mr Carnegie, my quondam friend and adviser! I could hardly believe my eyes; but such was the fact. My surprise abating, a feeling of righteous indignation succeeded to its place; for I now saw clearly that I had been hoaxed by two designing knaves. Yes, reader, it was all a gigantic hoax, and one, too, that had almost proved successful in its aim. This was, of course, to frighten me out of Ireland, by imposing upon my ignorance of the country and the people. The terrors with which I had been haunted for the past few weeks—they seemed like years—were all imaginary, all utterly groundless. Yet in my

own defence I must say, that the two rascals played their parts well, and might have succeeded in deceiving far more subtle men than myself. Added to this was the fact, that all the incidental circumstances of the case gave colour to their misrepresentations, and harmonised with them in a manner the most surprising. It seemed like a veritable dream.

But the Major appeared to treat the event as a matter of course—a thing to which he had been leading up all along. In a cool, matter-of-fact way he slipped a pair of handcuffs over the wrists of his prisoners, and gave them into the hands of the policemen, to convey them off to barracks. To officers of their intelligence a word was sufficient. Without more ado they marched off the ground with their captives, a glorious spoil! the tinker, apparently in high glee, following close behind. The Major and I brought up the rear. *En passant* he remarked to me: 'You seem to be somewhat astonished at the result of our campaign, Mr Wharton.'

'Well, yes, Major,' I replied. 'I must confess that I am astonished—in fact was never more so in my life. To think of it! Carnegie the devoted, who was at my service night and day! And Donnelly, who wanted me to draw up his will for him! I declare, it's enough to make one despair of humanity.'

'Clever rascals they were, Mr Wharton; and concocted a very neat device indeed. I must do them that much credit. But then they played their hands quite too boldly, to succeed against old rookers like us.'

'You speak in the plural number, Major, despite the fact that I am as ignorant of the whole affair as the babe unborn.'

'Oh, I mean myself and that other fellow,' cried the Major, pointing to the tinker ahead of us, who, appropriately enough, had taken to whistling the *Rogue's March*.

'What, that fellow! the tinker whom we suspected of being a Ribbon delegate!'

'The very same, sir. He is Detective Sergeant Nugent; alias the Impenetrable, from the fact that his disguise has never yet been seen through in his conduct of a case. He is one of the shrewdest officers in the detective service.'

'Well, well! But what about that letter which we found in his budget?'

'Oh, only a note from Carnegie to Donnelly, which he picked up to-day somewhere about the tavern where Scallan had that drunken squabble with your worthy bailiff. You see, Carnegie was afraid that this letter might by some mischance fall into the hands of yourself or of the police, and so wrote it obscurely and without any signature. Of course Donnelly would readily understand this.'

'Just so. And Scallan didn't want to murder my bailiff after all?'

'Nothing of the kind. There had been a long-standing feud between them, which had been aggravated of late by certain misrepresentations which Donnelly made to you regarding Scallan. The latter of course came to hear of it, and seized the opportunity afforded, to have it out in a fair fight.'

'But how did you come to guess the authorship of the letter?'

'We guessed it from the resemblance of the

handwriting to that of the threatening letters, which frightened you so much from time to time.'

'Yes; I understand. But what am I to make of his sympathising with Scallan, and his conduct towards me when I came upon him in the demesne? Even when he was being searched in barracks, he was as defiant as the most arrant Ribbonman in the country.'

'Mr Wharton, we knew well that we had to deal with a pair of consummate knaves, who, under the guise of friendship and devotedness, were plotting your ruin. Under the circumstances, we thought it better to leave you in total ignorance of what we were at, and whom we suspected. We knew, of course, that there was no immediate danger to your person.'

'You were quite right, Major. But then there was a great deal of unnecessary humbug about his turning Queen's evidence, and so forth.'

'Well, Mr Wharton, the fact is that that rustic head-constable over there annoyed me a little when he talked about detectives and chance. I wanted to open his eyes a bit.'

'But tell me—what about that attack on Mr Carnegie the other evening? You won't be able to explain away that affair so easily.'

'Has it not occurred to you, Mr Wharton, that the gentleman in question *attacked himself*, so to speak—that he plugged a bullet through his own coat for the express purpose of alarming you? From the moment I saw him, I guessed his little game; and every successive step confirmed me in my suspicions.'

'Well, well, Major; however you may fare with the head-constable, you have opened my eyes at any rate as to the efficiency of yourself and your assistant. He won't lose his promised fee by changing his character; and, as for yourself, if my influence can do—'

'Pray don't mention it, sir. We are greatly obliged to you for your kind opinion, but must decline your offers with thanks. We have only done our duty.'

So we reached the barracks. Next day the culprits were brought up before the local magistrate; and by him transferred to the county jail. A fortnight afterwards, they were tried at the assizes, in the presence of a crowded court. They were sentenced to penal servitude for four years—a decision which was received with universal satisfaction.

Beyond the temporary surrender of his liberty, Carnegie sustained no loss by the affair. For many years, he had been hopelessly embarrassed in money matters by a course of bad living, and had looked forward to getting the Castle Mahon agency as a *dernier ressort*. And indeed, as I afterwards learned, his chances of success would have been very good, if I had not come in to prevent them. Now, of course, all such hopes were out of the question. Accordingly, upon being liberated from prison, he did not care to return to the scene of his crimes and disgrace; but, giving his numerous creditors the slip, set sail at once for Canada. What have been his fortunes there, I know not; for he has never since been heard of.

With Donnelly, however, the case was different. Under the system of misrule which had been maintained by my predecessor in office, he had fattened upon the spoils wrung from the unfortu-

nate tenants under various pretences; or, what was still worse, obtained from them as bribes, under no pretence at all. No application for a farm was considered safe, unless an understanding had been come to with the all-potent bailiff; and no surrender of land near his place was ever made without his coming in for a corner of it some way or another; so that, from being originally a poor cottier under Mr Carnegie senior, he had risen in time to be one of the most extensive tenant-farmers in the county. By the scheme which he concocted with Carnegie, he had hoped to banish from the agency a man most unsuitable for his purposes. Again, Scallan's meadows were adjacent to his homestead; and he had a promise of them from his fellow-conspirator, as a sort of reward, in case the latter came to be appointed in my place. But fortune, so long favourable, had at last turned. To crown all, was the fact that a number of documents had been brought to light, implicating him in fraudulent acts towards both landlord and tenants. A friendly hint was given to him that an attempt to return to the neighbourhood would lead to his rearrest. He was wise enough to take the hint, and emigrated, as his partner in crime had done, to Canada. Thither his wife and family followed him, after having realised their property; a thing, indeed, which they did with all speed possible. Now that all their ill-gotten power was lost, they were glad to escape from neighbours who regarded them only with feelings of hatred and derision.

On the second day after the arrests, Scallan and his wife left the neighbourhood. The carts had at last come from Tipperary. Previous to their departure, they both came up to Castle Mahon to pay me a sort of farewell visit. As Scallan himself even in his most sober moments was not much of a talker, Mrs Scallan undertook in his name the task of apologising for the bad language he had used to me some time before. To reproduce her own words—she saw the merits of the case as plain as a pikestaff. There was no better man in the world than Scallan; but it stood to sense, that the sweetest-tempered man in the world was apt to lose control over his tongue, when under the influence of a villainous whisky combined with that of a still more villainous bailiff. So she delivered herself, and they took their leave. I have since heard that they are faring much better in their new abode than they ever did before. As for the vacated homestead, it has been allotted by me to one of Mrs Scallan's relatives—a 'daycent' Maginnis.

My wife and children have long since joined me here, to reside *en permanence* in Ireland. By the courtesy of her noble kinsman, we occupy the charming seat of Castle Mahon. Lit up by their presence, it has lost all its former dreary looks, and seems transformed into a perfect Elysium. I have got a brand-new bailiff, who does his work honestly, fearlessly, and, what is of especial importance in the case of sentimental Ireland, *with tact*. The time I do not spend at home, I devote to acquainting myself with the individual concerns of the tenants; and the result I find is, that the relations between them and myself are becoming more and more satisfactory every day. My experience is, that an intimate acquaintance with the affairs of each one on his

estate is nothing more than the duty of a land-agent. Be that as it may, it is certainly the best means of preventing such ludicrous occurrences as attended my first—and last—eviction.

THE MONTH. SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE opening out of the St Gothard Tunnel, the meeting of the two excavating parties within a few inches of the true direction, the behaviour of air-currents in the long alley, with other attendant circumstances, are beginning to lose the charm of novelty, and are passing into the matter-of-course category. A tunnel through Vesuvius or under the Channel would perhaps revive the interest in long subterranean borings; but the projected piercing of the Arlberg, the Simplon, or Mont Blanc will be mere feats of hewing and blasting. Meanwhile the question, How to provide proper ventilation? waits for solution. The air of tunnels is notoriously disagreeable. This objection it is thought may be overcome; and a means for keeping the Gothard Tunnel free from hot stifling fumes and pungent steam is talked about. It is to make use of dynamo-electric machines for the passage through the mountain, instead of the ordinary locomotives. The locomotives would bring the trains to the entrance of the tunnel, and being there detached, the dynamo-electric machine would be hooked on, and haul the train to the opposite entrance, where a locomotive would be waiting to take the train on. Of water-power at each end, to be had for nothing, there is no lack. This would drive the turbines employed in driving the electric machines and producing currents powerful enough for the work required. This seems, therefore, to be a fine opportunity to develop all that is advantageous in the use of dynamo-electric machines on a large scale, and to shew that they do not vitiate the air of a tunnel.

The rapidly moving comet which appeared in the southern hemisphere in February last had a head described as a faint nebulous mass with a slight central condensation, while its tail was a bright streak about twenty-five degrees in length. It was watched by observers in South America, in Australia, and at the Cape of Good Hope. It took astronomers by surprise; and slipped out of sight all too soon to allow of satisfying their curiosity, or enabling them to determine its orbit. The President of the Royal Astronomical Society points out a resemblance between this comet and one which appeared in 1843; and he asks in a letter addressed to the Astronomer-Royal: 'Can it be possible that there is such a comet in the system, almost grazing the sun's surface in perihelion, and revolving in less than thirty-seven years?'

The astronomer at the Liverpool Observatory states in his last Report that more than three thousand chronometers have been tested in such a way as to supply the necessary data for calculating the corrections required by changes of temperature. Among them are the chronometers

of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company. 'Each ship,' we are told, 'is furnished with three chronometers, which may be called *a*, *b*, *c*. The rates of these instruments are supplied from the Observatory for every five degrees of temperature from 45° to 95° inclusive. By means of these rates, the Greenwich time for each chronometer is obtained daily by merely adding the rate for the observed temperature to the error of the instrument for the preceding day; *a* is then first compared with *b*, and then with *c*. In this way the differences of Greenwich mean time between *a* and *b* and between *a* and *c* are found daily.' A few minutes suffice for the operation; but the result is important; for the ship which carried the instruments 'crossed the equator twice, and passed twice through the Straits of Magellan, and the error of longitude by the mean of the three chronometers appears scarcely to have exceeded two or three miles at any time during the voyage.'

The Academy of Sciences at Paris have conferred their Lalande prize on Mr Peters of Clinton, United States, who, by his own persevering watchfulness, has discovered forty-three of the now large group of minor planets. When the elderly men of these days were boys, four very small planets were known as occupying a position between Mars and Jupiter. By subsequent observation (in which Mr Peters has borne excellent part) the number has been increased to more than two hundred. The more the number is augmented, the more interesting do these tiny stars become to the astronomer; for they are regarded theoretically as the relics of a large planet, of which they occupy the place, subject to the general laws of our planetary system. Thus it is that the plodding observers prepare the way for the theories of philosophers.

A remarkable fact noted during Nordenskjöld's north-east voyage was that no displays of aurora were seen similar to those which so frequently appear in European latitudes. All that the hardy explorers on board the *Vega* saw was a faint luminous arc, apparently always in the same place in the latitude of the magnetic pole.

At Harvard College Observatory, Cambridge, Massachusetts, a work of some magnitude, as Mr Pickering the Director states in his annual Report, has been undertaken. It is the determination of the light of all the stars visible to the naked eye in that locality. A catalogue of four thousand stars was formed, and as each one is to be observed three times, that is on three evenings, it is obvious that the observers will have to be patient and persevering. The photometer employed in measuring the light is a horizontal telescope with two objectives. By means of two prisms mounted in front of the telescope, the pole-star is reflected into one object glass, and the star to be measured into the other. The cones of light being made to coincide, both are seen in the same field; and thus the star under examination can be compared with the pole-star, and its quantity of light ascertained to a nicety. By another series of observations, the transparency of the air at different altitudes is to be determined, and thereby it will be possible

to detect progressive changes in the light of the pole-star. It is worthy of mention here that the observatory having become cramped in its operations through want of funds, a number of persons, including ladies, have promised to contribute an annual sum of five thousand dollars during five years, and thus revive the old place into vigorous activity.

A French physicist, after study of the records of earthquakes from the beginning of the last century, finds that the disturbances are most frequent when Jupiter and Saturn are in certain positions; and from this he predicts that the number of earthquakes will be large in 1886, 1891, 1898, 1900, and onwards to 1930, where his calculations stop for the present. In one sense it may be regarded as fortunate that the world must wait six years before the prediction can be verified.

Forestry is a subject much more studied in France than in England. One of the Under Secretaries of State is Director of Forests, with control of a large body of foresters. It has been arranged that these men shall make notes of such natural history phenomena as fall within their observation, to be delivered to the central Meteorological Office at Paris. It has been said of meteorologists by an eminent Frenchman, that they too often neglect observations of animal or vegetable physiology; and he recommends that 'the dates of the arrival and departure of migratory birds, the leafing and flowering of plants, and the ripening of corn, should be noted in each district. And, in the interests of agriculture, there should be careful registration of the date of sowing and harvesting the principal crops, and of cutting the hay near the observatories. This would soon give for each department facts of considerable practical importance; for it would be possible to predict more than a month beforehand, within two or three days, the date of the harvest, and furnish agriculturists with other data of equal utility.' Long series of observations of plants would yield evidence as regards slow changes of climate: an interesting question in pure science. The employment of hundreds of foresters as observers is a good step towards gathering in the results indicated in the foregoing suggestions.

At a meeting of the Essex Institute, held at Salem, Massachusetts, an account was given of the pine-trees, which are the principal forest-trees of that county; and the speaker expressed a hope that America would follow the example of Europe as regards the planting of trees and rearing of woods and forests. He recommends that the important functions performed by forests in relation to the health, wealth, and proper development of a country, should be brought into the common schools of the State as a subject of study. Then, as he remarks, 'in the half of a generation, the young men and women of the land would be prepared to understand the justice and wisdom of State enactments, which now almost all would consider hardships. To educated intelligence, rather than to force of law, should the community look to see the pine-tree respected and valued.'

Mauritius, it appears, is taking pains to introduce trees from other countries and rear plantations. Among the most thriving are the eucalyptus, teak, and mahogany; but it is found

necessary to protect them during their early years from hurricanes by barriers of bush.

Among the plants classed by botanists as Euphorbiaceæ, one variety which grows abundantly in Natal yields a gum which after careful trial is found to protect iron from rust, whether on land or in the water. An iron plate coated with this gum was sunk during two years in one of the docks at Chatham; and was as clean when taken out as when first put in. Judging from this result, an iron ship coated with the euphorbia gum should be safe from corrosion and from foulness; that is, the clinging of barnacles and weeds under water. The gum when laid on and dry, is said to have a glassy appearance; and we are told that when applied to woodwork, it prevents the ravages of the white ants.

At the last annual meeting of the Entomological Society, the Chairman made a few remarks, which are significant when taken in connection with what precedes. The number of members is too few. 'Do we not,' says the Chairman, 'ride our own special hobby-horses a little too hard, and so deter those who are not specialists from joining us? Could we not organise a series of periodical Reports on injurious insects, and so secure the adhesion of agriculturists and horticulturists? Can we not obtain for our *Transactions* more papers of an anatomical or philosophic character, more papers on classification or distribution, on the morphology and development of insects, on the light thrown by entomology on the problems of general biology? Papers like these would be readable by naturalists who are not specially entomologists.'

That Australia is rich in flowering plants and shrubs becomes more and more evident as botanists pursue their researches in that country, and publish the results in the *Proceedings* of the Linnean Society of New South Wales and other journals. In one of their recent numbers, an interesting account is given of the flora of tropical Queensland, with description of certain magnificent aquatic plants, among which are the grand Pythagorean bean—or pink water-lily, as the Australians call it—which in ancient days was so plentiful in Egyptian waters. The appearance of the lagoons when this plant is in bloom is especially beautiful. Of another species, with double white flowers, we are told that its leaves, instead of lying flat on the water and floating wide, stand up above the surface in a close cluster, giving out the idea of their having been blown in a heap by a high wind, presenting a singular effect far as eye can reach.

The Rev. Professor Houghton, of Dublin, has published a second edition of his interesting and instructive work, *Principles of Animal Mechanics*, in which, though it contains nearly five hundred pages, he has not been able to use more than a tenth part of the materials at his disposal. His object is to shew 'the mutual advantages obtainable by anatomists and geometers from a combination of the sciences which they cultivate.' Anatomists will gain by the increased precision which numerical statements must give to their observations, and geometers will find in anatomy a new field of problems opened out to their investigation.

'I have met,' says Professor Houghton, 'in the course of my investigations with numerous instances, in the muscular mechanism of the verte-

brate animals, of the application of the principle of least action in nature; by which I mean that the work to be done is effected by means of the existing arrangement of the muscles, bones, and joints, with a less expenditure of force than would be possible under any other arrangement, so that any alteration would be a positive disadvantage to the animal. If, as I consider probable, this fact should prove to be of much wider occurrence in nature than these instances shew, it may serve to give us some slight glimpse of the mechanism by which the conservation of species in nature is secured.

Sheep-disease is a subject which has been much discussed notwithstanding the turmoil of politics. By naturalists and graziers, one disease produced by a parasite termed *distoma*, is known as 'flukes'; and the way in which the sheep become infested by this and other parasites is an exceedingly interesting question in natural history. Interesting too as a question of profit and loss; for the saving of our woolly flocks would be enormous if a remedy could be found. Is there no one among the many aspirants for fame and fortune who will set himself earnestly to work, make out the whole history of the case, and find a remedy? He would be in every sense a benefactor.

Another question is water-supply, an important question for Londoners, who are called on to pay heavily for water 'still unfit for dietetic purposes,' being 'excessively polluted with organic matter.' In some quarters it is thought that one central authority would be able to bring in pure water—water absolutely free from the slightest taint of sewage, at one-third of the cost of taking over the property of the water-companies. That which was possible to ancient Rome, ought not to be impossible to modern England; and if our rivers, as appears from official evidence, must be sewage drains, there are springs enough in our northern and western hills and under our southern chalk to supply an endless stream of bright pure water.

It is refreshing to learn that there is at least one uncontaminated river—the Uruguay, which has been found by analysis to be perhaps the purest stream in the world; for the water thereof contains somewhat less than four parts of solid matter in one hundred thousand, even at a distance of five hundred miles from its source. The Parana, on the contrary, which, uniting with the Uruguay, forms the great estuary known as the river Plate, is of very muddy appearance, from the large quantity of clay which it holds in suspension.

In a paper on 'Explosive Agents applied to Industrial Purposes,' read at a meeting of the Institution of Civil Engineers, a compressed powder was described which has great advantages over granular powder, 'on the score of convenience and comparative safety, as well as of greater efficiency.' A new class of nitro-glycerine explosives, devised by Nobel, was also described. Of these, the so-called blasting gelatine may be taken as the type. It is preferable to dynamite, being more potent, and less liable to danger in actual use.

The advantages of circular saws with movable teeth are more and more appreciated in America, and are thus set forth. The teeth being drop-forged, from bar steel, are regular in size and shape, and of better material than it is possible to use for the whole saw; they pass better and more

smoothly than solid teeth through wet and fibrous wood; the loss of time in filing is obviated, as also the loss in diameter of a solid saw consequent on the filing. If a tooth is lost from a solid saw, the mill must stand still until the saw has been refitted into working order; but the sawyer who has a bag full of little 'bits' (movable teeth) which cost three-halfpence each, is independent of accidents, and can replace a lost tooth without delay. The advantage thus gained in places far away from a saw-factory may be easily seen and understood. There are many such places in our own colonies.

Shell-mounds containing relics of the primeval tribes of Japan have been found at Omori, near Tokio. A full description of the mounds and of the articles collected has been published by the Science Department of the University of Tokio, with ample illustration in eighteen plates, wherein ethnologists may find examples for comparison with the relics discovered in other countries. A kind of wheat which was cultivated in Egypt in the ancient days has been found in the Lake-dwellings of Switzerland, also the seeds of a species of flax; from which the conclusion has been drawn that the Lake-dwellers were of African origin.

Mr Gillman of Detroit, in writing on 'The Ancient Men of the Great Lakes,' makes a few remarks about skulls, which anthropologists generally would do well to remember. 'Cranial capacity,' he says, 'must not be implicitly regarded as of physiological import. Otherwise we should have the anomaly of the civilised, refined Peruvian with a skull the cubic contents of which are nearly identical with those of the Australians and Hottentots, and are largely exceeded by those of the brutal North American Indian. Unless the *quality* of the brain can be represented at the same time as the quantity, brain measurement cannot be assumed as an indication of the intellectual position of races any more than of individuals.'

Beaumontague—a substance which has recently been brought prominently before the notice of the public in connection with the ironwork of the ill-fated Tay Bridge—is a composition of borings, brimstone, pitch, sal-ammoniac, rosin, and bees-wax. The borings—that is, the particles of cast-iron cut away in the boring of a cylinder or any other casting—are small and fine. For the preparation of beaumontague, all the above substances, added in equal quantities—save the sal-ammoniac, of which but little should be used—are placed in an open vessel over a fire, and there allowed to remain, with occasional stirrings, until the mixture melts down into a thick viscid body. The vessel is then taken off the fire; and the contents, when somewhat cooled, are poured out, and rolled by hand into small balls about two inches in diameter, while still hot and viscid. These balls rapidly cool and harden; and are then laid aside until required. The method of filling a hole in an iron casting with beaumontague is performed without much difficulty. The balls are broken up into small lumps, and the operator having filled the hole with these lumps, presses them in with a red-hot iron, upon the application of which the beaumontague is rapidly melted by the heat, and speedily fills up the angles and crevices of the hole. When this operation is completed, the surface is filed smooth, a little foundry-sand rubbed over it; and in five minutes the beau-

montague has set hard, and all traces of the former flaw have been removed.

It will be thus seen that Beaumontague is a substance used for disguising defective castings, a fact which ought to demand judicial inquiry.

FLEUSS, THE DIVER.

WE lately presented an account of Mr Fleuss's discovery of a method of diving and living under water without recourse to air-tubes. As corroborating what we stated regarding this remarkable person and his discovery, the following appears in the *Times* of April 27.

'Mr Fleuss made his first appearance at the Royal Aquarium, Westminster, last night, in the large tank built for the whale and used by the seals. His remarkable performance under water was better seen than it has been elsewhere either during the few months of the exhibition of his apparatus at the Polytechnic or at Brighton. He can stay under water for five hours without an air-tube or any other communication with the surface; and this absence of encumbrance gives him much greater freedom than other divers possess. He can, for instance, lie down and bend his body in any position without fear of being lifted or floated up, and without suffering from the obstruction of the long pipe which usually connects the head of a diver with a boat above. In short, he possesses the principal advantage which distinguishes an animal from a plant; he moves independently instead of being rooted to one spot. Fore-shortened in the water, he presents a curious appearance, with great goggle eyes in his burnished helmet, a strong water-tight dress, and water-boots. The spectators amuse themselves by throwing pence for him to pick up, or by writing messages to him on cardboard, which he reads and answers on cardboard, always under water. He sharpens his pencil under water, gives and receives signals with a cord, and is to experiment on the submarine use of the telephone. At Ryde he walked for a quarter of a mile under the sea; at Brighton he went down in five fathoms by the chain pier in rough weather. If he could eat under water, Mr Fleuss says he could stay for a longer period than the five hours which he gives as the ordinary limit. Yesterday afternoon he remained two hours and seven minutes under water in the Aquarium, and again went down for half an hour in the evening. In a short lecture on his apparatus which Mr Fleuss gave in the evening immediately on returning to the upper air, he stated that his method is no secret, that it is patented, and that the specifications are accordingly published. In every draught of breath we draw we take in a certain amount of oxygen with four times as much nitrogen. A little of the oxygen becomes fixed in the form of carbonic acid, and the air thus deteriorated becomes unfit to breathe. If, however, the place of the missing oxygen is taken by a fresh supply, the mixture becomes again fit for breathing. According to Mr Fleuss, he takes down compressed oxygen to supply the place of that which is breathed: in other words, he has invented a set of anti-lungs, which perform a function precisely the reverse of that of the lungs

proper. This was confessedly a rough, popular, hasty, and generalised explanation. A more scientific account may be expected from the lecture on the subject which Dr B. W. Richardson, F.R.S., who is specially qualified for the investigation by his well-known experiments on ozone, is to deliver at the Society of Arts. It will be remembered that it was to the same Society that Professor Tyndall explained the fireman's respirator, which has since proved in practice so valuable an instrument in straining the bad air at fires before it reaches the lungs, and so enabling the fireman to breathe what air is left among smoke and noxious vapours. Mr Fleuss's method is still more effectual, because he carries his own supply of oxygen with him in a compressed form, and has thus been enabled to breathe in an atmosphere in which there is no appreciable quantity of air at all. He states that he has gone through fire-damp (carburetted hydrogen) and choke-damp (carbonic acid), and could exist in the charged receiver of a gas factory. In the great helmet and in the hollows of his armour there is room for a certain quantity of air, and this is kept fresh and constantly renewed by a stream of oxygen, the pressure of which he regulates by a tap at will. To refresh himself, he increases the flow of oxygen; and when he requires no stimulus, diminishes it. Mr Fleuss is a young and vigorous man, who has served in the steamboats of the Peninsular and Oriental Company. His apparatus is certainly very ingenious and effective, and well worthy of attention.'

THE LEAFY TIME OF JUNE.

THE leaves are green upon the bough;
The swallow's on the wing;
The cuckoo's note, from yonder wood,
Doth all melodious ring.

It is the time when every bird
His mellowest pipe doth tune:
Of cloudless skies, of summer flowers,
The leafy time of June!

The lilies white, upon the pool
Their golden stamens shew;
Their snowy cups bright-mirrored in
The silver stream below.

And like a meteor flashing swift
And sudden from the sky,
Darts, arrowy, across the reeds
The jewelled dragon-fly.

The rose's scent and meadow-hay
Perfume the summer air;
The buttercups and cowslip bells
Their yellowest vestments wear.

For 'tis the balmy blossom-time,
When Nature doth attune
All hearts her beauties to enjoy—
The leafy time of June!

A. H. D.

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POPULATION!

At the commencement of his pleasant history, the Vicar of Wakefield confidently gives it as his opinion, that 'the honest man who married and brought up a large family, did more service than he who continued single and only talked of population.' Accordingly, to make good his word, the Vicar married, and in due course of time was blessed with a tolerably large family. We learn that he experienced sundry vicissitudes, and that the family were sometimes at a pinch, but that things came all right at last. In the end of the day he was as well off as if he had remained single and spent everything on himself. Goldsmith, the author of this charming fiction, was not always sound in his political economy. He sometimes allowed his feelings to get the better of his judgment. But he was sound in representing that the Vicar, acting under a high sense of responsibility, did quite right in marrying a woman who made a good and affectionate wife, and contributed a fair share of children to the general population.

It needs no philosophy to tell us that population is the basis of national wealth in every well-ordered community; for if the numbers of the people are not increased by the births exceeding the deaths, the nation with all its pomp and power must decline, and at length sink to a nonentity. Mr Malthus, a worthy clergyman, but rather too much of a theorist, at the beginning of the present century took fright at the notion that population increases immensely faster than the production of food; so that if something were not done to check the number of births, the country would by-and-by get over-peopled, and disastrous famines would be the consequence. It is very curious to think that sixty years ago, this fanciful notion caused considerable alarm, and was discussed by learned men as a wonderful discovery. How to keep down the number of people was a subject of grave inquiry. Some thought there should be fewer marriages; but that for various reasons would not answer, and was never so much as attempted. The Reviews and

Magazines of the period had a great deal to say about Malthus. His theory was a splendid subject to worry upon, as good as Dean Swift, who has been a bone of contention in literature for the last hundred years. As people went on marrying, notwithstanding the apprehensions thrown out by Malthus and his adherents, and as the new families that came into the world got their food somehow, the bugbear of universal starvation gradually vanished. We do not now hear anything about it. Mankind go on in the old way, marrying and giving in marriage, and it is to be hoped will do so to the end of the chapter. The truth is, Mr Malthus took too microscopic a view of affairs. He failed to make proper allowance for the deadly effects of vice, overcrowding, and luxury; neither did he make due account of emigration to new unpeopled countries, or to the free importation of food in exchange for articles produced by industrial enterprise. Had he lived until 1880, he would probably have somewhat modified his agonising theory.

It would be quite in vain for any one nowadays to try to frighten society with the Malthusian idea. In our own country and its magnificent colonies, as also in the United States, public opinion is all the other way. The man who marries and rears a family by his skill and industry is a benefactor, and merits our approbation. He who through parsimony, vicious inclination, or some ridiculous crotchet, dedicates himself to celibacy, is pronounced to be a poor creature, for he fails to obey the primordial injunction, to 'be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it.' Were all on some plea or other to follow his example, the greatness of England would pretty soon come to an end. Within a century the nation would be extinct. There are instances of men living to be old bachelors, in consequence of some unfortunate circumstance. They have met with a saddening disappointment, or have devoted themselves to the support of widowed sisters or nieces. In such cases there is a reasonable excuse for celibacy. The bachelors we specially refer to as an exces-

cence have through mere parsimony, whim, or indecision, let the marrying time of life pass, and become cynically indifferent to matrimony.

A likely man in good circumstances, who has reached middle life in a state of celibacy, may be heard to say apologetically: 'I don't care for marrying; let others do so if they like.' We tell him, on the contrary, that he deserts his duty in not marrying. By living only for himself, he is deranging the balance of the sexes—sufficiently deranged already by soldiering and accidental calamities. He is, in fact, depriving some deserving spinster of her proper destiny, crowding her perhaps into the workhouse or worse. 'He does not care!' Well, he will care by-and-by. We must remind him that when he disappears from the face of creation, as he must do some day, there will be none to mourn his loss. His heir-looms will be scattered, and his wealth given to others. He will drop out of the catalogue of humanity as if he had never existed. He will no more be missed than the old withered stump by the wayside, that has been cut down and carried off for firewood. His memory will be less cherished than that of the faithful dog who in his dying moments affectionately licks the hand of his master. Such is the doom of the persistent cynical bachelor.

The subject admits of pleasanter considerations than the fate of unhappy celibates. If the higher and luxurious orders fail in perpetuating their lineage, it cannot be said there is usually any shortcoming in this respect among the middle and more particularly the wage-receiving classes. Artisans and rural labourers, at least in this country, excel in maintaining the birth-rate, being only matched by the colonists of New Zealand, who seem to possess a very clear idea of the Divine injunction, as well as of that singularly expressive passage in the Psalms: 'Children are an heritage of the Lord... As arrows are in the hand of a mighty man, so are children of the youth. Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them.' Some poor fellow who has the luck to 'fall into a family' earlier than he had anticipated, may possibly think that his quiver has been slightly overstocked, but mark his gentle resignation. He will live to have his reward. Shall we picture him in one of our experiences? Yes. We take a mental photograph of him on a Sunday afternoon.

The sun shines brightly, and everything is pleasant for a quiet walk out with his belongings. We have been at church, and are looking casually out of window. Various people are passing—some fast, as if too late for an appointment; some slow, as if they had a difficulty in consuming the time. Our attention is fixed on a family party going out to breathe the fresh air in the environs of the crowded city, and to enjoy the look of the trees coming into leaf, the wild-flowers by the wayside, and to hear if possible the chirruping and notes of the birds now building their nests and singing to each other in early summer. As

for the party who are proceeding on this simple excursion, they are unmistakable. The head of the family, who, when at home, takes the arm-chair, is to all appearance a decent mechanic. He may be skilled in steam-engines; he may be a joiner or a compositor. Anyway, he is a respectable man. We know that by the look of him. He is plainly but well dressed. There cannot be a doubt that he reads the papers; has a shelf of a few books, and stands well with his fellows and his employers. It is not unlikely that he has a wage of thirty shillings a week. Out of this, from his frugality, he pays his rent, his society-money, and his water-rates, feeds and clothes himself and his wife and children, pays school-fees for the two elder. That is our belief, and it stands to reason. Had he been a drunken wretch who misspends his earnings, he would not have sallied forth in the honourable way he has done on this memorable Sunday afternoon. He is not ashamed of carrying baby, not he. The little creature, seemingly about twelve months old, just into its first short frock of white calico, is carried on his left arm, and its little fingers seem to be playing with his beard and whiskers. We observe he is trying to amuse the child by pointing to a pretty little dog that is trotting along the pavement. What his name may be is of no consequence. We call him Jim.

The other members of the modest party are in keeping. Besides the wife, a cheery little woman, there are three children in a row, rising in height like the steps of a stair. In the phraseology of the Psalmist, these are Jim's 'arrows;' and there can be no doubt his 'quiver' is destined to be about as full as Job could boast of after coming through his misfortunes. It is tolerably obvious, as in such cases, the wife has a somewhat heavy handful. She has, of course, no domestic help. Has all things to do, until the eldest girl grows up. But what, then? She is happy in her sphere, is contented with her lot, and like all good wives, thinks highly of her husband, whom she views as sovereign of the establishment; and so he is, 'looking like a king when seated in his arm-chair,' as was said by the wife of the Corn-law Rhymmer. While Jim is king, his dutiful helpmate is head of the administration, sends the children to school, pays the weekly bills, takes a shilling now and then to the Savings-bank, and declares that if Jim's wages were raised to five-and-thirty a week, she would 'think herself a lady.' We shall not extend the picture. All that need be done is to ask whether Jim with his belongings is not a more useful and noble character than the miserly stick of a bachelor who has come under our notice?

Here, possibly, we are pulled up by a discouraging remark on the vast number of imprudent marriages, and the provoking superfluity of deserted or half-starved children, whose parents have either gone on the tramp, or are seen lounging

idly about with pipes in their mouths and coats out at the elbows. But a state of things like that is very much a result of neglected education, and, if we must speak plainly, the blundering of philanthropists in pampering and encouraging the worthless. 'Too many people, and more children would only make matters worse.' That is what you will hear said, and it is said in ignorance. There are not too many people. Half the world is crying for people to come and replenish it. Dirt is only wealth out of its place. Put it in its right place, and you produce fertility. So is it with hosts of idlers. Teach and encourage them to go where they are wanted. A sharper system of police would go far towards clearing them out.

One of the finer features of the Matrimonial, as formerly stated, is the inspiring of motives to exertion. The childless are apt to take things easily. The many-childed are forced to be active. When the Hon. Thomas Erskine, who afterwards became Lord Chancellor, appeared at the bar to speak on his first brief, he astonished every one by the fervour of his eloquence, which happily gained his cause, and at once made him famous. Afterwards, on being asked what had so singularly inspired his energies, he said, 'he felt his children tugging at his gown,' which metaphorically signified that the wants of his family had impelled him to put forth powers which he hardly knew he possessed. The biographies of great men are full of incidents of this kind. To make a provision for children is an animating cause of much that we see in professional enterprise and well-doing. By what may be called universal sympathetic feeling, the many-childed usually have the best chance of being preferred in case of competition for offices of trust. There is a lurking jealousy of celibates; they have no proper anchorage—here to-day and away to-morrow. 'Spruggins for Boodle: Ten small children (two of them twins) and a wife!' is one of Dickens' best hits.

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At the French Revolution, when all sorts of crotchets were ventilated, there arose a clamour about equality and the division of property. Those who clamoured meant well; but well-meaning people without proper foresight often commit grievous errors. In obedience to the popular craze, a law of succession to property was

enacted, by which, with some reservation, all that parents left was to be equally divided among their children. The parents had no choice. We shall now see how this precious law has worked. The legislators had taken no account of the fact that people might abstain from marrying, and that if they did marry, they might restrict the number of their offspring. Operating along with the law of equal succession, divorces are not allowed in France; wherefore men are reluctant to enter the married state, lest they should be tortured all their days with a wife who has misconducted herself. Marriage is even directly restricted by the obligation of procuring the consent of parents. The first effect of these laws may be briefly comprehended in the word Profligacy. In some of the larger towns, about half the number of children born are foundlings, and brought up in hospitals, with no acknowledged father or mother.* As regards marriage, the average number of births in a family are three and a fraction all over France; and except in Brittany and some other departments, the average is continually dwindling. It has lately been stated that 'in the class composed of petty tradesmen or the well-to-do peasants, there is seldom more than one child per marriage; and in one of the rural communes in Picardy, the number of children of the best-off of the peasants is thirty-seven children for thirty-five families.' What a revelation! Thirty-five families have among them only thirty-seven children, or little more than one apiece. According to the English ratio, they should be more than a hundred. The chief reason why the number of births to a marriage in France is so few, is that parents do not wish that their miserably small property should be any further subdivided.

From whatever cause, the small number of births in proportion to deaths does not keep up the rural population. The increase in cities is partly by the immigration of strangers. A result is, that the population of France generally has so small an annual increase, that the nation is falling relatively behind England and some other European countries. Grave results are accordingly entertained for the future. 'In the ministerial Report accompanying the census of 1876, it was stated that the decrease of population in nearly one-fourth of the departments of France was due to a decline in the number of marriages, and excess of deaths over births.† As the circumstances now related are largely traceable to that unfortunate law of succession, we see how much mischief may be wrought in a country by interfering with moral and social obligations. In their frenzied notions of equality, the French did worse than upset a monarchy, for that is recoverable in some shape or other. They uprooted the fundamental relations of life that had been sanctioned by the experience and wisdom of ages, and are based on the higher feelings of our nature. The deed, we suppose, could not be undone, unless by a formidable political convulsion. Behold the consequences. An excessive subdivision of property in the hands of peasant proprietors, many of whom live in a style unbefitting members of a civilised community. Ingrained

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cence have through mere parsimony, whim, or indecision, let the marrying time of life pass, and become cynically indifferent to matrimony.

A likely man in good circumstances, who has reached middle life in a state of celibacy, may be heard to say apologetically: 'I don't care for marrying; let others do so if they like.' We tell him, on the contrary, that he deserts his duty in not marrying. By living only for himself, he is deranging the balance of the sexes—sufficiently deranged already by soldiering and accidental calamities. He is, in fact, depriving some deserving spinster of her proper destiny, crowding her perhaps into the workhouse or worse. 'He does not care!' Well, he will care by-and-by. We must remind him that when he disappears from the face of creation, as he must do some day, there will be none to mourn his loss. His heir-looms will be scattered, and his wealth given to others. He will drop out of the catalogue of humanity as if he had never existed. He will no more be missed than the old withered stump by the wayside, that has been cut down and carried off for firewood. His memory will be less cherished than that of the faithful dog who in his dying moments affectionately licks the hand of his master. Such is the doom of the persistent cynical bachelor.

The subject admits of pleasanter considerations than the fate of unhappy celibates. If the higher and luxurious orders fail in perpetuating their lineage, it cannot be said there is usually any shortcoming in this respect among the middle and more particularly the wage-receiving classes. Artisans and rural labourers, at least in this country, excel in maintaining the birth-rate, being only matched by the colonists of New Zealand, who seem to possess a very clear idea of the Divine injunction, as well as of that singularly expressive passage in the Psalms: 'Children are an heritage of the Lord... As arrows are in the hand of a mighty man, so are children of the youth. Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them.' Some poor fellow who has the luck to 'fall into a family' earlier than he had anticipated, may possibly think that his quiver has been slightly overstocked, but mark his gentle resignation. He will live to have his reward. Shall we picture him in one of our experiences? Yes. We take a mental photograph of him on a Sunday afternoon.

The sun shines brightly, and everything is pleasant for a quiet walk out with his belongings. We have been at church, and are looking casually out of window. Various people are passing—some fast, as if too late for an appointment; some slow, as if they had a difficulty in consuming the time. Our attention is fixed on a family party going out to breathe the fresh air in the environs of the crowded city, and to enjoy the look of the trees coming into leaf, the wild-flowers by the wayside, and to hear if possible the chirruping and notes of the birds now building their nests and singing to each other in early summer. As

for the party who are proceeding on this simple excursion, they are unmistakable. The head of the family, who, when at home, takes the arm-chair, is to all appearance a decent mechanic. He may be skilled in steam-engines; he may be a joiner or a compositor. Anyway, he is a respectable man. We know that by the look of him. He is plainly but well dressed. There cannot be a doubt that he reads the papers; has a shelf of a few books, and stands well with his fellows and his employers. It is not unlikely that he has a wage of thirty shillings a week. Out of this, from his frugality, he pays his rent, his society-money, and his water-rates, feeds and clothes himself and his wife and children, pays school-fees for the two elder. That is our belief, and it stands to reason. Had he been a drunken wretch who mispends his earnings, he would not have sallied forth in the honourable way he has done on this memorable Sunday afternoon. He is not ashamed of carrying baby, not he. The little creature, seemingly about twelve months old, just into its first short frock of white calico, is carried on his left arm, and its little fingers seem to be playing with his beard and whiskers. We observe he is trying to amuse the child by pointing to a pretty little dog that is trotting along the pavement. What his name may be is of no consequence. We call him Jim.

The other members of the modest party are in keeping. Besides the wife, a cheery little woman, there are three children in a row, rising in height like the steps of a stair. In the phraseology of the Psalmist, these are Jim's 'arrows'; and there can be no doubt his 'quiver' is destined to be about as full as Job could boast of after coming through his misfortunes. It is tolerably obvious, as in such cases, the wife has a somewhat heavy handful. She has, of course, no domestic help. Has all things to do, until the eldest girl grows up. But what, then? She is happy in her sphere, is contented with her lot, and like all good wives, thinks highly of her husband, whom she views as sovereign of the establishment; and so he is, 'looking like a king when seated in his arm-chair,' as was said by the wife of the Corn-law Rhymmer. While Jim is king, his dutiful helpmate is head of the administration, sends the children to school, pays the weekly bills, takes a shilling now and then to the Savings-bank, and declares that if Jim's wages were raised to five-and-thirty a week, she would 'think herself a lady.' We shall not extend the picture. All that need be done is to ask whether Jim with his belongings is not a more useful and noble character than the miserly stick of a bachelor who has come under our notice?

Here, possibly, we are pulled up by a discouraging remark on the vast number of imprudent marriages, and the provoking superfluity of deserted or half-starved children, whose parents have either gone on the tramp, or are seen lounging

idly about with pipes in their mouths and coats out at the elbows. But a state of things like that is very much a result of neglected education, and, if we must speak plainly, the blundering of philanthropists in pampering and encouraging the worthless. 'Too many people, and more children would only make matters worse.' That is what you will hear said, and it is said in ignorance. There are not too many people. Half the world is crying for people to come and replenish it. Dirt is only wealth out of its place. Put it in its right place, and you produce fertility. So is it with hosts of idlers. Teach and encourage them to go where they are wanted. A sharper system of police would go far towards clearing them out.

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profligacy of manners. Nearly half the number of children in cities are foundlings in hospitals without any known parents. And to crown the appalling result, a steadily decreasing population, relatively to the advance in other countries less favourably situated. W. C.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

BY D. CHRISTIE MURRAY.

CHAPTER XXII.—AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

'Shall we make a compact to be always friends?'

ONE fine day in summer, Sally took me by the hand, and walked with me down the avenue, through the great gates and into the village. The place was for the most part new, like the Hall of which it was a sort of appanage and out-growth; but there were one or two very old houses in it, stone-built and sturdy, with red-tiled roofs which set off bravely the green of the surrounding trees. Before one of these, mellow with lichen, my companion stopped, and with many nods and smiles, and some blushing, drew out a big key from her pocket, opened the door, and entered. We came first upon a sort of parlour, where a tall and rigid clothes-press, reaching nearly to the ceiling, mounted guard over the inferior furniture. There was a brilliant carpet, the pattern of which was made up of a set of bouquets in vases, of so enormous a size, that four of them covered the floor. There were two lithographed German prints upon the walls, shewing a number of absurdly wooden children at their lessons and at play. Two diamonded windows let light upon this apartment, and at each hung a pair of imitation lace curtains. I have no doubt that to Sally's eyes the room seemed palatial. I know for my own part, although I was but indifferently impressed with it at first, that when Sally turned round upon me beaming, and said: 'This is my 'ome, my precious,' I was at once unfeignedly charmed with it.

When we came to the back-room, Sally hung purposely behind to see what impression it made upon me. It came upon me almost with a shock, for I seemed to have walked at one childish step clean out of this west-country village into that old cottage kitchen with which my most intimate childish memories were associated. From the eight-day clock, whose fatuous and familiar face again stared out upon me, to the black-leaded cast-iron lion and unicorn, who pranced at each other across the intervening space of mantel-shelf, everything was there as I remembered it. The room lent itself to the deception; the clock was once more accommodated with a well to stand in, and down to the minutest detail the resemblance to the old place seemed complete. Sally stood enjoying my surprise, and when I turned round upon her she absolutely frisked for joy, and brought both hands together. 'You'll come here sometimes, won't you, Johnny,' said the good soul, with both arms round me as she knelt upon the floor, 'and play at being poor again?' I promised heartily I would; and Sally having kissed me, led me out at the back-door, and shewed me a new-built shed, in which was a carpenter's bench, with one or two vices attached to it, and an instrument which I had not seen the like of before, beside it. This, Sally told me, was a lathe. Bob, she said, had turned to be

a turner; and now, she added, with the only attempt at a joke I ever heard from her, he was a Turner by name and a Turner by nature. Emboldened by the success of this experiment, Sally amplified the jest, remarking that she was going to turn and be a Turner likewise; after which she blushed intensely, and led me indoors again. We sat down in the kitchen; and she went off into a series of spasmodic reminiscences of our old life, beginning each with a burst of: 'And oh! don't you remember, Johnny?' Her good heart—and I have met with many friendships and affections in my time, but none more tender or more faithful—was filled with the thought of those old days; and when she told me how forlorn and friendless I had been at my father's death, and how little hope there seemed for me, she was moved to tears by the remembrance; and I cried for company. Then we registered a solemn promise that if ever I were in trouble, I should come to my old friend. 'For,' said Sally, 'it ain't money, and it ain't rich friends, as'll save you from trouble, my poor lamb. But a loving 'art'll make it light, Johnny; an' come it weal or come it woe, you'll find no change in me, dear.'

Though Bob had himself expressly stipulated that he and Sally should wait to see what success his venture on new ground achieved, he had no sooner established himself than he gave notice to the clergyman of the parish to put up the banns. I heard them 'cried,' as Sally phrased it, on three successive Sundays—Robert Turner, bachelor, and Sarah Troman, spinster—the definitions of their several estates sounding quite respectful on the parson's part, I felt. Bob, I discovered, was experimenting on a mother-in-law before matrimony, inasmuch as both his own mother and Sally's had taken up their abode in the cottage. I discovered also that Bob regarded his own mother as a sufficient antidote against Sally's; and that Sally had the same sort of theory with regard to the Dowager Troman's restraining influence over the Dowager Turner. Whether the theory were a sound one on both sides, and can be so recommended to the multitude, I cannot venture to say; but I know that they all four dwelt together in great peace and contentment. The two old bodies began by-and-by to live in a state of continual soap-suds; for the washing from the Hall fell to their share; and Bob with his own hands erected a wooden wash-house, and even built up the brick-work for the boiler.

Up to the time of Sally's marriage, my goings-out and comings-in had been pretty strictly regulated; but now an enormous slunkey being deputed to my service, I summoned that gorgeous menial when I would—apart from my hours for lessons—and was by him accompanied to my old nurse's cottage, to the great admiration of the whole village. I was not at that time of a self-assertive turn; and since my association with the gorgeous menial inevitably made a public show of me, and was provocative of public comment, I would willingly have dispensed with his society. I was always happy to escape from the shadow of his grandeur into the quiet of Sally's kitchen or Bob's workshop. Under Bob's tuition I became a tolerable carpenter, and a book-shelf of my sole manufacture hangs in his cottage to this day.

While these halcyon times sped smoothly on, the war in the Crimea was raging, and news of victory

or defeat reached us now and again. When I went to visit Sally, my attendant used to carry yesterday's *Times* with him; and I read to Bob the impressive letters of that father of special correspondents who chronicled the war for Jupiter Tonans. Sometimes letters came from Uncle Ben's son 'the Lieutenant,' the third announcing that he had won his troop; but these contained sparse news of the war, though he took a gallant part in it. Once or twice, a letter came to Maud from Cousin Will; and although she read these in private, and never spoke of them, it was plainly to be seen that they discouraged and disheartened her. The allied troops had settled down before Sevastopol; and I had just returned from a visit to the village, when I saw Cousin Will alighting from his horse at the Hall door! I had been reading aloud the first description of the trenches, and had so clearly in my own mind pictured Cousin Will there, that I was quite amazed to see him. He shook hands with me, and patted me on the shoulder in his old pleasant way; but he looked sad and tired. He was very deeply tanned, and had grown a rich brown beard, which became him handsomely. I learned afterwards that the only news he brought related to an unavailing search, and that he had returned in consequence of an alarming message about his father. Mr Fairholt was well again, and was desirous that Will should return and carry on the inquiry he had begun. I knew at the time that the search had led to nothing, for I could read that in Maud's eyes. Will announced that his stay would last a week only; but on the day before that on which he should have started, he came, not to say farewell, but to bring a letter he had just received from his friend Mr Hastings. I have that letter in my possession now—it will appear in its own place how it came into my hands—and I transcribe it here. It bore date 'Camp before Sevastopol,' and ran thus:

'MY DEAR WILL—The worst has happened. Forgive this cruel abruptness, but I feel it best to tell you all at once. Poor Frank has met a soldier's death, and whatever trouble drove him from you, is over now. He was in Findlay's company in the —nd. I had news of him the night before the assault on the fourth, but I could not possibly get away to see him. When I went down after the fight, he was missing, and only to-day he was buried. Everybody speaks highly of him. I know you would not like to think of him as being buried with a hundred others, so I took out some of my men and ordered them to make a grave behind the last parallel. The place shall be marked by an inscription, and railings are now being set about it. God comfort you, old friend. I have not the heart to write more just now.—Yours always, ARTHUR HASTINGS.'

By what means Captain Hastings believed himself to have identified the dead man as Frank Fairholt, I never knew. But I know now that all the tender offices he performed were done for a stranger. That the stranger was at least a gentleman seems to have been amply proved by the testimony of officers and men. But it is a common thing that family sorrows should have that end in time of war, and many an Englishman well-born and gently nurtured fought in a private's uniform in that campaign, and met an unchronicled death,

and lies in an unknown grave there. They wore no mourning at Island Hall. Will went out again to the Crimea, this time with a commission. He and his father and Maud accepted Hastings' statement as the end of hope. The matter was never talked about, and the country-people, who had almost forgotten to gossip about Frank Fairholt's disappearance, did not hear of the supposed end of the tragedy. The true close of that tragic story was deferred for many years; but it has always seemed to me a most merciful and happy thing that they who loved him believed him to be dead. There were but a few who shared in that belief who lived to know that it was false. But I am mixing new memories and old.

Uncle Ben sent for me one day, and told me that it was time I should go to school; and I begged him to send me to that to which Gascoigne had been removed. He promised to think it over; and my wish was granted. I met my friend once more, and was just as happy with him as I had ever been. If I have seemed to leave him for a long space in this chronicle, it is not because he was out of my heart, but because he was out of my life for the time. I had written a letter to say that I was coming, and he received me as kindly and as gladly as I could have hoped. Was I ever happier in my life than when he put his arm round my shoulders and said: 'Well, old Jack,' as we crossed the cricket-field together? I think not. He was all admirable; and looking back upon him as he was, I cannot wonder at my worship of him. He was studious and ambitious now, and worked hard; but there was nobody more popular in the school than he. It was a large school; and there were great fellows in it with incipient beards, who drank foreign wines under the rose in their bedrooms, and gave and took the odds upon the Derby. Rightly or wrongly, fagging and the other devices for making life unbearable which flourish at many large schools, were strictly forbidden here; but there was a good deal of concealed bullying, as there always will be in assemblies of boys. From much of this, which would otherwise have fallen to my share, Gascoigne protected me; and in other matters his friendship made life smooth for me.

'Old Jack,' he said one day as we sat together under the shade of a big tree, 'what's your idea about friendship?'

I answered lightly and lazily—for it was a blazing day, and the air beyond the shadow of the tree took a wavy trembling motion in the heat—that I had no ideas about anything.

'I've been thinking, Old Jack,' said Gascoigne, laying a serious hand upon my shoulder, 'that it's quite an awful thing.'

'What's an awful thing?' I asked languidly.

'Friendship,' said Gascoigne, throwing himself full length upon the grass.

'Why?' I questioned languidly again.

'Because,' said Gascoigne, propping himself up on his elbow, and regarding me with great earnestness, 'it entails one of the greatest responsibilities in the world. Because two people who are friends make themselves responsible for each other. If I had a friend, and he went to the bad, and I met him in rags and poverty and disgrace, and if it ruined me to own him and help him, I should have to do it. If two fellows are really friends,

nothing can come between them. And if one has any power or influence over the other, he doubles his responsibility. And apart from all those things, Old Jack, there's something very wonderful and sacred in real friendship which isn't easy to talk about.'

'But we are friends,' I said; though it seemed to me a most presumptuous thing a moment later.

'Well, you see, Old Jack,' said Gascoigne biting at a flower-stalk he held, 'we are friends; but who can tell where we shall be in twenty years' time? We shall grow up; and you will go one way, and I shall go another.'

I can remember now how those words chilled and disheartened me, and what a shadow they seemed to cast upon the prospect of my life. He was so much older and wiser and cleverer than I; and I had come to have so implicit a faith in him, that anything he might say had greater weight than if anybody else had spoken it. But I rebelled against this fiat altogether; and I determined that whatever change might overshadow his regard for me, mine for him would always be as warm and bright as then. There was a coldness which froze any response in me at the time in the calm way in which he spoke of the possible breach in our knowledge of each other and our care for each other; and I could make no answer. And it seemed altogether too bold and impudent a thing to beg the friendship which had been hitherto so freely given by one so much above me.

He must have seen how my countenance clouded, for he laid a hand upon me and said smilingly: 'Never mind, Old Jack. Perhaps I am playing at Cassandra for nothing. Have you come across Cassandra yet? She was a lady whose business it was to foretell disagreeable things. Her sayings used to come true; and mine won't, most likely. Shall we make a compact to be always friends?'

As I recall the tones in which he spoke, I seem to read a certain mixture of cynicism with the light, kindly patronage of his voice and manner. I can but poorly express the fancy, but there was something there which made me feel that he put the question in a sort of mockery of my discomfiture, and yet that he meant it not unkindly. Shall I say rather that he spoke the words to soothe me, and had at the same time within himself a gay and careless disbelief in the compact he offered? No such disbelief clouded my mind for a second.

'Will you promise, Gascoigne?' I asked him eagerly.

He laughed and brought his hand into mine with a swing. 'Yes,' he said; 'it's a bargain.' But his face grew serious a moment later, and a shadow seemed to fall upon us both.

There was a certain stiffly-built, bullet-headed youth in the school, who was known as Gregory minor. He was very fair by nature; but his skin looked quite yellow at this time by reason of the freckles with which it was almost covered. He was a youth of considerable humour, and the world is by this time beginning to be persuaded that Gregory minor—though the world knows him under another name—can write a comedy. He was a dull dog at his lessons; but though he nearly always went under the weight of added impositions, he was a general favourite with the masters

as well as with the boys. Above all things he was fertile in nicknames, and he had conferred upon Gascoigne the cognomen 'Miss Aureole,' in recognition of the golden brightness of his plentiful hair. There was in the near neighbourhood of the school, as there used to be in that of the Royal Castle at Elsinore, if we may trust the statement of the Queen of Denmark, a spot where a gnarled willow grew aslant a brook. This willow had been denuded of its branches; and I, being at that time deep in the history of Don Quixote de la Mancha, and having discovered that the crown of the sloping tree made a most comfortable seat, used to go and sit there as often as I could, under the shade of a glorious old elm, and read. Against this habit of mine, which I count now as being one of the pleasantest I ever contracted, a great number of my school-fellows arose in protest. I never knew why, and—unless it be that school-boys, like men, resist and resent anything approaching to eccentricity, especially when it takes shape in withdrawal or self-banishment—I cannot tell now. But I found before long that my place of retirement had become perhaps the most public spot in the neighbourhood, and that, steal as quietly as I would to my retreat, I was always chivied from it without mercy, by a roaring crowd of my co-equals. Gascoigne came once by accident that way, and dispersed the intruding association; but they came back with an elder faction added, and dispossessed us both. In memory of this lofty perch, Gregory minor had dubbed me St Simeon of the Pillar, and this being brought down in the first instance to Stylites, came afterwards but very speedily to Sty-lights; but later on, to Sty or Lights indifferently; so that before I left the school, but was surrounded by a new generation, the names meant nothing, and were but maimed survivals of an olden time, like many other names which the teeth of the Old Man with the scythe have mauled for the bewilderment of learned philologists. In like manner, Gascoigne's nickname became first Miss Aury—an obvious contraction—and then Missouri—a palpable corruption—so that a legend got somehow abroad that he came from the banks of that mighty river, and that his grandfather or great-grandfather had taken the stream, or done something with it, in the time of the War of Independence. Upon Gregory minor, in disdainful return, Gascoigne had set the name of *Æsop's Frog*, in part allusion to a supposed bumptiousness of manner, and in part allusion to the froglike freckles with which Gregory minor's hands and face were marked. This designation receiving general approval, and becoming current, was abbreviated into *Æsop*, and stayed there.

One day, whilst the second eleven of our school were engaged in a match with an eleven from a private school in the neighbourhood, Gascoigne strolled towards me under the beeches which lined the ground on the eastern side. From where I lay, I had a very good view of the game. My hero had played an innings of three-and-twenty, and I was satisfied. He came to me now, and threw himself on the turf beside me; and we watched the match together. The afternoon was already growing into evening, and facing us a city of cloud was built up in the sky. I do not remember to have seen a more wonderful sunset. The interest in the match was over, for the opposing team were hopelessly beaten; and when

Gascoigne stretched out his hand and called out : 'Look there, Old Jack !' I forgot everything else, and watched the skyey palaces as the soft hand of the wind built them into marvellous forms, and the dying sun baptised them with his light, and made them glorious with all imaginable splendours of colour.

Gascoigne, lying beside me with his eyes upon the sunset, began to repeat verses to himself, and gradually growing clearer in utterance as he became more absorbed and unconscious, broke out with this :

The sun goes down to his rest
Through the high-arched western gate,
And crowds of servants, gorgeously dressed,
Marshal him thither in state ;
And curtains of amber and ruby
Loop over him fold on fold ;
And far-off eyes of silver peep
Through gates of dusky gold.

Softly fades the evening glow ;
Evening breezes whisper low ;
Thoughts, like shadows, come and go.

The lines seemed to me then, whatever I may think of them now, completely beautiful.

'Who wrote that, Gascoigne ?' I asked, turning upon him eagerly.

'I did,' he answered, still looking at the sunset like one who saw beyond it.

The voice of Gregory minor broke upon us from behind the nearest tree. 'The young woman,' said Æsop's Frog, 'has took to poetry.'

I do not remember having felt more disgusted in my time at any incongruity of speech than I felt then. There had been a feud for many months, as I knew, though I had seen but little of it, between Gascoigne and Æsop ; and I was not surprised, but only a little frightened, when my friend sprang to his feet and struck the satirist. A blow was regarded as a challenge to a fight, by etiquette, apart from natural instinct.

'All right,' said Æsop accepting the situation, and marched away calmly with his hat at the back of his head, Gascoigne following, and I bringing up the rear in much agitation. The intending combatants paused behind a haystack, having made their way through a gap in the hedge into another field. 'Will this do ?' asked Æsop. Gascoigne nodded, and the two having taken off their jackets and waistcoats, shook hands, and stood up before each other, and the fight began. It went all in Gascoigne's favour at the beginning, for he was the more active, and the more scientific ; but after a time the sturdy strength of Gregory minor began to tell. Old Æsop cared nothing for his punishment ; and I began to see that the victory must go with him when things reached a sudden crisis. The combatants came to a hug, and after a brief wrestle in which Gascoigne's science was nowhere when compared with the other's stolid resistance, they came down heavily together, and Gregory minor was on top.

'Is that enough ?' asked Old Æsop with a boy's brutal disregard of the courtesies of war.

'No,' said Gascoigne. But he had to sit down again after scrambling to his feet, and in the next round he went down almost without the power to make a struggle.

'That's enough, I think,' said Old Æsop with a smile which a swollen lip and discoloured eye

made somewhat grim. Gascoigne returned no answer this time ; and his late opponent approached him tendering his hand. 'We've had it out now ; and we both wanted to have it out, you know ; and I don't mind saying that I thought those verses thundering good uns, old fellow.' Gascoigne took his hand a little unwillingly. 'Look here, you know,' Old Æsop added ; 'a joke's only a joke, after all ; and I don't see that life'd be worth much if a man couldn't grin at something.' So saying, he put on his waistcoat and coat, and went calmly back again, leaving me disconsolately agaze at Gascoigne.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT FOOD REFORM.

WHAT to eat, drink, and avoid has been to many persons the study of their lifetime, although they have not always proved fortunate in discovering the dietary which best agrees with them. That thousands in their search after food-knowledge should go astray, and seeking to avoid one error, fall into another, is natural enough under the circumstances. The advocacy of vegetarianism is at present being industriously prosecuted—the use of cereals and other vegetables being recommended as affording to men and women all they can possibly desire in the shape of food. As for drink, 'vegetists' do not require such large supplies of liquid substances as the eaters of flesh-meats ; and the drink of the vegetarian may be set down as cold water, very little even of that chief necessary of life being required. Food reformers have of late become more than usually active, and vegetarianism is visibly making progress. In London, Manchester, and other large cities of the kingdom, there have been established restaurants for the sale of cooked vegetable food only ; while shops for the sale of a reformed dietary material have been opened in most important centres of population. Many advocate the use of lentils, and confidently point to themselves as good examples of men improved in appearance and endowed with additional strength, by the frequent use of beans and peas and oatmeal porridge ; and not, it must be confessed, without good reason.

There is, however, another phase of food reform which is well worthy of attention, and which is embraced in the homely words, 'We all eat and drink too much.' Over-eating indeed is a sin of the age, of which nearly all men are guilty in a greater or lesser degree. The dinners of modern society seem to have been devised in order to tempt men to partake of food in an excessive degree ; and it is only those careful and prudent persons who are able to bridle their appetite that escape the consequences which assuredly result from over-indulgence in the pleasures of the table. The never-ceasing recurrence of soup, fish, and *entrées* which form a characteristic of modern dining, not to mention the lavish offerings of joint, game, ham, poultry, and sweets, tempt many to tax their digestive organs far beyond their powers ; the result being indigestion, or some one of the numerous forms of dyspepsia. Many more ounces of solid foods and of liquids are unwittingly partaken of at our luxuriously furnished tables than can well be computed ; and as most men sit down to several meals every day, a great deal of mischief to our bodily health undoubtedly ensues. It would not be an exaggeration to say of the average

'diner-out' that he eats and drinks every day from a half to a fourth more food and liquor than would amply suffice to nourish his body and invigorate his mind. Taking it as a rough estimate that each of these persons consumes at least one-third more food and liquor than he requires, it becomes a curious question to determine what the result would be if such persons would consent to a restricted scale of dietary.

M. Soyer, who in his lifetime gained so much fame as a cook and a food economist, made a calculation as to how much of the finer wines and meats were consumed by a professed *bon-vivant* in the course of his lifetime. This curious feat of calculation is based on a lifetime extending over sixty years; the life of a *bon-vivant* is estimated as enduring for threescore years and ten; but—though he might have extended the number—the first ten years are not taken into account, as during that period the boy is not allowed to consume anything but what is placed before him. Taking the round figures of the accumulated 'services of meat and drink,' it appears, by M. Soyer's calculation, that a professor of good living will consume in the sixty years allotted to him, about sixty tons of viands, which he probably washes down with a hundred hogsheads of wines and liqueurs of various kinds. The following are the materials which, according to Soyer, compose the daily dinner of the average epicure—namely, half a pint of soup, four ounces of fish, eight ounces of meat, four ounces of poultry, four ounces of savoury meats, two ounces of vegetables, two ounces of bread, two ounces of pastry, half an ounce of cheese, four ounces of fruit, one pint of wine, one glass of liqueur, one cup of coffee or tea. The solids, it will be seen, which are consumed at this meal amount to thirty and a half ounces; whilst at luncheon-time, eight ounces would probably be consumed; and calculating the eggs, fish, or cutlets eaten at breakfast, an additional twelve ounces would fall to be added to the account, equivalent to forty-eight ounces of solid food per diem; and there would be at least three pints of liquid material in coffee, soup, wine, and liqueurs. At present prices, the eating and drinking of a professed good liver could not be accomplished for less than twelve shillings per diem, including wines and liqueurs. That may seem a large sum; but the money which is necessarily expended in cooking such a dinner as an epicure would order is considerable, and necessarily falls to be included in the bill of costs; while if high-class wines be selected, twelve shillings will hardly cover the expenditure. Twelve shillings a day for a period of three hundred and sixty-five days amounts to two hundred and nineteen pounds; and in sixty years at that rate, the good liver's commissariat account will sum up to the very handsome sum of thirteen thousand one hundred and forty pounds sterling. Assuming, however, that even an epicure might live tolerably well during his lifetime on eight thousand pounds, and that there are, say, ten thousand epicures in the British Islands, a saving of fifty millions sterling would accrue if the rate of living was in each case thus reduced by the sum of five thousand pounds. Could it be decreed that the British population should henceforth live on two-thirds of the food it had been in the habit of consuming,

we should be able to solve the greatest problem of our time—namely, how to make our country grow sufficient food for the people who inhabit it. Moreover, were every man, woman, and child so to abridge his or her expenditure, the wealth of the kingdom would ultimately become enormously enhanced.

Coming to the class below epicures and persons who are accustomed to a lavish table, it will be found by inquiry that almost all the middle class, and the professional class as well, eat and drink at a rate that instead of nourishing tends to kill the body. Each unit of the classes named will, as a general rule, consume quite as much food as the epicure, although he may not have his food cooked at the same expense, nor will he perhaps be so fastidious about his liquors. It may safely be accepted as a fact that thousands of the population sit down every day of their lives to four meals, at three of which fish or butcher-meat is served, and at two of which there is wine or beer. Our middle-class men of business—our manufacturers, merchants, and shopkeepers, that is—are hearty eaters. See any of them who happen to dine at a restaurant, and the fact will be apparent; or follow them home from business at six o'clock, and cast an eye over their well-furnished tables, and it will be seen that the viands are plentiful and good appetites not lacking. It can be calculated that a healthy and hungry eater of the upper middle class, able to afford a good dinner, will in the course of his lifetime consume thirty fat oxen, two hundred sheep, as many lambs, a hundred calves, fifty pigs, twelve hundred barn-door fowls, three hundred turkeys, four hundred ducklings, and as much game as he can afford to purchase; his consumption of fish, fruits, and vegetables will be in proportion; say sixty salmon, a hundred and fifty cod-fish, two hundred soles, and many hundreds of the minor fishes, not to speak of a few hundred lobsters and many thousand oysters! Taking, then, the food expenditure of the professional and higher mercantile men—persons we shall say who pay rentals of from sixty to two hundred pounds a year—we cannot compute it at less, including wines, spirits, and beer, than eight shillings per diem, which, when expensive fruits and choice vintages are taken into account, is a moderate enough estimate, especially if the occasional dinner and supper parties given in the course of the year be included. A year's dinner and food expenditure at the rate just mentioned would sum up to one hundred and forty-six pounds; and taking a similar rate for a period of fifty years, it represents a total amount of seven thousand three hundred pounds. Presuming that, if he pleased, the professional or mercantile man of the class indicated might easily so restrict his expenditure as to admit of a saving of two thousand pounds on his life's food account, the total gain would be positively enormous. If there are, say, a million of such persons—and for illustrative purposes we may assume there are a million—the amount gained would be represented by no less a sum than two thousand millions! Such figures must of course be set down as utopian, because men as a rule have become such slaves to their appetites, that it would be hopeless to attempt to wean them from what they have grown to consider a necessary of

their lives ; but the fact remains notwithstanding that 'we all eat and drink too much.'

Digging into a lower stratum, it is somewhat difficult to estimate the food expenditure of the artisan and labouring class ; but as every person knows, a large number of them expend a considerable proportion of their wages on beef, ham, and other food-stuffs. The working-man, as a rule, enjoys a full meal just as well as his social superiors. We have seen a London journeyman carpenter eating his couple of thick mutton chops, followed by a large hunch of bread and a slice of cheese, the whole being washed down with a pint of beer, with the same hearty relish as the alderman who dines on turtle and turbot, with a slice or two from a well-basted haunch of venison. It has been more than once stated that the labouring classes of the community are not well enough fed considering the amount of work they are required to accomplish ; but that is undoubtedly a mistake, or rather it is the outcome of a feeling of sentiment. It would be easy to demonstrate that capital work could be obtained from our artisans even if they laboured on shorter commons than they do. There is no healthier body of men than the prisoners in our jails, yet the exact amount of food on which their frames can be profitably kept up whilst undergoing hard labour, is allotted to them, and no more. Prisoners undergoing sentences of penal servitude are compelled to work for their food, which is selected for its nourishing rather than its palatable qualities. Our workers in the busy hives of British industry could doubtless still accomplish their day's darg, and accomplish it well, were a few ounces to be subtracted from the amount of animal food which it has hitherto been use and wont to consider necessary for them. Bread may be held to be the working man's staff of life in reality as well as figuratively. In an artisan's household numbering, we shall say, five persons—that is, father, mother, and three children—a loaf and a half of bread will be used every day, the loaf weighing four pounds ; that gives five hundred and forty-seven loaves in a year, which in a period of forty years would total up to twenty-one thousand eight hundred and eighty-four-pound loaves. In some families two meals a day are made from oatmeal ; and we remember a sum set to his pupils by a Scottish country schoolmaster, which was founded on this practice. It was formulated as follows : If each of the sixty children attending this school use for their porridge morning and night four ounces of oatmeal, how much will the whole use in forty years, if they should all live so long ? The answer was not long in coming from half a dozen sharp arithmeticians ; it was—Three million five hundred and four thousand ounces, or two hundred and nineteen thousand pounds-weight. In naming oatmeal we have mentioned a substance which was held by a great physician to be the most nourishing food in existence—we allude to Dr Gregory, who said that any man might live like a fighting-cock, keeping up his bodily vigour and maintain his health, on two pennyworth of oatmeal and a pennyworth of milk per diem. At the date when Dr Gregory spoke, oatmeal would probably not cost more than a penny per pound-weight ; so that, after all, the Doctor was allowing thirty-two ounces of solid food and a pint of milk for each day ; the cost being at

the rate of one shilling and ninepence per week, or four pounds eleven shillings per annum, as against the bon-vivant's two hundred and nineteen pounds !

Far be it from us to grudge the artisan and his children their pile of loaves ; but we protest that there is room for a degree of reform in their generally wasteful cookery of baked or fried meats, which indeed are so prepared as to lose in preparation a full third of their nutritive properties. A man who has recently seceded from the ranks of the beef-eaters to the corps of vegetarians, has communicated to the public the great fact that he has flourished exceedingly on his new regimen, and that, for fivepence a day, he is able to 'defeat fell hunger,' and yet at the end of a month to know that he is three pounds heavier ! This gentleman has undoubtedly proved that vegetarianism is practicable, and that 'any healthy person can sustain himself with relishable food, build up the body, and rapidly increase the normal weight without the aid of an expensive flesh diet.'

It would not serve any good purpose to increase our illustrative facts ; it will certainly be found, however, by every person who has the courage to try the experiment, that he can live and be healthy on two-thirds of his present amount of food, presuming that he eats and drinks to the extent we have indicated. The advice of the famous Dr Abernethy to live on sixpence a day and work for it is not yet out of date ; there are many thousands who might take that advice as a basis, and so prolong their days.

A CONSPIRATOR IN SPITE OF MYSELF.

CHAPTER I.

INVOLVED IN MYSTERY.

EVERYBODY has heard of Molière's famous comedy *Le Médecin Malgré Lui* (The Physician in Spite of Himself) ; and few can read or witness the performance of this *chef d'œuvre* of the French dramatist without laughing heartily at its amusing scenes, and at the ludicrous positions in which the chief actor is frequently placed. But though amateur physicians are too numerous amongst both sexes, it rarely happens in real life that a man is called to play the part of a physician against his will. In troublous times, however, it sometimes occurs that an individual finds himself placed, not perhaps in so ludicrous, but in so far as he is personally concerned, a far more perilous position—namely, that of a conspirator in spite of himself ; and such a misfortune—if I may call that a misfortune which happily led to no serious results—once befell the writer of this paper, while serving, many years ago, on board one of Her Majesty's frigates, then cruising in the Mediterranean.

One day, while on shore near Toulon with a party of my young brother-officers, an awkward fall from a horse necessitated my immediate conveyance to the naval hospital in that famous sea-port. The frigate to which I was attached was to sail the next day for Malta and the Ionian Sea, and it was thought probable that three or four months would elapse ere she would return to Toulon. The surgeon of the frigate, who visited

me in the hospital as soon as he heard of the accident that had befallen me, feared that the patella of my left knee was seriously injured; and such was likewise the opinion of the French surgeons, though in consequence of the swelling, it was impossible to ascertain immediately whether such was really the case. At all events, it was the general opinion of the medical men that it would be dangerous to remove me to the frigate, especially as a heavy sea was running outside the harbour, and the vessel lay at anchor a considerable distance from the shore. Thus it came about that I was left behind in a foreign port, while my shipmates and brother-officers sailed on their cruise.

In the course of a few days, however, the swelling over the knee subsided, and the French surgeons discovered that the injury was not so serious as they had imagined it to be. Still, I was confined to my cot for several days; and some weeks elapsed ere I was permitted to leave the hospital, where I was most kindly and skilfully treated. Then I amused myself pretty well for a while in strolling about the town and the surrounding country; but there is not a great deal to interest strangers in Toulon and its vicinity, especially as foreigners, and naval and military officers particularly, are jealously debarred from visiting the interiors of the fortifications; and I soon grew intensely weary of my enforced idleness, and my solitude in the midst of a population with whose language I was then but very imperfectly acquainted. I longed to be once more on board my ship; but I knew that a weary while must necessarily elapse before I could hope to meet my shipmates again.

By way of passing my time, I sought the acquaintance of the fishermen and the old seamen who lingered about the beach, with whom, after a short time, I was enabled to converse intelligibly. It was the season of the anchovy-fishery, and a number of fishing-boats were about to sail on a cruise off the coast of Italy from Leghorn to Naples, and if occasion required, even still farther south. Among the fishermen was one Gustave Pailleur, the master and owner or *padrone* of a large fishing-lugger—in the South of France many Italian words are in common use—with whom I was on very friendly terms. One day I complained bitterly to the old fisherman of my weariness and of the monotonous life I was leading, strolling day after day from morn to night along the sea-shore.

'And how long will it be before Monsieur can regain his ship?' inquired Gustave.

'Six or seven weeks at least; perhaps two months, or more,' I replied.

'Bah!' exclaimed the fisherman. 'Why need Monsieur remain here all that time? Why not take a cruise with me to the coast of Italy? It will be a change at least; and if the fish are abundant, there will be sufficient occupation and amusement. Monsieur will be welcome.'

Joyously I accepted the invitation. I was well aware that I would suffer inconvenience and probably no little hardship, on board a small fishing-lugger; but what young midshipman of eighteen years eager for change, cares to consider such trifles! *La belle Jeannette*—that was the name of Gustave Pailleur's vessel—would return to Toulon in a month, or five weeks at the utmost; and therefore I should be back long before my

vessel would return to the port. I took no time to consider; but immediately assured the jovial old fisherman that there was nothing I should like better, if I should not cause trouble or inconvenience to him or his crew.

'Trouble or inconvenience!' he replied. 'Bah! No. Monsieur will confer a favour. But you must prepare for the voyage to-day,' he added. 'We sail to-morrow morning at daybreak to Marseilles, to join the fishing-fleet at that port, and thence we proceed forthwith to the fishing-ground.'

'I will be ready,' I replied; for in fact I had little to make ready; for though I was pretty well supplied with money, I had but a small quantity of clothing on shore with me, which a portmanteau would easily contain. I therefore supplied myself with a few comforts and luxuries, such as I was not likely to find on board a fishing-lugger, and such as I fancied would be an acceptable addition to their usual hard fare, to my new messmates as well as to myself; and having packed my portmanteau and paid my bill at the hotel, awaited so anxiously the hour of departure, that I was unable to sleep, and was down on the wharf the next morning an hour before Gustave Pailleur and the five men and boy who composed the lugger's crew—all of whom, save one, were relatives of the *padrone*—made their appearance. However, they came at the appointed hour. *La belle Jeannette*, in company with six other luggers, sailed for Marseilles; and thence, accompanied by a fleet of some eighteen vessels of a similar description, departed in a day or two for Leghorn.

For a few days the fishing was tolerably successful. Then a gale arose, and when it subsided in the course of a few hours—for the gales in the Mediterranean, though sometimes severe, are rarely of long duration, usually subsiding as rapidly as they rise—the fish, hitherto abounding, seemed to have altogether departed. The nets were cast in vain. Coarse fish, that the fishermen cared not for, came up with them; but the wary and delicate anchovies for which we sought, had disappeared. The fishermen, though annoyed, were not surprised.

'It is often so, Monsieur,' said Gustave to me. 'One can never feel sure of success when fishing for anchovies. They are plenty all around. Then a breeze springs up—or sometimes no one can tell why—they disappear in a moment! They have gone south to avoid the gale; and maybe we shall need to follow them to the Neapolitan coast; perhaps even farther, before we find them again. Sometimes even they elude us altogether, and we see them no more.'

The old fisherman judged correctly. Slowly we sailed southward along the coast, day after day casting our nets to no purpose, until we reached the Gulf of Salerno. There we found the anchovies again, but not in great abundance; and from information we received from a passing vessel, we sailed for the Gulf of Policastro, where it was said the anchovy fishermen were doing famously. It seemed, however, as if we were destined to meet with disappointment. It was the period of the serious troubles in the kingdoms of Naples and Sicily, when the tyrannical monarch of those realms, known by the sobriquet of King Bomba, was driven from his throne; and we had frequent intimation during our passage along the Neapolitan

coast of the disturbances constantly occurring on shore. Moreover, we met every day with ships of war, French, English, and Italian, that were cruising about off the coast; and more than once we heard the sound of distant cannonading both at sea and on shore. In fact, only a day or two previous to our arrival in the Gulf of Policastro, a severe conflict had taken place between a Neapolitan corvette and a squadron of small vessels fitted out and manned by the insurgents, which had been beaten off. The sloop-of-war, however, a fine heavily armed ship, still remained at anchor inside Point Palinuro, at the mouth of the Gulf. The timid fish, heretofore so abundant, had been frightened away by the unwonted disturbance; and the fishermen, fearful of getting into trouble, had quitted the spot.

At that period, I was but eighteen years of age, and I troubled myself little concerning political affairs; while my temporary companions and shipmates, the fishermen, were even more careless and ignorant than I of such matters. All they thought of was the successful prosecution of their arduous occupation, and when they found that interrupted, they sailed for some other part of the coast. Thus, when we entered the Gulf of Policastro, we found it deserted save by some half-dozen coasting-vessels, which lay close in-shore; and though Gustave Pailleur brought his craft to an anchor for the night near the mouth of the Gulf, he decided to return the next day to the Gulf of Salerno.

For the last day or two, the weather had been squally. We had beaten up, dead against the wind, the entire distance between Salerno and Policastro; and the *padrone* and his crew, almost worn out with fatigue, and dispirited by constant disappointment, had retired early to the cabin; I, who had not worked so hard as they, having volunteered to keep watch from eight o'clock p.m. till midnight. The gale had completely subsided. The waters of the Gulf, which had been sheltered from the strong southerly wind by the high lands of Calabria, were already almost as smooth as the surface of a mirror; and though the clouds and sea that passed swiftly by to the northward, told of the atmospheric disturbance that still existed overhead, the moon and stars from time to time shone forth brightly, and all was tranquil on sea and on shore. For an hour or more I paced to and fro on the short and narrow deck of the little vessel. Then, feeling tired, I stopped, and reclined against the low bulwark on the after-part of the lugger; and in spite of my endeavour to keep awake, fell occasionally into a light doze. From one of these light fitful slumbers, I was aroused by what I fancied to be the plash of oars; but the moon was temporarily obscured by a passing cloud, and though I looked earnestly around me and listened attentively, I could not see or hear anything stirring on the water. On consulting my watch, I saw that it was already past eleven o'clock; and drawing my cloak closer round me, I was about to resume my walk to and fro, when I was again startled by the light plash of oars, and fancied I could hear the sound of a human voice. At that moment the moon again shone forth bright and clear, and by its light, I discerned a small boat with two rowers, and a man seated in the stern-sheets, pulling gently out from under the shadow of the high land towards the lugger. The boat, which was low in the water,

and was painted of a light colour that rendered it almost imperceptible, was soon alongside; and seeing me at the gangway, the individual seated in the stern-sheets inquired in Italian, and in a low voice, as if he were afraid of being overheard, at the same time gazing cautiously around him, whether I was the *padrone* of the vessel.

I was but very slightly acquainted with the Italian language, but I understood the question; and replied in French, that the *padrone* was asleep in the cabin.

'*N'importe, mon ami,*' continued the strange visitor, now speaking fluently in French, but with a strongly marked Italian accent. 'You, I presume, are one of the crew? With your permission, I will step on board;' and suiting the action to the words, without waiting for my reply, he sprang lightly from the boat to the gangway of the lugger, which was in fact but a step.

'And now, my friend,' he went on, 'you will greatly oblige me if you will arouse the *padrone*. I wish much to speak with him. He can render me a service of the utmost importance, which will greatly benefit him—will benefit all on board.'

That the stranger was a gentleman was evident alike from his voice and manner, though his face and form were concealed by the cap, which was pulled down almost over his eyes, and by the coarse boat-cloak he wore, with the collar turned up over his ears. Moreover, as he grasped the shrouds while swinging himself on board, I noticed that his small white hand was that of a man unaccustomed to manual labour, and that he wore a diamond ring on his third finger. Still I hesitated a few moments. I was aware of the troubles on shore, and I did not like the secrecy of the affair, and wondered what important business an Italian gentleman could have to transact with a poor French fisherman, that induced him to visit the lugger at near the midnight hour.

With the quick ears of a sailor, however, Gustave Pailleur had heard the lapping of the water caused by the presence of a boat alongside, and suddenly made his appearance on deck.

'Here is the *padrone*, Monsieur,' I said, pointing towards Gustave, who now came forward, evidently both surprised and alarmed at receiving a visit at so late an hour.

The stranger politely raised his cap, and at the same time throwing back his cloak, displayed the delicate clear-cut features of an Italian gentleman; and we now saw that beneath his cloak, he wore the undress uniform of a military officer of superior rank. Still, though, as I have said, there was no vessel near, he again gazed furtively around him before he said in a voice little raised above a whisper: 'Signor *padrone*, if you are abundantly rewarded, are you willing to render me and others a signal but secret service?'

'That depends, Monsieur,' replied Gustave. 'I will not place myself or my vessel and crew in peril; neither will I act dishonestly, nor assist to do injury to any human being, for aught that you can offer me.'

'*Parbleu!* It is not needed, *padrone*,' said the stranger, still speaking French. 'On the contrary, it is an act of mercy that is required from you. If we succeed—as we surely shall, if you will aid us—no one will suffer injury; but the helpless and innocent will be saved from great misery—from long imprisonment, perhaps from a cruel death.'

And you—you will encounter no risk if you implicitly obey the directions you will receive, while you will reap a great reward.'

Gustave hesitated still. He thought of the terrible stories of oppression and tyranny—many of them probably exaggerated, if not false—of which he had heard; and he pictured in his mind his vessel confiscated, and himself and his crew consigned to an Italian prison, from which neither he nor they would ever be released, while their cruel fate would remain unknown to their relatives and friends; and perceiving his hesitation, the stranger drew a steel purse from his pocket, which glittered brightly in the moonlight with the gold coins with which it was filled.

'See here, *padrone*,' he went on; 'here are one hundred *scudos*' [about twenty-five pounds], 'not as payment for your services, but as mere earnest-money, and as a token of the rich recompense you will receive hereafter, and immediately, when your task—easy of performance—is finished.'

I saw Gustave glance eagerly at the glittering coin visible through the meshes of the purse. It was of itself a large sum, in the estimation of a poor fisherman whose present voyage did not promise much success.

'You will swear, Monsieur, that neither my vessel, myself, nor my crew shall be imperilled?' he replied.

'I swear,' answered the Italian.

'And that this is no bribe to induce me to perform a mean or guilty act?' said Gustave. 'Monsieur, we fishermen of France are poor, but we pride ourselves upon our honesty.'

'I have spoken, *padrone*,' replied the Italian. 'An Italian gentleman is equally proud of his honour, and is incapable of performing a mean or guilty action.'

'Monsieur,' said Gustave, after some reflection, 'I am at your service.'

DAVID GARRICK.

ON a cold March morning, in the year 1737, two young men started from Lichfield to try their fortunes in London. The younger of the two is but nineteen, not tall, but well made, 'a very sensible fellow and a good scholar, of good dispositions, and very promising.' His companion is seven years older, somewhat ponderous in person, rolling in gait, and rather near-sighted. The former is David Garrick; the latter is his preceptor, Samuel Johnson.

Garrick was designed for law; but following a very early and a very strong impulse, he gave himself to the stage, and made his debut on the boards of Goodnan's Fields, Ipswich, under the name of Lyddal. His part was Aboan in *Oroonoko*, and from that night his success was assured. His first appearance in London was in *Richard III.*, and for the display of his own powers he could not have chosen a fitter part. His success was triumphant, and as lasting as triumphant. Garrick's was that success which ever rewards not so much continual and conscientious toil as red-hot enthusiasm. His rendering of 'Richard' was a reformation as much as a revolution in the histrionic art.

Garrick's popularity on and off the stage was the result of a happy combination of unusual qualities. Some of these we may endeavour to enumerate. By descent a Frenchman, he had all the volatility and indeed volubility of the French people. His stature was slightly under the middle size; his limbs beautifully proportioned; his arm charmingly tapering off into a hand very neat and very small. Manliness, elasticity, ease, and grace characterised his deportment. 'His movements were refreshing to witness.' What a contrast to the burly and bull-dogged Sam! With his dark-blue coat and small cocked-hat laced with gold, Garrick's figure was unique. His countenance, never at rest, revealed the radiant mind in the expressive play of features. The eyebrows finely arched over a pair of dark, brilliant eyes, the fire of which he had the art of quenching, and making his intelligent orbs as dull as two gooseberries; in the personation of terror or tenderness his eye held the audience like a spell. His voice at once natural, cultivated, and easy in its modulations, wide in its compass, had that undefinable penetratingness peculiar to the great actor and true orator. Impressionableness or intense sensibility was a leading trait in Garrick's mental make-up. This is that quality by which an actor, while setting due store by the words, realises and becomes out and out the character he portrays. The mere repetition of the language of *Hamlet*, however graceful and correct the elocution may be, without that intensiveness by which *Hamlet* as a harmonious whole lives in and shines distinctly through the actor, is perhaps a correct enough portrait, but it lacks the living soul. Garrick too had a true workman-like delight in excellence. And with all his natural endowments and genius, perhaps few professional men have worked so constantly and with such a continued enthusiasm to the very end of a public career. His whole soul was in his work, and his work was his joy. 'He saw no one on the days he performed;' he was full of the 'part' for the evening. And even between the acts he separated himself from the other actors and would speak to no one. He brought genius and put conscience into his work.

Another element, if not of his success at least of his happiness, was his marriage to that charming singer, the fair Eva M. Veigel or Violette. This lady was said to be 'the most agreeable woman in England.' Sterne, who saw her among the beauties of Paris in the Tuileries Gardens, declared 'she could annihilate them all in a single turn.' Even Horace Walpole could forsake his cynicism, and say of her that her 'behaviour is all sense and all sweetness.' During the twenty-eight years of their married life, David was not so much the husband as the lover; and his affection was rewarded with a love as true and as constant as his own. Mrs Garrick survived her husband more than forty years, and for at least thirty of these she would not allow the room in which David died to be opened. Buried, at her own request, in her wedding sheets, she occupies the same grave with her husband at the base of Shakespeare's statue, 'until the day dawn and the shadows flee away.' Doubtless a helpmate so attractive and so congenial and pure greatly aided the actor in striving to attain his ideal.

Does any one, or all of the qualities mentioned as constituting the equipment of Garrick, account for the fact that unlike Mrs Siddons, Kemble, and Maeready, Garrick at once and by a bound placed himself in the front rank of the priesthood of the stage? The sun sometimes foretells his rising by scattering the clouds that cap the hill-tops, while as yet we see him not; but inch by inch he rises like a golden wheel; slowly inch by inch he scatters the mist and kindles the heights, until at length he rises—a full orb—pouring his brilliant splendours on all below. So rose gradually Mrs Siddons, Kemble, Edmund Kean, and Maeready. On a dark and cloudy day, the sun is obscured; he has risen, is well up the horizon, but is draped in cloud and shadow and is invisible; the wing of the storm sweeps away shadow and cloud, and in the twinkling of an eye the burning, blazing sun has burst on view. So burst David Garrick on the British stage.

Garrick's character was by no means perfect. Many faults were laid to his charge; and amongst others was his fondness of flattery. Murphy, to whom Garrick had given loan upon loan of money, accuses him of meanness. This charge, however, has been proved to be as unjust as it was ungrateful. On one occasion, Murphy was asked his opinion of Garrick. He replied: 'Off the stage, sir, he was a mean sneaking fellow; but on the stage'—throwing up his hands and eyes—'Impossible to describe!' Mrs Clive was one night standing at the wing, alternately weeping and scolding at Garrick's acting; and turning away in anger, she exclaimed: 'I believe he could act a gridiron!' Once, at a splendid dinner-party at Lord —'s, they suddenly missed Garrick, and could not imagine what had become of him, until they were drawn to the window by the convulsive shrieks of laughter of a young negro-boy, who was rolling on the ground in an ecstasy of delight to see Garrick mimicking a turkey-cock in the courtyard, with his coat-tail stuck out behind, and in a seeming flutter of feathered rage and pride. In *Lear*, Garrick's very stick acted. The scene with Cordelia and the physician, as Garrick played it, was ineffably pathetic. The anathema in this play exceeded all imagination; it electrified the audience with horror. The words 'Kill—kill—kill' echoed the revenge and impotent rage of a frantic king.

When it was announced that Garrick was soon to take leave of the stage, there came a rush of people from all parts of Europe to witness his last performances. Many foreigners who came specially to England to see Garrick play were unable to get admission. A week or so after his last appearance, he thus writes: 'When it came to taking the last farewell, I not only lost the use of my voice, but of my limbs too. It was indeed, as I said, a most awful moment. You would not have thought an English audience void of feeling if you had seen and heard them. After I had left the stage, and was dead to them, they would not suffer the *petite pièce* to go on, nor would the actors perform, they were so affected.' Thus retired from the stage perhaps the greatest actor of modern times. Garrick departed this life in January 1779. His death was a national event. The funeral was the largest ever seen in London up to that time, among the mourning thousands

at Shakspeare's monument being old Samuel Johnson affected to tears. Perhaps he was thinking of that cold March morning when he and his friend left Lichfield for London.

STRAY THOUGHTS IN A LIBRARY.

WHEN we walk through a spacious and well-equipped library, and gaze on the book-lined walls, one cannot help pondering upon the real wealth therein contained; and how the thoughts that are contained in the books may be destined to live and exert their influence long after their authors have passed into dust.

Many thoughts glide through our minds when in a library. There is a feeling of sadness when we look at so much 'medicine for the mind' stored on the shelves, and reflect that we can never master even a tithe of their contents—that many branches of study must ever remain closed to us—and that in the few in which we can engage our progress will be slow, and will soon be ended. Again the thought of the fleeting nature of human life and fame occurs to us. The authors whose works we see around had all their little day—they commenced life with advantages or disadvantages; they emerged from obscurity, and gained the fickle applause of the day, or pined in want. But celebrated or uncelebrated, worthy or worthless, the same lot happened to all—to the same home each and all tended.

When we think, however, of the small number of books which by their merit establish a claim to immortality, or that possess any native vitality, we are reassured, and recognise that if we confined our attention to books of this class, we would have a reasonable hope of mastering much of the learning, and acquiring much of the knowledge, handed down to us by superior genius. The youthful reader who is turned into a well-stocked library to choose his course for himself, is in danger, under the influence of an unregulated mind, of either feeding to repletion, or being vitiated by something either hurtful or poisonous. The first thing is to cultivate a literary appetite, for the choicest dishes may be prepared in vain for a man devoid of taste—the genius of the writer spent in vain if there be no responsive understanding, no sympathetic kindling on the part of the reader. The next thing we have to learn is to receive ideas with discrimination; not to accept what is written because it is written, but because of its truth or intrinsic value. It is important to be able to get at the kernel of a book. There may be much unpalatable husk or padding; let that go, so as you get the substance. A study should be pursued with an end in view. If we make a journey to the bank, we do not leave until we have got the money we require. If there is much store of precious metal beneath the soil, the way to reach it is to sink a mine, not to lightly scratch over a large surface. We may fit as the butterfly from book to magazine, from history to travels; but with the bee we should extract what good we can and store it away for future use.

The tree of Biography if well cultivated, presents to the student of mankind a source of endless delights. The fruit is of kinds as various as the characters of men; but there will be found a certain generic affinity, which will enable us to trace resemblances, establish theories, and draw conclusions. Though their paths in life and outward circumstances were widely different, we find that the men whose lives have been recorded for our benefit have had their joys and sorrows, doubts and fears, and present lessons for our guidance which, in most cases, deserve a careful and conscientious study. We have read of an old stone being found imbedded in a bank which bordered on a dangerous morass. On this stone some benevolent man had long ago carved the words, 'Keep on this side.' Such a message is conveyed by every biography which pictures a good man—a man true to himself and to his God. In the eyes of Society, a man is a walking mystery; and even his friends know little or nothing of what passes in the secret chambers of his heart. Nor can the man himself read his own heart until he has made it his careful and patient study. But in a conscientiously written autobiography the outworks which guard his individuality are passed when we see him in his private life, as he walked and talked, laughed and wept—when we look through the windows of his soul and visit him in his inner chamber.

There is an innocent and even laudable curiosity in our hearts to know how great men conducted themselves when in the quiet of home. How much closer are we drawn to our favourite heroes in biography, when we know how they were loved and revered by their nearest relatives, and how their greatness of intellect and powerful genius were compatible with humility, good-nature, and playfulness, and those minor virtues which contribute to the excellence of character as a whole. We do not think the less of them as we peruse their humorous letters to their children, or see them indulging in a game of romps. No; if we are to have a man's life-history, let us have the man without his dress suit—not as seen in the ecstatic glow of some enthusiastic imagination, but through the clear unveiled atmosphere of truth and reality.

Next to biography, History comes as a natural sequence; for is it not compiled biography? Events and men are inseparably connected. The hand that moves the lever or guides the helm is the hand of a mortal like ourselves. The characters of history are men who, some by birth, some by merit, have been most conspicuous in their acts. What, after all, is the value of history but accumulated experience? Into what fields does it not lead us! from the luxurious atmosphere of court-life to the sulphureous canopy of the battle-field. Into what minds does it not peer, and what hearts does it not dissect! To what characters, scenes, and events does it not introduce us! Tyrannising kings, intriguing courtiers, time-serving flatterers, the pomp of war, the quiet of the cloister, the stormy voice of the people, the shrill tempest of revolt, the quiet march of civilisation, the battle of the church, the strides of science, the blazing forth of genius, the triumph of truth, nations crumbling and disappearing, tottering thrones, political earthquakes. All these pass before us in one vast panorama!

It is difficult to tell wherein lies the secret of good descriptive writing. It seems to be the making a window of the author's mind, through which the eye can discern the scene described. It is being true to nature, and picturing either with bold broad strokes, leaving the filling-up to the imagination, or labouring with faithful minuteness to produce a photograph.

We might go on from bookcase to bookcase and find our topics inexhaustible. But we must close; and in doing so, remember that it is not what we read but what we retain and assimilate that will benefit ourselves and influence our lives and those of others. Of what use to pile fuel if there be no light to kindle? Of what use to accumulate material if there be no hand to build? Mere knowledge is altogether insufficient, if there be not wisdom to use it judiciously.

A KENTISH STREAM.

AMONGST the various rivers and streams that flow through the picturesque county of Kent, there is a stream so small that an average pedestrian proceeding at his usual pace of walking, can start from the source after breakfast, and reach its estuary comfortably before dinner. And this no mere dribbling brook, or ditch dry for half the summer, but a steady perennial stream, rising in a beautifully romantic country, and capable, when it is in flood, of letting the inhabitants of the adjacent valleys feel its power by wild irruptions into kitchens and cellars, flower and kitchen gardens, disturbing the porcine inmates of the sties in their slumbers, and scaring the poultry in their sheds.

Whoever is unfamiliar with the country around Hayes and Keston in Kent has a treat yet in store for him. The tract of country we are about to describe is not more than twelve miles from the centre of London, yet for peaceful beauty and wildness it might well be a hundred miles away. The little village of Hayes is as quiet and romantic as if it stood in one of the dells of Westmoreland. Leaving the village, we begin to cross a wild, breezy Common about two hundred acres in extent, from the summit of which we catch fine views over the Crystal Palace, the Great Metropolis, and the Kent and Surrey hills. The Common—which has been generously dedicated to the public use by Colonel Lennard, the lord of the manor—is one of the wildest specimens of heath scenery imaginable, being covered with gorse, heather, brambles, and scrub of almost every description. At the north-western end of the Common are some fine snatches of scenery, a small forest of gigantic oak-trees; and on the opposite side of the road, copses of rare beauty. Here, in autumn, when the changing foliage lends a glorious colouring to the landscape, artists may be seen in dozens, easels before them, making sketches of the various silvan beauties.

Passing over Hayes Common, we come in a few minutes to another tract of heathland, Keston Common, where the stream we are about to follow

riser. Keston Common is smaller but hillier than Hayes, and abounds with springs, one of which gives rise to the river Ravensbourne. But before we proceed to trace our stream, let us turn aside a few paces, to visit a spot of great historic and humanitarian interest. Adjoining the main road that skirts Keston Common is Holwood Park; and crossing a stile in the fence, we stand almost immediately before a venerable oak-tree. At the foot of this oak is a seat, and on this seat is the following inscription, from the autobiography of that great philanthropist, William Wilberforce: 'I well remember after a conversation with Mr Pitt in the open air at the root of an old tree at Holwood, just above the steep descent into the vale of Keston, I resolved to give notice, on a fit occasion in the House of Commons, of my intention to bring forward the abolition of the slave-trade.' The seat with the inscription was erected by Colonel Stanhope in 1862. What advances has the great cause of humanity made since Wilberforce gave notice of his memorable motion!

Returning to the Common again, we come at once upon the source of the Ravensbourne, known as Cæsar's Well, whence rises a copious stream of crystal water. The traditions that Cæsar watered his troops here, and also that their steps were directed to it by the flight of a pair of ravens, may be received as true or not, as the reader thinks fit. From this well the water flows into two small lakes, one beneath the other, and finally into a third lake, which is now inclosed in private grounds. From this spot, for some miles, the stream, having a serpentine course, flows through private estates, only in one place disclosing itself in a pretty waterfall, and then flowing round a small island, radiant in spring with blossoms of the rhododendron. Hence, through Hayes, near Bromley, and past Beckenham, the tiny river steals along, and at a place called Southend, again comes forward into public view. Here it forms a pretty little lake, flowing round an island popularly called Jack Cade's Island, from a tradition that the celebrated rebel of that name used to find shelter in its cover. From this point it winds through Southend and Catford to Lewisham, where it formerly bifurcated, the larger branch flowing behind the village, the smaller through the centre of the public street. From Lewisham the stream soon begins to lose its romance, and is here joined by a not inconsiderable tributary, the Quaggy, which in rainy weather brings down torrents of water, and manages, with the waters of the Ravensbourne, to do considerable damage to the house-property which, in defiance of the laws of prudence, has been built on the lower levels.

At two miles below Lewisham, the Ravensbourne becomes a tidal river from its connection with the Thames. Instead of green fields and rich pastures and leafy glens, its waters, polluted by all kinds of filth, now flow past mills and sheds and dingy factories, till presently the waters lose themselves in those of the Thames. Rising in a healthy, breezy moorland, in the depths of the country, the Ravensbourne terminates its career in mud and filth, and amidst grimy wharfs and dingy factories. Yet the whole distance from its source to its termination is not more than about ten miles as the crow flies,

and possibly not more than fifteen in all its meanderings. And yet few streams, considering their length, present greater attractions to the wandering artist.

A NEST-BUILDING WATER-BEETLE.

FROM a young entomologist who has evidently studied his subject well, we have the following interesting notes regarding a nest-building water-beetle; and as the natural history of our ponds and ditches is daily becoming more popular, we gladly offer the little sketch to our readers. Our young friend writes as follows:

One of the most curious and interesting objects to be found in stagnant ponds is the nest or cocoon containing the eggs of our largest water-beetle, the *Hydrophilus piceus*. This beetle—unlike the other large water-beetle, *Dytiscus marginalis*, which lays its eggs loose in the water—prepares for the reception of its eggs a most elegant and beautifully adapted nest. It is spun by the female; and consists of a hollow case nearly resembling in shape and appearance, externally, a small white turnip-radish with the root cut off, the upper surface being somewhat flatter than the under side; but instead of the green tuft of leaves of the radish, there is at one extremity of the cocoon an upright or nearly upright spike of a brown colour, tapering to a point, and expanded into a flat triangular form at the side of the cocoon.

The cocoon is formed of silk and a gummy secretion looking very like common whity-brown paper; and its walls are about the thickness of ordinary note-paper; but on one side, just beneath the triangular termination of the spike, and halfway to the bottom of the cocoon, this paper-like substance is replaced by a loose silky film, by breaking through which the young larvæ escape as soon as the eggs are hatched. On making a section of the cocoon by cutting it through longitudinally, it will be seen to be very like an oval bag, flattened above, filled with a quantity of silky down; which downy or silky substance extends upwards into the spike, and downwards to one side, where, as already mentioned, it replaces the more solid substance of the rest of the cocoon. The eggs are placed behind this filmy substance, extending nearly to the other end of the bag, and appear to be attached to the flattened roof and bottom of the cocoon by thin silk. The spike is composed of a somewhat similar substance to the rest of the exterior of the cocoon; but is of a closer nature, and thicker and stronger make. The nest measures an inch across, and is about seven lines deep—the height from the tip of the spike to the bottom of the cocoon being about an inch and a half. This is about the average, different specimens varying considerably in the height of the spike, &c.

The cocoon before the eggs are hatched is very buoyant; and although, if left to float undisturbed and free in still water, it is generally so balanced that the spike remains uppermost, a very slight disturbing cause, such as a water-snail crawling over it, will overturn the frail barque, and leave the spike pointing to the bottom of the pond. It is evidently not in accordance with the well-being of the eggs that this should happen, for the cocoons are almost always found attached either to the tall grasses growing at the margin of the pond, or

the nest is built on the under side of a floating aquatic leaf, the spike protruding just beyond the edge of the leaf.

It will be observed that both these positions offer good protection to the nest, by rendering it not easily seen from above; still, as one would imagine the greatest danger to the eggs would be from beneath the water, it may be fairly concluded that this position is not chosen by the parent beetle as a protection from the attacks of aquatic insects. I have no doubt, however, that the nests are damaged by the attacks of natural enemies; for I have found the cocoon floating loose with holes made through it, and most of the eggs gone, and the rest bad. The nest is not invariably attached in this way; for I have found it fixed to and surrounded by the green *confervæ* which float in ponds.

After the eggs are hatched, the empty nest still floats for a time; but it afterwards sinks, as though saturated and soddened with water; and from experiments I have made with cocoons recently hatched, I find the substance of which they are composed is, for a reason which I shall presently explain, not impervious to water, as it will pass through it more or less rapidly.

These nests, each of which contains about fifty eggs, may be found during June in the neighbourhood of London and elsewhere; the latest day I have taken one unhatched is the first of July. When hatched, the young larvæ are about seven or eight lines long, and swim very freely; and it is a curious fact that they will often crawl back into the nest after having left it.

The heads of these larvæ are armed with a pair of mandibles, which are curved inwards and upwards from their bases; and in this stage these insects exhibit the singular habit of bending back the head when feeding, so that the food carried between the mandibles is rested on the back, giving the necessary purchase for the action of the jaws; and so great is the power in these larvæ of turning back the head, that when viewed from above, the under side only of the head is seen, the back being at the same time curved, so as to form a more firm support to the morsel of food. Their food is small aquatic mollusca; and when young, they appear to subsist principally on water-snails recently hatched.

I am not clear as to the purpose served by the spike attached to the cocoon. It has been considered as intended to carry air to the interior; but I think that if this were its use, the spike would most probably be entirely hollow, and would terminate in a distinct orifice open to the air. But this I cannot find to be the case. Moreover, as the cocoon floats on the surface of the water, and is not water-tight, the air would—except when the cocoon is attached to the under side of a leaf—penetrate the substance of the body of the cocoon which is above the water. It is, I think, possible that a continually changing supply of water may be necessary to the preservation of the eggs; and supposing this to enter through the thin integument through which the larvæ subsequently escape—as they would readily do, this portion being under water—the moisture may be brought in contact with the eggs, and then slowly ascend the spike, and be gradually evaporated through its substance.

I believe the existence of the spike is necessary to the cocoon; for in the case of two specimens, I cut off the spike, and neither of these hatched. This may possibly have arisen from another cause; but the inference to be deduced from the fact is, that the spike is by no means an unnecessary appendage.

PASSENGERS' LUGGAGE.

In this *Journal* of 14th July 1879 appeared an article on the defective arrangements which exist on the English railways with reference to 'Passengers' Luggage.' The article is quite true as regards railways generally; but a correspondent draws our attention to an exception to this rule, which, in justice to the well-managed Company in question, we willingly notice. He says: 'Whoever, like myself, has been a passenger by the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, has found the great convenience of an arrangement, simple in itself, but fraught with advantages, in the treatment of personal luggage. It is enough in summing up its advantages to say that the traveller is relieved of all care, trouble, and responsibility. I am going to Brighton, and have with me say five parcels of personal luggage. The porter who meets me at the cab accompanies me to the ticket-labeller, who labels each parcel "Brighton" with a special number, say 263. He gives me a similar ticket, bearing the same destination and number. I trouble myself no further with the luggage, which in due course is put into the luggage-van of the train I am going by. When I arrive at Brighton, I call a porter of the Company, and give him the ticket I hold, telling him the number of packages it represents; and they are given to him by the guard on his surrendering the ticket. Thus, after the luggage is labelled, no one can obtain possession of it but the holder of the ticket; whilst, when it reaches its destination, there is no confusion as to its identity, nor any fear that it can be obtained possession of by any but the lawful owner.'

Other Companies would do well to follow.

TWILIGHT'S HOUR.

The sunlight on a waveless sea
In softened radiance fadeeth slowly.
The folded flower, the mist-crowned tree,
Proclaim the gathering twilight holy.

It is the hour when Passion bows:
A solemn stillness round us lingers;
And on our wildly throbbing brows
We feel the touch of angel fingers.

It is the hour when lovers fond
(For Love its native air is breathing)
Drape with fair hopes Life's drear beyond,
Gay garlands for the future wreathing.

It is the hour when in far land,
The wanderer tired of ceaseless roaming,
Longs for the clasp of kindred hand,
And the dear home enwrapt in gloaming.

It is the hour when mankind hears,
Amid Earth's mingled moans and laughter,
Chords which will swell when unborn years
Are buried in the great Hereafter.

W. F. E. I.

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JUDGE BATHGATE'S LECTURING EXCURSIONS.

MR JOHN BATHGATE, whom we have described as being absent on leave from his duties as District Judge in Otago, New Zealand, is now about to return to the colony; and at our request, has favoured us with a few notes regarding the work he has gone through since his arrival in Great Britain. These notes on his Lecturing Excursions are in various ways interesting. They shew what can be done for the public advantage by a person of by no means robust constitution, who is regardless of trouble, and feels animated by a desire of doing good. Mr Bathgate's object was to make known the eligibility of New Zealand as a field for immigration to farmers, capitalists, and others. For this purpose, he prepared a series of Lectures on his voyage to England, some of them being written on his passage up the Red Sea, and the others matured during his residence in Peebles, Edinburgh, and elsewhere. Besides this laborious exertion, he prepared a book on the same subject, entitled, 'New Zealand, its Resources and Prospects,' which has been published at a small price, and has had a large circulation. We have no doubt the book has effectually fulfilled its design; and, along with the Lectures delivered at various towns to large and appreciative audiences, will have influenced many to fix on New Zealand as a desirable place of settlement. When we consider that Mr Bathgate is not a professional land-agent, and has no purpose to serve, further than the pleasure of recording his convictions, drawn from personal knowledge and well-ascertained facts, we may view him as one who unselfishly gives up his leisure for the public benefit.

Taking a review of his proceedings before quitting Edinburgh in May, to take shipping in the Thames for New Zealand, he writes as follows: 'In the course of November last, I had the pleasure of delivering lectures at the following Scottish towns: Haddington, Dirleton, Dalkeith, Selkirk, Innerleithen, and Peebles. I was everywhere well received; but while the meetings were

very successful and the audiences apparently much interested, no practical results followed. This probably arose from the fact that the land in Scotland is principally held on lease for nineteen years, and the tenants accordingly were unable to contemplate immediate emigration. The plan I generally adopted in a lecture was to assume that, in order to obviate the intense competition which had raised rents to an abnormal height, it was necessary that some of the farmers, especially the younger men, should leave for a new country. The question was then asked: Where should they go to? I answered I would select the country which had the greatest number of points of excellence for insuring success in agriculture and comfort in life. The points suggested were: 1. A genial and healthful climate. 2. A fertile soil. 3. Good communications by roads and railways. 4. Abundance of water and fuel. 5. Freedom from locusts, mosquitoes, and other insect plagues. 6. Variety in production—that is, a country having something else than agriculture to depend on, such as wool, gold, manufactures, &c. 7. Ready market. 8. Social advantages, such as good education; and 9. Good government, law, and order. I shewed where some colonies were deficient in several important points, and proved that New Zealand was the only country known which possessed the whole of these qualifications in happy combination. In every case where, after the facts were fully stated, I asked for a favourable opinion from the audience, it was accorded with acclamations almost bordering on enthusiasm.

'In December I went to London; and while there, I received a pressing invitation from Mr Alderman Hedley of Tynemouth to visit him at his place, West Chirton House, near North Shields. I went down to see him, and found that he had just returned from New Zealand. About two years ago, he became afflicted with severe nervous depression. He tried a ramble through France, Germany, and Italy; and returned home without improvement. The medical men urged that he should take a long voyage to Melbourne. He

yielded most reluctantly to their advice, and sailed for Melbourne. When he arrived there, he felt he was better in his general health; but his burden still weighed him down. Having letters of introduction to New Zealand friends, he next went thither, and was hospitably received at a station in Southland. In fourteen days he became a new man. The depression left him, and he was able to ride forty miles at a stretch, whilst in England he could not have ridden four to save his life. He attributed the beneficial change to the exhilarating and pure atmosphere. He travelled all over the colony in the enjoyment of unbounded pleasure in the new scenes which came before him; and after making numerous friends, he returned to England in November last, loud in his praises of the colony, and feeling as if he could not be grateful enough for the benefits he had received. It was kindly arranged that I should deliver lectures in Newcastle, Darlington, and Middlesborough, and each of them proved an unqualified success. At Newcastle, the Mayor presided, and the room was packed with a thousand people.

'At this meeting, I felt I had a thorough command of the audience; and before I was done, there was so much interest excited, that if I could have said a ship was waiting at the quay in which they might embark for New Zealand, it seemed as if a third at least of the audience would have been willing to go. Mr Hedley followed with a few graphic sentences, corroborating my statements, and giving his recent experience. Immediately after the vote of thanks to the chairman, the platform was mobbed by eager inquirers. The articles in *Chambers's Journal* had proved excellent pioneers, and were undoubtedly the means of drawing together the large attendance. Several of the gentlemen present had made up their minds to leave—men with capital, the very stamp of settlers we require. One intelligent farmer came forty miles to be present, and he has since given up his farm, and is arranging for his immediate departure. Similar meetings were held at Darlington and Middlesborough. A lady at Darlington, a councillor's wife, waited to be introduced to me, and declared with empressment "It was a charming lecture," and she had enjoyed it so much!

'After a very pleasant week, I returned to London. I then received a kind invitation from Mr Joseph Tangye, a member of the celebrated firm of Tangye Brothers of Birmingham, to visit him at his seat, Tickenhill, near Bewdley, in the valley of the Severn. He had been a constant reader of *Chambers's Journal* since his boyhood. He had been much taken with the articles on New Zealand. The little book had now been published; and he was so pleased with it, that he bought half-a-dozen copies to circulate among his friends. He arranged for a meeting at Kidderminster, three miles distant from his home.

'This meeting passed off equally well with those previous. The Mayor occupied the chair; and as he had recently returned from a tour in New Zealand, he confirmed my statements in his address at the close of the lecture. At the conclusion of my remarks, the applause was very hearty, one lady in front of the gallery so earnest, that she looked as if she would never tire waving her handkerchief. Through Mr Tangye's friend, the lamented Mr J. S. Wright, M.P. for

Nottingham, I was invited to address the Chamber of Commerce, Birmingham. This I did one afternoon with good effect to a crowded meeting, and received a cordial vote of thanks. I took up the question of the indebtedness of the colony, and shewed that the real point was not its amount, but whether it could be profitably used. Mr Wright had informed me that he would catechise me on the debt; but my argument and facts seemed to be appreciated, as no questions were put regarding it. While at Birmingham, I was conducted through the extensive works of Tangye Brothers. In the yard waiting to be tested were two large cranes for the Dunedin Harbour Board. No engine or article is allowed to leave the works until thoroughly tested. The consequence is that the raised letters "Tangye Brothers" are an acknowledged guarantee for excellence. The firm had often been asked by merchants to put the name of the party ordering on the engine, as is done in cutlery; but they have invariably refused, on the ground that they were responsible, and that they wished by care and good workmanship to make their name a voucher for a high standard of excellence.

'After this I was invited to lecture at Leeds, Hull, Louth, and Lincoln; when the dissolution of parliament took place, and disorganised all my plans. As I had to leave Great Britain in the end of May, I have had to renounce the idea, with much regret, of visiting these places. The only engagement I kept was to address the Midland Farmers' Club on May 13th. I had a pleasant meeting there, and an animated discussion followed my address. I understand several of the members have it in contemplation to give up their leases, which are shorter than those in Scotland, with a view to emigrate to New Zealand. I may mention that altogether, as the result of my efforts, considerably over one hundred thousand pounds of capital will flow into the colony with intending settlers from various parts of Britain.

'On every occasion I have discouraged labourers from proceeding to the colony until better times follow the want of employment consequent on the recent monetary crisis. My efforts have been chiefly in the direction of submitting facts for the consideration of farmers with capital, that they might decide whether they would not materially better their circumstances by emigrating to one of the most fertile of our colonies, instead of wasting their energies and resources in vainly striving here against the fierce competition arising against them in other food-producing countries. In all my labours, the articles in *Chambers's Journal*, a periodical which seems to penetrate everywhere, have been most powerful helps. They led to a flood of correspondence, as I have received and answered above a thousand letters from all parts of the world; but I have not grudged the trouble, confidently believing that while I was promoting the interest of my adopted country in the discharge of that duty, I was conferring a favour on many in making known the true elements which alone could lead to success on the part of those who might emigrate thither.

Successful as Mr Bathgate's Lecturing tours have been, it is proper to say that his averments have not been unchallenged. Writers in a Dunedin newspaper having questioned some of his facts, on that subject being referred to in the 'Hadding-

tonshire Courier,' Mr Bathgate wrote to the last-mentioned paper as follows:

'I have on no occasion stated as a fact that which I do not fully believe, my belief being based on trustworthy evidence. If you will turn to page 44 of "New Zealand, its Resources and Prospects," a copy of which I forward, you will find the following sentence: "The following estimates have been carefully prepared by an experienced land-owner near Oamaru, in the very centre of the finest wheat-growing district, and may be considered reliable." The point is, whether the testimony of this land-owner is reliable. I therefore give his name and standing. He is Mr John Reid of Elderslie, North Otago, a colonist, like myself, of seventeen years' standing. By his integrity, skill, and enterprise, he has amassed a large fortune, all made in the colony. He is the owner of eighteen thousand acres of the finest agricultural land, in a high state of cultivation. He is universally respected, and his assistance is desired upon every public board on which he is willing to act. He has just been selected by the government as a member of a Royal Commission appointed to inquire and report on the working and administration of our railways. Surely a gentleman of this standing is more reliable than an anonymous writer in a newspaper, who gives no facts to support his opinion. The leading daily paper in Dunedin, "The Otago Daily Times," also expressed a doubt as to the accuracy of my statements. This called forth a most convincing letter from Mr Reid, which the editor published and added: "We with pleasure insert the letter, and are quite satisfied that all the statements of fact have been accurately made." I now inclose you the letter, and as it contains much which cannot fail to be interesting to your readers, I have to request that you insert it as appendix to this communication. I may add that New Zealand has carried off the first prize at the Sydney Exhibition for malting barley and oats. According to files just to hand, the following rates per acre are not unusual this last harvest in the best districts—namely, wheat, sixty bushels; barley, seventy bushels; and oats from eighty to one hundred bushels. It has been a fine season. I leave your readers to compare these rates with those of the very finest seasons in East Lothian.'

The following is Mr Reid's letter to the Editor of the 'Otago Daily Times,' above referred to by Mr Bathgate. As it is important, we give it entire:

'SIR—My attention has been called to an article in your issue of the 10th inst., which I had overlooked, questioning the truth of certain statements made by Mr Bathgate which appeared in *Chambers's Journal* some time since. The statements referred to are not only not overdrawn, but are considerably under the mark. I accept the responsibility of proving their correctness, as they were furnished by me to Mr Bathgate. He instances a farmer who bought a farm for fifteen pounds per acre, and cleared that sum out of his first year's crop. The farmer referred to is Mr Thomas Rainforth, of Teaneraiki, whose land adjoins my own; and consequently I had ample opportunity of seeing and knowing of the result referred to. The land was cultivated in a proper manner—a thing which is too seldom the case. The crop sown was barley with grass and clover seed. The yield was seventy

bushels of first-quality grain, besides a quantity of second quality, and the price obtained for the crop in Oamaru was five shillings and eightpence per bushel, which brought the gross yield to over twenty pounds sterling per acre. The whole expense connected with the crop was under four pounds sterling per acre; thus leaving a net return of sixteen pounds sterling, instead of fifteen as stated. In addition to this, the pasture obtained from an outlay of a few shillings per acre for seed is as luxuriant as could be desired, and adds considerably to what Mr Rainforth gains by the crop. Mr Thomson of Columella, also an adjoining proprietor, thrashed out a crop of barley at the same time, which yielded over eighty bushels first-class grain, and which gave a correspondingly large result; in his case nearly doubling the amount paid for the land on which it grew. In both cases those results were obtained by having first-rate land and giving the crop proper cultivation, the proprietors also being fortunate in getting a good price for their produce.

'I could point out numerous instances where net returns of five to fifteen pounds sterling per acre have been made from good land here, but shall content myself in the present instance with merely vindicating the statements referred to in your article of the 10th inst.

'You also doubt the correctness of the statement that a farmer may make twelve hundred pounds sterling per annum from a farm of five hundred acres: this statement I maintain is also under the mark. Mr Bathgate supplies particulars as to how this result may be obtained during an average of seasons. Those figures are very moderately stated. I am aware of much better average results having been obtained from similar areas during the past seven years. As you are doubtless aware, many men embark in farming pursuits who neither have land of their own, capital, nor agricultural experience. Such men have not only to pay the very highest rates of interest, but they are also charged heavy commissions for advances of money. Such interest and commission, although perhaps not too much when the risk to the lender is considered, are a heavy burden to the borrower; and if combined with an utter want of agricultural knowledge and experience, failure is almost a certainty. Such are not the men to whom Mr Bathgate refers, but to those whose five-hundred-acre farms are their own and free of debt, and who have a capital of not less than three pounds sterling per acre to stock the land and work with.

'He assumes that the land is of good quality, and near to a market or port of shipment, as his estimate of its cost will shew—namely, fourteen pounds sterling per acre. His figures, which are based upon very moderate yields and prices, shew a net return of eleven hundred and forty-five pounds sterling (L.1145) from the working of the five hundred acres, after deducting all properly chargeable working expenses, rates, taxes, &c. For the remainder I will copy his statement, namely: "The sum of L.1145 being left as the balance after paying expenses, is chargeable with rent, or interest of the capital expended in purchasing the land. Estimating the cost of the land at fourteen pounds an acre, this at seven and a half per cent, gives a charge of 21s. per acre, or L.525 on the farm. Deducting this from the net profit, a balance is left of L.620 for the tenant's income;

being 40 per cent. interest on his capital (£1500) invested in stocking the farm." Your remark with reference to the book which he is said to be compiling is, I think, rather unkind and quite unnecessary. However, he is so well known and respected by those who know him, that your advice is not likely to be taken; and his book when published will, I doubt not, be the means of assisting to benefit the colony, and many deserving farmers in Great Britain, who may be influenced thereby to throw in their lot with us.—I am, &c. JOHN REID, *Elderslie, 20th February.*

These letters afford the best evidence of Mr Bathgate's accuracy, as well as of his caution in making statements. There is, however, no end to cavilling. We observe that in a newspaper he is found fault with on the ground that the colony is at present labouring under a severe financial pressure, and that land is selling at reduced prices. To our mind, these ought to be inducements, instead of drawbacks, as far as immigrants with capital are concerned. Now, apparently, is the time for young agriculturists to emigrate to buy tracts of land at a cheap rate with ready-money. By putting off a year or two, during which prices may recover, the chance of getting a bargain may be gone. From the arguments employed by the newspaper in question, it would appear that people should give up trying to better themselves because bankers, through the effects of panic, have restricted their loans. Such restrictions send a shiver only over those who depend on discounting bills and otherwise borrowing. The man who is able to pay his way and to carry on his transactions with cash, has nothing to fear from financial derangements. What intimidates others, inspires him with enterprise. Immigrants with capital, therefore, besides benefiting themselves, would go far towards strengthening the financial condition of the colony, and what seems desirable, they would give employment to the wage-receiving classes, both as regards land and manufacturing industry.

Every piece of fresh information we receive confirms the impression made by Mr Bathgate's luminous statements, that New Zealand has attractions for agriculturists possessing a fair share of capital and spirit, beyond what are offered by any new country we are acquainted with. In conclusion, we take it upon us to thank Judge Bathgate for the trouble he has taken in making the merits of New Zealand so well known to the people of Great Britain. We wish him a pleasant voyage to the colony, and hope that there, the efforts he has made among us will be duly appreciated.

W. C.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER XXIII.—HISTORY.

'There is a spark of goodness here.'

ON a day in spring, when the birds seemed mad with jollity, a little child came singing down a country lane. She carried a basket on her arm, and in one hand she jingled together some eight or ten copper pieces. Two or three fleecy clouds set off the perfect blue of the sky; a light wind, full of the fresh scent of trees and flowers and country earth, fanned the child's face; and no bird in the

hedges or the trees about her sang a blither song than hers. As she danced down the lane, there appeared in the highway before her the figure of a diminutive man in a coat made of an old sack, and corduroy trousers much too large for him. He had a spiky white beard and moustache, and he wore a silk hat battered out of all shape, and foul with dirt. The little maid skipped gaily on rattling her coppers, and the diminutive man paused to regard her. He heard the jingle of the money in her hand, and looked cautiously up and down the road.

'Where are you going, my little dear?' he said as she approached him.

The bits of blue sky which shone in the damsel's eyes clouded, and she stopped with a look of affright. The little man shuffled up to her, and with a sudden cruel grip, caught the child by the wrist and gave her a sharp wrench. She screamed faintly, and dropped both her money and her basket. The little man picked them up, and looking about him with an air of indecision for a moment, flung the basket over the nearest hedge, then put the coppers into his pocket, shook his fist at the child, grinned, and walked away. The little maiden only a minute before so glad and fearless, sat down and wept bitterly. Home was her only refuge, and she trembled to go home, and she was afraid to stay in the lane, which now seemed so dangerous and lonely. So you see she had nothing left but to sit there and cry broken-heartedly.

Perhaps half an hour later, came that way a man with deep sunken black eyes and a sallow face half hidden in a great black beard laced with gray. His black hair hung about his face and neck, and there were many white hairs intermingled with it. He was dressed in broken garments, and his boots scarce clung to his feet. As he walked on slowly with downcast eyes, the noise of the child's weeping struck his ear, and he looked about in a slow dazed inquiring way, as if the sound hurt him. Following the child's cry, he turned into the lane, and there saw the little girl lying on a grassy hillock with her face in her hands. He knelt down beside her and spoke soothingly. 'What is it? Poor little woman. What is it?'

The child looked up at him with her large blue eyes quite overbrimmed with tears. She could not stop crying all at once. Her little breast heaved, and her open lips quivered, and the blue eyes overflowed; but she stretched her arms out to the ragged tramp, as if she trusted him; and he sitting on the hillock, took her on his knee, and put one arm about her neck, and petted and soothed her until she could speak. Then with many sobs, she told her story; and the tramp having heard her to the end, first scrambled through the hedge and restored her basket; and then shewing her a shilling, asked her if that was as much as had been stolen from her. She could not tell; but he bade her run to complete her errand; and away she went with her fears banished and her trouble over. The tramp looked after her for a minute before he resumed his walk. He had parted with his last coin, and now for the first time in his life was penniless. Yet he cared little

for that as he went upon his way. He had nothing to walk for and nowhere to go, yet he walked with a dogged downcast perseverance, which to the eye of any, one who had troubled to observe him would have seemed to indicate a purpose. Once or twice men garbed like himself passed him on the way and flung him a rough salutation; but he returned no answer. The sun went down and the air began to be chilly, and he walked on shivering. The darkening road stretched out before him lonely and sad in the twilight. He leaned over a gate and peered into the fields; then climbed the gate, and sauntered to a hay-stack, beside which some twenty or thirty bundles of straw had been thrown down. He nestled under the lee of the stack, and drew the great bundles of straw over him; and lay there dry and snug until a refreshing warmth came over him, and he fell asleep. He was up before dawn, for fear of discovery, and plodding along the road again in the cold and darkness. He grew dolefully hungry; but at that season of the year the fields were bare, and there was no chance for a penniless man to pick up anything. He walked all day, and housed himself at night in a barn to which he found a chance entrance. Next day saw him again upon the road, travelling more slowly and with greater effort, but still bent nowhere, and utterly without a purpose, though his dogged perseverance might have made it seem to one who watched him that he was walking away from death to life. That night he found another sheltering hay-stack, out of which he dragged enough hay to make room for his body. He lay down there, and pulled the surplus hay over him; and the racking of his rheumatic limbs and the pangs of an empty stomach kept him awake all night. Next day he sighted London, and went on with wearier and ever wearier feet in the profitless race against his own shadow, refusing at every step to know that he could go no farther.

In one of the outlying districts of London, an enterprising tradesman had lined the back of the window in which he displayed his goods with gorgeously panelled mirrors. The tramp came by in the sunshine and looked at the window. The tradesman stood at his own door and surveyed the sunlit street and the striped shop-blinds, and looked kindly on a thirsty dog which went to the waterman's bucket opposite. But observing that the human Pariah paused before his window, the tradesman turned and eyed him with suspicion. For his part, the tramp paused in perfect vacuity of mind, and in a mood so dreamy and unob-servant, that he took the reflected image of himself for the actual solid body of some person standing in the shop. And being, as we have seen already, of a tender heart, he felt a dim pity stir within him at the sight of that melancholy spectacle. Stained with travel, ragged, bent, miserably shod, the creature standing there in the shop seemed deserving of pity. But as the tramp outside raised his head and moved his hand, an answering motion arrested his regard, and he saw in a second the trick his mind and eyes had played him. More than the third part of a year had gone by since he had consciously beheld the similitude of himself in a glass, and then he had seen a figure so different from this that his momentary failure to recognise himself need scarcely be regarded with surprise. He had been gay, and well dressed,

and young, and splendidly handsome five months ago; and now this human scarecrow, who looked so hungrily and mournfully back at him from the gold-bound mirror—this was he—this bowed and bent and broken wretch with the knotted black beard, gray-sprinkled, that flowed over his sunken breast, and the elf-locks with silver lines in them—himself and no other. And all this breaking in upon him, not as it is here set down, but like a lightning flash for swiftness and terribleness, he clasped his hands with one heart-rending groan, and his eyes grew so dim that the mirror and its reflection were blotted out of sight. At the sound of the groan the tradesman came off the door-step.

‘What’s the matter?’

The tramp turned his eyes upon him for one instant, and no more; and then with his hands drooping and clasped piteously before him, and his head bent downwards, he crawled on, dragging one foot after the other. The tradesman took a step in pursuit, and sent a thumb and finger into his own waistcoat-pocket, whence they returned with a shilling between them; and the man half-benevolent, half-suspicious in mood, sending one glance after the retreating figure and another over the way, saw his rival tradesman regarding the tramp and him with a smile of satiric humour. That decided him. He followed the pitiable figure, slipped the shilling into the clasped hands, and shot himself shamefacedly back into his own shop again. The tramp faltered in his walk, and looked down upon the coin. He turned slowly; but he could see no one in the street, and he did not know from whom the gift had come. ‘Humiliated?’ the tramp said to himself questioningly. ‘What right have I to feel humiliated?’ But he had been proud, and this first offer of charity was very bitter to him. The bread he ate tasted of charity, hungry and empty as he was, and his swelling throat almost refused it.

The streets grew fuller and busier as he neared the City; and the lights springing up in the thin dusk, and the roll of carts and cabs, and the hoarse murmur of the distant streets, were to him accustomed things, and full of remembrances. What had moved him back to London? He could not tell. How should he live there? Where bestow himself? He could not tell. At length he found himself on London Bridge. Was there any temptation there? Ay! The dirty stream that ran oilily about the wharves and the greasy mud-banks, and stole in such filthy smoothness round the boats that lay moored in mid-stream—vaguely seen past the lights that rose in the thin spring dusk—called to him with a voice which found a ready answer. But though one half his soul clamoured with an eager cry for the rest that lay there, he shook his head in answer to that inward call and muttered: ‘No. That is the basest end of all. Let the close come how and when it may, I can’t seek it wilfully.’ And in answer to that resolved murmur, rose an inward voice of longing: ‘Let the end come soon;’ and he muttered again, shaking his gray sprinkled head: ‘Amen to that. Let it come soon—let it come soon.’ In this sorrowful case, still furtively munching the bitter bread of charity, and walking with his face bent downwards, shadowed by the drooping hat he wore and by his matted hair, he let his feet carry him whither they

would. He had wandered back to Holborn—for he had come up from the Western country—and the spring dusk had given way to night. A fretful wind teased itself with moanings until a close fine rain came down and stilled it. He was standing on the pavement facing Chancery Lane, when a private cab came by, rasping the kerbstone, and pulled up within three or four yards of him. 'Hold that there for me a minute, will you, mate?' said a whining voice in the tramp's ear; and before he knew it, he found himself holding a street-sweeper's broom. The owner of the broom had taken charge of the horse in the private cab; and the owner of the cab had swung himself out of it, and had gone with a hurried step along Warwick Court. The horse was restive, and insisted on going forward. The man who had assumed the charge of him was either unable to control, or unwilling to provoke the horse; and the cab was taken on slowly for perhaps a dozen yards, when it was brought to a stand behind a great wagon which blocked up that side of the way. Scarcely noting these things, the tramp stood at the kerbstone beneath a lamp-post, and directly at the head of the crossing, broom in hand. 'Hi, sweeper!' said a comfortable voice; and the tramp saw a gloved hand extended towards him. Mechanically he put out his own hand, and a sixpenny-piece dropped into it from the gloved thumb and finger. Then, by some unaccountable accident, another and another and another charitably disposed soul came by; and although the tramp solicited nothing—perhaps partly because of that—copper pieces were dropped one by one into his hand, until, when the sweeper came back to claim his broom, his *locum tenens* had something like two shillings waiting for him.

'Why, whatever's this?' cried the sweeper in amazement, as the tramp put the sixpence and the little pile of coppers in the hand held out for the broom.

'It is yours,' said the tramp. 'It was given to me as I stood in your place, and was meant for you of course.'

'Oh, I say, mate,' cried the sweeper, 'you are a real true good sort; and what extraordinary luck you do have, to be sure.' The sweeper was a thin and faded man, dressed in somebody's cast-off suit of black broadcloth. Somebody's suit had been highly respectable once upon a time, and was sunk into a deeper disgrace of seediness by reason of that old respectability. Some feeble attempt had been made to patch its looped and windowed raggedness; but little fragments of torn cloth shook at the man's shoulders and elbows and knees, and the skirts of his coat were vandyked with rags. The tramp had drooped his head again after one look at the sweeper, and had turned away; but the other followed him, and said, with a sort of reluctant haste: 'No; look here, mate; half of this ought to belong to you. No, sir; I'm poor, and I may have took to drink; but I've allays kep' my 'ed above water in the way of honesty, and I really couldn't. O dear, no—I really couldn't.'

'Are you so scrupulous?' asked the tramp, turning round upon him wearily.

'Which, speakin' fair and honest, sir,' the sweeper answered, 'I really am, sir. I couldn't do it. O dear, no—I really couldn't do it.' He counted the money with his shaky fingers, and

proffered half of it to the tramp, who only shook his head in answer.

'O please!' said the sweeper in his whining voice. 'Don't think me indelicate or over-pressin'; but I really couldn't keep it. I've seen better days, though I am a crossing-sweeper now; and I really couldn't demean myself to keep it.'

The tramp faced round again, and regarded him attentively. 'There is a spark of goodness here,' he thought; 'though not many would have suspected it. The man is thoroughly in earnest; and who am I of all men in the world that I should trample a good impulse down?' There came into his mind, as though a voice long silent had repeated them, these words: 'The bruised reed I will not break, the smoking flax I will not quench.' And that long-silent voice which whispered to his soul, seemed to lay a commandment on him. 'You will feel the want of this to-morrow,' said the tramp, as he held out his hand, and the sweeper placed the money, wet with the dismal rain, in his palm.

'Which we'll try to 'ope not, sir,' the other answered, and stopped before a flaring public-house. 'I haven't had a drop to-day,' he said, passing his hand across his mouth. 'Will you come in and take share of half a quatern?'

'No!' said the tramp with a little inward shudder.

'I beg your pardon,' said the other in his querulous whining tones, 'for asking you; but I've seen better days myself; and any one can see, sir, as you've not been used to this, sir, when you speak.'

'Can you tell me where I can get lodgings for the night?' asked the tramp, ignoring the dubious compliment. 'I am very poor. I had only tenpence when you shared with me.'

'If you'll only wait for me half a minute,' returned the sweeper, 'I'll take you to as good a place as there is. It isn't far, sir, and I'm going there myself.'

Receiving a nod of assent, he shambled into the gin-shop; and after a pause of a minute, came shambling out again, rubbing the back of his hand relishingly across his bristly lips. He led his companion along Holborn and into Oxford Street, and crossing the road with a brief injunction to the tramp to follow, went down a dark and noisome passage which led into a court-yard. At the far end of the court burned one oil-lamp, a feeble blur of light on the darkness. 'A good many of the steps is broken,' said the sweeper; 'and you'll have to feel along the wall, because the balusters has been broke up for firewood;' and with this caution, he preceded the stranger once more; and with now and then a warning word, made needful by the unsafeness and darkness of the way, led right to the top of the building. 'Wait there while I get a light,' said the tramp's guide, speaking out of dense darkness. The tramp stood still, and heard him prowling cautiously about the floor, sliding his feet before him, as if afraid to set them firmly down. After a while, the man struck a light, and found a candle; and then called the other to him. 'Step cautious,' he cried; 'you ain't used to the place, and there's a-many holes about.' The tramp not heeding this warning greatly, crossed the creaking floor, and in the dim light of the candle looked about the room in which he found himself. It was absolutely bare of

furniture, and held nothing, so far as he could see, but three tea-chests, a heap of shavings, and some ragged sacks.

'I haven't got a lock to the room,' said the sweeper, still whining, as though he was beseeching charity; 'and when I'm in luck, and I've got a bit of firing, Mrs Closky she keeps it for me in her place down-stairs.—Sit down here, sir,' he continued, placing one of the tea-chests bottom upwards, 'and I'll see about a fire.' Leaving his guest in the dark, he went down-stairs; and the tramp heard the murmur of conversation in the room below. He leaned his bearded chin upon his hands, and looked before him at the scenes which memory and fancy threw upon the black canvas of the night. They were many, and some of them were glad, but not one of them had any other lesson than despair for him. And suddenly, with no wish or conscious thought of his to bring them, the bridge and the river were before him, with dim blots of light upon the bridge against the thin spring dusk, and brightly scintillating sparks in the distance where the filthy stream went out of sight beneath the curtain of the gathering dark. And his whole soul yearned after the rest which lay within the bosom of the river, till he set his teeth and gripped his beard hard with both hands, and muttered to himself: 'Not that—not that. The coward's way. The meanest end of all. Not that, in God's name!' The slimy stream with its twinkling lights faded out of fancy's gaze; and the sweeper came stumbling up the broken stairs with the candle in his hand, and a lean sack thrown over his shoulder. Tumbling out a few handfuls of coal and wood upon the floor, he knelt down at the grate, and built up carefully the materials for a fire.

'Is this your own place?' asked the tramp, glad to turn his thoughts into any current but that in which they chose to run.

'Yes,' said the sweeper. 'It comes as cheap as Flight's Place; and I've been well to do in my time; and I can't bear the thoughts of mixing up along of them low riff-raff. Which that's what they are, I know right well, sir—the very lowest of the very low.'

'What is Flight's Place?' the tramp asked.

'It's a thieves' kitchen—nothing better, sir,' answered the sweeper, fanning the fire with his hat, 'close by where I had the pleasure of meeting you, sir.'

'Ay?' said the tramp.

'Not as I'd say,' the sweeper continued, 'as Bolter's Rents was exactly the kind of place as a man might care for to live in which had been well reared. But it's very quiet and retired-like, when you're at the top; and since the time when my poor wife died—my pardner-in-life which she is dead and gorn, sir—there ain't been one creetur in this room but me. That is, not except Dr Brand.'

'Dr Brand of Wimpole Street?'

'That's the same gentleman. Do you know him?' asked the sweeper.

'No,' said the tramp; 'but I have heard of him.'

'I daresay now, sir,' said the sweeper, leaving his place at the fire, which now burned brightly, and dragging one of the empty tea-chests before it, 'as you'd wonder what brought a gentleman like Dr Brand to think of coming here, sir?'

'What brought him here?' the tramp returned, trying to feel some interest in the other's chatter, and to shut out the thoughts which beat at the door of his own mind.

'Why,' said the sweeper, spreading his hands before the blaze, and basking in it, but speaking always in the same whining tones, 'me and my poor pardner which is gorn, meaning my wife, sir, kep' a stationer's shop, with a license for tobacco, close up against where Dr Brand formerly used for to live when he was younger in practice. An' he used to deal with us, which he put a deal of money in my way, and brought a lot of custom. Which when I'd been in business nine or ten 'ear, sir, I'd saved a bit of money; and I thought I'd venture for to enlarge the trade. And—— Ah!' broke out the sweeper, shaking his head dismally at the fire, 'what a fool I were for certain! I went to a man as had a office in Long Lane, which his name was Mister A. Tasker'——

A light shone suddenly in the tramp's dull eyes, and he lifted his head and looked in the speaker's face. His own countenance flushed crimson, and then paled again. He dropped his chin slowly upon his breast, and took his beard with both hands. The sweeper went on, noting nothing of his companion's agitation.

'And I borrowed more money off of him; and that was what broke me up; for he followed me that hard, and he did that persecute me. If you'll believe me, sir, I paid him four or five times over, which I shouldn't be surprised if I paid him six. And finally he came and sold me up.'

'Ay!' said the tramp. 'A blood-sucker.'

'Oh, you may well say that, sir,' cried his host, and maundered on again. But the tramp had fallen into a reverie, in which the other's words fell idly on his ear. He came out of his dream in time to hear the statement that *that* was what the sweeper called a judgment; and he in answer nodded and said 'Ay!' But he had missed a story which might have been of interest to him had he heard it. It was no other than the tale of Mr Tasker's fall as related in court three days before by the counsel who appeared against Closky.

The sweeper saw something of the tramp's pre-occupation, and forbore to speak further; but rising began to arrange for him a bed of shavings, and to apportion the sacks which were to cover him. The self-absorbed man took no notice of his movements, and was indeed by this time unconscious of his presence. The host went down-stairs again, taking the candle with him; and returning by-and-by with two rough and ragged blankets, threw one upon each of his improvised couches, and touched the tramp upon the shoulder, saying that he might go to bed when he would.

'What do you pay for this place?' asked the tramp, without turning round.

'I pay one-and-ninepence a week for it,' returned the sweeper. 'That's just threepence a night, you see. It comes as cheap as a lodging-house, and I have it to my own self.'

'Will you take me as a lodger for a week if I share the payment with you?' asked the tramp, bending above the scanty embers of the fire. 'I am tired, and I must rest for a day or two.'

'You can stay here and welcome,' whined the sweeper. 'I don't want nothink from a man as is poor and honest, like myself.'

'I will not stay unless you let me pay,' said the tramp.

'Very well,' said the other. 'It ain't my fault if I take the money. I don't ask for none. Mind that, sir.'

'There's tenpence-halfpenny, and I am your lodger for a week. Is that agreed?'

'That's agreed,' said the sweeper; and the new lodger cast himself wearily down upon the sacks and shavings, and drew the tattered blanket over him. The sweeper as he arranged his own bed to his mind, offered two or three remarks to his companion; but receiving no answer, lay down, curled himself up in his blanket, and fell fast asleep.

And it was in this wise that Frank Fairholt became a lodger in Bolter's Rents.

SOME SCIENTIFIC HOAXES.

It is not a little curious that men of science, notwithstanding their devotion to truth and critical examination of evidence, are so apt to be imposed upon by deceptions got up in their own particular study. Perhaps it is because they are disposed to confide in the honesty of others, and also that their enthusiasm carries them away and gets the better of their circumspection.

The most touching of all the scientific hoaxes with which we are acquainted was perpetrated in the eighteenth century. Although the ancients had again and again dug up fossils of animals, shells, and plants in excavating the ground and quarrying the rocks, they were very long in finding out their true nature. Some philosophers attributed them to a formative force in nature which moulded them as they were; some considered that the Creator had shaped them for some inexplicable reason; and latterly we find it generally held that they were either freaks of nature or relics of the Flood. These views especially prevailed with John Bartholomew Adam Beringer, a Professor at the University of Würzburg, who, in accordance with them, instructed his pupils that fossil remains or 'figured stones,' as they were called, were mere 'sports of nature.' Now, some of his mischievous young students were of opinion that they, as well as nature, might have some sport in making figure-stones; and accordingly they set to work and carved many curious and fantastic forms out of the soft limestone rock of the neighbouring hills, and buried them in the localities where the Professor was accustomed to dig for his fossil treasures. 'His delight at the discovery of these strange forms,' says Professor O. C. Marsh, the celebrated American geologist, 'encouraged further production, and taxed the ingenuity of these youthful imitators of nature's secret processes. At last Beringer had a large and unique collection of forms, new to him and to science, which he determined to publish to the world. After long and patient study, his work appeared in Latin, dedicated to the reigning Prince of the country, and illustrated with twenty-one folio plates. Soon after the book was published, the deception practised upon the credulous Professor became known; and in place of the glory he expected from his great undertaking, he encountered only ridicule and disgrace. He at once

endeavoured to repurchase and destroy the volumes already issued, and succeeded so far, that few copies of the first edition remain. His small fortune, which had been seriously impaired in bringing out his grand work, was exhausted in an effort to regain what was already issued, as the price rapidly advanced in proportion as fewer copies remained. He died in poverty, mortified at the failure of his life's work. It is said that some of his family, dissatisfied with the misfortune brought upon them by this disgrace and the loss of their patrimony, used a remaining copy for the production of a second edition, which met with a large sale, sufficient to repair the previous loss, and restore the family fortune! This work of Beringer's, in the end, exerted an excellent influence upon the dawning science of fossil remains. Observers became more cautious in announcing supposed discoveries, and careful study of natural objects gradually replaced vague hypotheses.'

We are here reminded of an anecdote which is related of a certain Edinburgh Professor of natural history who was engaged in delivering a course of lectures on Geology, but which had a result different from what was anticipated. One day a chosen band of his students acquired possession of a brickbat, which they painted a variety of specious hues, and placed amongst the other fossils and rocks on which their master was to discourse. The Professor illustrated his lecture by reference to the specimens before him on the table, saying, for example, as he went on: 'This is a piece of volcanic trap-rock,' or 'This is a piece of granite.' At length he came to the mysterious stranger with the gaudy livery, and after taking it up in his hands and examining it attentively for a few moments, he proceeded: 'And gentlemen, this is, I am sorry to say, a piece of foolishness.'

The cases of scientific imposition which we have thus far cited had at least a harmless intent; but there are instances of others which were either conceived in recklessness or malice. The figure of Newton in the scientific imagination is only comparable to that of Shakspeare in poetry; and his extraordinary fame chiefly rests on his grand discovery of the law of universal gravitation. To take away this from his credit would be like proving that *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Othello*, and the *Merchant of Venice* were purloined by Shakspeare from some other pen. Nevertheless this is precisely what was attempted some years ago by a learned member of the French Academy of Sciences, M. Chasles, who must not be confounded with M. Philarete Chasles. Chasles declared that Newton had pilfered his discovery from an older source, and the news fell upon the scientific world like a bombshell. To prove his assertions, M. Chasles produced a show of faded yellow manuscripts, purporting to be letters from Pascal to Sir Isaac, containing the germ of the great idea. The documents were plainly ancient, for the ink had been tested by chemical means; it was remarked, however, that the style of French in which they were written did not agree with the date alleged. The letters and other documents produced by M. Chasles at the same time were said to have belonged to the Abbey of Tours. Thence they came into the possession of a certain Count de Boisjournain, who emigrated to America in 1791, and was wrecked on his return, losing all his effects, except

his precious manuscripts, which he ultimately sold to keep himself in bread. From the hands of the Count the said documents passed into the keeping of him who gave them in turn to M. Chasles.

Such was the story; and to the acute objections of Mr Brand of Glasgow, Chasles audaciously produced another letter from Galileo, which proved that Pascal had made known his discoveries to him. This letter was dated 1640; and on its being pointed out that Galileo was struck blind in 1638, M. Chasles, nothing daunted, met his critics again with a letter from Galileo to Pascal, in which he warned his 'young friend' not to betray the secret that he had *not* lost his sight as reported, but had only pretended to have lost it, in order to prevent his enemies from persecuting him. There was no combating this unequivocal evidence, and the *savants* of the Academy admitted that M. Chasles had triumphed, and deserved well of posterity for proclaiming the truth. Thus encouraged, M. Chasles became a mine of antiquarian wealth, and shewed letters from most of the famous men and women of old times, both saints and sinners, all in French of the seventeenth century. Amongst these he exhibited a correspondence from Alexander the Great to Aristides, several notes from Attila the Hun, and the widow of Martin Luther; and sundry communications from Judas Iscariot to Mary Magdalene, and from Lazarus to St Peter! These astounding documents were produced by M. Chasles with such an air of perfect good faith, that it was impossible to doubt him. He stated that he had purchased twenty-seven thousand manuscripts for five thousand pounds, but would not betray the source, lest others should share in it. At last the exposure came in spite of M. Chasles, who turned out to be a miserable dupe. A committee was sent to Florence to inquire into the authenticity of a pretended autograph of Galileo, and on its being judged apocryphal, the materials of the fraud were discovered. The forger was an ill-educated fellow named Vrain Lucas, a native of Chartres, who was taken, tried, and severely punished.

Coming now to more recent times, we find that an interesting case of unmitigated hoax in a matter of pure science, was perpetrated on the English chemical world in 1865. In the number of the *Mechanic's Magazine* for March 3, 1865, there appeared a letter signed Walter Power, the Royal School of Mines, announcing that the celebrated German physicist Schönbein, the discoverer of ozone, had succeeded in decomposing the element oxygen into two components, ozone and antozone, by means of the *negative* spark from an electric machine; the positive spark again effecting their combination into oxygen. A few days later a paragraph appeared in the *Chemical News*, characterising the alleged Schönbein's result as being without doubt the greatest chemical discovery ever made, and promising the original memoir as soon as it could be got from Munich. The French Association also heard of the rumour, and forthwith invited Schönbein to come to Paris and exhibit his experiments to the wondering gaze of the Parisian *savants*. To the disappointment of all, however, an answer came from Schönbein denying that he had ever made such a discovery; though he had been engaged over thirty years in investigating the nature of oxygen, and had been led to *infer* that it was composed of ozone

and antozone. That the original notice was a wilful hoax, could be proved by the wording of the letter and the spurious references given, even if it had not since been confessed as such by the writer; and it is instructive to see how even skilled chemists were hoodwinked by it.

America is proverbially the land of that kind of illusion or deception in scientific matters which is perhaps best understood by the term 'mare's-nest.' The Americans are eagerly bent upon discovery, and the temptation to run into 'mares-nests,' unwittingly, or even to perpetrate a veritable fraud for the sake of notoriety or gain, is unfortunately powerful amongst them. When the famous Mr Edison began his remarkable career as an inventor, he announced to the world one day that he had discovered a new physical force which he named 'Etheric Force.' The force did not appear to be electrical, since even the most delicate galvanometer or electric current detector failed to note its presence; nevertheless it was produced by means of electricity, and like electricity could generate a brilliant light. Mr Edison was to do wonders with it, revolutionise telegraphy, and turn the world topsyturvy; but serious investigation by a man of science who knew more about electric science than the daring young telegraph operator, soon demonstrated that the mysterious power was nothing more than what is known as the 'extra spark.'

A notorious deception practised on the American public three years ago was the 'Keely Motor,' which, according to Mr Keely the inventor, was also based on a new force he had discovered by accident. His machine consisted in utilising this force, which could be generated from water vapour; and Mr Keely, who modestly disclaimed any merit in his invention, declared that he could work his machine up to ten thousand horse-power if the metal would bear it. The small model machine which he exhibited consisted of an elaborate array of wrought-iron, cast-steel, and copper, tubes, balls, and basins, which defied all understanding. It was stated to utilise only a quart of water at a time, and from that a thousand horse-power of energy could be generated for a time sufficient to run a steam-ship across the Atlantic. A joint-stock company was formed to work the concern, and the shares went up to an extraordinary premium. One of the directors said: 'We have been laughed at, and called cheats and impostors; but out of the original company who joined in raising the one hundred and twenty thousand dollars already expended upon this occasion, only three or four have withdrawn. In a month or two now, all Mr Keely's tests will be finished, and we will shew the world whether he is the greatest inventor or the greatest humbug of this age. Scientists, machinists, and learned societies are invited to come and make every test they can think of.' At last the knavery was exploded. Professors Marks and Barker of the University of Pennsylvania were invited to test the apparatus, and observing that a heavy iron tube was connected to the machine just before it began to operate, they discovered that this tube was in reality a secret store of compressed air.

About this time the American scientific periodicals were exceedingly rich in wonderful new motors and new forces. Just as Mr Keely announced that a little water could be made to

furnish him with an incredible amount of physical force, several magnetic motors were trumpeted forth to public notice, notably those of Mr Gary and Miss Hosmer. Gary's motor was based on his discovery of a substance, which, when placed between a magnet and a piece of iron, destroyed the attraction between them. The new machine was patented, as also was that of Miss Hosmer, a young lady artist, resident in Rome. The latter contrivance was to furnish its possessor with a source of perpetual motion by the expenditure of a few pence; but, like all the rest, it was ultimately shewn to be a delusion.

Another American notion of a rather dangerous kind was exposed only a few months ago. It appears that a certain Professor Wingard claimed to be the inventor of an apparatus with which he could destroy a vessel at a distance of five miles. This would, he reasonably said, put a stop to all naval warfare, since anybody in possession of his secret would be able to shatter a hostile fleet into nothingness without getting within range of its guns. Two years ago he gave a public exhibition of his plan at New Orleans, in presence of many scientific men. The hulk of a schooner was blown by him into atoms from a small boat which was rowed within about a mile of the hulk. As to the nature of this awful force, the Professor could only say that it was electricity, that scapegoat for all inexplicable phenomena, and that it was applied without any direct connection between the machine and the object to be destroyed. He appeared again at Boston last summer, formed a stock company, and got one thousand eight hundred dollars for a preliminary experiment. A little steamer was obtained, and in a dark house on its deck, with careful privacy, Wingate arranged a great quantity of mysterious apparatus. On the day appointed for the test, one day last November, an old vessel was towed to a safe point in the bay, and the steamer was stationed a mile away. Suddenly there was an explosion at a considerable distance from each craft; and afterwards the wreck of a row-boat, with two mangled human bodies, was found at the spot. Wingard, greatly agitated, said that his experiment could not be carried out that day; and he has since confessed that the trick used at New Orleans, and about to be repeated at Boston, was to explode a large dynamite torpedo under the vessel by means of a rope running to the pretended electric apparatus. The two unfortunate men were on their way to put the torpedo in its place when an accidental explosion caused their death.

A CONSPIRATOR IN SPITE OF MYSELF.

CHAPTER II.

MYSTERY (CONTINUED).

THE stranger placed the purse in the *padrone's* hand.

'Yet stay, Monsieur,' said Gustave, before he transferred the purse to his pocket. 'I claim the right to draw back, and to return this purse and its contents to you, if I disapprove of the service I am asked to render.'

'Be it so, *padrone*; but there will be no occasion,' answered the Italian. 'But the night progresses. It is now near midnight; and the service I seek from you must be rendered ere daybreak,

if it is to prove successful. There is therefore no time to lose. Will you enter the boat with me? We must hasten on shore.'

Gustave started back in alarm. He had thought that he would be required to proceed somewhere with his vessel, and he did not like the idea of trusting himself on shore at such a time alone with the Italians.

'You wish me to go on shore with you, Monsieur?' he said. 'I cannot consent. I did not arrange for that.'

The stranger appeared much annoyed. 'I do not wish you to go with me alone,' he replied. 'One of your people will accompany you—one in whose discretion you can place trust.'

The Italian, while he was conversing, had glanced several times at me; and though I was attired in a fisherman's garb, I presented a very different appearance from the toilworn, weather-beaten crew of the lugger. 'You, Monsieur, are not one of this vessel's crew?' he asked abruptly.

'No, Monsieur,' I replied.

'What then are you? An Englishman, I presume?'

'I am an Englishman,' I replied.

'I thought as much. But what do you, an Englishman, and evidently not a fisherman, on board a French fishing-vessel?'

'You have no right to question me, Monsieur,' I replied. 'But there is no reason why I should desire to conceal anything from you, and I will answer you truly. I am an officer of the British navy;' and as briefly as possible, I explained how it came about that I was now on board a French fishing-lugger.

'An Englishman and a naval officer,' murmured the Italian musingly, as if to himself. Then addressing me, he went on: 'As a British officer, Monsieur, I may trust implicitly to your honour. Besides, you English are foes to tyranny and oppression, whether on the part of a vile mob or their legitimate rulers. May I ask if you will accompany the *padrone* to the shore?'

'Recollect, Monsieur,' I replied, 'that by assenting to what you propose I may get into trouble—perhaps into disgrace with my superior officers.'

'I will guarantee that if you follow the directions you will receive, nothing of that kind will happen,' the Italian replied. 'Moreover, you will render a service to one in great distress, that you will afterwards be proud of.'

To tell the truth, I was only too willing to go on shore with the *padrone*. Such an adventure presented a strong attraction to a young midshipman of eighteen years; and as Gustave Pailleur seemed to wish that I should be his companion to the shore, rather than one of his own crew, I gladly consented. 'At all events,' I thought to myself, 'it will be something to boast of to my messmates of the gunroom, when the frigate returns to Toulon.'

'You will promise, Signore,' said I, 'that we shall not be detained on shore? And I should be better satisfied if you would give me some idea of the nature of the service you require from the *padrone* and myself.'

'Monsieur, I will guarantee will return to the lugger before daylight dawns,' replied the Italian. 'As to the nature of the service required, I can only repeat that it is one in which all who engage will have reason to be proud.'

I hesitated no longer. The *padrone* called up his crew, and informed the men that he was going on shore on important business, and bade them keep a sharp look-out, and admit no strangers on board. Also, at the request of the Italian officer, he ordered his mate to have everything prepared for the immediate departure of the vessel from the Gulf, should such a course be necessary.

We then—that is, the *padrone* and I and the Italian officer—entered the boat, which was immediately pulled away from the lugger. And now I perceived that the boat's oars were muffled, in order that the rowers should make as little noise as possible.

Opposite the spot where the *Belle Jeannette* lay at anchor, and at the distance of perhaps a mile, was a small town or village, near which the other small vessels that were in the Gulf lay moored. We pulled steadily towards this spot until we were quite out of sight of the sloop-of-war that, as I have mentioned, lay at anchor behind the Cape; and then we altered our course, and proceeded towards a portion of the coast, on the opposite side of the Gulf, on which a dense wood extended to the very verge of the beach. In a quarter of an hour or less we had landed, in as solitary a spot, seen at the hour of midnight, as it is possible to conceive.

'You will please to follow me, my friends,' said the Italian officer, as soon as we had landed, having previously ordered the two boatmen to pull a short distance off shore and to watchfully await our return.

'We have a distance to walk through the wood,' he added, addressing us, 'but not far. Meanwhile, do not converse, but walk quietly, making as little noise as possible.'

In about ten minutes we emerged from the wood, and found ourselves at the gate of what appeared to be an extensive park. A slight tap at the gate led to its being opened by a porter, who had evidently been expecting us.

'Close the gate, Luigi,' said the officer to the porter, in Italian; and then addressing us in French, he added: 'In a few minutes, Messieurs, we shall arrive at the palace. Then all that will be required from you will be to obey such orders as you may receive without demur and without asking questions. Trust to my word that your personal safety will be in no respect imperilled.'

A few minutes more, and we saw before us a large and handsome *palazzo*, surrounded by a balcony, and by pleasure-grounds evidently cultivated in high perfection. It was yet early in the spring; but in that southern climate the weather was delightful, and the flowers already in bloom filled the atmosphere with a delicious perfume. We now entered a lofty and spacious hall, in which were several officers in brilliant uniforms, who were conversing earnestly together. They saluted with great respect the young officer whom we accompanied, and then stood silently and anxiously watching us, as we ascended a wide stone staircase, until we reached an antechamber, which formed one of a numerous suite of apartments, as we could perceive through the doors which stood open. An elderly gray-haired officer, whose breast was covered with stars and orders, now approached us from one of the inner apartments, and conversed in whispers for some moments with our youthful conductor, who then

addressing us, said: 'You *padrone*, and you also Monsieur, must now consent to be blindfolded. Fear nothing. No harm will happen to you. For my part, I would trust to your honour; but Monsieur le Duc insists that it is advisable—in case of your being hereafter questioned—that you should be kept in ignorance concerning the short journey you are about to undertake.'

This was more than we had bargained for; and we began to expostulate against such an indignity.

'*Silenzio!*' said the elderly officer sternly; and as he spoke, the entrance into the room of four armed soldiers, one of whom carried the silk handkerchiefs with which our eyes were to be bound, convinced us that any attempt at resistance would be worse than useless.

The young officer, whom the elder addressed as *Altezza* or Highness, took one of the handkerchiefs from the soldier, and proceeded to bind my eyes himself; while the soldier was left to bind those of the *padrone*.

'Be calm, Monsieur, and submit patiently,' the young officer whispered in my ear. 'You will have but a few miles to travel, and then the bandages will be removed from your eyes. Then do as you are directed without question, and all will be well.'

Our eyes having been so carefully bound that we, or I at least, could scarce perceive the difference between the brilliantly lighted *salon* and the darkness that existed without, were led by two soldiers into what appeared to be a court-yard, and assisted into what we supposed to be one of the common carts of the country. I knew by the sound of the wheels that there was at least one other cart or wagon in the court-yard; but for what it was required, of course I had no means of knowing. We were seated on some straw at the bottom of the cart, and ordered to keep perfectly silent; and in a few minutes the carts were in motion. But before they started, we were again ordered to remain perfectly quiet, on peril of our lives. We obeyed for the time being; but when in a few moments the vehicles were driven out of the court-yard, we were able to converse in whispers—the rumbling of the wheels over apparently uneven ground, preventing our conversation from being audible to our guards. So far as I could ascertain—by the sound only—there were two vehicles—common carts, drawn by oxen, such as are used by the Calabrian peasantry; that in which we were placed, and probably the other likewise, containing firearms and gunpowder concealed beneath the straw. At all events, I could feel what I took to be muskets and pistols stowed near me in the bottom of the cart, and also several small kegs, which I naturally supposed to contain gunpowder.

In piteous whispers, poor Gustave Pailleur expressed his regret that he had been tempted to leave his vessel. He declared that he was sure that we should come to grief before our journey came to an end, and declared that he would give up—if he had it to give—ten times the amount of the earnest-money he had received, to be safe on board again; while I on my part placed little faith in the young Italian officer's assurance that no harm should befall us if we obeyed the orders we should receive. That we should be safe enough, if nothing occurred to prevent the object

for which we had been persuaded to trust ourselves on shore—of the nature of which I could form no conception—from being carried into effect, I had little doubt; but the evident anxiety of the Italian officers, the precautions taken to preserve secrecy, and the vigilance of the soldiers who accompanied the vehicles, betrayed the fact that they were not without fears that the journey would be interrupted by an attack from some one of the numerous bands of insurgents that were said to be in existence in all parts of the country. More than once we heard the distant report of musketry, and once the firing was sufficiently near to create alarm. The carts were stopped, while the soldiers conversed in low tones of voice; and were then, after a brief delay, turned aside into a road or lane, in a more wretched condition—as we soon discovered from the fearful jolting, which threatened to dislocate every bone in our bodies—than that rough and uneven as it was, over which we had already passed.

Still I cannot say that I felt much fear. I knew that if the soldiers were attacked, we ran the risk of being hit by a chance shot; but to a lad of eighteen years there was a charm in the adventure that overpowered all other feelings. 'If the assailants should be the victors,' I thought to myself, 'as they probably will be, for they will not venture to attack the convoy unless in overwhelming numbers, they will perceive that we are captives; and though we may have to suffer some hardships and may be exposed to subsequent peril, they will do us no injury;' and if it had been in my power to transport myself safely back on board the lugger—so eager was I to witness the termination of the adventure—I believe I should have declined to avail myself of that power.

I strove to impart some of my feeling of confidence to my older companion, but to no purpose.

'Neither party,' said I, 'would dare to maltreat an Englishman, especially a British officer; and the people believe that the English wish them success in their endeavours to escape from the tyranny of their oppressors. Rest assured that no harm will come to us'—

'Ah, Monsieur,' said poor Gustave, 'but I am a Frenchman, and the Italians hate the French.'

'They will not dare to harm you,' I replied. 'Under any circumstances, they will not offer to wreak their vengeance upon a harmless fisherman!'

But the poor *padrone* refused to be comforted, and started and trembled at every sound he heard. His fears, however, proved happily to be groundless.

Lying blindfolded at the bottom of a jolting cart, the journey seemed to have occupied hours; but, as I afterwards perceived, an hour could scarcely have elapsed from the time we set forth until we drew up in what I imagined to be a paved court-yard, similar to that from which we had started. In a few moments we were assisted from the cart, and conducted each, as before, by a soldier, up a long flight of stone steps, into what I supposed to be either a prison, or another *palazzo*. We were then led through room after room—a hum of voices resounding on each hand as we passed along, until our conductors let go our hands and left us standing, apparently in the

centre of an apartment occupied by several people. I do not know whether the young Italian officer had accompanied the carts, or whether he had preceded them by some other route; but it was he who now approached and removed the bandages from our eyes.

'You perceive, Monsieur, I am here before you,' he said smilingly; and I knew the voice, although I did not immediately recognise the man, for my eyes, so long in darkness, were dazzled by the brilliancy with which the apartment in which I now stood was illuminated. It was no prison, as I had anticipated, to which we were now introduced, but a *palazzo* of greater magnificence than that which we had lately quitted.

The young officer appeared to be amused by my evident amazement and bewilderment; but he left me without another word, and I had leisure to look around me. The room, which was splendidly furnished, and was made to appear fourfold its actual dimensions by the immense plate-glass mirrors which covered the walls, and reflected every object on every hand, was occupied by several persons, some of whom were in uniform; while others, who appeared to mingle with them on terms of perfect equality, were attired as artisans or peasants; and I remarked that among the occupants of the brilliant *salon* there were three or four priests in their clerical robes. I could hardly believe my eyes. I almost fancied that I was dreaming, or was under the influence of some magic spell! It was as if a page of the *Arabian Nights* were suddenly realised. As for the poor *padrone*, he was half stupefied between wonder and terror. He crossed himself, and his lips moved in prayer to his guardian saint, as he gazed with a bewildered air at the splendour by which he was surrounded.

In a few minutes, the same aged officer who had been addressed as Monsieur le Duc approached me. 'You are English? An English naval officer?' he said, addressing me sternly, but in very imperfect French.

'I am, Signore,' I replied.

He looked intently at me, as if doubtful whether I spoke the truth, but at length appeared to be satisfied.

'And you?' he continued, addressing the *padrone*.

'A poor humble fisherman of Toulon, Highness, who has never willingly wronged any person,' replied Gustave.

'Your vessel is in the Gulf?'

'It is, Excellency.'

'And prepared to put to sea at a moment's warning?'

'Yes, Highness.'

'It is well, my friends,' said the officer. Then pointing to a soldier who had followed him into the room, carrying a bundle under his arm, he added: 'You will now, Messieurs, have the complaisance to divest yourselves of your fishermen's attire, and don the garments which this soldier carries. He will conduct you to an antechamber for that purpose.—See to this, Signor Capitano,' he went on, addressing an officer who stood near him; 'and be diligent. It is almost the hour.'

The officer motioned to us to follow him; and accompanied by the soldier, we passed through several apartments, into an anteroom in which half-a-dozen youths, attired as pages, were idly

lounging about. The soldier untied his bundle, and displayed to my wondering eyes two suits of regimentals such as were worn by the Italian infantry.

The officer, who could not speak French, motioned to us to strip ourselves of the garments we wore and don the regimentals. The idle youths who were in the room, attracted by curiosity, arose from their lounging postures and gathered round us, smiling and whispering to one another. To refuse to obey the order would have been folly. Still I hesitated to divest myself of my clothing before strangers; and the officer divining the cause of my hesitation, spoke to the soldier, and pointed to a closet at the end of the room. The soldier beckoned to us to follow him into the closet, where, after we had divested ourselves of our coarse fishermen's garb, he assisted us to attire ourselves in the regimentals, to which we were quite unused. We were then conducted back to the apartment we had recently quitted; where we found the officer who had visited the lugger, awaiting our return.

He looked earnestly at us, and seemed to be satisfied with our appearance. 'They will do. They will pass amidst the darkness,' he observed to the soldier; and then addressing us in French, he said: 'Now, be seated, my friends. Be silent and discreet, and no harm will befall you.'

We obeyed silently and mechanically, as if we were a pair of automatons moved by strings and pulleys; for by this time I at least began to feel as if I were without a will of my own. In a few minutes the folding-doors at the upper end of the saloon were thrown wide open, and two young boyish-looking officers—preceded by a couple of tall footmen in rich liveries—made their appearance. These two young men, though they wore the plain undress uniform of subalterns of the line, and though they appeared so shy and timid, that one, the younger of the two, seemed ready to faint, were received with every mark of respect and homage. The footmen, who had stopped—one on each side of the folding-doors—turned about and bowed low as they entered the room; and the officers and other persons present who were seated, rose to their feet, the padrone and I rising, as it were mechanically, with the rest; while the aged officer who had questioned us on our first appearance, approached the youth who seemed to be so much overcome, and respectfully offering him the support of his arm, whispered what appeared to be words of encouragement in his ear, and led him to a sofa with as much courtesy as he could have displayed had he been conducting a queen to her throne.

BURNHAM BEECHES.

In June of last year there appeared an advertisement in the London papers of the sale of 'portions of the Dropmore estate,' in which was included what were described in capital letters as 'THE CELEBRATED BURNHAM BEECHES.' Among others who read this advertisement was Mr Francis George Heath, the well-known author of more than one delightful book on trees and ferns; and he, knowing and appreciating the beauty of the woodland of Burnham Beeches, and considering

its proximity to London, at once set about calling public attention to the sale, urging the desirability of securing the property, to be preserved for all time coming as a place of popular resort. He left no stone unturned to effect his purpose. He communicated with the Commissioners of Woods and Forests; but that body found it was a project they could not entertain. The Corporation of the City of London was next appealed to, and with success; the result being that the three hundred and seventy-four acres of common or open ground on which the Beeches stood became the property of the Corporation. Mr Heath thus laid the public under a deep debt of gratitude to him, by securing that this magnificent piece of forest should not only be saved from falling under the axe of the speculator, but should be appropriated and perpetually maintained as common ground, to which the pent-up millions of the great metropolis may freely resort to breathe the invigorating air of the country, and to see Nature in some of her most beautiful forms. And now, in addition to his other labours in this connection, Mr Heath has written a very pleasant little book on the subject—*Burnham Beeches* (London: Sampson Low)—which will not only serve as a guide to those who have the pleasure of visiting the Beeches, but embodies within it much interesting information as to the trees themselves. It is from the pen of one who evidently loves trees as Byron loved mountains; and the fine pictorial illustrations with which the descriptions are accompanied greatly enhance the charm which every reader is certain to experience over its pages.

Burnham is situated within twenty-five miles of London, and between five and six from Windsor. It is accessible by the Great Western Railway, the Beeches being within three and a half miles of the station of Slough on that line. Burnham also has other associations of an interesting kind. 'It was the poet Gray,' says Mr Heath, 'who first, in the early part of the last century, called attention to the secluded, unique, and beautiful, but comparatively unknown, bit of wild woodland in Buckinghamshire left stranded, as it were, by the rolling sea of forest which once spread around it, but has now—almost all—gone for ever.' The Beeches became known to the world on the publication of the poet's letters; and so identified is the district with recollections of him, that Mr Heath makes bold to point out the very beech-tree by the brook under which the poet mused, as described in the *Elegy*—

Yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high.

Whether this be so or not, may very well be left to the individual imaginations of the poet's admirers, who, however, have ample means of gratifying their tastes in this direction if, in walking from Slough to Burnham, they take Stoke Pogis on their way, where Gray himself is buried, and with the church and churchyard of which place the locality of his *Elegy* has been so long

identified. Burnham has still other associations of a literary kind, for here stands East Burnham Cottage, the house, since enlarged, to which Richard Brinsley Sheridan brought the lovely young bride whom he first ran away with and then fought for. This house was in 1838 bought by George Grote, and in it he wrote a large part of his *History of Greece*.

Reverting to the Beeches, it may be well to let Mr Heath describe them: 'The Beeches of Burnham,' he says, 'have been described as "magnificent pollards." The description is not quite an accurate one. That these singularly picturesque trees were "pollarded" at some remote period of their history is certainly beyond question. But they can scarcely be called "pollards;" for that expression is used to indicate trees whose limbs have been cut off close to their trunks, leaving nothing to grow but a mass of slender boughs—if boughs there may be without branches—and of small twigs—if twigs there can be without boughs. But from the once—"pollarded" giants of Burnham have grown huge limbs like large trees.' These Beeches are many of them of an immense size. The bole of the one which Mr Heath seeks to recognise as the 'nodding beech' of Gray, and which stands near the southern entrance to the forest, is quite hollow, with half of its shell gone; yet the half-bole that remains is sixteen feet in girth, and carries singularly vigorous branches. Another beech, also with part of the shell gone, must have had when complete a girth of twenty-four feet; and there is in the same spot another beech of twenty-one feet girth. Beyond this, says Mr Heath, 'lies the wild tract of Burnham Forest, sloping upwards as it rolls away out of our sight, and spread with lawns of singular beauty, studded with huge forms of beech, and spread with bracken, furze, and bramble, the greensward starred with daisy blooms, and golden with buttercups and trefoil. . . . On now, and upwards, our road continues, under the spreading shadows of beeches on each side of our way, hollow, gnarled, and rugged. The fringe of common is narrow on our left, and we can see, between the leafy interstices, the yellow hue of ripening corn, and the red tinge of the flowering meadow grass; on our right, the forest view alone—great fantastic forms of beech contrasting with the white-patched slender trunks of birch, mossy boles, withered leaves, graceful brake, and dancing shadows, as the wind stirs the foliage above. Now oak and holly mingle their foliage with the prevailing beech; and as we reach the crest of our upland road, the open country bursts upon us on our left, spread with the richest colours which meadow and corn-field can furnish in the height of their summer glory. On the right is the fringe of our forest, with juniper and holly scattered wildly about in the foreground, whilst the view is closed by umbrageous beech. Now the heather mingles with the graceful bracken, and flaunts its purple bells, whilst deep yellow blossoms still cling to the sprays of the broom.'

This is exquisite description: true to Nature in the sense of confused beauty which it conjures up. Few surely can read it without desiring to look for themselves on the picture in its original, either under the splendid radiance of a summer sky, or in the softened sweetness of an autumn day. We cannot more fitly close this little notice

than by joining gratefully in the musical invocation of Henry Luttrell:

O ne'er may woodman's axe resound,
Nor tempest, making breaches
In the sweet shade that cools the ground
Beneath our Burnham Beeches.

THE ECCENTRIC BACHELOR.

A CHAPTER OF REAL LIFE.

F— was a living specimen of the typical old bachelor, a personage more often met with in the pages of fiction than in real life; lean and sharp-visaged of aspect, crusty and cynical of temper. He was, moreover, an avowed oddity; one of the privileged class who, by virtue of this reputation, can do what others dare not without exciting surprise or giving offence; whose eccentricities are met with a shrug of the shoulder and the remark: 'What else could you expect of an oddity like him?'

He was an unpopular man, receiving scant sympathy; yet capable nevertheless of kind and generous acts, performed on the condition that they were to be kept strictly secret and that he was never to be thanked for them. Woe betide the recipient of a favour to whom it was brought home that he had mentioned the same to any one, or extolled the kindness of his benefactor! The unlucky wight once detected in thus giving vent to his gratitude, had taken the surest method of cutting himself off from further help. He never got another chance.

Our old bachelor enjoying, as we have said, the privileges of eccentricity, it excited no surprise when on one occasion, after an absence from home, he wrote to inform his servants—an old couple who had lived with him for years—that on his return he would be accompanied by a widow lady, who was likely to make a long stay in his house, and for whom apartments were to be got ready.

'And a pretty upset she'll make!' exclaimed the dismayed old housekeeper. 'A fussy, middle-aged party, no doubt; ordering and interfering and wanting to have everything her own way; which she won't get, John, as long as you and I can prevent her. She'll be a clover madam if she gets her foot inside my storeroom while there's locks and bolts to keep her out, I can tell her!'

'Don't you make too sure,' said John. The old man could not resist now and then teasing his helpmate, as a little set-off against sundry naggings on the part of that good lady. 'Maybe it's a mistress of the house and of yourself that's coming to it. Them widders are great at wheedling. It's time, if the master is ever to marry, that!'

'Ah, stop your creaking now!' cried Mrs John. This dire suggestion was too overpowering for her feelings.

The appointed day arrived; and when the cab drove to the door, the two old domestics, with very sour faces and their backs very much up, went to receive their master and his unwelcome guest. Their first glimpse of the latter shewed them they might have spared their fears and hostile intentions. Out from the cab, before their astonished eyes, sprang a girlish figure, whose bright happy face contrasted curiously with her mourning garments.

'Mind the step, uncle!' ['Oh, his niece, she is!'] she cried, tripping up to the hall-door.—'Don't trouble, please,' with a smile to the old housekeeper; 'that bag is too heavy for you; I'll carry it.'

And when the stranger came down to breakfast next morning with a morsel of a cap perched on the top of her golden braids of hair ('Not my idea of a widow's cap,' said the dame to her husband; 'and would you believe it, John? singing away like a bird while she was dressing!'), she looked absurdly young; more like a girl in her teens than an experienced 'settled' matron.

The advent of his pretty niece made some change in the habits of the old gentleman. He had friends at dinner more frequently than of yore; and in addition to the elderly fogies that formed his usual society, younger guests were invited, suited to the years of his visitor. With grim amusement, her uncle observed the attraction her comeliness and winning ways were for these. 'Swarming round—like flies about a honey-pot! Scenting, I daresay, a fat jointure. All widows are supposed to be rich; and just because she is a widow, and for no other reason, making up to her, the fools!' This to himself with a cynical chuckle. Aloud: 'Nice little woman, sir, that niece of mine. Plenty of good looks; but hasn't a sixpence—not a sixpence to bless herself with!'

It was wonderful how the old house was brightened up by the presence of its blithe young inmate. But by none was its pleasant influence more felt than by the domestics, who had vowed such hostility before her arrival. The old woman especially was devoted to her; loving her for her own sake as well as for the kindly help and good offices she was always receiving from the deft and willing hands of the young girl. In the store-room—that sacred retreat which her foot was never to invade—the latter was to be found on 'company-days,' busy and happy as a bee; with sleeves tucked half-way up her plump arms, her heavy craped skirts stowed away under one of the old lady's capacious holland aprons, and lappets pinned high over her head, while, laughing merrily at the queer figure she had made of herself, she worked away at cakes and sweets, taking a world of trouble off the housekeeper's hands.

'And so thoughtful she is, and gay; bless her!' his wife would tell old John. 'She'll come tripping up to me, and "Now, do as you're bid," she'll say, playful; forcing me down into my big chair. "Sit you down and rest, there's an old dear, and take your tea. I'm not a-going to let you do a turn more." And then she'll work away, her tongue going all the time as fast as her fingers. Running on about her mother and her home, her flowers and pets—dogs and birds, and what not. But never a word about husband or married days. And if I touch upon them or ask a question, she'll get quite silent and strange-like in a minute, and turn off the subject as if it burned her. Perhaps for all she's so merry outside, she's fretting in her heart for him that's gone, and can't a-bear to talk of him.'

'Nothing of the sort!' cried old John. 'Don't you go to think of such stuff. She'd take a husband to-morrow; mark my words. And it's my opinion there's a young gentleman as comes to this house that has a fairish chance. He's

desperate sweet upon her. I haven't eyes in my head for nothing, and I see plain she doesn't mislike him, or hold herself up distant from him, as she does from others.'

Old John was right. Matters were in due time so far satisfactorily settled between the young couple that an appeal to the uncle was deemed expedient. The old gentleman received the announcement with a half-pleased, half-satirical grimace.

'Ha, I thought so!' he muttered. 'But are you aware, my friend, that there is no money in the case? The lady hasn't sixpence, and'—

'I know it,' indignantly interrupted the suitor. 'You have made that remark before. I want no fortune with my wife, my own being ample; and my love'—

'Oh, spare your raptures, young sir. Not so fast. Don't be too sure of the prize; for when you hear what I have to tell you, there may be perhaps a change in your views. I have no time to go into the matter now; but come to-morrow, and be prepared to hear what will surprise you;' and the old gentleman went off, nodding back—malevolently, the lover fancied—over his shoulder, and leaving the poor fellow in a state of most uncomfortable suspense and uncertainty.

What could this dark hint mean; and why was he not to make sure? Could it be possible there was any doubt, any mystery as to the demise of the beloved one's husband? He could not help calling to mind her confused and singular manner at times; a certain want of frankness; an evident embarrassment at any allusion to the past. The possibility of an obstacle made the young man realise, as he had not before done, how deeply his affections were engaged. He spent a miserable night, awaiting in vain conjecture and sleepless anxiety the tidings which the morrow might bring forth.

In order to explain matters, it will be necessary to go back for some months previous to the arrival of the young lady at her uncle's house; as well as to change the scene from it to a country cottage in a remote part of England—the home of the widowed sister of the eccentric bachelor. In it we find him pacing up and down the small drawing-room, and listening to the querulous complaints that its occupant, a confirmed invalid, is uttering from the sofa on which she lies. 'I think but little of my bodily sufferings,' she is saying; 'they cannot now last long. Every day I feel more plainly that the end is not far off; and my doctor tells me the same. The distress of mind that torments me is what is so hard to bear.'

'And what may that be about, if I might ask?'

'The future of my child, when I am gone. All I have, as you know, dies with me. She will be penniless; and the thought of what is to become of her, cast on the world without a home, haunts me night and day. It is too dreadful!'

'A girl—and young—and not bad-looking. Where's the fear? Somebody'll marry her. Men are such fools!'

The sick woman could not forbear a smile. 'Ah, but there *are* no men, no fools here! In this remote corner, we see no one; and the poor child, taken up with nursing me, and tied to a sick-room, has made no acquaintances. It is killing me to

see her young life sacrificed, and to think of the future.'

The mother's tears began to flow. Her hearer, never very amiably inclined towards the weaker sex, or at ease in its company, increased his quarter-deck pacings in much discomfiture as these symptoms of 'water-works turned on' became apparent. His hurried steps soon subsided, however, to a steady march up and down the little drawing-room, while with frowning brow and occasional chuckles, he seemed to be concocting some scheme. After a few minutes he came to a sudden halt before the invalid's sofa. 'Can the girl act?' he asked abruptly.

'Act! How do you mean? I'—

'Oh, you needn't look frightened; I'm not going to propose sending her to the Gaiety or the Criterion.'

'Well, except in the little make-believe plays and dressings-up that children delight in—all children are, I think, actors born' ['Ay, and men and women too,' growled the cynic]—'except that sort of thing, she never has seen or had any opportunity of acting. Why do you ask?'

And in reply, her brother unfolded the plan he had been concocting—namely, that his niece, laying aside her 'frillery and her trinkets and young-girl's nonsense,' was to put on the mourning garb, and act the part of a widow, in which assumed character she was to come to stay with him in his London home.

'But I don't understand'—

'And you're not wanted to understand,' he snarled. 'It's my whim; and it may be for the girl's advantage. If she's willing, and can hold her tongue, I'll come back for her when she's ready. And I'll pay for her outfit. Crape and weepers! Ho, ho, ho!'

When the first surprise at her uncle's strange proposition was over, the young girl jumped eagerly at the prospect of a change from the dull home she never yet had left. She was young and spirited; at an age when love of variety and a longing to see the world and plunge into its unknown delights, are natural. The playing the widow she thought would be excellent fun. There was a spice of adventure in it, and it would be like the private theatricals and acting charades she had read of and imagined so pleasant. The old gentleman's reason for wishing her to do so was a puzzle; but then who would wonder at anything he did? absurd oddity that he was! Perhaps it was to avoid having to provide a chaperon for her; he hated ladies so, elderly ones especially.

The result of the scheme we have seen; and the scheme itself was what its originator proceeded to divulge to the would-be husband when that individual presented himself with considerable misgiving and agitation on the appointed morning.

'As the lady has not turned out to be what you took her for, is not, in fact, a widow, perhaps the whole matter may be off. A disappointment, no doubt,' wound up the uncle with one of his grim chuckles; 'but 'twas only right to tell you in time. Young man, if you can pardon the deceit, take her.'

'Well,' exclaimed the young man to his fiancée, when, all things cleared up and satisfactorily arranged, the engaged pair were talking over the queer circumstance that had brought them

together, 'I always knew your uncle was eccentric, but this surpasses anything I could have imagined even of him.'

THE SKYLARK.

HARK to the dropping melody
From the brown Lark above yon grimy cloud!
Ambitious traveller! for earth too proud,
Wouldst join the angels' psalmody?
Or is the steadfast sun the magnet bright
That ever to the sky attracts thy flight?

Sing on, thou joyous reveller!
Pouring tumultuous from thy reedy throat
Torrents of sound: who heedless hears thy note,
Is dull, or senseless driveller!
'Twould seem thou hadst indeed heard heaven's song,
For strains like thine can ne'er from earth have sprung.

Here, on the cool grass lazily
Outstretched, I listen to thy happy note,
And pleasant images upon me float,
Watching thy form, that hazily
Shews through slow-moving vapours high above,
As up in fluttering spirals thou dost move.

So once my soul, awakening
From thoughtless slumber, sprung to greet the morn,
And from its depths a merry lay was born;
Hope stood before me, beckoning,
And led me forth along a golden way,
Where sunlight never ceased to beam and play.

Would that all we, here wandering
About this earth, could sing away our days,
And ne'er in discontent our voices raise,
Short life in sorrow squandering;
And would that we to toil as blithely bent,
As thou ascendest through the firmament.

The nightingale's sweet sorrowing
Lulls us with fantasy and idle dreams,
Till all the world to our charmed vision seems—
From solemn music borrowing
Soft magic—a fair place of pleasant pain,
Wherein to dream, and sigh, and dream again.

Thy song is bright and vigorous,
Seeming to summon men to active lives,
Boldly proclaiming he who nobly strives
'Gainst evils that beleaguer us,
And faces manfully his worldly work,
Shall prosper well—they ill who duty shirk.

When twilight shades cross drearily
The sinking day, and all afield is still,
Save the vexed murmur of the restless rill,
Like stone thouallest, wearily,
To earth, and, sleeping in the dew thy breast,
Secretly creepst to thy hidden nest.

J. T. G.

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THE GENTLE ART.

SUPPOSE, in the course of a summer's morning walk, you should suddenly come upon what you had never seen before—for everybody must see a thing once for the first time—namely, an angler plying his art. Natural curiosity would no doubt incite you to stand and watch him at his work. He has chosen a beautiful spot for his meditative pastime. It may be a quiet-flowing river in a broad English county, shaded by solemn lines of lordly chestnuts, or beeches murmurous in the summer air. Or better still, some secret recess in the higher reaches of a Scottish glen, in the cool shadow of a dripping rock, whose rugged sides are draped with mosses and lichens of every hue, and from whose clefts the lady-fern hangs out graceful fronds to bathe in the spray of the neighbouring waterfall. The bit of level ground at his feet is carpeted with the summer's greenest grass, chequered by purple violets that court the shade, and snow-white mountain-sorrel that seeks the sun. The day is beautiful as one might wish. The heat is tempered by a brisk breeze that blows up-stream, curling the surface of the pools into innumerable ripples; and the blaze of the sky is curtailed off with drifting masses of fleecy cloud. The oaks and birches that clothe the steep above and below, are not enough altogether to shut out sun and wind, and just enough to warm the angler by glimpses of the one, and to fan him by airs from the other.

Whatever else he may be defective in, it cannot surely be on the score of what is beautiful in nature, for of all the glen he has chosen the sweetest nook. And yet he seems to give but little heed to the beauties around him. He is bait-fishing. Half-sitting, half-kneeling on the mossy bank, he marks with eye intent the spot on the farther side of the dark pool into which his deftly baited line has just been dropped with delicate exactness, and his whole faculties appear to be engrossed in watching the issue. For a while his line hangs motionless and inert, except when now and again

touched by a passing breeze; but presently he feels a slight tremulous motion, and the point of the rod dips slightly downwards. Now is the supreme moment. With a quick upward movement of the rod he jerks the line out of the water, and there, flashing and pirouetting in mid-air at its extremity, like an animated coil of molten gold, is a specimen of the funny prey he has spent the morning to entrap. In a moment more it lies before him on the grass, its yellow sides spotted with drops of brightest vermilion, gasping out its little life in the evil element of air. With careful hand he dislodges the fatal hook—slips the victim head foremost into the basket at his back, which is made to carry twenty or thirty pounds of such shiny fry—takes from the little bag at his coat-button a small red wriggling worm, and proceeds with something like tenderness to thread it upon his tackle of triple hooks—which he confidentially informs you is 'Stewart's'—then, after leisurely filling and lighting his pipe, and glancing up at the sky for a moment as if doubtful of the weather, he lifts the rod again with easy and half-indolent gesture, and prepares himself for another cast.

'And is this angling?' you say. 'Why, it seems the simplest of all processes for amusing one's self it is possible to invent.' And yet to be an adept in its many phases is quite another matter. You have only to take up one of the many large and elaborate works on the subject, to discover this. It may be, as Byron calls it, a 'solitary vice,' but it is not a simple one. Its paraphernalia—what may indeed be called its machinery—is as complex and heterogeneous as the 'fixings' of a cotton-mill or the hieroglyphs in the Chinese alphabet. Were a rod and line, a hook and worm, as in the foregoing sketch, its only requisites, it would be comparatively a manageable process. It might call for the exercise of some dexterity, and no little patience; but beyond this its demands upon the labour and ingenuity of its devotees would be but slight. But what is the case? In the matter of methods alone, you have pond-fishing and punt-fishing, bank-fishing and bottom-fishing,

worm-fishing and fly-fishing; you have spinning and trolling and live-baiting; light-corking and daping, and casting from the reel. The question of rods is more easily settled. That instrument may be of hickory-wood or greenheart, and may cost from a few shillings to a few pounds; or it may be a piece of bamboo, or a willow-wand. The line may be a bit of common cord, such as that with which boys wind a top or sniggle eels; or it may be of twisted horse-hair, or twisted silk, or both combined. Among the miscellaneous articles also required are baskets and landing-nets, swivels and gaffs, floats and sinkers. But it is when you arrive at the department of hooks and lures, that you become aware of the recondite nature of the processes and expedients in vogue for enticing the various funny tribes from their native element. A mere catalogue of them would look like a swarm of nouns and adjectives which had made their escape out of a dictionary, and got mixed up in irretrievable confusion.

Without entering into the detail of hooks, and combinations of hooks, or into the comparative merits of the Limerick bend, the Carlisle bend, or the sneek bend, something may be said of the varieties of lure. Were there but trout to capture, possibly a simple alternation between worm and fly, according to time and weather, might be sufficient for ordinary purposes. Or it might be a spinning minnow. As it is, trout are but one of many species of fish to which the angler's art is applied. There are gudgeon and bleak and roach; barbel and chub and dace; bream and carp and tench; eel and perch and pike; and, besides many others, the monarch of the stream, the salmon.

If every man, according to Walpole, has his price, so has every kind of fish its peculiar bait. For bottom-fishing in the Thames, besides worms and gentles, such various substances are used as greaves, bran, rice, boiled wheat, grains, and malt. If you would take roach out of the Norfolk rivers, you are directed to use barley-meal; and if bream, then boiled barley. If you go to the Hampshire streams for dace, a scrap of bacon-rind will tempt them to bite; or if you desire to capture chub, you have a wider choice of methods at your disposal, as, besides cheese—of which they are very fond—they will also take cockchafers, humble-bees, wasps, caterpillars, slugs, and snails. The barbel—sacred to youthful readers of Grimm's *Goblins*, by being once a prince, and turning the head of a poor fisherman's wife, though not, as he himself said when a king's son, good to eat—is an active creature, and gives good sport; he is partial to lob or dew worms, and will also succumb, like the chub, to a bit of cheese. The tench is another curious fish, living in the strictest seclusion at the bottom of weedy ponds; and although extremely cautious as to what food is offered him, can hardly resist a bit of dainty red worm. The carp, while getting the character of a lubberly fellow, is nevertheless, like Dickens's little Major, 'deep, sir, very deep, and—sly;' and though he may be taken at times by a common worm, yet his principal weakness is for paste, made either of honey or bread—and, what is rather remarkable in one brought up strictly as a water-drinker, he takes this all the readier, we are assured, if it be mixed up with

gin or brandy! The eel is a greedy glutton, and not at all particular as to his diet, being quite well pleased to snap at a ball of worsted if it appear to have worms about it. The perch also, like the eel, is not over-scrupulous as to what he eats, and small tit-bits of worms will perchance lure a shoal to destruction. But the most voracious and unscrupulous of all is the pike, who is in general ready to bolt anything he can get his mouth over—frogs, mice, water-rats, dead birds, or—what is said to answer the purpose as well—an artificial rat made from a slice of the skin of a cow's tail!

But it is when you leave this, what may be called the vulgar order of fish, and ascend to the dainty trout and salmon, that the angler's resources are most severely taxed. Every season and river and locality seems to have its own peculiar bait. Besides the ordinary temptation of grubs, worms, creepers, larvæ, &c., there is the almost countless variety of flies on which trout and salmon love to feed. For the former, there are, among many others, stone-flies, willow-flies, and sand-flies; silver-horns and cinnamons, duns and spinners. Each month brings its own particular ephemera. There are the February reds and the March browns; in May and June, the stone-fly and the oak-fly, the wren-tail and the brown-bent; then follow the July dun, the August dun, and the whirling dun of September. These, and scores of others, are either used in their natural condition, or imitated in form and colouring to represent life. For salmon-angling, artificial flies are used in still greater variety, many of them being exquisitely beautiful. And curious names some of these works of art go by among the angling brotherhood. There are the Purple King and the Green King; the Captain, the Major, and the Colonel; the Priest, the Parson, and the Doctor; the Coachman, the Policeman, and the Game-keeper; the Butcher, the Baker, and the Candle-stick-maker. Other flies derive their designations from the feathered tribes, and accordingly you have the Eagle, the Grouse, and the Partridge; the Guinea-hen and the Goldfinch; the Indian Crow and the Canary. Then there are such oddities among names as Jock Scott, Kate, and Switching Sandy; as also two others which bear the somewhat startling appellations of the Water-witch and Thunder-and-Lightning. And yet those we have enumerated are but a tithe of the expedients which experience and ingenuity have devised where-withal to replenish the angler's basket. Surely, after all this, you cannot still be of opinion that angling, however gentle, is a simple art.

Nor is this all. It is one thing to have your tools, and quite another thing to know how to use them. You may have your rod and line, gut and tackle, from the first makers—a score of different flies in your pocket-book, and a hand-book on angling in your head—and yet be fated to carry an empty basket. Not only so, but the stream at your feet may be stocked with fish, that will only lie 'laughing and winking' at you from behind the stones, wondering how you can be so foolish as to offer them a kind of food for which you ought to know they have not the slightest stomach. Nor need you be at the first too much cast down about this. Even such veterans of the rod and reel as Mr Francis Francis, whose delightful *Book on Angling* has mainly supplied us with

the materials of this sketch, has had his difficulties, and no doubt will have them still. It is only he, and such as he who has brought his wits to bear for a lifetime on how best to circumvent the finny tribe, that knows how many wiles, and smooth deceptions, and artful dodges, must be tried before your purpose can be effected. The carp, we have said, is a sly fellow. Well, to secure him, you must be sly too. You must offer him his food in the shape in which he usually gets it; for which reason, if fishing with worm, your bait should rest on the bottom, and not hang high in the water. 'It is not natural,' says Mr Francis, 'to see a worm hanging so as barely to touch the bottom, and that the carp know well enough. In this position, too, the gut ascends directly from the head of the worm, and the unnatural attitude of the bait challenges the carp's attention to this "new thing in worms." Monsieur Carp then catches sight of the shot-sinker, and, lastly, in all probability of the float above. All this is of course strange and unusual, and he proceeds to investigate the bait, with all due care nibbling and picking at it, like the female ghoul in the *Arabian Nights*, who ate rice with a bodkin. He cannot make up his mind to take it, and yet he cannot make up his mind to leave it, so he nibbles and nibbles; and at last you think he must have got the bait, and you strike. Now, it is not customary for worms to dart off in that frantic fashion; and therefore, while your worm dashes off one way, Master Carp dashes off the other.'

Even perch, which you may take in dozens and scores in January and February, require delicate handling on a summer's day. 'Often have I,' says the author just quoted, 'through the clear crystal water, watched the proceedings of a dozen perch, at the worm or minnow on' my hook, some twelve or thirteen feet below; how they come up to it with all sail set, their fins extended, their spines erect, as if they meant to devour it without hesitation, and how they pause when they do come up to it, and swim gently round it, as if a worm or a minnow were an article of vertu, which required the nicest taste and consideration of a connoisseur to appreciate it properly. Then one of the boldest will take hold of the extreme tip of the tail—as timidly as a bashful young gentleman takes hold of the tip of his partner's finger, when he leads her to the festive quadrille—and give it a shake. . . . They cannot make up their minds about it. Is it a safe investment or is it not? . . . And then comes an aldermanic perch, a warm liveryman of the Fishmonger's Company, of nigh two pounds, a regular turtle-fed lord-mayor elect, with his cheeks blown up, his eyes staring out of his head, his fins all bristling with magisterial importance. "Now then, what is this case? Ha, hum! a worm, eh? yes. Found hanging about the streets with no ascertainable occupation, and without any home, eh? Ha! bad case—very bad! a mysterious and vagrom character evidently. Take him away, some of you, and lock him up—very suspicious indeed—very much so." . . . And so, with a fan of his tail, the alderman scuttles off to a fresh case, and all his little people scuttle after him, save, perhaps, one unhappy little fellow who won't take warning.'

And now you may fairly conclude that if such comparatively voracious fish as carp and perch call for such attention and skill on the part of the

angler, the coy trout and the capricious salmon will tax his energies still more. 'If trout,' says Mr Francis, 'are various in their forms and shapes, no less various are the means employed to take them, there being hardly any of the numerous plans adopted for wiling fish from their watery domains which may not be successfully applied to the capture of trout, for the trout feeds equally at the top, in the middle, and at the bottom of the water.' The skill and patience of the angler 'will often be taxed to the uttermost, and vainly, many a time and oft, in the attempt to hook some wily old four or five pound brook trout, who may be feeding rapidly and constantly under his very flies, which, tied on almost imperceptible gut, fall like gossamer above him, and float fruitlessly down over his head, as like the real thing as human cunning can contrive. Nay, you shall even float the live fly, drake, stone, or whatnot, over him so deftly, that nothing in your deception seems to you wanting. You shall offer him worms, minnow, and cadbait, or drop the all but irresistible cockroach or cricket within his ken, while you remain concealed. He may wave his fan-like tail coyly, and take a nearer glance askance at your bait, but proves a very St Anthony to your temptations. He will perhaps come to it like a bulldog, making your heart jump into your mouth, but he will then "pull up sharp on the post," as turfites say, and refuse it; and do what you will, nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a thousand his virtue is ancient Spartan, and his cunning modern Spartan; but haply on the thousandth, in some sheltering flood, a fair deceiver, in the shape of a fat worm or minnow, tempts him—he gobbles it down, and dies the death. Happy you if it be your worm or minnow!'

The hooking and playing of a salmon require equal skill and dexterity, though perhaps of a slightly different kind. It is in the capture of trout and salmon indeed, that all the elaboration of means to an end, which we have just referred to, is brought into action, and the art of the angler tested to the full. And a peaceful and pleasant art it is, bringing its votary into frequent contact with Nature in her most beautiful aspects, with the blue of the sky above him, and the green of the grass beneath his feet. The subject is a wide one, and admits of varied treatment; but we have not specially sought to deal with it either as an art, a recreation, or a pleasure. All we have aimed at has been to engage the reader's attention for a little over a few of the more salient features of old Izaak's favourite pastime.

Before quitting the subject, it may not be out of place if we take this opportunity of expressing our regret that the illegal practice of netting trout in our Scottish rivers and streams is becoming more and more general, notwithstanding the efforts of bailiffs and other water-guardians to put it down. Under cover of night, gangs of men set out from some quiet village or town by the water-side, and regardless of the interests of the legitimate angler, systematically harry the neighbouring waters of their speckled denizens. Nor are other nefarious means wanting, of depopulating streams, as will be seen by the following extract of a letter which appeared in an Edinburgh

newspaper (*The Scotsman*) last month. The writer, addressing the editor, says:

'While every legitimate angler rejoices in the late capture of some of the netting fraternity, will you allow me, through your columns, to draw the attention of fishing-clubs and all who desire to protect the streams from illegal depredators, to a deadly mode of capturing trout, which is destructive of the sport of all true anglers. As half a century's experience has enabled me to compete pretty successfully with most fair fishers, I was astonished to find, during a late fishing-tour in the south on the Gala and Leader, that my moderate captures were nothing in comparison, both for numbers and size, with the baskets I saw hawked for sale by professional fishers who make a living by the sale of their fish. I was puzzled to find out how these hawkers beat me, till I was initiated into the mystery by one of the gang, who, in the exuberance of his heart, and under the influence of "mountain dew," produced a pot of salmon roe, and generously offered me some. After pointing out the illegality and unfairness of his doings, and the chances of a jail which were before him, he went on to inform me how adroitly he could pick out the biggest and the best from a stream, under the very noses of other fishers, without their supposing that he was using any other lure than the usual worm. Such men make a regular trade of selling the fish so caught, and are inadvertently encouraged in their doings by the handsome price they often realise from gentlemen they meet on the riverside and other customers in hotels and elsewhere. One of these men I came across lately on the Gala who had twice in the course of half a day emptied his basket in this way; and a second one I saw at Earlston, after having early scoured the Leader, take train for Melrose to dispose of his spoil there. I would suggest that an effort be made to organise a general association of anglers for the protection of the waters, something like that lately set up at Greenlaw for the protection of the Blackadder. There are few who follow "the gentle art" but would gladly join for such a purpose, and by annual subscription help to put an end to the practices complained of.'

From what we ourselves know of the wholesale destruction of trout by night-netting as well as by roe-fishing, practised in such rivers as the Tweed, Gala, and Yarrow, we do not hesitate to say that ere long, those time-honoured streams will be rendered useless for the true angler, unless the fraternity rise in a body to stamp out the practices that are so fast robbing them of their favourite pastime.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER XXIV.—AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

'There may come a time in your career when gentle dealing may seem out of place.'

I SUPPOSE it was a natural thing that Gascoigne and Gregory minor having had their quarrel out, should become fast friends. The consummation seemed at first a strange one; but I learned to welcome it. I had had so little companionship, and had become so solitary and sedentary in all my ways, that a rambling, adventurous, tree-

climbing, bound-breaking young person like *Æsop* was the most valuable of all companions for me. I was afraid of him at the beginning; but I soon trusted him. He was as open as the day; and I believe a lie at any cost would have been morally impossible for him. His fancy ran riot with him often, and he launched himself fearlessly on grotesquerie's wildest stream, and allowed it to take him whither it would; but he was, unlike any other imaginative boy I have known in his stolid adherence to fact in all matters outside the domain of fancy. He was always in trouble, and he seemed to like it and to flourish on it, for he was always happy. He taught me to boat and swim and play cricket, and was willing to bowl at me for an hour together. Out of the companions who crowded about me at school and college, Gascoigne and *Æsop* were the only two who accompanied me in after-life. I have no time to linger here upon the pleasant memories of my school-days, though I would do it willingly; but there are two incidents which shew so clearly in the light of later years, that I record them. I see them distinctly. They make pictures in my mind. I can almost hear the voices speak again.

I have been swiftly brought from school by Major Hartley, with whom by this time I am quite familiar. Major Hartley is a sort of Captain Poyntz without Captain Poyntz's humour. He has a portentous drawl and a big moustache, and he swaggers a little in his gait. He takes me on fishing and shooting expeditions in the holidays; and last season I rode to hounds beside him. He tips me with outrageous generosity, and tells me stories of the Crimean War. He is not a good teller of tales; but my imagination fills in much of the detail of his sterile stories, and I am always quite absorbed by his narrations. But we have been very silent all the way home, and the house is very silent now. The domestics go about their duties noiselessly, like ghosts in livery. Everybody speaks with subdued voice; and I, though I notice all these things with the keenest observation, am stricken through with grief. For the sad message that has brought me here is that Maud is at death's door, and that there is little hope for her. The medical man of Wrethedale is in consultation with a physician from the county town. They are clothed in black, and look to my frightened eyes like Death's heralds. I am admitted, on promise of outward calmness, to Maud's chamber, and see her lying asleep, wan and fragile. Uncle Ben meets me at the door, and I see that his whole face is red, as if it had been scalded. He makes no concealment of his grief; and when he takes me on his knee in his own room, he puts his handkerchief over his face and cries unrestrainedly. I am too stonily cold in my grief to cry at all, and think myself terribly hard-hearted and unfeeling. I tell myself all that Maud has been to me, and how dearly I ought to love her, and still sit there cold and stony while Uncle Ben cries behind his handkerchief; and I can do nothing but look at a great miserable gap in the world which nothing can ever fill again. And a voice which is no part of me at all says distinctly and keeps on saying: 'I don't care;' and though I strive against it with abhorrence, it will not be silent. I grow to feel so fearfully wicked under the iteration of this inward voice, that I

become quite frightened at myself, and sit there whilst Uncle Ben's grief flows on, and feel stonier and colder every minute. At length a tap is heard at the door, and I rise and answer it.

'Mr Hartley is inside, sir,' whispers the domestic to some one outside the door; whereupon a very tall, broad-shouldered man with iron-gray hair, and a nose like an eagle's beak, nods in answer, enters the room, and lays a hand on Uncle Ben's shoulder.

'Is that you, Brand?' says Uncle Ben, rising from his chair. 'The other doctors are here, but I haven't got a lot o' faith in 'em. Come and see her.'

'Take me to the doctors, first,' says the newcomer; and Uncle Ben and he leave the room together. Then comes a long interval of silence, and I am left alone. I can hear one of the dogs whining in the kennels, for my uncle's room is at the back of the great house; and I think of the superstition which accredits animals with a foreknowledge of human death. After a great lapse of time, a female servant enters and makes up the fire; for Uncle Ben will have all domestic offices performed by women, and keeps up the tribe of menials in plush for service at table and for show. I venture to ask her if the new doctor holds out any hope; but she does not know, and steals away again as silently as she came. I wait a long time with a growing sense of fear, accusing myself all the while for my wicked want of feeling. Then the new doctor returns alone, not observing me at all, as I sit at the window looking out upon the night, which is calm and clear and cold. He seats himself with his back towards me, and lights a cigar and smokes it. I can see the dull red reflected in the polished marble of the mantel-piece, and the smoke that curls above the chair in which the doctor lounges. I want desperately to ask him the question which I put to the housemaid; but that accusing voice within me goes on saying: 'I don't care;' and I seem to have been so long silent and unnoticed that I am afraid to speak. Then after another lapse of time, a tap comes to the door again, and the doctor throws his cigar into the fire and walks out of the room; and with my stony misery still upon me, I fall asleep in my chair, until voices awake me.

'Where is Mr Hartley?' asks one voice; and looking up, I see that the doctor has returned, and that Cousin Will is with him.

'In his bedroom, and waiting anxiously to see you,' answers Cousin Will; and the doctor makes a movement to the door. But Will laying a restraining hand upon his arm, he turns round and faces him, looking down from under projecting brows. 'What,' asks Cousin Will, 'is your opinion of—the case?'

'Serious,' says the doctor; 'but there is ample room for hope.' With that he leaves the room; and I see Cousin Will fall upon his knees beside an armchair and bury his face within his hands. And for myself, at that good news, I only know that the false accusing voice within me goes silent suddenly, and that I weep for relief and hope, as I have never wept before.

Two weeks later, I am back at school with an egregious gratuity from Uncle Ben. Maud is recovering rapidly; and what with my joy at that, and the gleeful excitement with which I find

myself richer in the middle of the school-term than ever golden Midas was in his auriferous life, I am supremely contented, and the days race after one another till they bring the Christmas holidays.

Other pictures take form and colour before me, and there are other voices in my ear. It is my fifteenth birthday. Gascoigne is at the head of the school. Gregory minor is Gregory major now, and only one behind Gascoigne in the race. I lie upon the grass under the shadow of the beech-trees. It is night-time, and the moon is glorious; and across the field in the woods beyond the river, a nightingale is singing. I lie alone, heedless of damp grass; and I travel in thought through such a life as only an eager lad can live in his dreams. *On n'a pas toujours quinze ans*, sings Suzanne, and at fifteen one has a right to one's dreams. I recall the scene almost as if it were a spectacle in a theatre. The solemn beech-trees are alive with light at the edges of their masses of dark foliage. There is a visible nimbus about the meanest object in sight, and the nightingale sings. Over my dream and through the story of the nightingale steals a serious voice, which comes nearer as it speaks. I know the voice for that of the head-master. His companion is tall and slight, but manly in figure; and as they go by at a distance of twenty yards perhaps, I think it ridiculous when the figure looks like Gascoigne's. Gascoigne is a prosperous scholar, and a great deity of mine; but there are limits even to my beliefs in him, and I can scarcely dream of him—dreamer as I am—as walking in intimate talk with our head-master. Whilst I wonder, the head-master turns, and Gascoigne—for it is he—turns with him. The master's voice comes clear and solemn to where I lie in the grass, and my heart beats with half-a-score of emotions at once—sorrowful and joyful.

'You leave to-morrow, then,' says the head-master; 'and you carry my hopes and my prayers with you. Your career at school has been an exceptionally brilliant one, and you have proved that you are master of exceptional qualities. There is only one way with those qualities, if you would prosper with them and make them useful.' The measured tones and the measured step fall into the distance together, and after an interim, return. 'Good-bye, then,' says the master, pausing once more opposite my unseen post, and turning towards his own residence. 'I will keep the high hopes I had of you. I am more than willing to believe in you. There may come a time in your career, Gascoigne, when gentle dealing may seem out of place, and strict justice may claim her own more rigidly. But the scales will not be in my hands then. Take care that I have never to throw into them the weight which I reserve to-day. Good-bye.'

With no farewell from Gascoigne's lips, the master moves on towards his own house. His step dies in silence on the turf, and I lose his form in shadow. Now Gascoigne is down upon his face, and I can hear him moaning. What—what is this? What shadow of disgrace or grief is here? I dare guess nothing, dare fear nothing. And the memory haunts me like a nightmare through the day which follows, and through the next, and through the long vacation which succeeds it. Gascoigne has gone one day before his time, with-

out good-byes to any; and his friends are chagrined, but not suspicious. And only he knows what casts that shadow which *will* fall between himself and me, though all my soul rebels against it.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN ANGLO-INDIAN CHAPLAIN.

ARCOT AND VELLORE.

WITHIN four hours by rail from Madras, are picturesquely situated amongst rugged hills the two towns of Arcot and Vellore. They lie close by each other, and although bereft of the pomp and grandeur of former days, are still populous and important places. Arcot was the capital city of the province of the Carnatic, where dwelt, in all their barbaric splendour, the Nabobs of that ilk; whilst Vellore was their large and almost impregnable fortress. Both towns are intimately associated with our early conquests in India; around their walls are the scenes of many hard-contested fights, in which French and English, Mohammedans and Mahrattas, were engaged. It was the taking of Arcot by Lord Clive—at that time simply Captain Clive, recently a merchant's clerk in Madras—which gave the finishing blow to the Mohammedan dynasty, quenched the hopes of their French auxiliaries, and firmly established the English rule along the eastern coast of Southern India. True indeed after that period the English had to fight many battles on these same plains of the Carnatic against many foes; chief amongst them were the terrible Hyder Ali and his fierce son Tippoo Saib. Again and again did these redoubtable warriors hasten to the assistance of the Nabob, determined if possible to drive the hated Feringhi from Indian soil. But in vain. The great waves dashed against the little rock, and were broken and routed; and campaign after campaign led to fresh conquests by the English forces and to new acquisitions of territory, until ultimately, as it is now, the kingdoms of Southern India from east to west had come directly or indirectly under British rule.

The taking and defence of Arcot is one of the most heroic stories in the annals of the British army, illustrative of British bravery and pluck. How history repeats itself! The gallant defence of Rorke's Drift at Zululand the other day by the shattered remnant of the 24th, was but the repetition on a smaller scale of the equally gallant defence of Arcot by Clive a hundred years ago. With only five hundred English soldiers and sepoy under him, he was besieged by ten thousand Frenchmen and Mohammedans; and yet with this handful he defied the surging host for fifty days, and then drove them, defeated and demoralised, from the broken-down ramparts, where they left behind them guns and ammunition and hundreds of slain.

After the conquest of the Carnatic, Arcot and Vellore became garrisons for British troops. In the former was stationed a regiment of English cavalry; and in the fortress of the latter were one regiment of English infantry and three or four regiments of sepoy. Such were the troops stationed at those two places in the year 1806, when there happened a tragic event that filled our whole country then with horror and indignation; just as we were appalled twenty years ago

by the outbreak of the Mutiny, or as, the other day, by the news of the disasters in Africa. After the death of Tippoo Saib, the tyrant of Mysore, and the overthrow of his dynasty, his family, consisting of several sons and daughters, were removed to the fortress of Vellore. Here they were permitted to enjoy almost perfect freedom, little or no surveillance being kept over them. And as the English government was most liberal in its allowances, those princes were enabled to live very luxuriously, and so attracted to their court many of the adherents and followers of their late father. The consequence was a secret but widespread conspiracy among the Mohammedans.

Very early in the morning of the 10th of July of that year, the soldiers of His Majesty's 69th Regiment were there asleep in their cots, every door and window being wide open, to admit a cooling breeze into the barracks. Suddenly a murderous fire of musketry was poured in upon them. These came from the guns of the British sepoy who had been seduced from their allegiance by the treacherous Mohammedans, and incited by whom, they were now bent on murdering the sleeping English. And unfortunately, they succeeded but too well. Fifteen officers and eighty-two privates were killed; ninety-one others being wounded. Some of the surviving soldiers hid themselves in nooks where the bullets could not reach them, and not a few gained the ramparts, where, led by Sergeant Brodie, they maintained a gallant defence. One man leaped from the fortress, swam the moat, that swarmed with alligators, and fled with breathless haste to tell the dismal news to the cavalry at Arcot. Luckily he met with Colonel Gillespie, the commander of the regiment, which was the 19th Light Dragoons, and who was out for his morning ride. The soldier told his story. The Colonel rode into the barracks, sounded the alarm 'to boot and saddle,' and at the head of the first troop that was ready, dashed on to Vellore. The gallant Colonel reached the gates before his men, and was pulled up the ramparts by a rope formed of the soldiers' belts. Rallying their exhausted strength, the poor survivors of the 69th charged the mutineers, whilst the Colonel drew the bolts of the ponderous gate. Thus the way was opened; and the dragoons with flashing sabres rushed upon the sepoy and cut them down by hundreds. And to this day the mound in the middle of that fortress tells of the signal revenge that was taken for that dismal treachery. Such is the story of the 'Vellore Mutiny.' It fills a sad page in Anglo-Indian history. I have here given it as told to me by an old Scotchwoman, who was a member of my church at Bangalore, and whose young husband, seventy years ago, was one of that avenging column which rode from Arcot to Vellore on that bright summer morning to exact a retributive punishment for the murder of their fellow-soldiers.

Within the fort of Vellore is a group of Hindu temples, regarded as amongst the finest specimens of that kind of architecture to be found in all India. They are of a prodigious height, and built of stones colossal in their size and elaborately sculptured. The Hindus, who are very fond of dilating upon the antiquity of their country and their religion, love to speak of those temples as being so old that the time of their erection cannot be guessed. They have certainly

reached a good old age; their appearance tells us that; but it tells us something more than that, namely, that those temples have reached the decay of old age. I have groped my way beneath their gloomy darkness; I have wandered through their silent and forsaken vaults; I have trodden their passages and courts, where weeds of a sickening smell rankled, and where filth of every kind was strewn; and I have rejoiced in those undoubted evidences certainly of neglect, but certainly too of a day that will speedily come, brought about by that very neglect, when those temples shall stand as interesting ruins to tell of a darkness that was once upon the land, and a gross darkness that was once upon the people. 'Our day is past—yours is at hand,' said a Hindu priest to a Christian missionary. The poor Brahman was feeling not the mere breath of change, but the tempest of change. Not long ago he could command the riches of the people to uphold his sacred offices and sacred shrines; but now he can scarcely extort sufficient to keep himself and his family from starvation, let alone the keeping up of the temple.

One of my last visits to Vellore was in company with Dr Norman Macleod and Dr Watson. We went thither to visit the Scottish mission and to ordain a native pastor. And what a joyous day it was; one of many such, all laborious yet full of joy, spent with 'the Deputation,' midst the sunshine and warmth of Southern India; Norman—let me with all affection and respect call him such—ever being the light and life of our party. Nothing seemed to be able to weary him out, no travelling, nor speaking, nor 'interviewing,' neither early rising nor sitting late at night—although all the time he was far from being physically well. And certainly nothing could damp the exuberance of his spirits, nor interfere with what I must call his perpetual boyhood's glee. As I said in the first General Assembly after my return home, we in India were very glad to welcome him, and glad to have him with us; but we were glad too when he went away, for we felt that with his incessant labours he was killing us, as alas! he was certainly killing himself. For too, too soon thereafter, the 'death of Norman Macleod' was flashed as dismal tidings to every portion of the British empire, and beyond it too; and everywhere it cast a melancholy gloom over hearts and homes, for everywhere his name was known and honoured and beloved.

LUXURIOUS BATHING.

In an article on 'Hydropathic Establishments,' which appeared in a former number of this *Journal* (Sept. 7, 1878), occasion was taken to refer to some of the advantages of hydropathy as a promoter of health, and to the increased facilities afforded for the application of its principles by the establishment of such places of public resort as those indicated. Baths, as is well known, form one of the chief hygienic features of these institutions; and, no doubt, when judiciously applied, and under the medical superintendence that is given, the bath in its various forms becomes a valuable remedy in the case of individuals whose jaded energies require restoration, or whose enfeebled health stands in need of some gentle stimulant. But it is not at all times convenient,

or even possible, for the great mass of people, let them be ever so seriously indisposed, to relinquish altogether their professional or business engagements in order to submit themselves to the course of treatment which such establishments impose, and therefore it becomes a matter of much practical importance that people should have some knowledge of how to treat themselves in such a case.

There are few citizens of our larger towns who have not, either in their own dwellings, or by means of public baths, the opportunity of testing for themselves the benefits to be derived from the application of water, either in the ordinary purposes of ablution, or with a view to the removal or prevention of disease. Nor is there perhaps any other question so nearly affecting personal health and comfort on which such erroneous and hap-hazard notions exist, as this of bathing; great part of the prevalent dubiety as to its advantages being traceable not so much to its own defects, as to the irregular, capricious, and frequently mistaken methods by which it has been tested.

It is with pleasure, therefore, that we draw attention to a volume entitled *Luxurious Bathing* (London: Field and Tuer), in which very simple yet valuable directions are given for the use of the bath.

The kind of bath first referred to in the book, is the hot or soap bath. The cold bath is to many persons a painful and trying ordeal; whereas the soap-bath is 'at once a necessity and a luxury, and in order to obtain the greatest number of benefits, including increased health, appetite, vigour, and good spirits, this bath is the most effectual, and moreover the pleasantest and least trying to the weakly or over-sensitive constitution.' It appears also, says the author, 'from the evidence obtained by modern scientific research, that hot water destroys the germinating power of malignant contagious diseases, and that soap chemically poisons it. These germs or spores are carried about by every wind that blows; and when it is borne in mind that, roughly speaking, a million of such germs will lie on a threepenny-piece, the value, as a preventive of contagion, of a thorough daily ablution with soap, may be estimated.' The application of the hot or soap bath is simple; the bather, provided with a piece of soap and a loose washing-glove, and with a basin of hot water before him, vigorously covers himself from head to foot with a thick and abundant lather. This process need not take more than three or four minutes, after which, while the body is thoroughly warm, two or three plunges should be taken into cold water, a couple of rapid dips being sufficient to remove every particle of soap. The head must remain uncovered and receive the full benefit of the cold water, otherwise a violent headache may follow. 'The momentary shock of the cold dip is succeeded by a delightful feeling of vital internal warmth—a delicious triumphant glow.' The nature of the cold bath which follows the hot is of little moment; and instead of a plunge—a shower, sitz, or sponge bath may be used.

But however the cold water be applied, the essential of its application is to obtain that reaction from its shock, without which bathing is injurious instead of beneficial. Much depends upon this reaction. If it be slow, then coldness, shivering,

violent headache, slow pulse, and probable sickness follow. On the other hand, if the reaction be lively, then the heart is actively excited, and the blood propelled with unusual force through the system; the temperature of the body rapidly rises, and a general glow supervenes, accompanied with mixed feelings of increased vitality, buoyancy, and exhilaration, difficult to describe. With the non-robust, the stay in the cold water can hardly be made too short; the principal shock is produced from the *first* application, and the endeavour ought rather to be to get out as quickly as possible, than to stay in under the mistaken notion of deriving increased benefit.

A milder mode of applying the cold water than the plunge, is the sponge-bath; and a more violent mode is the shower-bath. To obtain the fullest benefit of the sponge-bath, in the most agreeable manner, 'the charged sponge, as the bather steps into the bath, should be lifted and carried quickly to the back of the head, which should be slightly inclined forward, so that the bulk of the water will run down the spine and back; the next spongeful should be almost instantaneously applied, leaning forward, to the top of the head; and the third, standing quite upright, to the chest; the arms and legs may then be separately treated; and if desire be felt for more, the application may be repeated to the back of the head and chest.' The shower-bath requires greater caution in its use. 'To those able to stand it,' says Mr Tuer, 'nothing can be more agreeable and refreshing; but it may be safely questioned whether a shower-bath taken on a cold misty morning, with the water all but freezing, can possibly prove salutary even to the most robust. Nearly freezing water from a shower-bath produces a feeling something akin to what might be imagined to result from a shower of red-hot lead; the shock is tremendous, and the shower, if continued for any length of time, would assuredly cause asphyxia.' If headache follow, or reaction be slow, accompanied by shivering, the shower must be discontinued and a milder bath resorted to.

Immediately on emerging from the bath, dry towels should be vigorously made use of, and if desirable, the flesh-brush. No unnecessary delay should at this point be made, however the bather may dawdle in his subsequent dressing. With respect to tepid baths, the author rather discourages them, and suggests that persons who are in the habit of using these baths, and remain splashing about for a considerable time, would derive greater benefit, and the body be more refreshed, by a shorter immersion in water of a lower temperature. Another point as to which some difference of opinion frequently exists is, whether it is a wise or safe thing for a person who is warm from exercise to plunge into cold water. Mr Tuer is of opinion that it is quite safe, and may be indulged in with impunity even when much heated, provided the plunge be taken the moment the clothes are removed. The danger, he points out, is in standing about on the brink, during which time the body rapidly cools, and cold may be taken. But he adds: 'Although perfectly safe to plunge into cold water, no matter how much the body may be heated, care must be taken to avoid it if there are feelings of lassitude and exhaustion; these are sure signs of over-fatigue, and a cold bath under such circumstances is not

only weakening, but might prove absolutely dangerous.' When a bath is taken while the bather is heated, he ought afterwards to have a complete change of clothes, so as to prevent any chance of taking cold through putting on clothes rendered damp by previous exercise. We would, however, caution all against the danger of plunging into cold water while the body is in a state of perspiration. Rather wait, before undressing, until the body has had time to cool from such excessive temperature, or let the intending bather first rub himself down till thoroughly dry. In slight colds, the baths may be continued; but in the case of a violent cold, or affection of the throat, they should be discontinued.

In treating of sea-bathing and swimming, Mr Tuer states that salt water is more energetic in its action than fresh, and after a dip in the sea there is not the same liability to take cold from insufficient drying as after a fresh-water bath, the saline particles which adhere to the skin further exciting its action, and producing a healthy and more vigorous glow. It is for the same reason that children may dabble and patter about in the pools by the sea-shore, without any risk of taking cold. In this connection, the author strongly urges the propriety of having boys and girls taught swimming at schools. 'We ought,' he says, 'as islanders, to be swimmers, and it is to be regretted that we are not. Swimmers are of necessity bathers; but bathers are not always, as they should be, swimmers.' It is an accomplishment unquestionably useful; is not difficult to acquire; and when acquired, not readily forgotten.

The volume to which we are indebted for the foregoing hints is a magnificent specimen of typographical and pictorial art. The descriptive portion of the book—that on bathing—is from the pen of Mr Andrew W. Tuer, while the beautiful folio etchings, initials &c., are the work of Mr Sutton Sharpe. The whole production—binding, paper, and printing—is faultless as a piece of book manufacture, and we are in doubt whether the epithet of 'luxurious' in the title is not intended to apply as much to the book itself as to its subject. Besides initials, tail-pieces, &c., there are twelve folio etchings, each of them illustrative of some poetical stanza; many of them representing real scenes; and all of them, as might in the circumstances be supposed, introducing water as a leading feature in the landscapes portrayed. Charming as all these examples of the etcher's art undoubtedly are, there are some of them, more than others, whose subtle beauties are qualified to elicit genuine admiration. One of the most striking of these is that entitled 'Ennerdale Water'—

That sacred lake withdrawn amid the hills.

By what may be said to be a few graphic touches, not one of which is wasted, we have the lake before us, in all its sheen of summer splendour, without a ripple or a shadow, save where a little boat shoots out into the water, the higher hills behind whitened in the sunlight, and the glare of the summer's day only relieved by the darker masses of the lower spurs. Another etching of great power and beauty is 'In the Fens,' illustrating a stanza of Tennyson's 'Brook,' as are also those entitled a 'Study of Water,' and 'Water Lilies.' But it is not our purpose to further dwell on the book as a work of art; in this respect it must be seen to be

fully appreciated. So much for the book and its subject-matter. It is not often that hygiene is so pleasantly set forth as in this volume. It is a work of art, yet not altogether so; for, as our analysis of its teaching may indicate, its pages contain much good sense, wholesome advice, and valuable hints as to the use of the bath—when to use it, how to use it, and when to let it alone. As to the connection between the subject and the illustrations, there does seem to be some little inconsistency; but the author has anticipated the objection, and ‘hopes that the first “shock” caused by the incongruity will be followed by a “reaction” of pleasure and perhaps approval. Anything,’ he adds, ‘which tends to the better health of body and mind must increase the capacity for enjoyment both in nature and art.’ It is to be hoped that Mr Tuer may see fit to issue an edition of the work which may place it within the reach of the masses.

A CONSPIRATOR IN SPITE OF MYSELF.

CHAPTER III.

MYSTERY (CONTINUED).

MUCH earnest but whispered conversation took place during the brief interval that elapsed from the time when the young officers entered the saloon, until a messenger, booted and spurred and covered with dust, as if he had ridden hard, appeared at the door. ‘All is ready, Signore,’ said he in Italian.

‘It is well, Signore,’ replied the aged officer, who—in conjunction with the young man who had boarded *La belle Jeannette* in the Gulf, a few hours earlier, and had persuaded Gustave Pailleur and me to accompany him on shore—appeared to assume the direction of affairs.

Advancing to the sofa, and again offering his arm to the youth who had not yet entirely recovered from his agitation, he led the way forth from the saloon, followed by several of the company; while the *padrone* and I were ordered to march in line in the rear with others, who were like ourselves disguised as common soldiers, whom I now suspected to be officers or other persons of superior position. We descended the long flight of stone or marble steps into an open courtyard, where three carriages awaited our appearance. To one of these carriages the aged officer who was addressed as Signor el Duca conducted the two youths; and when they had entered the vehicle, the young officer who was addressed as Altezza followed after them, and seated himself opposite to them with his back to the horses. The second carriage was occupied by others of the party; and then the *padrone* and I were ordered to take our seats with our backs to the horses in the third carriage. The aged officer and an individual disguised as a common soldier then seated themselves opposite to us in the carriage, and the three vehicles were driven forth from the court-yard.

‘Now, my friends,’ said the old officer, in his imperfect yet still intelligible French, addressing himself to Gustave and me, as soon as the carriages were in motion; ‘mark well what I say. You are Italian soldiers for the time being. You will probably be challenged by the sentries. In such case reply: *Tutta buono!* [All is well!]—nothing more. And’—uttered to me—‘if you say a word

more, or if you attempt to escape, or to give alarm, you will do so at the peril of instant death.’

He then became silent; and not another word was spoken until after a drive of perhaps a couple of leagues, we drew near the sea-shore. Here we alighted from the carriage, as did the rest of the party from the vehicles they had occupied. But to our great astonishment, two elegantly attired ladies, who we were positive had not entered the vehicle from the *palazzo*, alighted from the second carriage. These ladies appeared to be weeping bitterly, inasmuch as they did not for a moment remove the handkerchiefs which they held to their eyes, while they kept their veils down, as if to conceal their faces as much as possible. They were, however, courteously treated by the officers; though Gustave and I—a musket with fixed bayonet having been handed to each of us when we quitted the carriage—were sternly ordered to march on each side of them, together with four other men, who if they were not really what they appeared to be, were dressed like common soldiers—as if we were keeping guard over them, while several other persons followed. Still the attention of the aged officer who had accompanied us in the carriage was given entirely to the two youthful subalterns—who, together with the young officer who had boarded the lugger in the Gulf, brought up the rear—to the utter disregard or neglect of the weeping ladies!

Near the spot whereat we alighted from the carriage stood a military guardhouse, which it was necessary to pass within the distance of a few yards, in order to reach the beach. As we were passing this guardhouse, a sentry challenged us, and we answered *Tutta buono!* in accordance with the orders we had received. An officer then came forth from the guardhouse, and—as they passed by—entered into conversation with the officers of our party; but as they spoke Italian, the conversation was unintelligible to Gustave and me. On reaching the beach, we had a full view of the mouth of the Gulf; but we were unable to see *La belle Jeannette*, though she lay at anchor not more than a couple of miles distant, by reason of her being concealed by a projecting point of land, called Point Licosa. A man-of-war’s pinnace, steered by a young Italian naval officer, and manned by six sailors, was lying off the shore, to which it drew nearer as we approached. Again we were hailed from the boat, and again the *padrone* and I and the other men dressed like soldiers responded to the hail: *Tutta buono!* upon which the boat was pulled in until her keel grated on the pebbles. Two sailors leaped overboard, knee-deep into the water, and hauled her up as far as was possible on the beach; and then a plank was laid from her bows to the shore, in order that we might get on board without wetting our feet.

We entered the pinnace, which was a boat of considerable size, to the number of twelve, all told—namely, the aged officer, whom for distinction’s sake I may style M. le Duc; the young officer who had boarded the lugger, who from his being addressed as Altezza, I judged to be of princely rank; the two youthful subalterns; the two ladies; the *padrone* and myself, and four others attired in the garb of soldiers, whom, from their manners and appearance, I suspected to be

of superior rank. When all were seated, the boat was shoved off; and was pulled by the Italian sailors towards the lofty Cape on the northern shore of the Gulf, behind which the Italian corvette lay at anchor. Scarcely, however, were we out of sight of the guardhouse, when, on a signal given by M. le Duc, the Italian naval officer and the six oarsmen were suddenly seized all at the same moment, and ruthlessly hurled overboard! I uttered a cry of alarm, as also did one of the young subalterns; but I was sternly commanded to be silent by M. le Duc; while the Prince, as I may style the younger leader of the party, whispered in the ear of the young subaltern officer, as if to reassure him. Then addressing the *padrone* and me in French, and pointing to two huge buoys—to which large vessels that entered the Gulf were sometimes moored, and between which we were passing—he said: 'Do not fear for the sailors; you see they can swim; and they will cling to yonder buoys until help comes to them.'

The sailors were swimming towards the buoys, and they reached them before we in the pinnace lost sight of them; we were therefore satisfied as to their safety. It was evident that the sailors had quitted the corvette prepared for self-defence, anticipating the probability of an attack from some band of insurgents; for each man carried a ship's pistol stuck in his belt, and I had noticed that there were several cutlasses lying in the stern-sheets of the pinnace. But even if it had been possible for them to use their pistols when seized so suddenly and unexpectedly, the weapons were now rendered harmless by immersion in the water.

The oars were now taken by the *padrone* and me and the four men, attired like ourselves as soldiers; while M. le Duc took upon himself the office of steersman; and the pinnace was now pulled across the Gulf in the opposite direction into the deep shadow caused by the high land. Then we pulled along the land close in-shore until we rounded Point Licosa, and beheld *La belle Jeannette* lying quietly at anchor a short distance ahead, with a lantern hoisted to her mast-head. We now steered direct towards the lugger, and were soon alongside, to the great astonishment and alarm of the crew left on board. It would have been useless for them to have offered resistance; but some minutes elapsed after we had clambered on board before the men could believe that it was really the *padrone* and I who stood on the deck before them in the guise of Italian soldiers. It was yet hardly four o'clock A. M.; for the events I have narrated had passed rapidly, and it was still dark—darker indeed than it had been at midnight, for the moon was on the wane.

'You assured me,' said M. le Duc to the *padrone*, 'that your vessel could be got under weigh in a few moments. Lower the lantern, and get her under weigh immediately.'

'Whither, Monsieur?' asked Gustave, who still trembled with affright.

'Ask no questions, but obey the orders you will receive,' answered the aged officer. 'Do so, and you will have no cause for regret. Hesitate, and the command of the vessel will be taken out of your hands. Let all lights be extinguished.'

There was nothing else for the *padrone* to do but to obey, since he and his crew were powerless amidst so many armed and determined men; and

in a few minutes the lugger's anchor was hoisted, her sails were set, and she was standing out of the Gulf.

M. le Duc, who now assumed the command of the little vessel, ordered her to be steered as close as possible under the high land, that she might be concealed in the deep gloom it cast across the Gulf. The fishing-luggers are generally swift sailers and excellent sea-boats—these qualities being necessary to vessels that are liable to be exposed to storms and tempests at all seasons of the year. We had the breeze on our starboard quarter. It was the vessel's best point of sailing; and in half an hour we had rounded the Cape, and were in sight of the corvette, which lay at anchor about half a mile distant. In order, however, to avert suspicion by boldness, M. le Duc now ordered the *padrone* to steer the lugger in a straight course out to sea. This course brought us almost within hailing distance of the corvette, which, in evident expectation of the return of her pinnace, carried three lanterns at her mast-heads. Her commander, I presume, imagined the lugger to be a harmless fishing-vessel; for though the corvette had her boats lowered, none of them left her side, nor were there any attempts made to bring us to. We had not, however, got beyond range of her guns when three sky-rockets were sent up rapidly one after the other from the guardhouse, as an alarm signal; and a few moments afterwards we heard the report of a gun.

'Monsieur,' said the young officer whom I will style M. le Prince, who was standing by my side, 'that is an alarm from the guardhouse on shore. The seizure of the pinnace is discovered. The corvette will respond to the signal, and will give chase to us or will fire upon us. Are we beyond the range of her guns?'

'I should say that we are, Monsieur,' I replied, speaking to him in French, in which language he had addressed me. 'But whether or not, although her lanterns betray her position to us, those on board cannot discern the lugger through the darkness. If she gives us chase, we shall easily escape from her, unless a chance shot should strike us.'

'That is well, Monsieur,' said he. 'You are a sailor. You will do your best to avoid capture? The poor *padrone* is *tête montée* with affright.'

'The lugger is his property, and the means by which he obtains his livelihood, Monsieur,' I replied. 'He would almost as soon perish himself as lose his vessel.'

I was still speaking, when a tongue of flame darted forth from the side of the corvette; a round-shot struck the water about half a mile to windward of the lugger, and in a few seconds we heard the report of the gun. We were evidently not yet beyond the range of the corvette's fire; but the chances were a hundred to one that we should escape her shot in the darkness, even if she gave chase. The two young subaltern officers had retired to the cabin immediately after coming on board; but everybody else, even to the two females, was upon deck, and in a state of great excitement. But though two or three more shots were fired from the corvette without effect, she did not attempt to get under weigh, as we could perceive by means of the lanterns at her mast-heads, which to all appearance remained stationary.

Meanwhile the *padrone* and his crew were ordered to look out for a large schooner which

they were told would display a green light; and in about twenty minutes such a light was seen gleaming to windward of the lugger. The *padrone* was now directed to rehoist the lantern to the mast-head, and dip it thrice. This order was obeyed; and the green light was immediately dipped and rehoisted, in response to our signal.

'*C'est bien,*' said the young Italian officer to me. 'It is the schooner we were seeking.'

But daylight was now beginning to dawn, and though a light haze rested on the water, all doubt was soon set at rest by the appearance of a three-masted schooner, which, looming large amidst the haze, came bearing down towards us. The outlines of the lofty Cape Palinuro were distinctly visible above the haze to leeward; but nothing could be seen of the corvette, which lay concealed in the deep shadow cast over the water by the high land. The excitement on board the lugger increased. The schooner rapidly neared us; and in a few minutes we were hailed by some person on board of her. The hail was answered; the two vessels rounded to within speaking distance; and a lively conversation, in Italian, ensued between the people of the schooner and the officers on board the fishing-vessel. A few minutes more, and a boat was lowered from the schooner, and pulled alongside the lugger; the two youthful subalterns, who had until now remained below in the cabin, were led upon deck by the elder officer M. le Duc, and assisted into the boat, into which the younger officer Sua Altezza, had previously descended to receive them.

The strong suspicions I had heretofore entertained that the two young subalterns were females, were now confirmed. I had a good view of their features, and of their slender figures. Their fair delicate complexions, and small white hands, upon the fingers of which glittered rings of great value; their bashfulness and timidity; their manner of descending into the boat, and many other traits, together with the great respect and deference with which they were treated by the Italians, betrayed the fact beyond the possibility of doubt, that they were females, and to all appearance ladies of high rank and station; while the pretended sorrowing females—of whose sex I had certainly entertained some doubts, though these doubts had been from time to time discarded, so well did they act the characters they had assumed—were in reality two young military officers, but little past the age of boyhood, who now appeared in their proper apparel; and who, while evidently relieved of a great responsibility, seemed inclined to regard the whole affair as a capital joke.

The *padrone* was then ordered to enter the boat; and it was politely intimated to me by the young officer Sua Altezza, who remained in the boat with the ladies, that he would be happy if I would accompany the *padrone* on board the schooner. This request was seconded by M. le Duc, who remained on board the lugger.

'I cannot possibly remain on board that schooner, Monsieur,' said I to the young officer in the boat.

'Assuredly not, Monsieur,' he replied. 'It is not required. The boat will return to the lugger in a few minutes with you and the *padrone*.'

I no longer hesitated; for I had an eager desire to see the affair to the end. I entered the boat

therefore, which immediately put off to the schooner. As we left the side of the lugger, the Italians on board, who lined the low bulwark, lifted their hats to the disguised ladies and wished them happiness. Some among them appeared to be deeply affected by the parting, particularly the aged officer, who raised his eyes to heaven, as if imploring a blessing upon them. The disguised ladies themselves wept bitterly; the younger and handsomer of the two seeming as if she were scarcely able to support herself, while the young officer by her side strove to console and encourage her.

A FEW MORE WORDS ABOUT THE AUDIPHONE.

THOUGH on several occasions we have noticed this useful instrument, and have suggested a variety of kinds, we have been unable to publish any practical results accruing from its use. We are therefore glad to be able to offer to those of our readers who are afflicted with deafness, a few words from one who, having tested the instrument invented by Mr Rhodes, is qualified to speak of its efficacy. The importance of the subject is our apology for recurring to it. Our correspondent says:

I am not absolutely devoid of the sense of hearing, but I am deaf enough to make most annoying mistakes sometimes when engaged in conversation with any one; and when I happen to be in a room where several people are conversing together, I require to exert the utmost attention—sometimes even to a painful degree—in order to make out what they happen to be talking about, and frequently fail to extract sense or meaning out of the apparently confused buzz around me. My hearing being in this unsatisfactory state, I was much interested in a notice of the Audiphone which appeared in your *Journal* a few weeks ago; but as it was an American invention, I must say that I felt very much inclined to accept with caution accounts which I had gathered of it from other sources. I thought they were at least exaggerated, like many other travelled stories. But having discovered that the patentee of the invention had established an agency here in Glasgow, I resolved to satisfy my curiosity about it. The results of my inquiries I now write, in the hope that they may prove interesting to many of my fellow-sufferers, who may not be able to investigate the matter themselves. I must first, however, state that it is only in cases where the auditory nerve has not been altogether destroyed or very seriously injured, that the instrument can be of any service; just as a pair of spectacles would be useless if the optic nerve were gone.

The audiphone, in my opinion, cannot strictly speaking be called a discovery; it is rather an ingenious and highly useful application of the well-known fact in acoustics, that the auditory nerve receives impressions when conveyed to it through the medium of the teeth, almost as well as if they reached it through the ears in the natural manner. Almost everybody has at some time or other noticed deaf people, when wishing to ascer-

tain whether their watch was going or not, apply it to their teeth instead of to their ear; and we all know that the little instrument called a tuning-fork is almost always applied to the teeth when we wish to hear its sound. Some people—myself among the rest—have even advanced so far in the science of acoustics as to invert their hat, directing the aperture towards the place whence the sound is expected, and placing the edge of the top against the teeth, and have thus been enabled to hear a very great deal more distinctly than they could without any such appliance. It is also very generally known that Beethoven the great composer was deaf; but by placing one end of a metallic rod between his teeth, and resting the other on the sounding-board of his piano, he was enabled to hear perfectly. Many other instances might be adduced of the capability of hearing through the medium of the teeth, and of various plans which have been tried to utilise the faculty; but to Mr R. S. Rhodes—of the publishing firm of Rhodes and McLure of Chicago—is due the credit of having discovered a convenient and practical method of rendering this mode of hearing serviceable, and thus conferring an unspeakable boon on the great number of his fellow-men who are labouring under the very great discomforts and deprivations which result from the total or partial want of the sense of hearing.

On my arrival at the office of the agents of the patentees—Messrs Eglin and Gardner, 70 York Street, Glasgow*—I stated the object of my visit to them; and very soon had all my doubts as to the beneficial effects of the instrument in my own case completely removed. Mr Eglin handed me an audiphone, and told me how to use it. He then took a book, and began to read from it in a clear distinct voice close to me, before I applied the instrument to my teeth. He then receded from me till I could only hear his voice very indistinctly. I then placed the upper edge of the audiphone against my teeth; and by its aid I could hear quite as well as ever I could in my life. I noticed also that a confused chaos of noises, which kept buzzing in my ears, was apparently resolved into its component parts; and I was enabled to hear clearly all that was going on both in the office and in the street outside. Although I was quite satisfied with the effects of the instrument on my own powers of hearing, still I longed to see it tried on others. As the firm are agents for a number of other American patents and inventions, I set to work to inspect a few of the ingenious and useful novelties with which the premises abounded; and whilst I was doing so, a lady entered, bent on ascertaining the merits of the new invention. She was very deaf—indeed so much so that she could hardly hear any one although they shouted as loud as they could close to her ear; but by means of the audiphone she could hear any one talking in an ordinary conversational tone of voice, or even in a loudish whisper. I was also told by Mr Eglin that an old gentleman upwards of eighty, and who had a complete set of false teeth both in the upper and under jaw, called at the office a few days ago; and was so

well pleased with the efficacy of this help to hearing, that he purchased one, as a proof of his belief in its powers. I am afraid, however, that it would not succeed with decayed or carious teeth.

A few days after my visit to Messrs Eglin and Gardner's office, whilst looking through the Glasgow Agricultural Society's show, I found that those gentlemen had secured a stance for the exhibition of their various wares—the audiphone among the rest; and as a good many people were experimenting with that instrument, I had a good opportunity of observing its effects on a variety of persons. One young gentleman who tried it was entirely and completely deaf, but had not lost his hearing before he had learned to speak. He remarked by means of the finger-alphabet that he had only a very vague recollection of what sound was like, and how it affected him, as he was so deaf as not to be able to hear his own voice, which indeed only consisted of a series of weird inarticulate noises; having during his prolonged deafness entirely lost the power of modulating the performances of his vocal organs, although these remained in every respect perfect. After a few trials of the ordinary instrument, the gentleman tried the effect of a double one; and by means of it he was enabled to hear his own voice, the hideous sound of which dismayed him considerably at first; but joy at the recovery of his lost faculty soon overpowered every other feeling, and he confidently expressed the conviction that by the aid of the audiphone he would be able both to hear and to speak fluently. It was now only a question of time with him. After he had satisfied himself, many others tried experiments with the instrument; some of whom considered it to be too powerful, while others were of the opposite opinion; but all agreed in pronouncing it the best aid to hearing ever offered to the public.

I am by no means convinced that it has as yet reached that state of efficiency and perfection which it will attain in the future, now that the principle of its construction has been made known to the world; and I am told that Mr Rhodes is still endeavouring to improve it. I have no doubt of the capability of the audiphone to transmit sound by adjusting the thickness of the disc to the amount of hearing-power possessed by different people, just as the lenses of spectacles are adjusted to different sights. Some other material may yet be adopted from which to manufacture the instrument; or some other form may be discovered better adapted to collect and transmit sound than the one at present in use; or it may perchance be modified in many various ways, as it most likely will be before long, should the minds of skilled experimentalists in the science of acoustics be thus directed.

By way of experimenting, Mr Rhodes tried many kinds of metal and wood, all of which he found to be objectionable in a greater or less degree; till at last his attention was attracted to the diaphragm of a telephone, and from it he caught a suggestion which resulted in his audiphone. The following description we again quote from the *Chicago Tribune* (September 4, 1879): 'It is in shape like a square Japanese fan, and is made of a composition the major portion of which is vulcanite. At the back of this

* Our correspondent is not aware of any other agency in Great Britain, though others are to be appointed. A descriptive pamphlet, with illustrations and prices, may be had from the Glasgow agents.—ED.

thing there is a cord, stretching from the upper edge to the handle. By means of this cord the instrument is tuned like a violin, and the tension is regulated according to the distance the sound has to travel. The upper edge of this audiphone is placed against the two upper teeth; and the vibrations received on its surface are conveyed by the medium of the teeth and the nerves of the teeth to the acoustic nerves, and produce upon them an action similar to the action produced by sound upon the drum of the ear.

To enable a deaf-mute to learn to speak and to hear his own voice, a *double* audiphone is preferable, or rather, necessary. This consists of two discs, like the one described above, fitted into the same base, about a quarter of an inch apart, and separated at the upper edges the same distance, so that each disc may act independently of the other. This arrangement is best adapted for the use of deaf-mutes, because not only is the sound produced of greater volume and more distinct, but also the voice of the mute when spoken between the discs is much intensified, and therefore the more distinctly heard by himself.

The difficulties attendant on the acquisition of speech even after the primary one—want of hearing—has been removed, must needs be so obvious to all, that I feel it would be a work of supererogation for me to enter on that subject. Suffice it that I have endeavoured to give a true and faithful narrative about my inquiries into the utility of the audiphone; and from them I have come to the definite conclusion that never yet has an auxiliary to hearing, capable of such universal utility, been introduced to the world at large. I have no doubt as to its being improved in the future; but as to how or when such improvement will take place, I leave to more philosophic minds than mine to puzzle out.

[From other sources of information we learn that the inventor of the audiphone has been himself deaf for nearly twenty years. After using ear-trumpets and other appliances of this nature, and not receiving the requisite assistance from them, he began to make experiments for himself. He was led to do so by happening to hold a watch one day between his teeth, and noticing that he could distinctly hear its ticking, though when he held it to his ear no sound was audible. This led him to think that possibly he might be able to invent some device by which the sounds of the human voice could be transmitted to the auditory nerve, through the medium of the nerve-tube, just as the ticking of the watch had been. He forthwith began his experiments, which he extended over many years, testing wood, metal, and almost every possible material, and in all varieties of shape and construction; and at length hit upon a peculiar composition of hard india-rubber, which in a thin sheet enabled him to hear articulate sounds distinctly, and free from the sonorousness present in all the other materials which he had tried, and which rendered them useless so far as intelligible conversation was concerned. He then proceeded further to experiment as to the best form for such an appliance, and after considerable labour and anxiety discovered that articulate intelligible sounds could only be conveyed to the auditory nerve if the surface of such an instrument was convex; also, that it was necessary that such convexity should be regulated according to the ex-

gencies or peculiarities of each particular form of deafness, as shewn in individual cases. In effect, he found that sound, to be articulate and distinctly recognisable, required that the instrument should be capable of being instantly focused, as it were, to different degrees of convexity, much in the same way as an opera-glass or telescope may be arranged to suit different sights or distances.

The invention has thus far been remarkably successful. About ninety per cent, we are told, of those who test it are benefited in a surprising degree; in the case of the other ten per cent, the non-success is attributable to the auditory nerve being either quite destroyed, or so injured that no artificial aid is available to enable the patient to hear.—*Ed.*]

AT THE TROIS ETOILES.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

WHERE am I to go? That is the question. The doctor has ordered me bracing air and rest; and I cannot quite make up my mind where to go in search of them. I have been shut up for some time in a sick-room, nursing an old aunt who is now dead; and the confinement and broken rest, which I did not feel at the time, are beginning to tell upon me. I am 'low' and nervous—a very unusual state of things with me, and my kind and cheery doctor has peremptorily desired me to 'fly to other climes.' 'I don't much care where you go,' he says, 'provided the climate is bracing, and that you can be a great deal in the open air. Go to bed early, sleep and eat and drink well, and in a fortnight you will be looking a different woman;' and he departs, leaving me to solve the knotty point as to the 'where' by myself.

'Bracing air and rest,' I repeat mentally, as I watch his figure disappearing down the garden walk. 'Where shall I find the combination?' And I run over in my mind the names of different places where people usually go to seek health; but I reject them all. One is too gay; another, too cold; another, too relaxing; others, too ugly, too far, or too near. But Memory has started on its travels, and in another moment has hung out a picture before me, at sight of which I exclaim: 'The very place! I will go to the *Trois Etoiles* at St Pourgain. I will rest; I will drink in deliciously bracing air, and I will sketch.'

So I ring the bell, order my box to be packed; and, in three days' time, find myself in the *coupé* of the lumbering diligence, toiling up the steep picturesque street of the little Norman village, which I have only seen once before, but which I am destined now to know intimately. A year ago I had been on a sketching tour through Normandy with a friend—I am an artist in a dilettante amateurish sort of way—and we had passed through this village, and been much struck by its quaint beauty; but we were then hurrying home, and had only time for a peep, promising ourselves that we would come again at some future time, and make a longer stay at the little inn where we

had found ourselves so comfortable during our brief sojourn.

I am the only passenger for St Pourçain; so the *conducteur* deposits me and my box at the *Trois Étoiles*, and with a smile and a 'Bonjour et bonne santé, Madame,' proceeds on his journey; while I turn to the pleasant-looking hostess who comes forward to meet me.

'Ah, how Madame must be tired,' she exclaims. 'That diligence is of a slowness—ah! ciel, of a slowness! And Madame has been ill, and demands repose.' [I had said so in writing to engage rooms.] 'No. 4 is quite ready for Madame—the chamber she occupied when she and her so charming friend were here, there is now a year. And what of goodness on the part of Madame to remember herself of the *Trois Étoiles*, and to come there to seek for rest and fresh air. Everything shall be done to insure Madame's comfort. Will Madame give herself the pain to mount to No. 4?'

Madame does give herself the pain, and follows the voluble little woman, talking all the way, into a charming room, fresh and bright as the hostess herself. The vine-wreathed lattice stands open, and on the table is a bouquet of freshly gathered flowers. The bed-furniture is white as the driven snow; and the bright blue paper on the walls, and the gay clock and vases of flowers on the mantel-piece, are as refreshing to my eyes as the comfortable arm-chair into which I sink is to my tired body.

'Madame is quite exhausted,' says Madame Petit. 'She must descend no more to-night. What will Madame take before she retires? Perhaps *un thé* would refresh Madame, and there is a *galantine* of the most delicious, or the wing of a chicken.'

I decline the tea, much to Madame Petit's surprise; I am an old traveller, and know what straw-coloured infusion of scented hay would be presented to me. But I express my desire to test the excellence of the *galantine*, accompanied by coffee. And soon the table is spread with a snowy cloth, and I am making a meal with much more appetite than I could have dreamt of three days ago. Madame has not over-praised the *galantine*—made by her own fair hands; and the coffee is—French coffee. The table is drawn into the window, whence I can look into the sunny little court-yard, with its gay flowers, its vine-wreathed windows, the lime-tree, under which stands a comfortable seat, and its pump, the handle of which seems never still for a moment. The clatter of Babette's wooden shoes makes a pleasant click-clack as she goes to and fro over the stones between the kitchen and the pump. The sinking sun sends a level ray through the open door, and I see the copper stewpans shining and glinting ruddily on the wall. A carved wooden beam runs across it, dark with age; a tall oaken press stands in a corner; and the red brick floor makes a bit of warm colour where it is touched by the sun. It is a pretty picture, and Babette's quaint costume and high Normandy cap add to the charm.

'I remember Babette when I was here before,' I remark.

'Oh! certainly,' says Madame Petit, smiling, 'Babette was here last year, and no doubt will remain for many more, until she finds a husband, which Madame will comprehend is not so easy for a poor girl. Nothing changes much in St Pourçain.'

'Ah!' I say without thinking, 'I suppose there are not so many marriageable young men since the war; but you must have seen many changes during that terrible time.'

I regret the words almost as soon as I have uttered them, for the little woman's face loses its brightness, her eyes fill with tears, and she glances down at her black dress. 'Ah! indeed; yes, Madame,' she says with a sigh. 'I had three sons, and I gave two to France. And I was not alone. Many a mother in St Pourçain sent her boys, full of hope and longing for glory, to fight the Prussians. But alas, alas! but few of them returned!'

I take her hand, and press it in sympathy. 'Your two boys were in the army then?' I ask.

'No, Madame,' she replies sadly; 'they were drawn in the second general conscription, and no substitutes were permitted to be purchased. Besides,' she says proudly, though her tears are now falling fast, 'my Jean and my Henri were no cowards, and they were wild to get at those Prussians.'

'But you have one left?' I say.

'Yes, Madame,' she replies, brightening. 'And a good son he is, my Oscar; and the good God be praised! he can never be drawn for the conscription, for he is the only son of his mother, and she is a widow. It is a great mercy, for there will be a drawing for our *commune* in two or three weeks.' As she speaks, a fine young fellow enters the court-yard, with the blue eyes and light curly hair so often seen among the Norman peasantry.—'Ah! there he is,' she exclaims, her vivacity returning as if by magic. 'I must go and give him his supper, if Madame will excuse.'

Left to myself, I soon seek my couch; and after the fatigue of my journey, sleep more soundly than I have done for many a night.

The next morning, while I am dressing I hear the sound of the pump, and gay laughter in a girlish voice, accompanied by a man's deeper tones. I look out, and see a pretty picture. A young girl—she might have stepped out of one of Greuze's canvases, so fair, so fresh, so innocent is her face—is holding some salad with both hands under the pump, her sleeves tucked up, and shewing the dimples in the soft round elbows; while Madame's son is pumping as hard as he can, and gazing with very evident admiration on the damsel beside him.

'O Oscar, how thou art awkward!' she says, with a coquettish glance from under her dark eyelashes, as a harder swing of his shoulder sends a stream of bright water right over the rounded arms. 'Thou hast wetted all my sleeves, and made me so untidy.'

He stoops forward and whispers something in her ear which I do not catch, but which makes her smile and blush.

'Chut, chut! my children,' says Madame from the kitchen-door. 'The English lady sleeps still, and must not be disturbed; she is not strong.'

I hardly recognise myself under this description, I feel so much revived by my good night's rest;

and I descend, and confute Madame's first statement by appearing wide awake before her. She welcomes me with effusion, and is so pleased to find me less tired, so anxious to know whether I am quite comfortable, that I feel as if I were quite one of the family, and decide, in answer to Madame's questions, that I will take my meals in the *salle à manger* with the rest of her guests, instead of in sulky Britannic majesty in my own room.

Madame's guests are not many. An occasional *commis-voyageur*; now and again an artist, or an English tourist who has forsaken the beaten track, and who may linger here for a day or two; but that is all. At present, she has no one staying in the house but myself; but the *curé* always comes to dinner, a mild benevolent old gentleman, who continually presents me with *bon-bons*, in spite of my being a heretic; and an old soldier—who lives on his tiny pension in this quiet corner of the world—drops in on us occasionally, when he can afford himself a better dinner than his usual bread and Gruyère and fruit. A primitive life enough, but I thoroughly enjoy it.

'Who is that pretty girl?' I ask my hostess in the course of the morning.

'Ah!' says she, with a pleased smile, 'that is Marthe. She is the betrothed of my son, who loves her, dear Madame, that it is a pleasure to see. She is an orphan, the daughter of my dear husband's brother-in-law, by his first wife; so that there is no relationship, Madame sees. She has lived with me all her life, since she was a little one. She has a nice little *dot*; and when they are married, I will give over the *Trois Etoiles* to my children, and nurse the babies in the chimney corner.'

'And does she love him?' I inquire innocently. 'That goes without saying,' says Madame in a slightly offended tone—could any one help loving her Oscar?—'but I have never asked. My father and mother never inquired whether I loved M. Petit. He seemed to them to be a proper *parti* for me, and that was enough. For the rest,' she continues gravely, 'young girls ought not to allow themselves to have any thoughts about love until after they are married.'

I smile, but answer not, knowing that this is a subject it is useless to discuss with any French-woman.

A few days afterwards I am sitting in the courtyard, making a little sketch—a bit of old wall, a pump, a few pots and pans seen through an open doorway—a nothing in fact, but somehow it looks pretty. Marthe is sitting beside me knitting (or rather pretending to knit; for she is watching with the deepest interest every stroke of my brush, and exclaiming vehemently as any familiar object is added to the little picture), when a shadow falls through the gateway, and is followed by a young man covered with dust and wearing a knapsack. He is English—that I see at a glance; and something in the Bohemianism of his dress, and the portfolio which he carries under his arm, tells me that he is a member of the fraternity of the brush. Madame comes forward in her pleasant *empressée* manner, and in reply to his inquiry whether he can have a room, escorts him up-stairs, and, probably, looks after him like a mother.

Presently he comes down, having got rid of the dust of his walk, and seats himself at a table in

my vicinity, where he has a meal of some sort served to him. I see him stealing an occasional admiring glance at Marthe from under his eyelashes, so I tell the child to go in and see if she cannot help Madame. 'It will not do to have the little thing's head turned by any wandering artist,' I say to myself severely, as I continue my sketch. I have not made many more strokes, when I hear a voice behind me saying in French: 'Excuse me, Madame—you have dropped your shawl;' and that garment, which has slipped from my shoulders, is gently replaced on them.

I look up, and laugh. 'I am English,' I say, 'as I can see you are, in spite of your good French.'

I am no longer young, indeed I am of a 'certain age,' which Lord Byron says means 'certainly aged;' but I am still susceptible to good looks in a young man; and the face which looks into mine is so *very* good-looking, that I am afraid I give a gracious and encouraging smile as if I should say: 'Pray, go on talking.' He evidently so interprets my facial expression; for he comes round and seats himself on the bench beside me, and begins to comment on my sketch, praising it where it deserves, and making two or three criticisms with so much acuteness and discrimination, that I feel certain he is a painter of no mean order of merit. From my sketch the talk wanders to art generally, then to artists. We discover that we have many mutual friends, and at length he tells me his name is Stirling. I remember at once having seen a little picture of his at one of the winter exhibitions in London, and having been very much struck by its talent; and I say so.

'Ah,' he says, 'I hope I may get something into the Academy next year. I am painting a picture for it; but I have no interest, and I am poor. I sold that little picture you liked for eighty pounds, and I have been spending that in seeing all the great art galleries of Europe. It is nearly exhausted now,' he concludes, laughing.

By the time Marthe comes back to tell me that coffee is ready, we seem to be quite old friends. 'Who is that lovely little thing?' he asks. 'She is a perfect Greuze. That is just the head I want for my picture. I must sketch her.'

'Must you?' I say dryly. 'I don't think her aunt will allow it.'

'But you will ask her for me, won't you?' he pleads. 'You don't know what a help it will be for me. See! I will shew you the sketch for my picture, and you can judge;' and he fetches his portfolio and, selecting a drawing from it, places it before me. The moment I see it I am conquered—I go over to the enemy without a struggle. It is full of genius; and I see that Marthe's is just the head he wants for one of the principal figures.

So the following morning he makes his petition to Madame, warmly seconded by me. To my surprise, she consents at once. It does not seem to enter her head that there can be any possible danger to Marthe in being painted by a good-looking Englishman. Is she not a well-brought-up young person? And is she not engaged to Oscar?

So young Stirling sets up his easel among the flowers in the sunny courtyard, and begins to paint Marthe's Greuze-like head against a background of vine-leaves. I generally come and sit by with my book or work and play propriety;

but in spite of this, I can see that Oscar does not like the arrangement; in fact I hear him remonstrating with his mother about it. She is generally a slave to all his caprices; but Stirling has bought her over entirely by a promise of a copy of the picture he is painting of the girl, to hang in her *salon*.

'Nonsense, my son,' she says, in answer to his objections. 'Where is the harm? I am in and out of the court-yard all the time; and Madame is generally there with her work.'

'Yes,' Oscar says with a dark look in his eyes; 'but he admires her. I know he does, by the way he looks at her.'

'*Ciel!*' cries Madame; 'only listen to the child! Do you suppose he would want to paint her if he did not admire her, great baby?'

But Oscar looks unconvinced as he walks away, and I see a pained expression on his face as he looks across to where Marthe is laughing gaily at something the painter has just said to her. As he so looks, Stirling goes over to Marthe and, taking her chin in his hand, turns her head into the right position, from which it has slipped—a natural action enough, as every artist knows. But Oscar does not know; and I think it is only my presence which prevents his giving more significant expression to his feelings than the muttered *Sac-r-r-r*, with which he swings through the arch and down the village street.

FRESH DISCOVERIES OF COAL IN STAFFORDSHIRE.

VERY frequent have been the predictions that the coal-fields of these islands would soon become exhausted. Considering the present enormously increased consumption for locomotive and stationary steam-engines, for the manufacture of gas, for the household requirements of an ever-increasing population, &c., the exhaustion of our coal-fields seemed by no means an impossibility. More particularly have these apprehensions been extended to the South Staffordshire coal-field, which, in the immediate vicinities of Wolverhampton, Bilston, and Tipton, has appeared to be either worked or 'drowned' out.

We have now, however, most reassuring intelligence from this supposed used-up coal-district. Some five or six years ago, coal was found, although at considerable depth, at Sandwell Park, about three miles from Birmingham, and the same distance from Walsall. Encouraged by this discovery, and making a careful survey of the country, geologists and practical mining surveyors came to the conclusion that coal, even the celebrated thick or ten-yard seam, existed in abundance under a large tract of land in the neighbourhood of Great Barr, and more particularly under what is locally termed the Hamstead Estate, some three and a half miles from Birmingham.

In Reports dated so far back as February 1875, Mr E. Smallman and Mr David Peacock gave their opinion that the thick coal would be found here at a depth probably of five hundred and fifty yards; and Mr T. Checkley that he did not expect the depth would exceed six hundred yards. Five years have elapsed since the opinions of these eminent local mining engineers were written; and it must have been no small gratification to

these gentlemen and their friends to learn that on the 16th of April last, the borers struck the thick coal at a distance of six hundred and fifteen yards. The thick seam has since been proved; the net thickness of coal being found to be twenty-two feet three inches, and possessing all the good qualities of the famous ten-yard seams, with partings of one foot nine inches. Brooch coal, three feet thick, was found forty-one yards above the thicker deposit; and under this last, another seam two feet six inches thick has been found. As at present determined, the position of the new coal-field is about a mile to the east of the 'fault'—where the Silurian rocks are upheaved—which was supposed to form the eastern boundary of the South Staffordshire coal-measures, and is underneath the Permian rocks, with an eastwardly dip of one in sixteen. Between the two veins of coal, the strata are hard and strong, and will form a good roof for working the thicker deposit.

Some idea of the added wealth of fuel may be formed from the assertion of one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Mines, who has given it as his opinion that practically the recent discoveries double the extent of the South Staffordshire coal-fields. So great an addition to our carbonaceous supplies is an event of national importance, and one which will have a material influence upon the 'toyshop of Europe' (Birmingham) as insuring for generations to come a cheap and abundant supply of that fuel which is the staff of life to its numerous industries.

A SKETCH.

There is a land—a lonely place—
No tree or flower is there to grace
Its flat and bare and parched face;
And evermore
The dark'ning shadows briskly chase
Each other o'er.

The glist'ning streams that were, are not,
Their moist'ning tendency forgot,
And all around is almost rot
For lack of rain
To make that dry and hardened spot
So fresh again.

The burning sun lays bare the heath,
And though no trees a shade bequeath,
A hidden stream runs clear beneath
That hard dry crust—
And some day bursting from its sheath,
Will lay the dust.

That gentle streamlet running clear—
Unseen, will run until 'tis near
Another, richer, deeper sphere,
And mingling there,
O'erflow the barren place and sear,
And make it fair.

A heart though young and oftentimes gay,
For lack of Love, may fade away;
Its own pure tide is left to stray,
Then nearly gone,
May meet a kindred heart one day,
And join in one.

ADA BREAKSPEARE.

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RURAL CRICKET.

BY 'SAXON.'

THE game of Cricket is such a thoroughly British pastime, that many people will be disposed to view with regret its apparent decline in popular favour in the small towns and villages of England. The reasons for this decline of what may well be called Rural Cricket are not hard to find. Not so very many years ago, every small town, and almost every village, could boast of its Cricket Club. The game was supported by rich and poor, by old and young; and in the matches that took place between neighbouring and rival Clubs, nothing but hearty good feeling was manifested. The spirit of rivalry extended only to the actual play; and the contending parties were both during and after the game, as good friends as ever: a hollow or a hard-earned victory only serving to cement old-standing friendships, and to incite the players on both sides to further exertions, with a view to alter the result of a match on a future occasion.

By degrees, however, a change came over the scene. Clubs once in a flourishing condition both as regards funds and skill, and under efficient management, gradually fell off. The officers ceased to take as lively an interest in their duties as of yore, and in consequence the Club declined in prosperity and efficiency. By degrees the apathy of the officers was communicated to the more active members—active with bat and ball, I mean, for a good officer need not necessarily be a good player—and one by one the playing part of the community dropped off. Other and equally attractive amusements, which, moreover, had the charm of novelty to recommend them, cropped up. Bicycle, Archery, and Lawn Tennis Clubs were formed. Boating-parties and Picnics usurped the holidays once devoted to Cricket. The martial ardour latent in every British breast took the form of an increasing interest in the formation of Volunteer Corps; and so the cricket-ground became deserted, the lustre of the once famous Club was

dimmed; and in a short time the Club itself, after a feeble struggle for existence, prolonged only by the exertions of one or two veterans, ceased to exist. This sketch is not by any means imaginary. Such a state of affairs has come under my own immediate notice on more than one occasion; and in my own locality only, I could point to half-a-dozen or even more Clubs as examples of what I have attempted to describe.

It must not be supposed, however, that the causes I have already enumerated are the only ones which have operated in effecting the decline of Rural Cricket. Internal mismanagement, it is to be feared, has in many instances brought about the unfortunate result. Time was when matches between Clubs were carried out with scrupulous fairness. By degrees, however, Captains and Secretaries, conscious of the inferiority of the skill of their legitimate members, began the pernicious practice of borrowing men from other Clubs. Members claimed the privilege of securing a place in the Eleven for a stranger friend. A young man spending his college vacation in the country, and bringing with him a cricketing reputation for skill with bat or ball, was greedily run after by prowling Secretaries, and so the matches lost local interest. It was not the Club that maintained its efficiency by steady practice and the due encouragement of the rising generation, that won the most matches; but that more fortunate one which had a popular Secretary with a wide circle of cricketing friends more or less remote from headquarters. Young members found the places in the Eleven that were theirs by right of membership and attendance at Club practices, usurped by peripatetic strangers; and no wonder that they ceased to take the same interest as formerly in the welfare of their Club. Matches were no longer played by town against town, village against village, or even Club against Club; but on each side strangers, at times under fictitious names, or even second or third rate professionals, were smuggled in, and engaged.

The successful management of a country Club is not an easy matter, so many contingent circum-

stances having to be considered; and as the cricket season is now on, a few practical hints on the formation and carrying on of a Club may be both interesting and useful to those who have at heart one of the most beneficial and at the same time healthful institutions that can be organised in any locality. Cricket, like curling, is a game in which all classes can very properly be brought together; and for this reason alone, apart from many other considerations which naturally suggest themselves, it might be very properly urged that the encouragement of the game is for prudential motives incumbent on those who are placed in a more important, and consequently more responsible position than their less fortunate though perhaps no less deserving neighbours.

The preliminaries connected with the organisation of a country Cricket Club are so much dependent on circumstances, that no hard-and-fast rules can be laid down. We will presume that a suitable ground has been secured, a Committee formed, the amount of the subscription fixed, a title chosen, and a few—very few are absolutely necessary—rules made for the management of the Club's affairs. If the services of a good professional can be secured, matters will be much simplified; but this luxury can only be attained by Clubs which have very considerable funds at their disposal, and to such Clubs the hints I can give will appear perhaps somewhat presumptuous. It is, however, to less pretentious, though no less enthusiastic communities that these hints may be of service. Two good officers—a Captain and a Secretary—are indispensable for the satisfactory working of even a small Club; and these officials should work together in matters connected with the well-doing of their charge. While the Secretary need not be a hero with bat or ball, it will be better that the Captain should be one of the best, if not the best player in the Club. His suggestions will have far more weight if they come from one who not only knows how everything should be done, but who is able personally and practically to shew his subordinates, if occasion requires. It is with regard to the management of the practice-days that most Clubs come to grief. The practice, for want of proper direction, is no practice at all in the real sense of the word; and here it is that the Captain will have an opportunity of displaying his fitness for the post to which he has been elected.

We will suppose that under the rules of the Club, certain days—three in each week is the usual number—are fixed for practice. In most if not in all country Clubs, the practice will take place in the evening, for the members will principally be engaged at business during the day. The three practice-evenings can profitably be disposed of as follows: one evening for net-practice, one for a sort of field-day, one for a pick-up-side.

Net-practice is undoubtedly good if it is carried on properly; but in how many instances is this done? All the balls the Club possesses are flying

about in every direction; bowlers fire away until they are tired; batsmen slog until their arms ache; copper-seeking urchins run hither and thither over the ground, fighting and squabbling with each other for the ball. Surely this is not 'practice'; yet in a way it does a certain amount of good. It is capital exercise, and is enjoyed by many cricketers. Let one evening be set apart for this. If the Captain is in the way, he can now and then give a word of advice, and above all he can see that each member has his proper share of batting.

Next on the list comes the important part of the practice—namely, the 'field-day.' This should be fixed for the evening that is most convenient to the majority of the playing members of the Club. In fact the day should be settled by vote at a general meeting at the beginning of the season, and a fine levied on those who are absent, except when prevented by illness or by business duties from attending. If as many as fifteen members are available, it will be all the better; for with two batsmen and two umpires, there will be still eleven in the field. Umpiring may be voted rather slow work; but nothing else so well teaches the laws of the game, and each man can take his turn. The Captain, with the Secretary as his lieutenant, should take the command of affairs. The positions of the men in the field should be very carefully allotted, due consideration being paid to the physical qualifications of each particular man for the place in the field chosen for him, and also with reference to the place he will have to fill when matches are played. A scorer should be in attendance, and a careful register of the runs each man makes should be kept. The length of innings allotted to each pair of batsmen will depend of course on the number engaged in the game, and the time available for the practice. As a rule, ten minutes will be found convenient as well as profitable. The scorer can keep time; and with the field properly placed, the two umpires on the *qui-vive*, and the two regular bowlers to start with, the game can be carried on with as much spirit as if it were a real match. If a man loses his wicket before his time is up, he goes on and completes his ten minutes, the loss of the wicket being marked against him on the scoring-sheet. The change bowlers take their turn; and as each pair of batsmen complete their time, they take their places in the field, and allow others to wield the willow.

An analysis of the bowling should be kept, as well as the runs scored by each individual; and at the end of the season, if the funds of the Club will allow it, prizes should be given for the best average of runs, the best bowling analysis, and to the fielders who secure the greatest number of catches. Keeping these scores correctly may be looked upon as a toil rather than a pleasure; but it will add much to the zest put into the game if all these matters of detail can be attended to. A practice such as this once a week will surely be productive of great good to any Eleven; and so certain do I feel that this is the case, that I earnestly recommend my cricketing readers to give the plan a fair trial. The trouble involved in the undertaking will be amply compensated by extra smartness in the field, careful batting, steady bowling, and as a natural consequence, a greater proportion of matches won during the season.

Only, the plan to be of any real service must be persevered with; not merely tried once or twice as an experiment, and then dropped.

Having thus disposed of two out of the three practice-evenings, the third still remains to be dealt with. This last evening, provided the other two have been managed in the way I suggest, can with most profit be devoted to what is called a 'pick-up-side.' As many members as can be secured should be on the ground; two of pretty equal strength should choose sides, and a good game will be the result. The more equally the players are balanced, the better fun they will have; and if, as is often the case in country Clubs, there happen to be one or two men much superior in point of play to the others, they will do well to be satisfied with going in late on their respective sides, in order to allow their less skilful brethren to enjoy some batting. The Captain should make a point of being present. Let him stand umpire, keep wicket, or bowl if his forte lies that way, so that he can give a timely hint now and then to the youngsters engaged in the game.

The younger members of a Club require special looking after, as from them the ranks of the Eleven will have to be recruited in course of time. If no attention is paid to the rising cricketers, how is it possible to supply the place of the veteran who retires when he feels that his eye is getting dim, or that he is not so active as he was thirty years ago? The young members too require to have the cricket-practices made as attractive as possible, or the restraint of a field-day might prove a trifle dull to some of them. If the Captain is up to his work, he will be able to inspire his crew with some at least of his own enthusiasm; and by well-timed praise and reproof he will have no difficulty in keeping his pupils—for so they must be styled—up to the mark.

It may seem at first sight that I have devoted too much space in this article to the method of conducting the practice-days, and have thereby excluded many other particulars connected with Club management, the arranging of matches and so forth, that I might well have touched upon. On consideration, however, I think it will be clear that *practice* is such an important element in the internal organisation of any Club, that too much cannot be said on the subject. How is it that School Elevens so frequently are victorious over teams individually far stronger than themselves? Why, because of their constant attention to those minor details of practising that their older opponents are so apt to overlook.

One last word to Club officers, and I have done. Let Captains and Secretaries of country Clubs remember that there is no wider field in the arena of games for the display of innate tact, ability, and judgment, than that which includes the duties that fall to their lot. Let them be courteous, yet firm, on all occasions, and ever ready to sacrifice their own pleasure for that of the other members and for the good of their Club. More depends on the officers of a Club than most people imagine. Under proper management, even where the game has almost been forgotten, or at best is only remembered as a relic of the good old times, we might see Rural Cricket once again in a flourishing condition.

In conclusion, I would remind past, present, and future members of cricket Clubs of the old adage: 'What is worth doing at all, is worth doing well.'

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER XXIV.—CONTINUED.

My story calls me, and I go onward.

Gregory major held the position of school-chief for a year, and left at the end of it for Exeter, Oxford. But before he went, Uncle Ben—who had heard of him from me a thousand times—would needs have him at Hartley Hall; and we arranged it so that we travelled down from school together. On the way down, Æsop amongst many other things spoke of my uncle's wealth, and said that the common legend went that he was made of money. I answered that he was not at all a metallic sort of a man, but honest flesh and blood, and lovable. In that case, Æsop declared he'd soon get to know the old fellow, and get what he could out of him for a comic paper.

'Think of getting paid for making jokes, young un! Think of all the jokes I've made in my time, and never had so much as a "Thank you" for! I've been kicked, cuffed, and caned for 'em—I've been at school arraigned for 'em—I've often been disdained for 'em—my character I've stained for 'em—I've many a time been pained for 'em—but I've never been paid for 'em in all my life. If I were editor of *Punch*, I wouldn't swop berths with the Emperor of China. You'll see me go at the old fogey,' said Æsop, 'a perfect bee-line.'

Knowing what I did of Æsop's rugged manliness of character, knowing how he stuck by a friend, and how gentle he was at the bottom of all his roughness and his jollity, I was more than a little pained by his behaviour when we reached the station at Wrethedale. Who should be on the platform with Uncle Ben but Gascoigne? I leaped out of the carriage to greet him, and called out to Gregory that Gascoigne was here.

'Yes,' he said; 'I see;' and busied himself among the belongings he had stowed away in the railway carriage. When he alighted, he had nothing but a nod of the head and a rather sullen 'How d'ye do?' for Gascoigne. My hero himself looked a little disconcerted at Gregory's coming, I thought; and Uncle Ben that evening called me up to his study, and after a number of minor questions, asked me if I had not told him that the two old school-fellows were fast friends.

'They used to be,' I answered in some dismay.

'Never mind,' said Uncle Ben. 'Boys will be boys; and what they'd have to be if they couldn't be boys, I don't know. They've had a bit of a quarrel, I suppose. Leave 'em alone together, and it'll all come right. They're fine young chaps both of 'em, and as thoroughbred a pair as I'd wish to look at. You take pattern by 'em, Johnny; and remember above all things as they're your guests and not mine, and that you've got to do your best to please 'em. You'll find a plaything in that pocket-book as'll amuse you as long as they're here, I dessay. And now—off you go! You'll find 'em in the billiard-room.'

I discovered on my way to the billiard-room that the 'plaything' spoken of by Uncle Ben was a cheque on the Hetherton Bank; and Gascoigne went with me next day to cash it. Mr Crisp the manager invited us into his own room and proffered refreshment; and as I left the bank, I heard one man say to another as they waited at the counter: 'The one in the turn-down collar's a nevvv of the millionaire's. Hartley—Hartley Hall, you know.'

'I know,' said the other; and I felt as if their eyes burned my back as I walked out at the swinging doors. We had ridden over attended by a groom; and quite a little crowd assembled to see us mount and start again.

Gascoigne laughed, and said: 'You are a prince in your own country, Jack.'

I should have made an answer, I suppose, but that I saw something at that minute which put all thought even of Gascoigne from my mind. It was no less than Mr Fairholt's carriage, and in it sat Aunt Bertha and Cousin Will and Polly. That I should dare to call her Polly, even in writing, seems in the memory of that hour a wild presumption. Ay! I may laugh now, if I will; but I remember how, after bowing to the carriage generally, and exchanging greetings with Cousin Will and Aunt Bertha, I asked with a beating heart after the health of Miss Fairholt, and trembled at the sound of my own voice.

'Do you mean me?' said Polly, with her eyes dancing. 'How very droll!'

Aunt Bertha had always insisted that a certain portion of my holidays should be given up to her; and I had spent a yearly month with her at seaside places; but I had never passed the doors of Mr Fairholt's house since I had ceased to live there. In these yearly excursions, Polly had been Aunt Bertha's constant companion, and we had naturally been a great deal together. I had always been her submissive slave from the hour of my first capture; and now these long absences had brought timidity on top of helpless bondage. I cannot remember that I was up to this time at all under dominion of dress. That hard rule came later; but I know that at the moment at which I encountered Polly, every article of my attire seemed to have undergone some fateful change. My collar was rumpled and refused to sit, my boots were soiled, my riding-trousers were splashed to the knee, my jacket held my arms in awkward fetters. The very horse I sat had, to my changed and dispirited fancy, a besmeared and disorderly look. I resented the presence of the groom. What did I want a groom for, as though I were a girl, and not to be trusted on horseback without a man to take care of me? I would not by comparison have cared for an army of critics, though public notice of any sort was a burden in those days not lightly to be borne; but Polly's briefest glance dismayed me.

She was very pretty, fresh, dainty, charming—all these things Gascoigne said of her as we rode homewards. What were these praises to me? I believe from my memory of my own sensations that if I *could* have found a phrase, or found the sense to hunt for a phrase to describe her as she afflicted me, I should have called her a delicious avalanche. I felt like that. She *was* delicious; and her presence fell upon me, crushed me, broke me, buried me. Absence resuscitated me; and I

longed again to be in her presence, and being there, was again crushed, broken, and buried. There came a time afterwards when Macassar oil made me feel less unworthy of her, and an embroidered and scented handkerchief brought some solace to my soul. But this was not so, as yet.

When Polly asked me if I had called her Miss Fairholt, and said: 'How very droll!' I felt in my crushed and broken and buried way, that that was a good sign, and that it might please me when I came to life again. Then I told myself: No; it wasn't. Girls who cared for a fellow were always coy. That was how I put it to myself. It remained as a natural conclusion that Polly did not care for me; and my views of the world became intensely misanthropic and gloomy accordingly. If any man chooses to think that I exaggerate in remembering, I defy him. I have never been more in earnest in my life than I was then. I have lain in the under-the-avalanche condition for a day at a time, and have had no other wish than to publish a volume of poems, and straightway die and be buried in the moss-grown churchyard. I told Polly of this aspiration once; and she said in her imperious and elderly way, that I was a foolish boy, and was not to talk nonsense. I went back to the house—we were at Scarborough at that time, I remember—and wrote a broken-hearted set of verses, of which all that I can remember is that one line ran thus:

This seemed to childhood's eyes the time of gold;
and that it rhymed to this:

I only feel that I am growing old.

I know that these were the second and fourth lines of a verse; but what went before and between them, I know no more than Adam. I wrote another set of verses at this time beginning with:

Let the mad world prate on of youthful folly;

but I can recall nothing further. I gather from it, however, an idea that I was under some sort of impression that the peoples of the globe either were or would be interested in my views about things, and that I despised those peoples, and wished to let them know it.

The result of this meeting in the street in Hetherton was an invitation for Gascoigne, Gregory, and myself to Island Hall. Cousin Will himself informally conveyed the invitation, and held out prospects of a dance. I have reason to believe that both my friends were at this time in love with Maud, and that they accepted the invitation chiefly because she was going, and because they hoped to dance with her. Mr Fairholt—so Will said at the luncheon-table—would spend the day and night at Wrethedale, in order to be out of the way. Uncle Ben being a good deal pressed, promised to attend the garden-party in the afternoon. It was to be an assemblage of boys and girls, with a sprinkling of older people, and some half-dozen young ladies, who were to be imported, as it appeared, for the especial benefit of Gregory and Gascoigne. I looked forward to the day with that eager tremor which always awoke at the bare thought of meeting Polly, and with a conviction that I should on this occasion do something or other which should decide my fate. I resolved that I would be avalanched no more, and that I would be as gay

and unembarrassed in her presence as anybody else could be.

The day came, broiling hot, with just a light wind from the west, which tempered the sun a little. We bowled along the broad white road, past the undulating meadows and the stretch of river, where the cattle always stood udder-deep, switching their tails at the flies—a luxurious picture on a day like this—and into that reach of road where, for half a mile, the trees, a living gallery, roofed us in. Then out of its sweet green gloom we came suddenly into the sunlight again, swept once into shadow, and again swiftly into sunshine. I leapt from the carriage half-blind with the glory of the light, and walked into the hall, where everything lay in a softly shaded coolness. All was very dark to me for a moment; but I could see descending the stair a something in white, which moved leisurely towards me. I knew Polly's voice; and by the time she had reached me, my eyes were accustomed to the shaded light, and I could see her. She laughed bewitchingly, and courtesied to me. She was dressed in white, as I have said already; and her hair was twined with flowers, that sat upon her regal little head like a diadem.

'How do I look?' she asked, turning a pirouette, that I might have a complete view all round. She asked the question just as she would have said: 'How do you do?'

'Beautiful!' I cried, and clasped my hands. There was such a fervour in the tone that Polly blushed. I meant it then, and I indorse the verdict now. I can see the dear little figure in the cool shaded air. It seems as if I had but to turn my head to see my companions helping Maud from the carriage, one to each hand. The blinding sunlight on the gravel, the cool green of the shrubs upon the lawn beyond the path, and then the belt of elms where the air looked like deep green sea-water in the shade—these are not fancies. I see these things as clearly as if with my bodily eyes. Dear little face flower-crowned, and dainty figure clad in pure soft white, I see no lifeless portrait, but herself! I see my old self less clearly, but I feel his spirit awake in me again. How pure a worship, how honest a devotion! How, in spite of all its perpetrated follies of boyish verse and speech, *that* was the fount at which I drank my purest draught of hope, from which I filled my pitcher for the desert, when my time came to sojourn there. You know no change, dear face and dainty figure, in my changeable mind; and though I am unfaithful to the loftier hopes my early worship bred within my soul, I am faithful to my memories of youth and you. But the hopes are withered, like the flowers you wore.

But where were my resolves? Gone! borne down by the resistless pressure of my own feelings. Gay? Unembarrassed? Could Cheops have danced beneath the load of his own pyramid?

I was very near taking Æsop into my confidence when we had reached home late at night, for I felt as swollen with my secret as the Duke of Clarence did in his dream of drowning. I held it in, however, by almost superhuman effort, and confined myself to some general statements to the effect that when I went into the world I would make a plunge to do something or other, and that there seemed nothing so enviable to me as to die gloriously in battle. To which Æsop responded

by an adaptation of the words of Mr Tennyson, who, curiously enough, was at that time his favourite author:

Yea [Simeon] thy dream is good;
It is the stirring of the blood
While thou abidest in the bud.

He left me at Gascoigne's call; and I wandered down the drive in the darkness to where the lamps blazed above the great gates by the lodge. There a voice from the road called out: 'Hi! young gentel-man!' and a man came into the range of light and stood outside the gate.

'What do you want?' I asked.

He answered my question by another: 'Do you live in the house?'

I answered that I did, and repeated my question.

'Are you anything to Mr Hardley?' he asked again.

'Yes,' I answered; 'I am his nephew. What do you want?'

'Misdar Hardley,' he said, 'was my baydrone once. I zerved him for vive years; and zince he has left me, look and zee what I am begome. I have zent him many ledders, and he does not rebly. I have walked from London, and I ztarve. I have not dasted food for two days. Haf pity, little gentel-man—haf pity! Sheak to Misdar Hardley for me. If he knew to what I had come, he would haf mercy.'

I believe that was the first appeal that was ever made to me, and it touched me nearly. 'What is your name?' I asked him.

'My name,' he said, 'is Tasker. I zerved your uncle for vive years. I was his gonfidential agent in London. I am ztarving. I haf not one penny. Haf pity, little gentel-man!'

I gave the man a sovereign; for which he called down extravagant blessings upon me. I suppose that howsoever pliable he might have hoped to find me, he had scarcely expected that I should prove so wealthy. When he had blessed me out of breath, I bade him wait until I told Mr Hartley that he was there. I ran up the drive, and came breathless into the house, and panted out the story before them all—Uncle Ben and Maud and Gascoigne and Æsop. For the first time in my life, I saw Uncle Ben angry. His eyes grew small and fierce, and the veins rose thickly in his forehead as he tugged again and again at the bell-rope.

'Go down to the gates,' he shouted to the footman, 'and take one or two of the stable-helpers with you. You'll find a German blackguard there, a-askin' to see me. Flog him away. Break every bone in the rascal's body.'

The footman stood amazed; and Gascoigne and Gregory stared with open eyes.

Maud rose from her seat and touched Uncle Ben on the arm. 'Let me give these orders, uncle,' she said pleadingly.

He resumed his seat gasping and red in the face, and sat mopping his bald forehead with his handkerchief.

'Go down to the gate,' Maud said, 'and tell the man who waits outside that it is quite hopeless that he should expect Mr Hartley to forgive him, and tell him to go away.'

The footman bowed, and turned to go.

'Wait a bit!' shouted Uncle Ben. 'Did he say as he was starvin', Johnny?'

'Yes,' I answered.

'Then come with me,' said Uncle Ben, 'and let's have a look at him.' He beckoned to the footman to follow—took up a hat in the hall, and walked to the gates. The man still hung about there; and Uncle Ben stopped and asked me in an undertone if I had a sovereign in my pocket. I answered that I had; and he whispered to me to stop behind, and give it to the man, but to tell him that it would not be safe for him to be seen about the place again. Having arranged this little plan, he advanced to the gate, and addressed the man who stood without. Uncle Ben's speech was couched in very uncompromising language, and the petitioner listened to it and made no reply.

'You wolfish shark!' said Uncle Ben, 'you dare to come to me—do you? After driving a friend of mine to ruin, a gentleman, and breakin' half a score of people's hearts, and after being let off by me in a matter as might ha' transported you. Get out, you villain! If ever I see you near my place again, I'll have the dogs set on you! Off you go!'

The man shrunk off; and as he went, I beckoned him to stay. Uncle Ben saw the sign, but of course took no notice of it. I slipped the sovereign into the hand stretched through the bars, and said that he had better go far away. He touched the rim of his battered hat and disappeared.

When I overtook Uncle Ben in the drive, he laid his hand upon my shoulder, and said: 'That's the feller, Johnny, as drove poor Frank Fairholt to ruin, more than eight years ago. He was a money-lender, and the poor lad borrowed money of him. Now let me speak to you serious.' He paused, and faced me. 'If ever you want for money, come to me. If you've got yourself into a scrape through evil conduct, and want money to get out of it, still come to me. For as I'm a livin' sinner, Johnny, if ever anybody as depends on me was to put his name to a bill for a money-lender, I'd disown him. Remember that, Johnny: if ever you put your name across a bill for anything or anybody, self or friend, I've done with you for ever!'

I had never seen him more in earnest. But he gave me that advice often afterwards when I began to go into the world and understood it better, and gave it always with the same solemnity.

(To be continued.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN EQUESTRIAN MANAGER.

BY C. W. MONTAGUE.

SIXTH PAPER.

THE following exciting incident occurred while we were at Brighton—exciting, that is for the crowds who witnessed it, but rather amusing to the few who were in the secret. One day while I was standing in the shop of Mr Phillips our printer, and chatting upon various local topics, in came Mr T—, and joined in the conversation. This gentleman had once been a well-to-do hotel-keeper in Brighton, but had been unfortunate; and at this time owned a small beer-shop in an unim-

portant street close at hand. At the date of which I am speaking, it had become the rage to make a 'draw' at taverns and beer-shops by various strange devices, such as dressing the barnmaids in 'bloomer' costume, or hiring men of gigantic stature to serve behind the counter as barmen. T— was complaining of the badness of trade, and appealed to Phillips to try and think if something could not be done to make a novel attraction—something that no one else had tried. Several ideas were mooted, and found impracticable. At last I suggested a North American Indian in full war-costume and well tattooed. T— jumped at the idea at once; but—where was the Indian to be found? 'Oh, I'll find the Indian,' cried Phillips, turning to me, 'if you'll find the dress.' 'I'll find the dress then,' I replied. Thus the matter was arranged; Phillips also undertaking to print and distribute some placards, to draw public attention to the 'stranger' in their midst. The Indian chief was quickly forthcoming, arrayed in the picturesque garb of his race, the head-dress of enormous feathers being of course a prominent feature of the costume. The plan succeeded admirably. Numbers of people flocked in to see the 'Red Indian,' who jabbered away in an outlandish tongue, interspersed by an occasional word or two of broken English; and T— had the satisfaction of witnessing a good increase in his profits. But the novelty of the thing soon wore off, and not only that; it began to be whispered among the habitués of the place that this man in feathers was no Red Indian at all—that his skin was as white as any man's in Brighton—that the tattoo marks were painted on—that, in short, the Red Indian was one of Phillips' men 'got up' for the purpose. Again T— was in despair, and sought once more to lay his troubles before his friend the printer. A council was held, and once more Phillips and I went out of our way to try and serve the unlucky publican. Something was to be done which would at once revive the flagging interest, and silence for ever the disgraceful rumours afloat that this wild hunter of the prairies was but a Briton born and bred.

It was a lovely afternoon, and all the wealth and fashion and beauty of Brighton were serenely enjoying their daily stroll in King's Road, the fashionable promenade of the town. Suddenly a heart-stirring cry was heard in the distance, starting the gay and careless crowds from their languid composure. The sound—like a horrible yell with an unearthly echo—was repeated again and again, growing nearer each time. Then a strange form appeared in their midst, dashing along the King's Road at the top of his speed, and recognised by some of the young swells in the crowd as 'old T—'s Red Indian!' Onward he sped, repeating his fearful war-whoop and brandishing a tomahawk aloft—the people scattering right and left as he passed swiftly by. A few yards in the rear, were about a dozen men following in hot pursuit—the foremost armed with a long strong rope. Thus the race continued for more than half a mile along King's Road, causing the greatest consternation to the fashionable throng, till at last a stalwart policeman, regardless alike of the terror-inspiring

war-cry and the death-threatening tomahawk, sprang upon the flying man, and in spite of his terrific struggles, held him till his pursuers, of whom I was one, came up to assist. We at once bound his arms to his sides, and made ourselves responsible for his safety; the policeman, who knew us, being nothing loath to relinquish his weird prisoner into our hands. A full, I might almost say an exaggerated account of the whole affair appeared in the papers next day; the result being another sensation for wonder-seekers, another influx of visitors to T—'s shop, and another good lift for T— over his troubles.

Soon after this I left the town, and do not know precisely how matters fared with the Redskin, or how long he served behind T—'s counter. Perhaps he is now chasing the bison in the boundless prairies of the Far West, or tracking the grizzly bear to his den in the wilds of the Rocky Mountains. Or perhaps, scorning such tame pursuits as these, he is setting up, or printing, or placarding, a flaming, red-hot poster announcing to the good people of Brighton some new and startling sensation.

While performing at Brighton, we had Henry Brown as one of our clowns; not a 'tumbling,' only a 'talking' clown. In his younger days, Brown had been a first-class 'tumbler;' but increasing years had rendered him somewhat more rotund than is convenient for a person who, as Charles Dickens somewhere says, has to 'tie himself in a knot and then untie himself;' and he now confined himself to somersaults of wit and repartee, at which he was no bad hand. At the time of which I am writing he was tall and of a portly build, and a very gentlemanly looking man as far as I could judge of him in his clown's attire and painted face. As ring-master I saw him and talked with him every day in the ring; but he was always dressed and off before I came out, so that I never knew him but as a clown.

Leaving Brown just at this point, I must introduce a person whose acquaintance I had formed as follows. In my daily walks for the past two or three weeks, I had regularly met a gentleman in the street, who if going in the opposite direction to myself, would invariably stop for a few moments' chat; or if in the same direction, would accompany me on my way for a short distance, the topics of our conversation usually being the weather, local news, politics, and other equally original subjects. Looking upon him as perhaps a visitor to Brighton, or perhaps an inhabitant of the town, who had recognised me through going to the circus, it struck me as something not quite in accordance with human nature that he never once mentioned one word of circus matters or made any reference to myself as connected therewith. From his appearance—of commanding stature and somewhat stout, dressed with scrupulous care from the crown of his shining hat to the toes of his well-polished boots—he might have passed muster for a prosperous retired merchant; but there was a calm gravity in his face and in his demeanour which spoke of clerical sobriety of thought and quietness of life, and made me more than half inclined to look upon my acquaintance as a dissenting minister. Hence, while his conscientious scruples forbade to discourse upon the frivolities of a circus, his brotherly love impelled him to

converse with the manager thereof, perhaps in the hope that he might wean me from such paths of wickedness! One morning I had paid a visit to the Mayor's house on business connected with the circus, and had not gone many yards from the door when I met my mysterious friend. 'Fine morning,' he said as I approached.

'Beautiful,' I replied.

'How did you get on with the Mayor?' he then asked. (He must have seen me come away from the house.)

'The Mayor?' I answered in the tone of one who was not quite certain what a 'Mayor' might be.

'Yes—the Mayor,' he echoed. 'You've just been to his house, haven't you? Wasn't he at home?'

'O yes; he was at home,' I replied. 'But—you'll excuse my saying it—my business with the Mayor was of a private nature—connected with the circus.'

'Precisely so,' coolly answered my companion. 'That's just why I thought myself entitled to ask. But it's of no consequence.'

'Confound the fellow!' I mentally exclaimed; adding aloud: 'Well, you must pardon my rudeness; but really, sir, I fail to see in what way my employer's business can concern *you*.' This seemed to stagger him a little; and how the dialogue might have ended I can't tell, had I not at that moment, as I looked him full in the face, noticed a peculiar twitch or twinkle of the eyelid, and recognised the man. It was Brown the clown!

I at once apologised, and explained that up to that moment I had not had the faintest notion who he was.

'Pray, don't apologise, my dear fellow,' he replied; 'but, considering that for the past fortnight you and I have stood face to face in the ring, and rattled away on terms of the greatest intimacy, I could never have dreamt you didn't know me!'

Before quitting Brightonian themes, I will record an amusing incident which befell a worthy gentleman there who has since figured prominently and honourably in the history of the town. It was the occasion of my benefit at the Pavilion, and I had gone to the house of Dr—afterwards Sir John B— to solicit his patronage for the evening. Dr B— was a man of wealth and position, and was well known in that celebrated watering-place. He was a Colonel of the local Volunteers, and as such had attended the first great Volunteer Review held at Brighton, a year previous to my interview with him. It was in connection with this Review that the incident I am about to relate occurred. After promising me his patronage—no slight favour, let it be said—the Doctor asked me if I had seen anything of Mr Newsome lately, or if I had heard anything about his—the Doctor's—borrowing one of that gentleman's horses the year before. I replied that I had not. Doctor B— then narrated the following laughable occurrence, and I repeat it as nearly as I can recollect it in his own words.

'The great Review was near at hand, and it was imperative that I should accompany my regiment on horseback. Well, you know, I am but an indifferent rider. Not but what I can stick on to my horse well enough; but as this was to be a grand

affair and fashionably attended, I had a pardonable desire to stick on gracefully, and to be quite at my ease amid all the warlike din and confusion. In this emergency I applied to Mr Newsome, whose circus was then in the town, and laid my troubles before him.

"I have the very horse to suit you," he said; "a splendid creature, quiet as a lamb, and as easy to ride as a rocking-horse."

"That will just suit me," I replied; and it was arranged that on the morning of the Review the horse was to be brought round.

"The day came; and my proud charger—his name was Napoleon—in splendid trappings was brought round to the door. Wasn't I elated! I knew I should take the shine out of a few of them that day; and I did. Having mounted my steed, my wife and friends witnessed my departure, and I was soon serenely trotting towards the rendezvous of my corps. You should have seen the people stare as I passed along. When I arrived on the ground, I was the chief attraction of everybody, and the envy of my brother-officers. There wasn't a single man among them mounted as I was. My horse was a magnificent creature!—splendid action! full of life! He couldn't have been prouder if I'd been a field-marshal. Newsome told me he would be easy to ride; and so he was; it was like sitting in an armchair rather than being on a horse. Well, the Review passed off all right, and my horse shewed admirable coolness at the volley-firing and the blare of the trumpets; that of course was natural enough for a trained circus horse. But during the march-past at the close of the Review, I happened to be stationed not very far from where the generals and others who had been reviewing us had taken up their position—a brilliant staff, their scarlet coats rendered still more conspicuous and glaring by contrast with the sombre uniforms of the civilian troops. My horse became uneasy, and appeared impatient to join the group; but I restrained him without difficulty. Presently, however, just as I was off my guard, the entire staff made a sudden movement from the spot, and galloped rapidly to a distant part of the field. In a moment, my horse, as though seized with some irresistible impulse, bolted off at full speed after them. I tried to pull him up, but in vain. He'd got his head, and I'd lost mine; and presently I found myself right in the midst of a formidable array of generals, and army colonels, and foreign officers, to my great trepidation and dismay. Some of them turned round in their saddles, and looking with a supercilious air over their shoulders, appeared to wonder what in the name of fortune I was rattling after them for. Soon, however, the party made a halt, during which I succeeded in persuading my horse, by the aid of spurs and whip and hard words, that I was not in my proper place, and that the sooner he took me to it the better for him.—When I told Newsome all about it next day, he very coolly remarked, with a merry twinkle in his eye: "I don't feel surprised, Doctor. Nap's my favourite hunter; and when he saw the scarlet coats galloping off, he mistook them for the "field," and was off after them. You don't get Nap to keep far behind, when there's business about, sir!"

The Doctor laughed quite as heartily as I did myself, as he recounted to me the ludicrous adven-

ture which had thus somewhat dimmed the glories of the earlier portion of this eventful day. Since then, Sir John has played a much more important rôle even than that of Colonel of Volunteers. He has been Mayor of his town, and I do not doubt that he was one of the most popular Mayors Brighton ever had. To his generosity in private, hundreds can testify; many indeed were the poor creatures who, while benefiting by his professional skill, were at the same time recipients of his bounty. To his munificent liberality in public, all Brighton, to say the least, can bear witness.

A CONSPIRATOR IN SPITE OF MYSELF.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

A FEW vigorous strokes of the oars carried us alongside the schooner—a large, roomy vessel, having the appearance of a pleasure-yacht that had been adapted for warlike or defensive purposes, she being armed with six heavy guns, while boarding-pikes and cutlasses were ranged round her fife-rails under cover of a tarpauling. The ladies were carefully assisted on board, and received with every token of respect by the commander and his officers, who were attired in uniform. They were immediately conducted to the cabin by the commander, and the young officer who accompanied them on board. The *padrone* and I were then requested to leave the boat, which was made fast under the stern to a long rope; the schooner was hauled close to the wind; her sails were trimmed, and she stood away to the westward, with the boat, with one man on board, in tow.

In the course of half an hour the *padrone* and I were requested to descend to the cabin, where we found the ladies and the young officer His Highness, or Sua Altezza, awaiting our appearance. Every preparation must have been made beforehand for the reception and comfort of the ladies; for they had already divested themselves of their masculine apparel, and now appeared in garments suitable to their sex and high position. Both were handsome; but the younger of the two, who was evidently the superior, and to all appearance not more than twenty years of age, was, as I have said, the handsomer. Both had in a great measure recovered their composure; and when the young officer was about to address the *padrone* and myself in French, the younger lady said in the same language, which she spoke fluently: "Nay, Monsieur; pardon, but I will thank and reward these good men myself." Then looking earnestly at me for the first time, and evidently surprised at my youthful appearance, she said: "You are very young, Monsieur; and pardon me, but you have not the aspect of a fisherman."

I explained who and what I was, and how I came to be on board a fishing-lugger.

"Ha!" she exclaimed. "An English officer.—Was not this hazardous, Adolphe?"

"On the contrary, I deemed it desirable," replied the young officer. "Monsieur pledged his honour not to betray us." He then added something in Italian, in a low tone of voice, that was

unintelligible to me, but which appeared to convince or satisfy the lady, who with a slight bow to me, now turned and addressed my companion, having first placed in his hand a small bag of gold, which she received from the young officer. 'Receive, Monsieur *Padrone*,' she said, 'this small recompense, in acknowledgment of the services you have rendered me this night; and with it accept the thanks of an unfortunate lady, who will ever feel grateful for all that you have done in her behalf. Adieu, and may God preserve you, and the Blessed Virgin be ever your protectress!' 'And for you, sir,' addressing me, 'may you rise high in your noble profession.'

Gustave, who was still half stupefied with bewilderment, mumbled his thanks; and the lady, rising from the sofa upon which she had sat, again bowed to me; and retired, with her female companion, into the after-cabin. Gustave and I ascended to the deck, followed by the young officer, who told us that we were at liberty to return to the lugger, which had accompanied the schooner, and was now about half a mile to leeward.

'You will place M. le Duc and the other gentlemen who remained behind on board your vessel, on shore at whatsoever spot M. le Duc shall advise,' he said to Gustave. 'Then you will be free to go where you please. But I advise you to give the corvette a wide berth; and warn you to be silent respecting what you have seen or heard this past night.' He then warmly thanked me, and returned to the cabin.

The boat that was towing astern was hauled up alongside. The *padrone* and I and three additional seamen descended into her; and the seamen pulled us alongside the lugger, which was hove to as the boat approached her. We clambered to her deck, and the Italian sailors returned to their own vessel, which was likewise hove to, in order to receive them on board. We saw the boat hoisted to the davits; and then the schooner's sails were trinnied, and she sailed away westward under a press of canvas, with great swiftness.

It was by this time six or seven o'clock A.M. and broad daylight; but with the exception of ten or a dozen fishing-vessels, whose crews were plying their avocation to windward, nothing was visible upon the water. The aged officer M. le Duc, directed the *padrone* to steer southward towards the coast of Calabria; and about mid-day, we landed our passengers at a solitary spot a few miles south of the small seaport of Paola.

The fishing-vessels were making their way slowly northward under easy sail; and by my advice, the *padrone* ran down towards them, and when we reached them, we threw out our nets; as if we had been patiently occupied in fishing throughout the night, Gustave and I having previously divested ourselves of our military uniforms, and resumed our proper garb. The military garments were snuk beneath the waves; and I recommended the *padrone* to conceal the money-bag—which was found to contain five hundred *scudos*, making, with the hundred *scudos* Gustave had previously received, the sum of one hundred and forty pounds sterling—in some secure place, where it was not likely to be found, if the vessel should be searched; for I thought it very probable that the corvette—whose officers and crew had seen us enter the Gulf of Policastro on the previous day, as we sailed close

past her—would be cruising about in search of the fugitives.

We soon discovered that I had advised wisely. An hour or two later, a ship-of-war was espied cruising to windward between the fishing-vessels and the shore. She bore down swiftly towards us; and the fishermen hauled in their nets and made sail on their vessels, for they dreaded, during these troublous times, lest they should be impressed, or lest their vessels should be seized for the service of the government. A gun fired from the corvette, the ball from which passed over them and ricocheted on the water for a long distance beyond them, speedily brought them to; and when within a short distance of the little fleet, the corvette was hove to; and four boats filled with officers and men were lowered from her sides. The boats were pulled towards us, and one after another, the fishing-vessels were boarded and searched, and their crews sharply questioned. The crew of *La belle Jeannette* were told, for the sake of their own safety, to be perfectly silent in respect to all that had occurred during the past night; and to reply to all questions that might be put to them, that they were harmless fishermen prosecuting their arduous calling.

In a few moments it came to our turn to be boarded; and we learned from the officer who came on board that some great personage had escaped from the shore during the night. This was all that we could make out; for we could not understand the officer's language; and his attempts at French were nearly as unintelligible to us as was his Italian. He made us to understand, however, that he was confident that our lugger had sailed from the Gulf during the night.

'Yes, Monsieur,' I replied. 'We sailed at midnight. We have been unfortunate. The fish had quitted the Gulf, and we sailed to try our luck in open water.'

Between signs and words, he asked if we had seen any other vessel leave the Gulf during the night.

'Only a large boat, Monsieur,' I replied. 'It was crowded with people, and it rowed out to a vessel that was awaiting it outside.'

'At what hour?'

'At midnight, Monsieur officier, just when we were leaving.'

The officer shook his head. It was evident that he suspected that we knew more than we thought proper to disclose. The vessel was searched narrowly; but as he could find nothing that looked suspicious on board, he did not detain us. I have no doubt that had the lugger been under the Italian flag, he would have detained us; but nearly one half the number of the vessels that were searched were French, like our own, and he feared lest he might cause trouble with France. At all events, he let us go unwillingly; and as soon as the corvette was out of sight, we set sail, and steered for Toulon, at which port we arrived safely at the end of a fortnight.

The fishery had been unsuccessful. *La belle Jeannette* had not half a full cargo on board, and none of the other luggers belonging to the port had met with much better fortune; but Gustave Pailleur, though he had been much frightened, and though, had we been arrested, he would probably have been placed in a position of great peril, had after all made a prosperous voyage through his

involuntary connection with a conspiracy of whose nature and object he was perfectly ignorant. The *padrone* offered me a share of the money he had received, which I of course declined to accept; and the *scudos* consequently were fairly divided amongst Gustave Pailleur and his crew.

About three weeks after my return to Toulon, the frigate to which I belonged arrived in that port from her cruise, and I immediately rejoined her; but a long time elapsed ere I spoke of the adventure in which I had taken part, even to my messmates in the midshipmen's berth. It was in fact to me an incomprehensible mystery. I had been connected with a conspiracy organised to effect the escape of two ladies, evidently of high rank, from Naples. This was certain; but I could not understand from whom these ladies had escaped. If they had been in the power of the insurgents, and I had aided a party of royalist officers to effect their escape, the affair would have been perfectly comprehensible. But the ladies themselves were evidently connected with the royalists, a party of whose officers effected their escape from other officers of the same party who sought to arrest or detain them! The more I strove to solve the mystery, the more mysterious it appeared to be.

It was not until nearly two years had elapsed from the date of the occurrence that I came by chance across an old French newspaper—dated shortly after the cessation of the troubles in Naples—which, though in accordance with the French custom, proper names were designated simply by initials, threw some light upon the subject. The writer of the paragraph alluded to a 'Romantic Affair' which occurred during the late revolution in Naples.

'A young *demoiselle*,' he wrote, 'of high rank, nearly related to the king, beautiful, and the possessor of great wealth in her own right, had long been secretly attached to the Prince de G., a young officer in His Majesty's service. The king—who was, in fact, the young lady's guardian—was informed of this attachment, of which he strongly disapproved. It was His Majesty's wish that his young and beautiful ward, who was at this period but nineteen years of age, should enter a convent, in order that he might appropriate to himself the greater portion if not the whole of her vast wealth. The young lady, however—the Princess de L.—had no inclination towards the life of a *religieuse*, no matter how high the position to which she might have attained in the convent. Sympathising strongly with the distressed peasantry in the vicinity of her abode in the royal *palazzo* D., on the confines of Calabria, she frequently sent them such assistance as she—still a minor—was able to afford. It was said, moreover, probably with some truth, that she secretly favoured the cause of the insurgents, and regarded with utter detestation the tyranny of the king. Be this as it may, His Majesty made the rumour the pretext for a stricter confinement of his ward to the *palazzo*, and ordered that her domestics, in *his* pay, should exercise a keen surveillance over her movements.

'The Princess, who had many friends among the nobles of the court, revolted against this rigid surveillance, and at length, weary of persecution, determined to escape, if it were possible, from the country, carrying with her such an amount of

wealth—chiefly consisting of costly jewels—as she could collect together. The young Prince de G., to whom she confided her purpose, joyously consented to aid her to escape, and to accompany her in her self-exile. He arranged his plans with some other nobles and officers in whom he could place confidence—the chief of whom was his uncle, the Duc de P. It is supposed that the king heard of this disaffection on the part of his ward, and also received some information of her desire to escape. At all events, fearful lest the destined victim to his cupidity should elude his grasp, he resolved to cause her to be removed to the city of Naples, where she would be completely in his power. A sloop of war was secretly despatched for this purpose to the Gulf of Policastro; and the Princess was to have been inveigled on board the vessel of war, and quietly conveyed to the capital ere her friends could be apprised of His Majesty's purpose. Unfortunately, however, for the success of his scheme, the corvette was attacked, immediately upon her arrival in the Gulf, by a fleet of small vessels, fitted out and manned by the insurgents. These vessels were beaten off; but the heavy firing betrayed the presence off the coast, where there was no necessity for her appearance, of a vessel of war, and aroused the suspicions of the Princess and her friends. These suspicions were confirmed on the following day, when an officer from the corvette arrived at the *palazzo* with an autograph letter from the king, in which His Majesty expressed his fears for the safety of his young ward, and his desire—or command—that the Princess would hold herself in readiness, on the night following, to repair, under the protection of an escort, on board the ship of war, which would then sail immediately, and convey her from the disturbed part of the country in which she was residing, to the capital, where she would be in a place of safety. This intimation called for immediate action on the part of the Princess and her friends, and rendered it necessary for them to alter in some measure their preconceived plans.

'The escort, consisting of a party of officers and soldiers from the corvette, duly arrived at the *palazzo* at an early hour the next evening, and informed the Princess that she must be in readiness to accompany them to the shore, with one female friend or attendant, shortly after midnight. But on retiring from her presence to partake of refreshments, they were seized, stripped of their outer garments, and safely secured in a dungeon beneath the *palazzo*. The young Prince de G. then hastened to the coast, and boarded a French fishing-lugger that was at anchor in the Gulf. By means of bribery or force, or both combined, the *padrone* of the lugger and one of his crew were induced to accompany the Prince on shore to the royal hunting-lodge, which is situated a mile or two from the coast. Thence they were conveyed blindfolded to the *palazzo* occupied by the Princess and her suite and servants, in a wagon laden with firearms, destined for the defence of the *palazzo*, should it be attacked by the insurgents. On their arrival, they were compelled to divest themselves of their fishermen's garb, and to array themselves in military uniforms that had been taken from the soldiers of the imprisoned escort; and thus disguised, were ordered to form part of an escort consisting of the friends of the

Princess, some of whom wore a similar disguise, that was to accompany the Princess and her friend and companion, the Countess de S., to the seashore. This escort, which consisted of the same number of persons as that which was confined in the dungeon beneath the *palazzo*, set forth an hour after midnight; the two ladies—in order that they might more easily escape, in case of a surprise—being disguised in the uniforms of two young subalterns who had formed part of the imprisoned escort; and two youthful pages of the *palazzo* being dressed in female attire, to represent the Princess and her companion.

They met, however, with no difficulty on their journey, and even passed close to the guardhouse near the shore, and embarked on board a pinnace from the frigate, which was awaiting their arrival, without awakening suspicion. No sooner, however, had the Neapolitan seamen on board the pinnace pulled out of sight and hearing of the officer and soldiers in the guardhouse, than they were suddenly seized, and ruthlessly thrown overboard, to sink or swim as might be. The oars were taken by some of the escort, and the pinnace was pulled alongside the fishing-lugger, whose master was ordered to get his vessel under weigh immediately. The pinnace was cast adrift after the ladies and their friendly escort had ascended to the deck of the lugger, which as soon as her anchor was hoisted, stood out to sea.

It appears that some days before her escape from the *palazzo*, the jewels, money, and other effects of the Princess and her companion, had been secretly conveyed on board an armed vessel, that was formerly a pleasure-yacht, belonging to the Duc de P. The lights shewn by this vessel, which was cruising about off the coast, awaiting the arrival of the Princess and her friends at any moment, were soon espied. A signal was made from the lugger; the armed vessel bore down to her, and sent a boat alongside, on board of which the Princess and the Countess, the young Prince de G., the master of the lugger, and the fisherman who had accompanied him on shore, proceeded to the schooner; the other individuals of the escort remaining on board the lugger.

The ladies now divested themselves of their masculine garments, and appeared in their proper attire; the fishermen were called into the cabin and generously rewarded for the part they had taken perforce in aiding the escape of the Princess, and were then sent back to the lugger, whose master was now ordered by the Duc de P. to land him and his companions on a certain solitary spot on the coast. The landing of the conspirators was safely effected. But scarcely had the lugger again stood out to sea and joined a small fleet of similar vessels whose crews were engaged in the prosecution of their arduous calling, when the sloop of war was espied bearing down towards the fleet. She fired a gun, and compelled the fishing-vessels to heave to; and then sent out boats to search them, and discover, if possible, whether the Princess had escaped on board one of these vessels, or whether she might still be on board one of them; for it appears that the alarm was given within half an hour from the time when the escape was effected. The fishermen had, however, wisely changed their garments on their return to their vessel, and had sunk the military uniforms they had worn deep beneath the

waves of the Mediterranean; and if the officers of the corvette had any suspicions of the complicity in the plot of the French fishermen, they could discover no proof that such had been the case; and in the absence of such proof, they were afraid to detain a vessel that sailed under the French flag. The fishermen subsequently returned to their native port rejoicing, for they had been most liberally rewarded for the risks they had incurred, by the generous gift of the young Princess.

'We are glad to assure our readers that no untoward event occurred to interfere with the complete success of the plot thus far successfully carried out. The armed schooner steered for Gibraltar; and on her arrival at the British settlement, the gallant young Prince and the fair Princess were united in wedlock. They afterwards travelled through Spain and France; but the success of the revolutionary party in Naples and the dethronement of the king very soon released the Princess from her exile, and enabled her to return with her young husband to Italy and take possession of her paternal estates. We assure our readers that we can vouch for the truth of the above romantic story.'

Thus was I compelled to become a Conspirator in spite of Myself. And yet, I am by no means sure that, even had I been aware beforehand of the nature of the adventure in which I perforce took part, I would not have voluntarily offered my services to aid in the rescue of a persecuted young and beautiful Princess from her tyrannical guardian.

AT THE TROIS ETOILES.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

PRESENTLY Madame Petit comes through the court-yard with a visitor. 'Courage, my good friend,' I hear her say, as she parts with her; 'Réné will have good luck, I do not doubt.' She comes across to me, and seats herself beside me. 'What is the matter with Madame Gomet?' I ask.

'Why, Madame knows the conscription is to be drawn at Gannat the day after to-morrow; and her boys have to draw; for though she lost her husband and one son in the war, she has still two left, so one must take his chance. Ah! Madame, that I should live to thank God that I have only one!'

'Can she not buy a substitute?' I ask.

'No, Madame; she is poor, and cannot afford it. If I only had the money,' says the kindly little woman, 'she should not want it; but times have been bad with me lately, and I have it not. However,' she continues cheerily, 'Réné may draw a good number; why not?'

'And even if not,' I remark, 'there is no war now; and it is but serving for two or three years, and he is back with his mother. Is it not so?'

A look almost of terror comes into Madame's dark eyes. 'Ah! they never return—they never return,' she cries. 'And as for no war, who knows? They say that we *must* get back Alsace and Lorraine!'

'Yes; for very certain we must, and will,' says the old Captain, who has strolled in and joined our group. 'Those pestilent Prussians! Let them only come again, and this time they shall not go

back; we will make each of them a present of six feet of French soil,' concludes the old soldier grimly, fiercely twirling his moustache.

'Ah!' sighs Madame, rising and folding her work, 'France may get back Alsace and Lorraine, but who shall give us back our children?'

Marthe's sitting is now over, and she runs to me at once. I have made quite a pet of the little thing. I am getting an old woman, and I like bright young things about me; and the child has pretty caressing ways about her, which, joined to her fresh beauty, make her very winning.

'Will not Madame look?' she cries, drawing me towards the easel. 'Is it not wonderful how Monsieur has made it like? See my coral necklace! Ah! if I only had a silver chain and locket like Madame's, how beautiful it would look in the picture!'

I laugh, and look at Stirling. 'The coral necklace makes a good point of colour, and is much prettier than my silver chain,' I say in English; 'but all young girls like fashion;' and I make up my mind that before I leave St Pourgain, my silver chain shall change hands.

'When will you have finished?' I go on, as Marthe leaves us in obedience to a call from Madame Petit.

'Two more sittings will be enough, I think,' is the answer.

'I am glad of it,' I say heartily; 'for I do not think Oscar likes them. He is inclined to be jealous of you.'

'Without cause then, I am sure,' says Stirling. 'She is a lovely little thing to paint; but I should be sorry to trouble her lover's peace of mind by even a flirtation. Besides,' he continues, with the frank look in his handsome eyes which has first won my liking, 'I should be loath to do discredit to your recommendation. You have been sponsor for my good conduct, you know. I shall leave here the day after to-morrow. I am in a hurry now to get home and to work hard.'

I am sorry to lose him, and say so. We have been on several sketching expeditions together, and I have found him a most pleasant and helpful companion. But still, with that look in Oscar's eyes fresh in my memory, I am glad.

The next day, after the sitting is over, he goes off to the neighbouring town for the rest of the day; and I, feeling 'off guard' as it were, sally forth to complete a sketch of a quaint old house I had begun some days before. I am interested in what I am doing, so that it is late when I put up my sketching materials and prepare to stroll homewards. It is market day in St Pourgain, so I go through the place to get some flowers, and also because the gay scene always delights me. The women in their quaint costumes sitting under blue, green, and red umbrellas, and with fruit and vegetables in glorious masses of colour piled up before them; the picturesque buildings with their queer old carved beams and overhanging stories and gables, and the gray old Norman church—which forms one side of the little square—on the steps of which the women deposit their baskets while they go in to tell their beads. The market is almost deserted when I get there; the buyers have nearly all gone home, and the sellers are beginning to put up their remaining wares before leaving. However, I am able to procure my flowers, and am waiting for some change,

when, looking over towards the church, I see a group which interests me. Marthe is standing on the steps beside Stirling; she is holding something in her hand which he has just given her, and is looking up at him with such genuine delight written on her face, that I can read it even at this distance. Then she says something to him, at the same time putting her hand into his. He raises it laughingly to his lips, and in another moment she has turned away and is hastening in the direction of the *Trois Etoiles*. But there has been another spectator of the scene beside myself; for to my consternation, I see Oscar emerge from the shadow of the church and follow her quickly.

'Never mind the change,' I cry to the market-woman; 'you can give it to me to-morrow;' for something tells me that there will be a 'scene,' and that it will be as well for me to be at hand. But when I arrive at the *Trois Etoiles*, I find that I am a day after the fair—Oscar and Marthe are already 'having it out' under the lime-tree.

I have no pretext for interrupting them, so I go up to my own room. My window stands open, and I can both see and hear them, for every word reaches me distinctly through the still evening air. Round Marthe's neck is a silver chain and locket, handsomer than mine; and Oscar is pointing to them angrily. 'I will not have it—do you hear, little traitress?' he cries passionately. 'You women would sell your souls for a bit of finery. Take off that horrible necklace, and give it to me—do you hear? If you are to be my wife, you shall accept no presents from fine gentlemen' [My poor painter a fine gentleman!]; 'no; nor yet hire out your face to be stared at. Take it off!' he repeats.

But Marthe puts up her hand to her silver chain and holds it fast. 'I will not—I will not!' she says. 'What harm have I done? Monsieur brought me this from Gannat, and that is all.'

'I saw him kiss your hand,' cries the incensed lover; 'and you allowed him!' and he utters a malediction. He is in a frightful rage; that I can hear by his voice; but Marthe is angry too, and will not heed the signs of the coming storm.

'A pretty thing truly,' she says, 'if I am to be watched and suspected like this. You have no right to do it; you are not my husband yet, thank heaven!'

Oscar's face darkens. But there is a terrible anxiety in his eyes as he says with an effort at calmness: 'Then you do not love me?'

Marthe pouts her full lips, but answers not.

'If you love me,' says Oscar, 'you will take off that chain, and give it to me.'

'No, no,' she repeats; 'it is mine.' The child clings to her bit of finery, and will not give it up.

'Then you do not love me?' says Oscar once more.

'No!' says Marthe, vehemently stamping her foot and flushing scarlet. 'I hate you—hate you—do you hear? And I will never marry you—never!' And with a sudden flood of tears, she jumps up and rushes into the house.

When I go down in the morning, I find she is in bed with a headache.

'I do not know what is the matter with the child,' says Madame, unsuspectingly concocting her a *tisane*, 'she is so hot and feverish.'

'Where is Oscar?' I ask.

'He has gone to Gannat to see the conscription drawn,' says Madame Petit. 'Poor Mère Gomel! God grant her René good fortune.'

I am glad that Oscar is out of the way; for finding that Marthe is unable to sit to him, Stirling makes up his mind to leave by the diligence, which passes through St Pourçain in the course of the morning; so that by the time Oscar returns, my task of effecting a reconciliation will, I feel, be comparatively easy; and when young Stirling proposes that I shall 'set him' a bit on his way, and let the diligence pick him up, I assent with much satisfaction. I have not the heart to tell him at the last moment of the mischief his locket has wrought; and we part with mutual expressions of good-will and hopes of meeting again before long; and I return to the *Trois Étoiles*, hoping to make all things straight between the lovers before night. But my hopes are destined to disappointment. When I arrive at the *Trois Étoiles*, I find the court-yard full of people, all talking at once with French volubility, while Madame is standing in the centre of the group crying and exclaiming: 'It is not true; I do not believe it.'

'What is it?' I ask.

Every one answers me at once; and it is some time before I am able to arrive at the cause of the disturbance, which is this. Madame Gomel's son has drawn an unlucky number, and she has no money to buy a substitute. 'Well, that we knew before,' I say.

'Yes, Madame. But here is one come from Gannat who says that Oscar Petit has volunteered to go in his place, and been accepted.'

'No, no!' cries Madame; 'it is a vile story—an invention. It is impossible that he could so treat his unhappy mother.—Is it not, Madame?' turning with piteous entreaty in her face to me.

'Of course, of course!' I begin hastily; but the words die on my lips as I see Oscar standing in the gateway, with stern eyes and pale compressed lips.

'My son, my son! say it is not true!' says the poor mother, rushing towards him.

But Oscar turns away. 'Yes, my mother, it is true!' he says; and with a low moan, Madame Petit staggers back and sinks fainting into my arms.

We carry her into the *salle*, and I manage to send every one away but Oscar and Babette. 'Go go, my friends,' I say; 'I will see what can be done.—You have been quarrelling with Marthe,' I say angrily to Oscar when they are gone; 'and so you propose to yourself to break your mother's heart—a fine revenge, truly!'

Oscar looks rather ashamed of himself, but says simply: 'I love Marthe too well to live in the house with her if she will not marry me. She cannot leave her home; therefore I must.'

'No, no!' says the poor mother, who now begins to recover. 'She shall go. I cannot lose you, Oscar, my son, my only son!' and she falls into bitter weeping.

Oscar kneels beside her and buries his head in her lap; so he does not see a little figure which comes stealing in at the door with tear-dimmed eyes and white cheeks, and holding a silver chain in its hand. 'Oscar,' says Marthe, 'do forgive me; do, do! Take the chain. I love you—I love you; I only love you,' and she too falls on her knees, crying bitterly.

I feel very much inclined to laugh at the couple of young fools who have got themselves into this scrape—were it not for the grief of the mother, which is almost tragic in its intensity.

'Can Oscar not get a substitute?' I ask.

'I do not know, Madame; but even if he could, I should have to pay heavily, and I have no money laid by—times have been so bad since the war.'

'There is my *dot*,' says Marthe eagerly; and Madame's sad face brightens for a moment; but of this Oscar will not hear, even if the money can be touched legally, which is doubtful, Marthe being under age.

Perhaps I am an old fool for my pains. 'Perhaps,' I remark cynically to myself, 'I am only helping two people to make each other miserable for life;' but it ends in my driving over to Gannat, enlisting the sympathies of the *sous-préfet*, finding a substitute, and paying for him—rather heavily, I am afraid. But when I return home and place Oscar's release in his mother's hand, duly signed and attested, I am more than repaid when I see her joy, which, although she is a Frenchwoman, is too deep for words.

So we have a gay wedding before I leave St Pourçain; and by Oscar's special request, the bride—who looks lovely enough to turn any man's head—wears as her sole ornament a silver chain and locket; and we are all very content and happy, with the exception of the old Captain, who says that I have robbed France of a good soldier.

Marthe is as happy as the day is long. She often writes to me. Oscar has never been jealous again; and heretic though I am, I am to go over this year to attend the christening of the most wonderful *bébé* which has ever been born beneath the shadow of the *Trois Étoiles*.

THE MONTH.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE details of Mr Hannay's experiments on the artificial formation of diamond have been laid before the Royal Society, and read at one of their meetings. Except as a record of persevering labour carried on under much risk, they are not interesting to the unprofessional reader. Having noticed in his early experiments that very small hard scales of carbon were formed in the tube, that fact became the basis of his further endeavours. Great heat and enormous pressure were required, and where was a material with sufficient power of resistance to be found? The massive iron tubes slowly cracked or flew to pieces with dangerous violence. Out of more than eighty experiments, not more than three successful results were achieved. It is easy to believe that 'the continued strain on the nerves, watching the temperature of the furnace, and in a state of tension in case of explosion, induce a nervous state which is extremely weakening, and that when the explosion does occur it sometimes shakes one so severely that sickness supervenes.'

'In nature,' says Mr Hannay, 'the temperature has been at one time higher than we can obtain artificially; and the pressure at a depth of two hundred miles below the surface is greater than can be supported by any of the materials from which we can form vessels. It will thus be seen

that whereas in nature almost unlimited solvent power could be obtained, we are not as yet able to reproduce those conditions artificially. Could pressure alone increase solvent power, then much might be done; but 'pressure acts only by keeping the molecules close together when they have great *vis viva*, and this condition is obtainable by high temperature only.' Notwithstanding that the difficulties appear to be insurmountable, we may, now that the particulars of the experiments are made public, feel assured that other investigators will take up the research, and that further demonstration will be given of the artificial formation of diamond.

By a series of observations made at Grasmere last summer and autumn, Professor G. F. Armstrong of the Yorkshire College, Leeds, has come to some conclusions on the diurnal variation in the amount of carbonic acid in the air. Great care was taken to avoid error; and the results were that the normal amount of carbonic acid present in the air of the land is distinctly less than usually stated, and that it does not exceed 3.5 parts in ten thousand of air—That plants absorb carbonic acid during the day and exhale it at night, and that vegetation, therefore, affects the quantity of carbonic acid present in the air, decreasing it by day, and increasing it at night; and that from this cause there is during that part of the year when vegetation is active, at least ten per cent. more carbonic acid present in the air of the open country by night than by day. Some difficulty was experienced at times in collecting air for the experiments, in consequence of the overabundance of rain in 1879. Grasmere is notoriously a wet place, and is within seven miles of the wettest place in England—Sty Head, where the average annual rainfall is one hundred and seventy-five inches. Last year it amounted to two hundred inches. This is a fact worth recording.

Dr Angus Smith, F.R.S., has devised a means for Measurement of the Actinism of the Sun's Rays and of Daylight, of which he states in a preliminary notice, 'when examining the air of towns and the effect of smoke and fogs, he has often wished for a very simple chemical method of measuring the total light absorbed by these gases, vapours, and floating solids. He does not undervalue the work of others, but thinks he has obtained a process promising good results with great simplicity, although it may introduce its own class of difficulties.' The method is based on the 'fundamental fact, that when iodide of potassium in solution is treated with nitric acid, so small in quantity as to cause no change of colour in dull diffused light, a change takes place when the same mixture is brought into clear light; iodine is set free, and the solution becomes yellow.' Meteorologists as well as sanitary functionaries are agreed that it is important to have a record of the total amount of sunshine; hence we trust that this new means for recording will realise Dr A. Smith's expectations. Further information on all that precedes may be found in the *Proceedings* of the Royal Society.

An observer in the East has pointed out that in the three years 1876—1878 there was an unusual and persistent amount of atmospheric pressure over a large part of India, extending to Singapore, Batavia, and Australia, where it was greater at Adelaide than any one of the Indian stations. It

appears that a gradual increase of pressure had been observed since 1870, and that the maximum was reached in 1877; thereby shewing an approximate conformity to the sunspot variation. This conclusion is supported by more than thirty years' observations made at Calcutta and Bombay; for they prove that the variation of pressure with the sunspot cycle is a regularly recurrent phenomenon.

In a discussion concerning the chemical and geological relations of the atmosphere, Professor Sterry Hunt, F.R.S., of Montreal, shews that while the atmosphere modifies the rocks, the rocks in their turn modify the atmosphere. A layer of the rock known as orthoclase, one metre thick over a fortieth of the earth's surface, would absorb the entire quantity of carbonic acid at present in the atmosphere. This faculty of absorption is fraught with important consequences. The total volume of our atmosphere at the density which it has at the sea-level is, according to calculation, less than four-thousandths that of the earth; the volume of the ocean being very much less. 'There is no known mass of cooled rock,' says the Professor, 'which has not a greater porosity than is represented by these figures; so that the conclusion seems inevitable that, with the complete refrigeration of the earth which must come in the course of ages, its atmosphere, following the ocean, will have so completely sunk into the pores of the cooled mass that its tension at the surface would be very small.' In other words, the earth would be in the same condition as the moon now is, devoid of atmosphere and life; which condition probably exists also in the planet Mercury.

The Secretary of the Royal Agricultural Society has published in their *Journal*, 'Notes on Market Gardening and Vine Culture in the North-west of France,' which are well worth reading by all persons engaged in producing food-crops. The extent to which salad is grown and consumed on the other side of the Channel, seems almost incredible to a dweller on this side. One article is particularly mentioned—the dandelion, which, as we are told, is now systematically cultivated on a large scale, while the market-gardeners and the consumers are enthusiastic in its praise. In England, the dandelion is partially used for medicinal purposes; but in France, five varieties of the plant are cultivated to be eaten as salad in the middle of winter; and this, as the Secretary says, is its great merit, in addition to its hygienic properties, that it abounds at a time of year when most other salads are very scarce.

Among the same 'Notes' are statements concerning the cultivation of asparagus and of the vine; and a curious fact is mentioned concerning figs, shewing how their ripening may be hastened. When the eye of the fig is yellow and about to dilate, the skin also being brilliant and inclining to yellow, a small touch of olive-oil is put on the eye in the early morning or in the evening, and in nine days the fruit will be ripe. But if this operation is tried before the fig is quite ready or in full sunshine, it does more harm than good.

We learn that in another part of France asparagus is cultivated by the plough, and yields a handsome profit.

When Sir Samuel Baker was exploring Cyprus, he was told by certain monks that they believed the Scriptural 'chittim-wood' to be a species of

pine which grows only on the mountains between the monastery of Kyker and the town of Khrysokus, a pathless and almost inaccessible region. Boughs, as specimens of the tree, were fetched by a trustworthy messenger, and were sent to Sir Joseph Hooker, Director of the Royal Gardens at Kew, who in a brief description published by the Linnean Society, says of this newly-found tree, that it differs from the known forms of *Oedrus* in the shortness of the leaves and the smallness of the female cones. In size of cone, size, form, and colour of leaf, it approaches the Algerian far more closely than it does any Taurian, Himalayan, or Lebanon cedar. Among tree cultivators it may be called the Cyprus cedar; and its special characteristics will be better understood when the promised ripe cones and seeds shall be received at Kew.

Sir Samuel Baker writes that he has found two varieties of cypress. One he describes as a tree thirty feet high, with a girth of six or seven feet, the wood cedar-coloured, 'emitting a powerful aromatic scent resembling that of sandal-wood. This is (in Sir Samuel's opinion) the celebrated chittim-wood. Why should Solomon have sent for cedar, which is so common in Asia Minor? The No. 2 variety of cypress is an intensely hard wood, resembling somewhat *lignum vitæ*.'

Two papers—one on Iron as a Material for Architectural Construction, the other on Mild Steel and its Application to Building Purposes—have been read and discussed at meetings of the Royal Institute of British Architects. Mr C. W. Siemens, F.R.S., took part in the discussion, and made clear to all who heard him what is meant in the present day by steel, particularly that form of the metal described technically as 'mild steel.' He made clear too the reason why steel is pure, and iron more or less impure. In producing the steel now used in engineering and architecture, a mass of some ten or twelve tons may be seen in the furnace in a state of perfect fluidity, in which state it is tested by means of samples both as to its chemical and mechanical condition. That steel can be shaped as required for any purpose. Mr Siemens holds that 'for purposes where boldness and grandeur of outline are essential no material can rival steel. When we want to bridge a third of a mile in span, or to construct a roof or dome of enormous size, there is no material that can serve our purpose like steel. If the object is simply to get tensile strength, as is the case in the chains of a suspension-bridge, the use of steel wire enables us to attain a limit of strength exceeding a hundred tons per square inch, or as much as five times the tensile strength of wrought-iron.' In building a house of an area thirty feet by sixty, the using of steel girders instead of wood would effect a saving of two hundred and ten pounds, and the rooms would be higher. This mild steel, which has nearly expelled iron from naval construction, has an absolute strength of about thirty tons per square inch; but its toughness is such, that if a bar eight inches in length is subjected to increasing strains, it will stretch to ten inches before giving way. This steel is of uniform strength—a great advantage when overloaded, or in case of fire; and it is capable of being wrought into the highest artistic forms.

We learn from the tenth annual Report of the Deputy Master of the Mint, recently published,

that the total number of pieces struck at the Mint during 1879 was thirty million fifty thousand three hundred and forty-four. Nearly twenty-eight millions of these were British coins. The demand for bronze coin continues, notwithstanding that from 1860 to the present time, the total of bronze issued to the public amounts to one million four hundred and forty-six thousand pounds, or nearly three times the value of the old copper coin withdrawn from circulation. The officers of the Mint do not fail to take advantage of discoveries or advances in science in carrying on their operations; spectrum analysis has been employed to determine the nature of alloys, and Professor Hughes' induction balance to investigate their molecular structure. It was shewn by the chemist of the Mint that a suitable solvent, aided by a battery, could be used to regulate the weight of 'blanks,' the disks of metal from which coins are struck; and this process having been adopted at the Bombay Mint, the operators there found that the metal dissolved from the too heavy blanks could be deposited on those which were too light; and up to the present time five million silver pieces have been so treated. Formerly, much annoyance and loss were occasioned by brittle gold being sent in to be coined; but since the discovery of a way by which brittle gold could be made malleable, those objections have disappeared.

The Worshipful Company of Turners have given notice of prizes which they will present in October next to 'any workman, whether master, journeyman, or apprentice in the trade in England, who may send in the best specimen of hand-turning in wood, ivory, and precious stones, including engraving in intaglio.' Excellence of workmanship, apart from elaborateness of design, will be accepted as a qualification. The prizes will be silver and bronze medals, sums of money, certificates of merit, and the freedom of the City of London. The week ending October 9 is appointed for the sending in of the competing specimens. Intending competitors will doubtless obtain full information by applying to the secretary of the Company. Let all applicants remember to transmit a postage stamp for reply.

As was predicted, the telephone is now used for reporting speeches in Parliament. The reporter in the House reads his notes into a telephone receiver; the sound travels along wires to the *Times* office, where a compositor sits with his ear close to the mouth of the instrument, and, with the composing-machine, immediately sets up the spoken words in type. The labour and delay of writing out the reporter's notes are thus avoided, and the reports of debates can be printed an hour later than heretofore by the newspaper. In like manner reports may be spoken to all parts of the kingdom; and orators in the country will see their latest words printed at once in the London papers.

Dr Corfield, Professor of Hygiene and Public Health at University College, London, has published a thoughtful book entitled *Health*, which ought to have many readers. He begins with the human anatomy and the circulation of the blood; passes on to nutrition, to the functions of the body, and the nervous system. The conditions of health are then reviewed, air and ventilation, food and drink, water, climate, dwellings, small-pox, and communicable diseases. Any one who has read

all this will know how to live a healthy life. On the subject of hereditary disease, the Doctor makes wise remarks, which should be kept in mind by young people about to fall in love, for he shews that they have 'no right' to marry into a family in which there may be a tendency towards disease which they themselves suffer from. Where this precaution is disregarded, the 'children are almost certain to suffer from that disease in the worst possible form.' 'If,' continues the Doctor, 'there is a tendency to nervous disease in your family, and you marry into a family in which nervous diseases are prevalent, it is very likely indeed that your descendants will furnish a very large number of inmates to the lunatic asylums. Not only are tendencies to disease hereditary, but a tendency to long life is hereditary. If mischief in the organs of the body is likely to descend, and if likenesses descend, it follows that perfection of the various organs of the body is transmitted in families, and so long life is hereditary. But there is another reason why long life is hereditary, and that is, that long-lived people have a kind of contempt for persons who are not long-lived, and they rarely marry into families that are not long-lived families; and so this tendency to long life is increased, and that makes it still more markedly clear, and it has been observed over and over again that long life is hereditary.' Dr Corfield may well declare that 'people ought to think of these things a very great deal more than they do.'

A book by Mr Kingzett, a Fellow of the Chemical Society, entitled *Nature's Hygiene*, gives an account of the discovery of oxygen and hydrogen, of the physiological action of pure oxygen, of ozone and respiration, discusses the parasitic theory of disease, and sets forth by numerous examples 'the chemistry and hygiene of the eucalyptus and the pine.' We have already in a former *Month* given particulars of the remarkable disinfecting properties of the eucalyptus tree and its oil; and a similar statement may be made of the pine and its turpentine. Indeed, considering the much greater abundance of the pine, it may be regarded as the more important of the two. The quantity of oil of turpentine that finds its way into the atmosphere, especially in hot weather, is simply incalculable. 'The governments of this and other countries ought, therefore, never to lose sight of the value of eucalyptus and pine plantations. Valleys and swamps may, by their agency, be freed from malarial fever; and in the place of a poisonous atmosphere, they substitute a state of balminess and purity at once luxurious and healthful.'

A paper On Nerve-stretching in Neuralgia, read by Mr Underwood at a meeting of the Odontological Society, shews that stretching of the nerves will take away the tormenting pain felt in neuralgia. Cases were mentioned of patients who for years had suffered agony, but who by submitting to an operation, were permanently cured. The operation is simple: an incision is made; and the nerve thereby exposed is seized and stretched until ultimately the pain ceases. Nerves will bear a great deal of stretching. It was found by experiment that the sciatic nerve of a strong man would bear a weight of one hundred and eighty-six pounds, and that of a delicate girl eighty pounds, without giving way. Persons

desiring further information on this interesting subject will find it in *Transactions of the Odontological Society*, Number 7, 1880, published by Wyman & Sons, 81 Great Queen Street, London.

THE VIKING'S DEATH.

Down to the shore slow marched the mournful throng,
Bearing within their midst the dying king;
And sadly rose and fell the plaintive song,
As 'mid the rocks the cortège moved along—
A song as of a people sorrowing.

Down through the gorge, where, huge on either hand,
The stern cliffs raise their bare heads to the sky;
Where nothing breaks the silence of the land,
Save fitful sound, heard from the neighbouring strand,
Of Ocean's moan, or lonely sea-bird's cry.

So to the water's edge they slowly passed,
And there laid down their load with tender care,
Fearful lest each faint breath should be the last—
For life's enfeebled tide was ebbing fast—
And it should be too late to grant his prayer.

For he, their king, whose deeds dim legends tell,
Had made with trembling lips this last request:
That, rocked to his last sleep on Ocean's swell,
Lone 'mid the waves whose voice he loved so well,
He might sail slowly to the fabled West.

So, near the shore a glorious galley lay,
Splendid with gems, and awnings, fold on fold,
Vindrous and rich in light of dying day,
Which lit with varied hues the sparkling spray,
And shot the purple sails with threads of gold.

On to the deck the aged king they bore,
And gently laid him on the silken bed;
Placed near his hand the sword he ever wore,
With shield and crown, that on the distant shore
He might still be a king among the dead.

The snow-white deck they strowed with flowers bright,
And set the sails to catch the gentle wind,
And then, ere changed the evening's mystic light
Into the glimmer of the starlit night,
The vessel left the shore and them behind.

The pale stars watched the galley glide all night,
Wave-rocked, whereon the living, lone king lay;
But when the sun uprose in lordly might,
And bade the world—aroused to life and light—
Renew its toil—the king had passed away.

CHARLES A. CLOSE.

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